REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Easter in Greenwood."

TEXT: "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the case 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."-Genesis xxiii. 17. 18.

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arbo-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 the 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 to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abra-ham is negotiating for a family plot for her

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, Eparon owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The 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 hals of record in those early times. Then in a govern of 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 Machpelah! 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 yase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhum-ated. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its areades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cyprus the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la Chaise, on whose heights rest Ealzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Mollere 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 internet. expended in the work of interment, mummi-fication and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of an intel-ligence or virtue has not many miles away its sacred inclosure, where affection has en-gaged 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 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 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of ...wers. our American Westminster abbey, an Acro-polis of mortuary architecture, at 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 the preachers of the Gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Wittand 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 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 litterati, the Carys-Alice and Phoebe-James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby. Mitchell, warrior as well as astronon lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" or Proctor and 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 sur-geons Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion ms and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful 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 Sarab, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I sak and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get turough, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is cus-tomary 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 each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. 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

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you suppose 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 maroram. In the college at Beirut you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1800 kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks 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 field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spears, 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 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 two well as the plain slab that can afford but 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 a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the

lever, and then come forth the very tones, 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, why not the borain 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 headquarters? And if he can return the brain, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, which are less wonderful? And if the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the man can do the phonograph, God can do the all the

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 redhot from 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.

We never lose our identity. If God 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 of all the pious dead, is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says He did not rise, but 580 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had. 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 580 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 doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out tremble as the insectile host takes up the murch of devastation. Resurrection every

seventeen years—a wonderful fact!
Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There ordinary dust of the earth and without a you?" model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resur-rection. 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 revisers of the other side as we rise heaven at first appears.

pendent 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 the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition.

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 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

I do not believe there are flity 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 ap-plication or bereavement or sickness has 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 more especially gives quiescence to the lung 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 courtmartialed 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 drumbeat 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 comstose 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 piace 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 resur-rection 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 withbeautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being 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 toll 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 resplendant forms of our friends on the and resplendant forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so in the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put is groans, and they come out halleluishs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks, or the gardens, or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

but the cemeteries. We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who 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 had penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of the fungus and cut through it. The will be dull compared with the rupicular of the heart expressed and

It was a shame that in that place ungrate- seventy-eight rainy days in a year.

Il the cemeteries. This Easter tells us that in Christ's resur-

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And 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 "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The sough gone, the eroup 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 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 moun-

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 indenearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall al-ways wave! Hail, anthems that shall always Hall, companionships, never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards nind. I say that the cemeteries, however the Machpelah that was opened by Father ceautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the terday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most appo-

When Thou, my righteons Judge, shalt come To take Try ransomed people some, Sashi i among them stan? Stall such a worthless morrouss!, Who switchines am afra dio die, Be found at Thy right a.na?

Among Thy suints let me be found.
Whene'er in 'archangel's triumph shall cound.
To see Thy smiling face.
Then loude tof fee throng I'll sing.
While heaven's resount in a arc estring.
W.tashouts of sovereign are e.

An Eccentric Physician.

Professor Zakharin, of Moscow, who attended the Czar during his recent serious illness, is almost as well known in Russia for his eccentricities as for his eminence as a physician. The British Medical Journal states that when he is called to attend to a patient special arrangements must be made in the house; all dogs must be kept out of the way, all clocks must be stopped, all doors must be thrown wide open. The professor on entering begins a process of gradual undressing, leaving his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his goloshes in the third, etc. He insists on perfect silence on the part of the afflicted relatives, except in reply to his questions, when their speech must be literally "Yea" and "Nay." He has a theory which he expresses in the maxim "Take a rest before you are tired," and accordingly he sits down every eight or ten steps. His demeanor towards doctors with whom he happens to be unacquainted makes him greatly feared by them, and some eight years ago a kind of public agitation was got up in opposition to him in which many hundreds of doctors took part. Resolutions were passed and addresses were presented, and eahoes of the gathering storm made themselves heard in the press. These manifestations of feeling were speedily out 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 then any June morning after and told him that if he published a and told him that if he published a word more about Zakharin he would original material for the fashioning of the have to leave Moscow in twenty-four hours' time. His eccentricities, however, cease at the bedside of his patient; there he is courteous and considerate, most painstaking and minute in his examination, and very thorough in his treatment. So successful has he been in his profession that he is believed to be worth some \$2,500,000.

New Method of Producing Pictures.

Art students in this city are devoting a good bit of attention to a new method of producing pictures. The giant fungus that is found growing from the sides of trees is gathered and allowed to dry and then the yellowish growth that covers it is scraped away. This leaves the face of the fungus cov-

the color of the heart exposed, and this variation in tone lends the artist the degree of light and shade essential

to make a picture. The results gained in this class of art work remind one of the first cuttings in the process of cameo making. After the picture is finished the fungus is mounted in silver or plush and

the effect is beautiful. Portraiture seems to be the most popular subject for this sort of work. St. Louis Republic.

London has about one hundred and

-conomy

requires that in all receipts calling for baking powder, Royal Baking Powder shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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An Example in Nature.

A little girl living on 61st street, in Chicago, who has great taste for drawing, was exhibiting one of her pictures to a lady visitor the the little girl in the picture was standing up.

"No, she's laying down," said the

"You shouldn't say laying," interposed her mamma. "Say lying." After a moment's reflection: "Well, hens lay, mamma, and I should think a little girl could do arything a chicken could.'

Counting the Hairs.

A German physiologist, who devoted himself with great patience to the counting of the hairs on different heads to ascertain the average number on a human head, found that taking four heads of hair of equal weight, the number of hairs according to color, was as follows: Red, 90,000; black, 103,000; brown, 109,-000; fair, 140,000.

Perfumes

There is no porfume more generally agreeable than the clean, sweet odor of orris root. Violet sachet powder, if of a very fine quality, and other day when the visitor asked if | so faint as to be the mere suggestion of a perfume, is generally pleasant. Rose, musk and other stronger scents give many an unpleasant sensation of faintness or even nausea, and are always open to the disagreeable suspicion of being used for counteracting purposes. After all, as Henry Ward Beecher said; "There is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell," and absolute daintiness of persons attract far more than any perfumery can do.-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Unfair to Her Papa.

No child likes to see her own father slighted, hence this story.

"Well, Molly," said her father, who is a militia colonel, "did you see me marching up Broadway to-day?"

"Yeth," said Molly, "and I was real mad, papa. They might have let you have a drum to play on, same as those

A. Guthrie, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "I never can thank you enough for what your treatment has done for me; I am

stronger now than I have been for six years. When I began your treatment I was not able

when I began your treatment I was not able to do anything. I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my dishes without suf-fering almost death; now I do all my house-work, washing, cooking, sewing and every-thing for my family of eight. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine to take before confinement that can be found; or at least it records on the country of the co

Dora A. Suthrie

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a pos-

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make healthy flesh-refreshing sleep-such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the

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The lady whose portrait heads this article is Mrs. Mary F. Covell, of Scotland, Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was sick two years with 'falling of the womb' and leucorphese previous to taking your medicines." years with 'falling of the womb 'aird leucorrhoea previous to taking your medicines. I
took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and was entirely cured of both in
six months; it is four years this month,
since I was entirely well of both those diseases and have never had any signs of their appearance since and I am satisfied the 'Favorte Prescription's and me life for I call taking that medicine and I think it is a God's blessing to me that I took it.

take before confinement that can be found; or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last and she is the healthiest we have. I recommend your medicines to all of my neighbors and especially 'Favorite Prescription' to all women who are suffering. Have induced several to try it, and it has proved good for them." Yours truly, blessing to me that I took it.

I was pronounced incurable by the best doctors here in the West. I gave up all hopes and made up my mind that I was to be taken away from my husband and baby of two years old. I was sick all of the time—could not eat anything at all. In one week, after beginning the use of the 'Favorite Prescription' my stomach was so much better that I could eat anything: I could see that I was gaining all over, and my husband then went and got me six bottles; I took three of them and my stomach did not bother me any

or two years old. I was sick all of the time—could not eat anything at all. In one week, after beginning the use of the "Favorite Prescription" my stomach was so much better that I could eat anything: I could see that I was gaining all over, and my husband then went and got me six bottles; I took three of them and my stomach did not bother me any more.

We sent to you and got the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and found my case described just as I was: we did what the book told us, in every way; in one month's time I could see I was much better than I had been; we still kept on just as the book told us, and in three months I stopped taking medicine, and to-day, I can proudly say I am a well women, yes, am well, strong and healthy.

When I began to take your medicine my face was poor and eyes looked dead. I could not enjoy myself anywhere, I was tired and sick all the time. I could hardly do my house-work, but now I do that and tend a big garden, help my husband and take in sewing."

The following will prove interesting to feeble women generally, and especially so to those about to become mothers. Mrs. Dora

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