

Sacred Pilgrimage

Excellent Easter Sermon Describing
First Easter Day Scenes

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 8.—At this season of the resurrection of nature the preacher takes us back on a sacred pilgrimage to the scenes of the first Easter day, the text chosen being Matthew xxvii, 6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The world's most sacred shrines are the vaults or cathedrals which cover the bodies of the honored dead. When the American tourist alights in the London depot to begin the exploration of the British metropolis one of the first places he visits is Westminster Abbey. He does this not because Westminster Abbey is near to the Parliament buildings, where assemble the legislative bodies of the British Empire. He does this not because its stones from the most beautiful architectural coronet of England. He does this because for years—days, or centuries—the greatest dead of the British realm have been buried there. Not only do we find England's kings and queens sleeping within those stately walls, but we find there the bodies of some of the greatest poets, dramatists and musicians, painters, warriors and statesmen, whose closed eyes cannot be opened, whose ears cannot be filled by the many thunderings which the mightiest of capitals roars about those silent graves.

When you cross the channel and go to the most beautiful of all modern cities, the French capital, what journey do you first make? Do you say, "Let us get a carriage and drive out upon the boulevards and see the Arc de Triomphe?" No, not if you are like most American tourists. You want to see where the great dead sleep. You wish to go to the Notre-Dame, or to the Madeleine, or to the Pantheon, or to that greatest of all tombs where sleeps the mighty Napoleon. It is said that when Charles V. of the Netherlands and Spain was about to be buried a courier of his son and heir, King Philip, stopped forward and lifted a rod and struck the casket as he said: "The king is dead! He shall remain dead. He is dead, and there is another risen up in his place greater than he ever was." But though that may be true of Charles V. it is not true of Napoleon I, the warrior, Napoleon, the soldier, is dead, but another soldier greater than Napoleon has not risen in his place and in all probability will arise. No wonder most tourists seek the mausoleum of the little Corsican. What is true of the tombs of London and Paris is also true of Berlin and St. Petersburg and Rome and Egypt. The graves of the great dead have, for the most of us, more fascination than the palaces and the thrones of living men, greater than their ancestors though they may be.

But though Caesar may travel hundreds of miles to stand at the tomb of Alexander the Great, and Otto III. went far out of his way to open the vault which contained the body of Charlemagne, and Napoleon himself went forth to find the tomb of Caesar, and though great may be our fascination for the tombs of great men, that fascination is as nothing compared to the yearnings that draw us to the family plots where sleep our own beloved dead. The greatest compliment we can pay to a living friend is to ask him to accompany us to the last resting place of a mother, a father, a wife or a child. Because we have loved our silent dead so much we do not wish any one to go to our family plot unless our dear ones are sacred in his eyes.

Now, Mary Magdalene loved the Lord Jesus Christ with her whole heart. He was to her the divine being who forgave her past sins. And as we see her going to the tomb of Christ on that Easter morning we find her taking along one of her dearest friends—Mary, the mother of James, who also loved the Lord. These two women are wending their way to Christ's sepulcher weighed down with a common sorrow.

As they come near to the tomb an angel meets them and says: "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said." Then the angel spake the eight words to which I wish to call your attention in our meditation on the events of that Easter day—"Come, see the place where the Lord lay." If a holy fascination drew Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the tomb of a dead Christ surely it is important for us to visit the rifled tomb of a risen Lord. Easter day should be the happiest day of all the year to us. It is the mighty day when the Lord's humiliations and services came to their glorious eternal consummation. Yes, Jesus became the first fruits of them that slept.

Let us find out, in the first place, in what kind of a grave Jesus was buried. Let us see how his body was laid in that crypt. The condition of his tomb just as many helpful gospel lessons as his cradle of Bethlehem and the swaddling clothes in which he was wrapped as a new-born child. I suppose the easiest way to find this grave is to go to the cemetery of our guide. Without some help we shall never find it at all. The cemetery of the tomb of the far east are just like the graveyards of the west. They all need a guide to take the tourist through the maze of the graves. The amazing fact about the Jerusalem cemetery is that you can distinguish the different graves there, just as you can pick out the different graves in Calvary cemetery of Long Island. As you go through them you can say, "Here is the tomb of a wealthy family," or "Here is the family plot of people who lived in moderate circumstances," or "Here is a potter's field, where the poor are buried." You can tell all this by studying the tombstones and the elaborate mausoleums and the neglected graves. Now, as Mary Magdalene is leading you and me among the tombs and graves which surround Jerusalem to the grave of Christ, much to your surprise she does not go toward the potter's field or to the place where the poor are buried. She directs her steps toward a beautiful garden, in the center of which a magnificent tomb has been chiseled out of the solid rock. This must be the tomb of a very rich man. As she goes along I feel that she is beside herself with grief, and I say: "Stop, Mary, stop! You are going the wrong way. This is not the tomb of Christ, who died a pauper; this is the tomb of one of the wealthy men of the east." Then Mary turns, with a sweet smile, and says:

"Nay, friend, I am not wrong. Christ may have lived and died a poor man, but he was buried as a king. Dost thou not know that Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the sanhedrin and one of the great leaders of the Jewish nation, went and asked Pilate for Christ's body after it was dead and that Pilate gave it to him? And dost thou furthermore not know that Joseph of Arimathea took Christ's body and buried it in his own family vault? But," I again say, "how could Joseph do that? Jesus did not own a particle of clothes when he died. The soldiers even gambled for the coat that he wore on his way to the cross." "True," says Mary. "True, but didst thou not also know that, as one rich man gave Christ his own tomb in which to be buried, so Nicodemus, another rich man, furnished the funds whereby Christ's body was appropriately arrayed for the rich man's sepulcher and interment? We shall not arise with a struggle, but we shall simply move quietly out of all the struggles, all the heartaches, all the sufferings of this world. It means that when you get up at the trumpet blast of resurrection your head will never ache, your heart will never bleed. All these sorrows and trials of earth have had their mission in fitting us for the future life, but when that life comes, we shall be forever done away with. Oh, the glorious day when we shall be emancipated from our binding grave-clothes, which have always been the symbol of sin and death. We shall have new wearing apparel. Would you like to catch a glimpse of the garments of the resurrection? 'Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?' These are they, which come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Glorious, glorious is to be the change God that, like Christ's, our binding shrouds of earth shall be left in the sepulcher and be exchanged for the coronation robes of heaven.

Now, as the angels had such a large part to do in the earthly resurrection which comes to our mind is this: 'Who are these angels? If they were important to Christ's life, are they important to ours?' Angels are mentioned at least 280 different times in the Bible. They were important to the lives of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and Joshua and David and all the other mighty servants of God in the Old and the New Testament, and they are important to our life as they were to Christ's. When we shall arise from our graves God will send his angels to greet us. We may be pardoned for wondering if the heavenly messengers who shall stand by our open graves will be those dear ones who have gone before us and have come back to earth to take us to our celestial home. We wonder if the messenger who will open our closed eyelids on our first Easter morn shall be mother or father or brother or little child. Lord Jesus, who art going to send us as that 'best' will be one of our loved ones who is to be the messenger?

But there is still another startling fact about this Easter tomb to which I would call your attention. In ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when you have pictured this tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, it has been in the midst of a garden. Then you have turned to the books of Biblical lore and studied the flora of the springtime in the Holy Land. These writers have told you that in March and April there are flowers everywhere about Jerusalem. The valleys are covered with them; the hillsides are covered with them. They push their golden heads between the crocuses of every rock. And when you think of this angel of my text greeting Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, you think of him with piled up banks of roses on every side and amid great white calla lilies, as sentinels lifting up their heads to keep watch, and amid great hosts of carnations and bluebells and sweet violets and jonquills and tulips and orchids and dahlias and asters and pansies and heliotropes and wisteria. You say to me: "I do not care whether there are oriental flowers or no. When I think of the garden surrounding Christ's tomb I think of the most beautiful of all flowers, and then I say Joseph's garden was like those flowers and not only like them, but far more beautiful than they."

You are right, my brother. No garden of the western hemisphere can be as beautiful as the garden of the Palestine hills, where Christ was buried in Joseph's tomb. But, alas, you would be very much in error if you thought this garden about Joseph's tomb was beautiful when Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, entered it on that Easter morning. If you would go with these women there you would find the lilies and the roses and all the other flowers trampled down. It was once beautiful, but now it is a wrecked garden. This beautiful garden looks as though it had been uprooted by a rising sea, another rich man, gave Christ his sepulcher for the burial, therefore it means that all the rich men of the world and all the brains of the world shall yet stand by the empty tomb of Christ and declare him Lord of lords and King of kings. Oh, my friends, I am glad that Christ's dead body was wrapped in the spices of a Nicodemus and laid in the family vault of a Joseph. That symbolizes to me this other fact that some day all the mightiest men of earth shall yet proclaim him not only the risen Lord, but also their Redeemer and Friend. May that glorious day be not far distant! It is said that just over his study desk at Hawarden William E. Gladstone had these words framed and hung upon the wall: "Thou wilt keep him in power whose word is stayed on thee." So may all the great and honored men of this day find their perfect peace in a risen Lord, as Nicodemus and Joseph of olden times honored him at the sepulcher.

But as we approach a little nearer to the rifled sepulcher we find another startling fact. "The body of Christ is gone!" you say. Is that the startling fact? Oh, no. I expected that the body gone. All historians had attested to this one fact. I expected to find the body of Christ gone. Next I want to call your attention to the fact that the graveclothes were lying in the crypt, just as they were put there by Christ's friends when Jesus' body was laid away in the tomb. "How can these things be?" you ask. "Then you realize that stones and doors and barred windows were no barriers for him. When Jesus arose on the first Easter morn, he did not come forth, as did Lazarus, he did not get up, as we do of a morning, by throwing the bedclothes from off our bodies, but he arose silently, swiftly. He arose, and the graveclothes were left in just the same positions as Christ's friends had placed them. 'Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'"



Cracker Charm

There is all the difference in the world between eating biscuits and biscuit eating. One

may eat a biscuit and not taste it, but when you think of biscuit eating you think instantly of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Crisp, delicious and tasty.
Absolutely and distinctly superior to any other make.
Say "Mooney's" to your grocer.

The rich man, gave the expensive spices with which to preserve Christ's body for the burial, and as Joseph of Arimathea, another rich man, gave Christ his sepulcher for the burial, therefore it means that all the rich men of the world and all the brains of the world shall yet stand by the empty tomb of Christ and declare him Lord of lords and King of kings. Oh, my friends, I am glad that Christ's dead body was wrapped in the spices of a Nicodemus and laid in the family vault of a Joseph. That symbolizes to me this other fact that some day all the mightiest men of earth shall yet proclaim him not only the risen Lord, but also their Redeemer and Friend. May that glorious day be not far distant! It is said that just over his study desk at Hawarden William E. Gladstone had these words framed and hung upon the wall: "Thou wilt keep him in power whose word is stayed on thee." So may all the great and honored men of this day find their perfect peace in a risen Lord, as Nicodemus and Joseph of olden times honored him at the sepulcher.

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What is the significance of all this? It means that when we are resurrected we shall leave all earthly sorrows and pains and miseries behind us and arise with a struggle, but we shall simply move quietly out of all the struggles, all the heartaches, all the sufferings of this world. It means that when you get up at the trumpet blast of resurrection your head will never ache, your heart will never bleed. All these sorrows and trials of earth have had their mission in fitting us for the future life, but when that life comes, we shall be forever done away with. Oh, the glorious day when we shall be emancipated from our binding grave-clothes, which have always been the symbol of sin and death. We shall have new wearing apparel. Would you like to catch a glimpse of the garments of the resurrection? 'Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?' These are they, which come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Glorious, glorious is to be the change God that, like Christ's, our binding shrouds of earth shall be left in the sepulcher and be exchanged for the coronation robes of heaven.

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And, if it is important to let the risen Christ come forth to scatter sin out of the hearts of the human race, how much more important is it to let him come in to purify our hearts and to make us pure and true and good and noble and Christian! There is a beautiful legend told that many years ago a poor, blind pilgrim was journeying toward Jerusalem, the City of Peace. After he had been many days and weeks on his journey, he met another traveler going that way. This stranger said, "Friend, submit thyself to me, and I will guide thee to the City of Peace and give to thee the vision of the life to come." After the pilgrim had journeyed on for some days more, at last the pilgrim, utterly wearied, turned and said, "Oh, good friend, thou who hast said that thou wilt do everything for me, I submit myself to thy will, for I am blind." "Blind eyes, be opened!" Instantly the blind man opened his eyes, and he said that he had been walking along the edge of a precipice. And he saw that his guide was Jesus Christ.

Lord Jesus, at this Easter tide we are pilgrims. We are journeying to the New Jerusalem, the City of Peace. We are journeying thither by the way of the garden, in the midst of which stands a rifled tomb. We are blinded by sin. We are lost, and we want a guide. Oh, thou Christ, who didst appear unto Mary Magdalene, come to our rescue! Open our blind eyes. Cry unto us as thou didst to the sinful woman of old: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace." Grant us this prayer, O Jesus! And may thy angel who spoke to Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, speak to us in thy name the glorious message of sins forever pardoned and forever past!

A Little Diplomat

Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is a little diplomat. Upon one occasion the young prince was asked by a little girl at a children's party where he lived. "We live in Whiteley," added the child, proudly. "Ah," replied Prince Edward, with interest, "that's curious. We live near Goring's." Another time a gentleman was telling a story and allude to Prince Edward and his younger brother, Prince Albert. After a time Prince Albert began to show unmistakable signs of weariness and impatience, at which Prince Edward abruptly nudged him, adding as he did so, "Shut up!"

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT

Was Alarmingly Afflicted With La Grippe.
Cured by Pe-ru-na.

The Grip is Properly Termed
Epidemic Catarrh.

As Pe-ru-na Cures Every Form
of Catarrh, It Has Relieved
More Cases of Grip Than
All Other Remedies
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The Fear of Grip Makes People Nervous

There is no remedy in the world that meets the conditions produced by the grip better than Pe-ru-na. It strengthens as it renovates, soothes while it stimulates, heals as it expurgates.

Pe-ru-na is not a purgative, or cathartic or sedative, or stimulant, nor a vegetable or mineral poison.

It reaches the source of all diseases of the mucous membranes by its action on the vaso-motor system of nerves.

After-Effects of the Grip.

Every person who has had la grippe during the last year should take a course of Pe-ru-na. No one need expect perfect recovery unless they do so.

The grip has produced catarrhal inflammation of the whole mucous membrane, and good health is impossible until these are restored to a normal condition. This Pe-ru-na will do. A great many remedies have been suggested for this condition from time to time, but Pe-ru-na is the only remedy that has any substantial value in these cases.

It has never failed to give satisfaction.

A reward of \$10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonial is genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

BRIEFS BY WIRE.

News of the Day Condensed into Short Paragraphs

Counsel for the defence in the Gaynor-Greene case began argument Tuesday.

Plans are being prepared for a new Winnipeg Grain Exchange building, at an estimated cost of \$250,000.

Waterloo ratepayers voted down the bylaw to grant \$7,500 as a loan to the Hogg-McKee Knitting Co. of Galt.

Edward Kaycock, the Washash engineer who was injured in the collision on the G. T. R. at Port Robinson, is dead.

STRAINED BACK AND SIDE.

"While working in a saw mill," writes O. E. Kenney, from Ottawa, "I strained my back and side so severely I had to go to bed. Every movement caused me torture. I tried different oils and liniments, but was not helped till I used Nerviline. Even the first application gave considerable relief. In three days I was able to work again. I have been in the mill ever since with tremendous benefit, too." An honest record of nearly fifty years has established the value of Polson's Nerviline.

Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler, the eminent geologist, and dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, is dead at Cambridge, Mass.

Fire in a block of buildings at the corner of Moreau and St. Catherine streets, at Montreal, did about \$15,000 damage.

PURGATIVES ARE DANGEROUS.

They gripe, cause burning pains and make constipated condition even worse. Physicians say the ideal laxative is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butterbur; they are exceedingly mild, composed only of health-giving vegetable extracts. Dr. Hamilton's Pills restore regular movement of the bowels, strengthen the stomach and purify the blood. For constipation, sick headache, biliousness and disordered digestion no medicine on earth makes such remarkable cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try a 25c. box yourself.

A storm which broke over New England Monday night caused much damage to telephone, telegraph and electric light wires.

THROW MEDICINES TO THE DOGS

At best they are unimportant, often useless. You have some disease of the nose, throat or lungs. Doctors would call it bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. The common root of these diseases is germ or microbe irritation—Catarrhism—not only destroys disease germs, it does more, it heals diseased and inflamed tissue. The disease is not only cured, but its return is forever prevented by using Catarrhism, which is splendid throat, nose, ear, tongue or irritable throat. Remember, from inhale Catarrhism—Nasobronchum—once—no no other Catarrhism—It's the best on earth ever made.

A BIG LIFT

The Nordheimer plan of easy payments is a big lift towards getting a new piano. You can buy any one from our splendid list of instruments at its regular price and pay for it at from \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$20.00 per month to suit your convenience.

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Palatial Piano Salon

Extensive Additions being Made to the Heintzman & Co. Warehouses.

The old firm of Heintzman & Co. whose offices and warehouses are at 115-117 King street west, taking in four large flats of their building, hitherto occupied by others. They now become sole occupants of their own immense building. When completed, it is believed, they will possess the largest piano warehouse in Canada, with a capacity for 1000 pianos constantly on exhibition.



JOHN GLASSFORD, Manager for Western Ontario, Box 219, Chatham, Ont.

Red Rose Tea is Clean Tea

CLEANLINESS is as necessary to tea quality as to any other food.

Tea rolled by hand, cured by hand, weighed, blended and packed by hand may or may not be clean.

Every operation of making Red Rose Tea, on the plantation and in the warehouse, is performed by machines, the rolling and curing, the blending and weighing are all done by scrupulously clean automatic machinery.

Red Rose Tea is never touched by human hands from the picking to your kitchen.

Red Rose Tea is always clean. It cannot be otherwise, because it has no possible chance of contamination.

Its "rich, fruity flavor" cannot be impaired by foreign substance of any sort whatever.

Red Rose Tea
is good Tea
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St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg