THE TALMAGE SERMON

EASTER JUBILEE IN A METRO-POLITAN CHURCH

"Death Is Swallowed Up in the Victory Cor. 15: 24-The Struggle Between Light and Darkness-The Decisive Battle Is Yet to Come



BOUT EIGHTEEN hundred and sixtyone Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the al manacs made the year begin at Easter until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower

of London there is a pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter.

Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus. ar Gaul, at Rome, at Achala, to decide tne particular day, and, after a controversy more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom in some way, the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 24 is filled with Easter rejoicing. The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household: but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem, and sways more jeweled sceptre, and in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is spun out of haliclujahs. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection. and observed all the laws of logic; but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is a dreadful sight to see an army routed and flying. They scatter everything valuable on the track. Unwheeled artiflery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of nipety thousand corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth oran with their acmies, while the hallstorms of beaven and the swords of I shua's hosts struck them with their fury. But in my text is a verme disr mfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his hopt all the aches and pains and maladies and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northcast wind, amid the slush of tempests, He threw up barricades of gravemound. He pitched tent of charnelhouse. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions; some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit and came by one stroke of the battle-ax of casualty. With bony hand be pounded at the doors of hospitals and sick-rooms and won all the victories in all the great battle-fields of all the five continents. Forward, march! the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chlef, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war charger.

But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms came out of the cast, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awalten all the fallen of all the centurics and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fletds have aiready been won, but the last day will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the tiven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and "death shall be swallowed up in victory." The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has bet his prestige, and the one word writton over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and accropolia, on cenoraph and surcephagus, on the booty cairs of the Arctic explorer and on the catafaktue of great cathedral, written capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical caderce, written in doxplogy of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault. is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return, Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blecheim; at Megiddo and Sofferino; at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chizeled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put i him back in the niche from which the celestial Conquerer had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black glant, "death was swallowed up in victory."

I proclaim the abolition of death. The old antagonist is driven back into that God can do as much for our bodies mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak room at a governor's or president's levee. We stop at such cloak room and leave in | in all our gardens. Why not some day charge of the servant our overcoat. our overshoes, our outward apparel. that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. death, followed by resurrection of men-Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of the world. At the close of our earthly die. His spirit seemed to have departreception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be said: 'He is dead; he is dead.' But handed to us better than when we assigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved he had seen white his soul was gone. and brightened and purified and giori-

returned to us as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses, and all their susceptibilities to fatigue. and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the roslest and bealthiest child that bounds over the lawn is better than the sickest patient in the hospital.

But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies; independent of oblivary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best moods, in the very best room of the universe, the four walls furnished and panelled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are crerated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer inciperation, let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best of earth have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated. P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelist singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge. John Rogers cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blondina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius. At least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as question, did your soul ever have any much longer as it has already been | trouble and your body not sympathize built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendant, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. you will have it, I will have it. I say to | soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection you today, as Paul said to Agrippa. Why should it be thought a thing ineredible with you, that God should raise | duced by a perfect Christ into a perfect the dead?"

That far-up cloud, higher than the hawk files, higher than the cugle files. what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from East river other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark Flats. Up yonder there, embodied in a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them molled and impure, and fetched from miles away, can be not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth, and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, and muscle, and flesh are made, set them up again if they have (allen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can be not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashloned, can be not restore it? Ayr, if the manufacturerer of the telescope, by a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection ere?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mould and earth. Resurrected. Resurrected. The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome eaterpillar. That albatross that smiles the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb, under a block, were found flower seed and planted it, and it came thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up, it bloomed in bluebell and helitrope. Two thousand years ego buried, yet resurrected. A traveller says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago. He brought them out and on June 4, 1844, he planted them and in thirty days they sprang up Burled three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing

Incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Where did all this silk come from? the slik that adorns cour persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silkworms! And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly life our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities. Put silver into diiuted ritre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force reorganizes.

" 'Why should it be thought a thing inredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The inserts flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They He dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think as he does for the wasps, and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past 4 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection a resurrection amid ali the graves? Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is tal power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent-a great evangelist of teh last generation, of whom Dr. Archibaid Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms-Rev. William Tennent seemed to

ed. People came in day after day and the soul returned, and William Tennent lived to write out experiences of what It may be found some time that what fied. You and I do not want our bodies | is called suspended animation or coma-

tose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back-a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return.

I called at my friend's house one sum-

mer day. I found the yard all piled up with rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time. although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And oh! what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now. All the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic: every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure w!!! be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that, if our containy house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or, did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebratea it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step. Surely, God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come, the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my will bring them together and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introheaven. Victory!

Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day " "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise " said the cruel chieftain, "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah! there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon, and life, and resurrection, it will be a day of victory. The thunders of the last day will be the salve that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal proceasion marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds dashing through immensity will be the reakets celebrating your coronation on thrones, where you will reign forever, and forever, and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day, you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will He uneven on the rent billocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhibaration of the text, "He will swallow up death in victory."

Hall the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given; Thee we greet triumphant now. Hall the resurrection Thou!

Editon's Latest.

Thomas A. Edison is engaged in a new invention which, if a success, bida fair to make all his other wonders fade into comparative insignificance. The how it is that Mrs. Havemeyer helps proposition alone is enough to take an her husband spend \$800,000 a year. The ordinary man's breath away, let lone music is over. The chatter begins. The the practical demonstration. It is to guests stroll among golden acacla render communication between the op- blooms to the banquet hall, a splendid posite ends of the earth possible with- room in early English style, done in old out telescaph, telephone, or any of the black carved oak. The sideboard glismany apliances known to the modern tens with gold. Pearls are not dissolved science, or even a wire. Here is the sime to furnish costly chee;; golden chample proposition. Your friend in Europe pague in gold-rimmed crystal answers, arries a small machine of this new in- and choicest delicacies are served on vention, in size and shape resembling gold. Vases of gold hold clo.h-of-gold an ordinary watch. You carry a simflar one in America. When you wish to communicate with your friend in Enrope you take out the watch, the scedle of which is in electric sympathy with his machine. The needle escillates like that of a compass, and when you find the direction in which it points you turn in that direction and think hard. That is all. The claim is that the mechanism of the new invention is so delicate that it will respond to this current.

The All-Seeing Ere.

Dr. J. C. Quinn, Mason City, Ia.: God is light." (I. John, i., 5). In saying this the Holy Ghost would have us regard God as the unerring and omniscient recorder of all our deeds, words and thoughts. In other words everything we think, say and do daily, hourly, momentarily, God is photographing for use on the day of judgment. "For God shall bring every work with judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Alas! how seldom we think of the fact that we are always and everywhere under the immediate scrutiny of the all-seeing is worth listening to, every word is Philadelphia, was the autograph copy eye. "Thou God seest me." Let this be our motto the balance of our earthly life, and we will live better Eves by divine grace.

A Seven-Day Religion.

Rev. J. B. Edmonson, Hampton, Ja A religion with force enough about it to rout you out on Sunday morning and make you change your clothes and go to church and sit and listen to the sermon is too good and forceful a thing to be kept hiding six days in the week. A religion that will make a man talk like a saint ought to keep him from acting like Satan. If you haven't enough religion for week days and Sundays, let the Sundays go.

GOLDEN

MRS. THEODORE HAVEMEYER AND HER HOMES.

She Spends Almost One Million Dellars a Year for Household Expenses-Her Work - The Youngest Charitable Daughter.

(New York Correspondence.)



MMENSE GLASS doors set in frames of bronze and curtained with heavy dull green velvet. open, and stand in a marble corridor, a garden of golden genesta and palms. A long flight of marble Boft

crimson velvet. lead to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer's drawing-room, seen through a wall of glass. She stands at its entrance, a tall, woman, commanding of figure, with a round, full face, rather pretty, and full of strength and character. Her glossy black hair is parted in the middle, and falls in soft, rippling waves to the loosely coiled knot at the back of her neck. Her full, white throat is seen between frills of black lace. When she smiles her black eyes look straight at you. She bids you a pleasant welcome, Perhaps gives you a gentle hand press, and you pass in to the glittering gorgeousness of Louis Quatorze and take your place beside those invited to one of her evenings with music. There is gold everywhere—gilt and the traces of gold. soul not re-echo it? Or, changing the The glass walls are framed in golden fron. The house has square windows in three days more than 4,000 portions with their rococo frames of gilded tained alike with looped-back white hands of the troops. Not only this, but carving, are covered with crimson and lace. The plainness of its exterior is with the assistance of one of the asgold brocade. The gold Sedan chairs, atoned for by the richness of its furshelved with glass, contain art treas- nishing. The antique room is especially is a christian, 2,000 volumes were sent ures and dainty bibelots, worth their | beautiful and contains a rare collec-

gling genius. She does not parade her good works, and although in the list of those donating money to hospitals und other institutions. Mrs. Havemeyer's name is generally on the same line with hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars, these only represent a small amount of the real good she does. Many artists and musicians have attained reputation through her generasity, and her private charities, of which even her family know nothing, are large beyond belief. Returning to her entertaining. while the role of hostess fits Mrs. Havemeyer perfectly, it is not one that she plays frequently. She is essentially a domestic woman, one whose horizon is bounded by her home, or rather her four homes, as she has that number of establishments-her elegant residence at 244 Madison avenue, a country seat near Hempstead, Long Island, a farm at Mah Wah, N. J., and a summer villa at Newport. Her town house is a large red brick one, dignified by a small stris of lawn, always planted with pansic: and hydrangeas in the spring, and ;



CORNER IN CHINESE ROOM. which, like the high fence waiting the whole off from the street, is of wrought brenze. The tail, high-backed chairs, all over it at regular intervals, all cur- of the Bible had been placed in the

How They Were Introduced and What of the latter strong hopes were expressed that the subjugation of the Chinese and the overthrow of their empire would open the gates to the introduction of civilization, and with it Christianity, into that heretofore practically impenetrable country. It does not seem now that this will be the case, as the prospect is that the Chinese empire will remain intact, and its people will be allowed to maintain their old exclusiveness; but in Japan, on the other hand, the war seems to be having a most unexpected effect in advancing the spread of Christianity among the mikado's subjects. It was noted in the news dispatches some time ago that several native Christian ministers had been commissioned as chaplains in the circular driveway to a porte-cochers. army, and recent letters from missionaries in Japan tell of a remarkable distribution of Bibles among the soldiers. It began in a very informal way. Rev.

> by a Christian officer. LUCKY TO BE AN AMERICAN.

sistant secretaries to the cabinet, who

to the fleet, where they were distributed

Mr. Loomis, visiting the rendezvous at

Hiroshima, thought he saw an oppor-

tunity to do some work among the sol-

diers, and accordingly, one Sunday,

filled a basket with copies of one of the

gospels and rode about the city in his

jinricksha, offering one to every soldier

he met. Most of them were accepted,

not only with the habitual Japanese

politeness but with evident pleasure,

for the Japanese soldier, like all of his

countrymen, is fond of reading, and

anything that would beguile the te-

dium of barrack life was welcome. More

than 1,000 books were thus distributed

in the course of an hour and a half, and

JAPANESE SOLDIERS

between

result

the Officers Think of Them.

When it became evident that the com-

Japan and China

the

BIBLES.

defeat

Will'um Gilles Kitchen Claims an Estate Under the Statutes.





where. There is a glistening look to the assemblage, in broadcloth and satin, suggestive of gold. Even the music is burdened with this, or, at least as you listen to the strains of the Boston Symphony orchestra and the vocal numbers of a well-known opera star, you realize the amount of gold the affair has cost, you hear gold, see gold and feel the

GENETIEVE HAVEMEYER. roses at this goiden team of tionam's

burnished gold. Not at the expense. the daylight; on the contrary, she has the happy faculty of drawing people out, of finding out their particular pet pieces of knowledge, and letting them display choicest samples of it in a way which puts them in the best focus for their admiring neighbors, and on splendid terms with themselves. All this naturally constitutes Mrs. Havemeyer a rare hootess and a woman of delicate tact. And still it does not show her as she really is-a woman who, notwithstanding a somewhat cold exterior, has a heart of purest gold. It is a very

weight in gold, are scattered every- tion of antiquities. Then there is a Chinese-room, rich with wonderful carrings and exquisite porcelains from the Flowery kingdom. The picture gallery contains some of the most notable works of art in this country, painting and statuary, and unlike most rooms of its kind, is comfortably furnished with all the luxuries needed for the perfect enjoyment of the treasures. power of gold. And you understand Mrs. Havemeyer has nine children, and to them and her husband she is absolutely devoted. Two sons are still in collège; the other two. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., and Charles F. Have mover, are married. The former married Miss Katherine A. Sands, the latter Miss Camilla Morse. Charles Havemeyer, or "Carly," as he is familiarly called, is a thorough business man and of great assistance to his father in his vast sugar refinery business. Fina daughters; four are happily married; one has not yet appeared in society. In dress Mrs. Havemeyer is exceedingly quiet. Her tastes are refined and artistic and never obtrustve.

Genevieve Havemeyer, the unmarried daughter is a lithsome, dark-eyed, wavyhaired beauty of 17. She is at present in Europe, the inmate of a French convent, the same one from which Anna Gould emerged to become the Countesade Castellane. But it is not likely that Miss Havemeyer will follow in the footsteps of Miss Gould. When In America last year she took occasion to say to some friends that she abhorred anything European, especially the silly sprigs of decaying nobility. From this it was inferred that she already had received an offer of marriage from that source and that she discouraged it in no uncertain manner. She is worth \$5,000,000 in her own right now, and by the never falling laws of interest this amount will be vastly increased by the time she attains a legal age.

Lincoln's Exerbitant Bill.

One of the most interesting "remains" Mrs. Havemeyer talks. Every word | at the recent sale of Lincoln relics, in golden. Her conversation sparkles like of Lincoln's bill for legal services for the Illinois Central Railroad Companhowever, of that of her guests. This The bill was for \$5,000, and six member does not pale beside hers, fike tinsel in of the Illinois bar certified that the amount was not unreasonable. Another relic was a check for \$250, given to Lincoln at another time by the same company as a retainer. If suca sful, he would receive a thousand dollar fee. Mr. Lincoln wen the suft in the supreme court, and presented his bill for the balance. The president of the company was absent when Lincoln called. so the latter was referred to the super. intendent, who refused to pay the account, remarking, "This is as much as a first-class lawyer would charge." The superintendent was General George B. accessible heart to charity and strug- McClellan.

Grip in Paris.

A French newspaper, in an article on the grip, says there is hardly a family to Paris which has not suffered.

Pasumatic Boots.

The pneumatic principle has been appfied to boots. The air tubes lie between the upper and lower soles, and give a springy movement to the foot calculated to reduce friction with the ground and to alleviate fatigue.

Champagae and Gost. One of the latest medical theories is hat champagne is responsible for much of the prevailing rheumatism and gout.

lemperature Regulator.



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