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THE RESURRECTION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE AGAIN RINGS THE BELLS OF GLADNESS.

EASTER A SEASON FOR JOY.

A Significant Text: "In the Garden a New Sepulcher." The Most Celebrated Tomb of All the Ages—A Beautiful Spot in Which to Wait the Call to Life Again.

Washington, April 15.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage rings all the bells of gladness, especially appropriate at this season, when all Christendom is celebrating Christ's resurrection; text, John xix, 41, "In the garden a new sepulcher."

Looking around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in the windows, flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so, say many say so. The ancestors of those tuberoses and camellias and japonicas and jasmynes and heliotropes were born in paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the Regular Line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, underground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden; it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of heaven, and so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopeia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say: "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning in 1900."

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem owned by a wealthy Jew, named by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the court of severity who had condemned Christ, but who had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees, broad branched, and their ways winding under these trees, and here and there waters dripping down over the rocks into fish ponds, blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and abriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come into this garden, to retreat, to botanical and pomological.

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the marks of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subtle message. The rocks are down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms of rock, or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially worthy of sculpture.

The fact is that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh, what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahat of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and his body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor, mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made, and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests, with salt and wine of palm tree and complete the embalment. But I think this embalment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot.

The funeral happens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices, and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body 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 place resting place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the rocks.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play restoration, order the seal of the sanhedrin to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard. At the door of the mausoleum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the sanhedrin on the door of the

in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mortuary attire behind him, he comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrific cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under it. The king of terrors retiring before the king of grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and heaven keep Easter to-day! Hosanna!

Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulcher. And first, post mortem honors in contrast with ante mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher, why could not they have given him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs to the living. Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear to-day, but while I look at his statue I cannot help but think of the disorders with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I cannot help but think at 70 years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," but while I look at his monument in Poet's corner I cannot but ask myself where, he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet of the Poet's corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Walter de la Roche, the old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none. There is beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! If he could have only discounted that monument for a muffin chop!

Oh, you unfaithful children, do not give your parents so much trouble, but a more bedroom! If 5 per cent of the money we now spend on Burns' banquet could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been hurried to the grave. Horace Greeley, our wisest man, was followed toward Greenwood by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living Senator. Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh, do justice to the living! All the justice you can do them; you must do this side of the gates of the Neopolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies or to notice the polish of obsequies or to notice the polish of obsequies or to read epigraphical commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem manger and Calvary cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post mortem honors cannot atone for ante mortem ignominies.

Again, standing in this garden of the sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arboreal decorations are appropriate to the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sepulchral adornments Christ spent the short time of his inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers, where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers. Put them on the brow and it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough, anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory; the passion flower will express sympathy; the daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of lilies will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood, nor Boston than its Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we say to those country graveyards, with the vines broken down and the slab aslant and the mound caved in and the grass a pasture ground for the sexton's cat? Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you cannot afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands and straighten the slab and bank up the mound and cut away the weeds and plant cherubs and flowers. Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You cannot expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of



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how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again, standing in this garden of the new sepulcher, I am impressed with the dignity of private and unpretending obsequies.

Joseph was mourner, sexton, liverly man—had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the Universe! Oh, let this be consolatory to those who through large acquaintance have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handiwork, casket of richest wood, pallbearers gloved and scarfed, are not necessary. If there be six at the grave, Christ looks down from heaven and remembers that is two more than were at his obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered and widowhood and orphanage go forth into cold charity! The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. By all means, do honor to the departed, but do not consider funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulcher than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

Again, standing in this garden with a new sepulcher, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down.

Seal of sunbedrin, company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia, floor of rock, roof of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypts. Come out and come up he must. Come out and come up he did. Prefiguration. First fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just so certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled on us we will rise. Though buried amid the corals of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will come to the surface.

With these eyes we may not look into the face of the noonday sun, but we shall have stronger vision, because the tamer thing in the land to which we go will be brighter than the sun. We shall have bodies with the speed of the lightning. Our bodies improved, energized, swiftened, clarified—mortality, immortality. The door of the grave taken off its hinges and flung flat into the dust.

Oh, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be: for while wandering in this garden with the new sepulcher I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulcher, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of heaven. Four gardens. Bloom, O earth! Bloom, O heaven! Oh, my friends, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven, and it means peace with all the world.

Oh, bring more flowers! Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert, that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the mane of the returned war charger. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All round the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, scarred with many a conflict, but the flag of triumph floating from her topgallants. All heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with a long reverberating shout of welcome will say: "There she comes up the bay, the glorious old ship Zion! After tempestuous voyage she drops anchor within the veil."

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