REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Easter Thoughts."

TEXT: *"And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."*—Gen. xxiii., 17, 18.

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up up his ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah his wife had died—that remarkable person who at ninety years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—four hundred shekels of silver. This cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and, a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and memorable Machpalah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into exquisite bas reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Pere-Lachaise, on whose height rests Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art, in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt, and Bishop Janes and Tyng, and Abeel the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington and McClintock and Inskip and Bangs and Chapin and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among the philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Carys, Alice and Phœbe, James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among the journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchel, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph wh ch he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a mercifnl Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will Resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark it will be their supernatural beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near to each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram.

In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among the trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the fields think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear. His last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June, Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley?'" Well, I will tell you how Resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last China aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sung into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You turn the wire, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not then the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection. Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved.

Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense, it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off, and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. And we never lose our identity. If Gon can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen-year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind, I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say: "I am so tired!" The fact is it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness have put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and quiets the feet, and folds the hands, and more especially gives quiescence to the lungs and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum beat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night; and, whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy then it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt!

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good, fresh, clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get any recuperation from the store-house from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower?

The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body. Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that, when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery! What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world saw ever. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts have penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh the perfect resurrection body! Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution; a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beatification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected, and been the pasture ground for cattle and rooting places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry; but on the day o which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullen stalks and thistles, and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flash the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a King, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are His, and the resurrection of all the pious dead is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says He did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had risen. If He did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let Him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mountain the eleven saw Him. Five hundred at once saw Him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see Him. Yes, yes; He got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed Himself from the shackles of clod, He is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no door knob on the inside of our family sepulchre, for we cannot come out, of ourselves; but there is a door knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! That is what Resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards, from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound:
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Cassie's Enemies.

Roy hovered about his mother, watching her work, handing her her spool, her scissors, even threading her needle once or twice. Roy was very fond of his mother.

"I've settled on my verse for the term," he said presently. "It took me some time to decide between three; but at last I chose, 'That we may be saved from our enemies.' A boy has so many enemies, you know."

"I know," his mother said, smiling up at him fondly, her heart very glad over Roy's manly fight against his enemies.

Cassie listened doubtfully. "I don't see what enemies you could have, Roy," she said; "everybody likes you."

Roy laughed. "That is just what is the matter sometimes," he said. But Cassie did not understand.

"I can't take that for my verse, anyway;" she said with a satisfied air. "I haven't any enemy in the world."

Roy looked at his mother and smiled.

"I've seen an enemy of yours," he said, "and one who is on the watch to do you harm, too."

"Who is it?" Cassie asked quickly. "I most know you are mistaken. Faye Bennet was my enemy, but we've made up, and now there isn't anybody."

"Mother, don't you know one who is very anxious to get Cassie into trouble?" asked Roy.

"I am sorry to say that I do. And I've seen traces of his influence this very day," was the mother's answer.

"I don't know what you mean," declared Cassie, and her tone was almost fretful.

Roy and his mother often talked in a way that she did not understand.

"I'll tell you what," said Roy; "I'll keep watch of this enemy of yours all day to-morrow. There's no school, you know, and I'll keep a list of the number of times he undertakes to do you harm, and show you in the afternoon—shall I?"

"You may keep all the watch you want to," Cassie said loftily; "I know you won't find anybody who is trying to make any trouble for me. How can they, and I not know anything about it?"

Nevertheless the plan was agreed upon, and for the remainder of the evening, Cassie had a good deal to say about it, but the next day she forgot it.

"Cassie," called her mother from the dining-room, "bring me the scissors from my work-table."

"In a minute, mamma; I just want to get these flowers in the vase," and she continued to arrange the dried grasses and leaves for a winter bouquet.

"Cassie," said her father, an hour afterward, "run up to my dressing room and bring me my slippers."

Cassie went, but was so long that Roy went in search of her. He found her at the head of the stairs, trying to make Rover carry the slippers down in his mouth.

"Father is waiting," he said, reproachfully.

"Well, I'm coming. I'm only trying to teach Rover how to be useful."

If Cassie hadn't forgotten, she would have noticed that Roy, frequently during the day, had occasion to write something in his note-book.

It was late in the afternoon, however, before the crowning record of the day was made. Cassie was dressed and ready for the parlor, where a very interesting thing was about to happen.

Almira, the second girl, who had been in the family for three years, and was an orphan with no home of her own, was to be married at 4 o'clock in the back parlor. It had been beautifully trimmed with evergreens and bright red berries. In fact, Cassie's mother had been busy all day making various preparations, and Cassie believed herself to have been very useful. She was very much excited. It so happened that she had never had the pleasure of attending a wedding, so it was a great event to her.

The hour for the ceremony was drawing near; and Almira's friends, who had been invited, were beginning to arrive, when Cassie was sent to her mother's room for a handkerchief and fan, which lay on the bureau. "Make haste, Cassie," her mother had said. "I shall want them in a few minutes. Everything is ready now."

And Cassie had fully intended to make haste, but on the sofa flung hastily aside, was a handsome silk wrapper of her mother's, which was so rarely worn, that a sight of it was a treat to the beauty loving little girl.

"O! what a pretty dress," she said. "I wish wrappers were nice to wear to weddings; I'd like to see mamma in it. S'pose I was a tall lady and this wasn't a wrapper, but a dress for a bride, and I was putting it on, and was going to be married in a few minutes; I wonder how I would feel? I hope they will wear great long trains when I'm married, and that my dress will be bright pink satin, with gold-colored ribbons, and be as long for me as this is."

By this time the "lovely" wrapper was thrown around the little girl, and was being trailed grandly across the room, the feather fan, for which she had been sent, carried in one hand, and swayed gracefully now and then.

"Come, Alice," said Cassie's father down stairs, speaking to his wife, "you are being waited for. The bride is ready to enter the room."

"Where can Cassie be?" said Mrs. Bennet, coming in haste across the hall.

"She is still upstairs," said her father gravely. "No, don't call her," as Roy made a movement toward the stairs. "The child has not done anything promptly to-day. She must have her lesson in some form; perhaps this is as well as any."

Five minutes afterward Cassie came flying down the stairs, only to find those folding-doors, that led into the parlor, tightly closed.

"Remember," her father had said, "to be tardy at a wedding is unpardonable. "If you young ones are not down until after the doors are closed, it will be a signal that you are too late; don't presume to open them."

Poor Cassie, when she had heard this, had smiled to herself and thought. "The idea of being late to-day! I'll be there a half-hour before time." Yet for the pleasure of parading about the room in her mother's flowered wrapper, she had lost the marriage ceremony.

"I didn't see her until after she was all married, and I couldn't see her then, because I had cried so hard that my eyes were red, and my nose was all swollen, and mamma had to make me over, hair and all."

This was the way Cassie told her trouble to Roy as she cuddled on the sofa beside him that evening.

Roy's arm was about her, and his sympathy for her disappointment had been hearty and loving, but at this point he said, "It was all the fault of that enemy of yours, Cassie dear. Don't you remember mamma and I warned you against him?"

"Who?" asked Cassie, slowly going over in her mind the talk of the evening before. "There hasn't been anybody near me all day, only just our own folks, and Almira's wedding friends; none of them hindered me. I don't know what you mean. What's my enemy's name?"

"He has a good many nicknames," said Roy gravely. "And I've noticed that you generally speak of him by one of them. 'By-and-by,' 'Pretty soon,' 'In a minute,' he answers to all of these, but his real name is 'Procrastination, and he is a thief."—*Pansy.*

WOMEN IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Widows in India.

For a year after the death of the husband the widow has especial rites of mourning to perform. For thirteen days after the funeral she must not change her clothes. No one pays any attention to her or gives her a kind word. She must be content with one meal a day and at the end of this time her head is shaved. At certain intervals throughout her life she is expected to fast and these intervals include two days of fasting during every month of her widowhood. During these days she must touch nothing in the shape of liquid or solid food, and whether she is sick or well, it makes no difference. The Hindoos say that the soul of a man after his death, goes to heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the sufferings of his wife during the month after his death. Consequently the mother-in-law and the rest of these relatives try to make these sufferings as great as possible. The widow can never take part in any festivity, and it would be an evil omen if she attended a marriage. She gets no words of pity from the women of the household, and she is lower than the servants. Even in death she has not the funeral of other women. Her body is not burned in the clothes she has on, and only a coarse, white cloth covers her as she lies on the funeral pyre. Her husband, if he would, could not help her condition. Women cannot inherit property among the Hindoos, and if anything is left by the husband, it goes to the children.

In the northwest provinces of India, where the holiest of the Hindoos live, the treatment of the widows is even worse than that described in the above statement. Here the woman is often dragged along with the husband's corpse to the cremation. She is pushed into the water and made to stand there, while the body is burning. She comes home in her wet clothes and she dare not change them. It matters not if she be sick, or whether the weather be warm or cold. She sleeps in these clothes for thirteen days and she is persecuted by all.

THE frosts injure the value of grass, and if you keep your sheep upon it, without other food, down goes their condition.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1890.

Forgiveness and Love.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 7 : 36-50. Memory verses, 47-50.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world.*—John 4 : 42.

LESSON TOPIC: *Forgiving the Sinful.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. The Pharisee's Surprise, vs. 36-39.
2. The Lord's Response, vs. 40-47.
3. The Woman's Forgiveness, vs. 48-50.

GOLDEN TEXT: *We love him, because he first loved us*—1 John 4 : 19.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 7 : 36-50. Forgiving the sinful.
T.—Luke 5 : 16-26. Forgiveness bestowed.
W.—Matt. 18 : 21-35. Forgiveness among men.
T.—Psa. 51 : 1-19. Prayer for forgiveness.
F.—Luke 15 : 11-24. The forgiven prodigal.
S.—Psa. 32 : 1-11. Blessedness of forgiveness.
S.—Rom. 4 : 1-25. Means of forgiveness.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE PHARISEE'S SURPRISE.

I. A Sinful Person:
A woman which was in the city, a sinner (37).
Wicked and sinners against the Lord exceedingly (Gen. 13 : 13).
One sinner destroyeth much good (Eccl. 9 : 18).
Mary....from whom seven devils had gone out (Luke 8 : 2).
There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner (Luke 15 : 7).

II. A Permitted Approach:
She....kissed his feet, and anointed them (38).
Sinners came and sat down with Jesus (Matt. 9 : 10).
A friend of publicans and sinners (Matt 11 : 19).
I came not to call the righteous, but sinners (Mark 2 : 17).
Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1 : 15).

III. A Pharisaic Complaint:
This man, if....a prophet, would have perceived (39).
Why eateth your Master with....sinners? (Matt. 9: 11.)
He eateth and drinketh with publicans (Mark 2: 16.)
This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them (Luke 15: 2).
We know that this man is a sinner (John 9: 24).
1. "He entered into the Pharisee's house." (1) A lordly guest: (2) A Pharisaic host—(1) The invitation; (2) The response; (3) The results.
2. "Standing behind at his feet, weeping." (1) The woman's attitude; (2) The woman's tears.—(1) Sinful character; (2) Penitent tears; (3) Gracious acceptance.
3. "She is a sinner." Sinfulness (1) A basis of rejection with men; (2) A basis of acceptance with Jesus.

II. THE LORD'S RESPONSE.

I. Personal:
Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee (40).
Nathan said to David, Thou art the man (2 Sam. 12: 7).
Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? (John 21: 17).
Peter said unto him, Thy silver perish with thee (Acts 8: 20).
Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? (Acts 9: 4).

II. Pointed:
Thou gavest me no water....Thou gavest me no kiss (44, 45).
Ye offspring of vipers who warned you? (Matt. 3: 7).
John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee (Matt. 14: 4).
Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! (Matt. 23: 13).
Depart from me, ye cursed (Matt. 25: 41).

III. Appreciative:
She....hath not ceased to kiss my feet (45).
Well done, good and faithful servant (Matt. 25: 21).
Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work (Matt. 26: 10).
This poor widow cast in more than all Mark 12: 43).
That....shall be spoken of for a memorial of her (Mark 14: 9).
1. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." (1) The Lord; (2) The learner; (3) The lesson.
2. "Thou hast rightly judged." (1) Convicting himself; (2) Vindicating the Lord.
3. "She loved much." The woman's love: (1) Its object; (2) Its cause; (3) Its expression.

III. THE WOMAN'S FORGIVENESS.

I. Forgiveness Assured:
He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven (48).
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities (Psa. 103: 3).
Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be....as snow (Isa. 1: 18).
Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven (Matt. 9: 2).
God also in Christ forgave you (Eph. 4: 32).

II. Saved by Faith:
Thy faith hath saved thee (50).
Jesus seeing their faith said,....Thy sins are forgiven (Matt. 9: 2).
Great is thy faith: be it....as thou wilt (Matt. 15: 28).
Thy faith hath made thee whole (Mark 5: 34).
Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16: 31).

III. Peace Secured.
Go in peace (50).
Great peace have they which love thy law (Psa. 119: 165).
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace Isa. 26: 3).
Great shall be the peace of thy children (Isa. 54: 13).
God hath called us in peace (1 Cor. 7: 15).
1. "Thy sins are forgiven." (1) Sins; (2) Penalty; (3) Pardon.—(1) The sinner; (2) The Saviour.
2. "Who is this that even forgiveth sins?" (1) Forgiveness the prerogative of God; (2) Forgiveness the practice of Christ.
3. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." (1) The pardoned sinner; (2) The saving act; (3) The peaceful outgoing.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

PEACE TO THE PARDONED.

Proceeds from God (Psa. 85 : 8 ; Isa. 26 : 12).
Christ its prince (Isa. 9 : 6 ; 2. Thess 3 : 16).
The cross its price (Isa. 53 : 5 ; Eph. 2: 13, 14).
Faith its channel (Isa. 26 : 3; Rom. 5 : 1).
Saints its recipients (John 14 : 27 ; 16 : 33).
Given abundantly (Psa. 72 : 7 ; 119 : 165).
Passes understanding (Phil. 4 : 7).
Endures to the end (Psa. 37 : 37 ; Isa. 32 ; 17).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The tidings about Jesus which were brought to John the Baptist led the latter to send messengers "to the Lord." The message which they bore implied some doubt in the mind of John, and it was not until after miracles were wrought in the presence of his messengers that Christ replied to John's question (Luke 7 : 19-23). A discourse to the multitudes about John followed the departure of his messengers, accompanied by a rebuke of the men of that generation for their criticism of the two teachers, John and himself (vs. 24-35). In the account of Matthew there follows an upbraiding of the cities of Galilee for impenitence, and a prayer of thanksgiving, ending with the tender words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," etc. (Matt. 11 : 20-30). While some of the language of this passage occurs later in Luke on two different occasions (Luke 10 : 13-16, 21, 22), it is probable that the incidents belong immediately before the present lesson. The invitation, "Come unto me," etc., may have led the woman to venture so close to Jesus.

PLACE.—Some city in Galilee, possibly Nain, though some think it was Capernaum. Magdala is named by others, who, on the strength of tradition, would identify the woman with Mary Magdalene. Others, again, would fain identify this Simon the Pharisee with Simon the leper, and would therefore locate this feast at Bethany.

TIME.—In the late summer or early autumn of A. U. C. 781; that is, A. D. 28.

PERSONS.—Simon, a Pharisee (not "Simon the leper"); a woman who was "a sinner" (not Mary Magdalene, nor Mary the sister of Lazarus); our Lord and other guests at the table.

INCIDENTS.—Our Lord is at table in the house of a Pharisee, named Simon; a woman, a sinner, comes in, and, weeping over his feet, anoints them. Simon in his heart not only doubts the propriety of this, but thinks our Lord fails as a prophet, in not perceiving the character of the woman. Jesus answers him with a parable, which he applies to the case of the woman; he then pronounces her forgiven, answering the secret objections of those present by dismissing her in peace. This incident is peculiar to Luke.

Russia's Disgrace.

The account of the death of Mme. Sigida, in the Kara mines, from the effects of a hundred lashes, given by order of General Korff, is denied by the Russian government. The slaughter of political exiles at Yakutsk last March, was officially denied, but the proof will be laid before a committee of the International Prison Association at its next session. The evidence is satisfactory to every one outside of Russia, that Mme. Sigida was carried from flogging post to cell, unconscious and bleeding, and that she died two days later of heart failure. It will be remembered that this woman was not a criminal, but a "political prisoner." She dared to have an opinion at variance with the brutal administration of affairs in her native land, and this was the penalty. Last August the women political prisoners of Kara attempted to starve themselves to death in order to escape the outrages of their jailers. This "hunger strike" lasted fourteen days, when they were compelled by violence to take food. Then Mme. Sigida begged for an interview with the director of the prison, hoping to get some amelioration of their condition. She found him as inhuman as his subordinates. Two months after, for disregarding some fiendish order, she was flogged to death. George Kennan, who has consecrated himself to be a trumpet through which Siberian exiles may voice their woes, and appeal from the most horrible tyranny known among nations claiming civilization, says: "I desire to call the attention of the American people to the fact that the government which shoots and hangs administrative exiles at Yakutsk and flogs an educated and refined woman to death at the mines of Kara, is the same government that is now striving to get an extradition treaty through the United States Senate, and the same government that has just advertised in European newspapers the offer of a prize for the best essay upon the life and services to humanity of John Howard—such essay to be read in St. Petersburg at the forthcoming meeting of the International Prison Congress." Russia needs a thorough breaking up of the iniquitous deeps of her tyrannous system. Such reform as is there required, never has been accomplished anywhere except by revolution, and recasting of the government in new molds, suited to the needs of the age.

A correspondent of Nature urges that boys should be tested for color-blindness in school—before they go out into life—so that they need not lose the time required for working up to positions on railroads or elsewhere in which ability to distinguish colors is essential.

THE late Robert Browning was very fond of using American phrases in conversation.