

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Sleepers Awakened."

TEXT: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."—1 Corinthians xv, 20.

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you a Christian salutation. This morning Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hail him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and answered by his friends in salutation, "He is risen indeed!"

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them are awake, all of them have a tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bent over one of the lilies and I hear it say, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I am glad to see that it seems to whisper, "I am glad to see of you." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, O ye of little faith!"

Flowers! Flowers! Braint them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them around the garlands of my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Gloria be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be."

Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ! His religion that brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance pretending you are better than I am because of your lugubriousness, you cannot cheat me. In my case you are for a man that professes to be more than a conqueror. It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear.

These gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I never see them again. The women came to the savior's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the savior's tomb, and they hurried in with such force down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mauseoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully partitioned the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And yet these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

My friends, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has arisen so His people will rise. He—the first-fruit of the resurrection harvest. He—the first-fruit of them that slept. Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your beloved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave, and while we wait for the resurrection of Christ we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ the first-fruit of them that slept."

If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all of these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He who rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Austerlitz and Chateau, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death.

Again and again he has done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. When we shall rise, Jesus—the first-fruit of them that slept. Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries.

You come to me this morning and say, "If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that?" And you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer, but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

I find my strength in this passage. "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say, "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn, where he was in China, his foot was amputated. He lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated. He is buried to-day in Greenwood. In the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into dust and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable. An animal may eat the vegetable, man eat the animal, in the resurrection that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them, I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's word. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection which will come up? You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into dust and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable. An animal may eat the vegetable, man eat the animal, in the resurrection that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them, I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's word. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool as every few miles where a steamer hovering down departed spirits coming back hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the clock and orators come forth; wonderful mingling of gold and lad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scenes? I suppose that

one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or a clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence on all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence.

But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ocean, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chateau will stand forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions, gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection.

"All who are in their graves shall come forth." "But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true as professed by this Easter morning, Christ, the first-fruit of them that slept, Christ rising a promise and prophecy of the rising of all His people, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark, in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if we had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone.

Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, was inheriting the infelicities of past generations, but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

There you will see the perfect eye after centuries of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body.

In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face, but that face is veiled with the gloom of a thousand years, but in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outshining glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! Oh, glorious resurrected body!

But I remark also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an immortal body. These bodies are wearing away, day by day. Somebody has said as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace, the furnace dies out. The blood vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their work done, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal.

No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgia twinge, no rheumatic pain, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no amblyopia, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! Oh ye who have achilles and pains indescribable this morning—Oh ye who are never well—Oh ye who are lacerated with physical distresses, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

I will go further and say, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a powerful body. We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; we are weary, but in the resurrection we are to have a body that never gets tired. It is not a glorious thought!

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonday is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds, Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despots on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth His children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take food—that we could go on right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is characteristic of the human body in its condition. We get tired and it is not a glorious thought that after a while we are going to have a body that will never get weary? Oh, glorious resurrection day. Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at that bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That was splendid resurrection lyrics that was sung at my father's burial:

So Jesus slept. God's dying son's. Passed through the grave and blessed the bed. Rest here, best saint, till from His throne The morning breaks to pierce the shades.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers, while you tell of a risen Christ and tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid in a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be when we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us. Coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the joyful ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will and let this brilliant scene of the morrow transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne.

This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude" that no man can number, some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation!

My soul anticipates the day, My soul stretches her wings and goes away To aid the song, the psalm to bear And love, the chime of sinners, there.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

China may be mended as firmly as a rock by the following recipe: Two persons will be needed for the work, however, for the manipulation must be rapid. The necessary materials are a little unslacked lime, pulverized; the slightly beaten white of egg, and a small hair brush such as is used for maulage. Put the white of egg on the broken edges of both pieces to be joined, and immediately dust one edge with the powdered lime; put the two edges accurately and firmly together, hold in place for a minute or two and then lay aside to dry.

To keep your silver bright without constant cleaning, which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a dishpan of hot water with a little soap, put the silver in and let it stand all the morning (or afternoon, as the case may be), then pour off the suds, rinse with clear, cold water and wipe with a soft cloth.

Use flannel to wash the children with in winter and they will be good-natured while bathing.

Put a sound, ripe apple in the tin box with your fruit cake, and the latter will keep without becoming crumbly or dry.

—New York Recorder.

TO MAKE HOME MADE CANDIES.

Butter Scotch—Boil a cupful of sugar, a cupful of molasses, half a cup of butter, a tablespoonful of soda. Stir frequently, and as soon as the syrup will snap between the teeth after being dipped in cold water, remove from the fire and flavor to taste. Pour upon a buttered tin one-fourth of an inch thick, and when nearly cold mark off in strips or squares and wrap in paraffin paper. This is excellent.

Lemon Drops—Boil one pound of sugar, a cupful of water and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar until a little dipped into cold water will snap between the teeth without a suspicion of stickiness. Remove from the fire and add tartaric acid to the taste, and flavor highly with oil or essence of lemon; oil is preferable if obtainable. Drop the candy from a spoon upon buttered tins to form drops, or pour into an oiled pan and mark off in squares.

Old-fashioned Molasses Candy—Pour into a large kettle a quart of molasses, boil for one-half hour over slow fire, stirring to prevent it from boiling over. When a little dropped in water becomes brittle, add one-half teaspoonful of soda, stir quickly and pour out to cool; turn in the edges as they cool, and when cool enough to handle pull until it becomes a golden color.

These last three recipes make candies that grow very sticky if exposed to the air after the syrup is cold, but which will keep indefinitely if put in glass jars or tin boxes with tops securely fastened to exclude the air.

An oiled cloth wiped around the edge of a kettle in which syrup is boiling, making an oily streak just below the rim, will prevent its boiling over, and must be looked to in candies which cannot be stirred.—Good Housekeeping.

PALATABLE POTATOES.

Fried potatoes are a staple of family tables, but how many housekeepers serve them nicely? American fried potatoes are boiled first and sliced cold to fry. They need a large frying pan, or are best cooked on a griddle which has surface enough to let each piece lie next to the fire. The careless cook throws in potatoes enough to fill the pan, letting some scorch and others get sodden. Slice them a quarter of an inch thick, so as not to break in turning. Salt and pepper, and when the large spoonful of fat is turning brown in the hot pan lay them in, brown quickly and turn with a broad griddle cake turner. Potatoes of secondary quality are best pared and sliced raw and fried. The heat of boiling fat, which is stronger than that of boiling water, drives the water out of them. Small, deep kettles are sold for frying, and the lard is kept in them and used many times over.

The secret of "Chips"—The secret of frying Saratoga potatoes or "chips," as they are called, is to have them cold, crisp and dry before putting them in the boiling fat. They are sliced as thin as possible, soaked in ice water an hour or more, and each slice dried on a towel, fried in very hot fat and drained on a sieve a moment in a very hot oven or over the stove, then cooled in a draft quickly. They are hardly worth the trouble.

The Virginia Way—They taste better to be sliced thicker, soaked in cold water, drained and fried in a covered pan with two or three spoonfuls of suet, turning brown before they are put in, salt and pepper thickly while cooking at leisure. This is a Virginia fashion of cooking potatoes.

Hoolier Potatoes—For dinner they are pared and boiled till nearly done, then put in the kettle with nice boiling white turnips to finish. As much turnip as potato is the rule, and the turnips must be put to cook half an hour earlier to be done at the same time. When done, drain; let the kettle stand uncovered over the fire a moment to drive out the steam from the vegetables, and mash them together, mixing well with two spoonfuls of butter, salt to taste and serve in a well smoothed mound in a hot dish with pepper on the top. This is a nice way of serving turnips, without the strong flavor most persons dislike, and potatoes of ordinary quality are better used in this fashion.

Kentucky Potatoes—Slice the potatoes as for frying, and soak in cold water for half an hour. Parboil in a frying pan, pour the water off, and let them stand on the fire uncovered till the steam is driven off; brown a spoonful of butter or fat and pour over them a minute after, then cover the potatoes with milk, in which they should boil till done. Salt and pepper while cooking, and watch lest they burn. There should be just milk enough when done for a creamy gravy, thickened by the starch of the potatoes.—St. Louis Republic.

The His and "Spectacles" of the Cobra.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of most poisonous reptiles that they seem to have a great reluctance of putting their deadly powers into operation. Before inflicting the fatal bite the rattlesnake always gives his note of warning, and the same may be said of the cobra di capello the most deadly of the many poisonous reptiles of India. The cobra warning is unmistakable—he dilates the crest upon his neck and gives a hiss loud enough to be heard distinctly fifty feet away. The cobra's crest is a flexible membrane or hood with two black

circles joined together so as to form a very good representation of a pair of spectacles. When the hood or crest is in position its eyes seem to blaze with an impish lustre, and the continued hissing gives the very air a noisome smell. According to the best authorities the cobra never bites while the hood is closed; and so long as that particular is not created the creature may be approached and handled with impunity. Even though the crest be spread, if the creature continues in silence there is no danger. One hiss, however, is a sure sign that the reptile is angry and searching for a victim.—St. Louis Republic.

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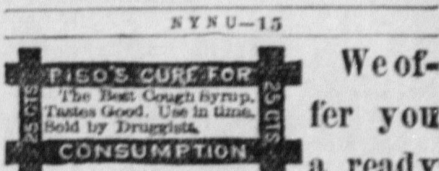


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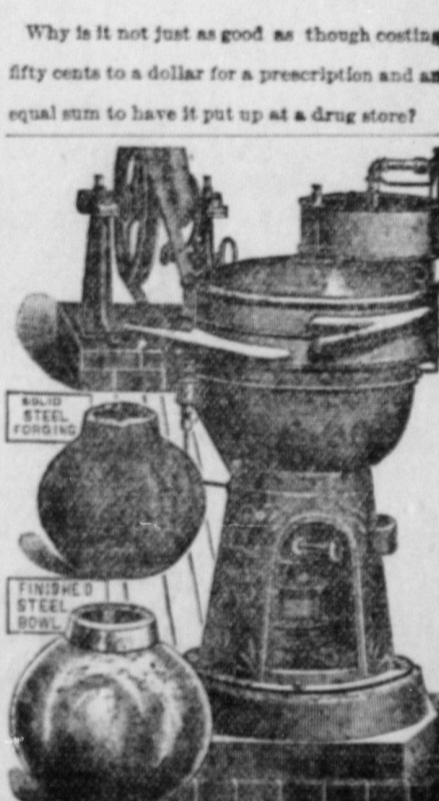
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