Peninsula Enterprise.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties

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Attorney-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H. and Fair Oaks, Va.
Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

JNO. R. and J. HARRY REW,
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Offices—Accomac C. H. and Parksley. At Accomac C. H., every Wednesday.
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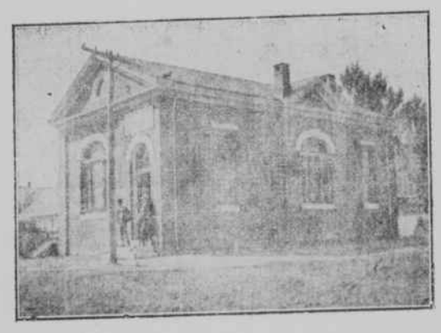

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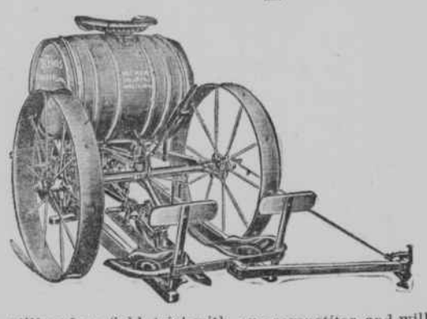

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Talmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

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

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

When you cross the channel and go to the most beautiful of all modern cities, the French capital, what journey do you first make? Do you say, "Let us get a carriage and drive out upon the boulevards and ride up the Champs Elysees and see the Arc de Triomphe?" No, not if you are like most American tourists. You want to see where the great dead sleep. You wish to go to the Notre Dame, or to the Madeleine, or to the Pantheon, or to that greatest of all tombs where sleeps the mighty Napoleon. It is said that when Charles V. of the Netherlands and Spain was about to be buried a courtier of his son and heir, King Philip, stepped forward and lifted a rod and struck the casket as he said: "The king is dead! He shall remain dead. He is dead, and there is another risen up in his place greater than he ever was." But though that may be true of Charles V. it is not true of Napoleon I., the warrior. Napoleon, the soldier, is dead, but another soldier greater than Napoleon has not risen in his place and in all probability never will arise. No wonder most tourists seek the mausoleum of the little Corsican. What is true of the tombs of London and Paris is also true of Berlin and St. Petersburg and Rome and Egypt. The graves of the great dead have, for the most of us, more fascination than the palaces and the thrones of living men, greater than their ancestors though they may be.

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

Mary at the Tomb.

Now, Mary Magdalene loved the Lord Jesus Christ with her whole heart. He was to her the divine being who forgave her past sins. And as we see her going to the tomb of Christ on that Easter morning we find her taking along one of her dearest friends—Mary, the mother of James, who also loved the Lord. These two women are wending their way to Christ's sepulcher weighed down with a common sorrow. As they come near to the tomb an angel meets them and says: "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said." Then the angel spake the eight words to which I wish to call your attention in our meditation on the events of that Easter day—"Come, see the place where the Lord lay." If a holy fascination drew Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the tomb of a dead Christ surely it is important for us to visit the rifled tomb of a risen Lord. Easter day should be the happiest day of all the year to us. It is the mighty day when the Lord's humiliations and services came to their glorious eternal consummation and Jesus became the first fruits of them that slept.

Let us find out, in the first place, in what kind of a grave Jesus was buried. Let us see how his body was laid in that crypt. The condition of his tomb and of his clothes ought to teach us just as many helpful gospel lessons as his cradle of Bethlehem and the swaddling clothes in which he was wrapped as a newborn child. I suppose the easiest way to find this grave is to have Mary Magdalene for our guide. Without some help we shall never find it at all. The cemeteries or graveyards of the far east are just like the graveyards of the west. They all need a guide to take the tourists through.

"What?" you say. "I never thought of that. Does Jerusalem have its nearby cemeteries, as Brooklyn has its Greenwood and Philadelphia its Laurel Hill, Boston its Mount Auburn, Chicago its Rose Hill, New York its Woodlawn and Paris its Pere-la-Chaise?" Yes, and the amazing fact about the Jerusalem cemeteries is that you can distinguish the different graves there, just as you can pick out the different graves in Calvary cemetery of Long Island. As you go through them you can say, "Here is the tomb of a wealthy family," or "Here is the family plot of people who lived in moderate circumstances," or "Here is a potter's field, where the poor are buried." You can tell all this by studying the tombstones and the elaborate mausoleums and the neglected graves. Now, as Mary Magdalene is leading you and me among the tombs and graves which surround Jerusalem to the grave of Christ, much to my surprise she does not go toward potter's field or to the place where the poor are buried. She directs her steps toward a beautiful garden, in the center of which a magnificent tomb has been chiseled out of the solid rock. This must be the tomb of a very rich man. As she goes along I feel that she is beside herself with grief, and I say: "Stop, Mary; stop! You are going the wrong way. This is not the tomb of Christ, who died a pauper; this is the tomb of one of the wealthy men of the east." Then Mary turns, with a sweet smile, and says:

Buried as a King.

"Nay, friend, I am not wrong. Christ may have lived and died a poor man, but he was buried as a king. Dost thou not know that Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the sanhedrin and one of the great leaders of the Jewish nation, went and asked Pilate for Christ's body after it was dead and that Pilate gave it to him? And dost thou furthermore not know that Joseph of Arimathea took Christ's body and buried it in his own family vault?" "But," I again say, "how could Joseph do that? Jesus did not own a particle of clothes when he died. The soldiers even gambled for the coat that he wore on his way to the cross." "True," says Mary. "True, but didst thou not also know that, as one rich man gave Christ his own tomb in which to be buried, so Nicodemus, another rich man, furnished the funds whereby Christ's body was appropriately arrayed for the rich man's sepulcher?" Do you think that these words which I have put into the lips of Mary are purely imaginary? Then read Mark xv, 43, "Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counselor, who also waited for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus, and he gave the body to Joseph." Then turn to John xix, 39, "And there came also Nicodemus, who, at the first, came to Jesus by night and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

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

Another Startling Fact.

But as we approach a little near to the rifled sepulcher we find another startling fact. "The body of Christ is gone!" you say. Is that the startling fact? Oh, no. I expected to find the body gone. All historians have alluded to this one fact. I expected to find the body of Christ gone. Next I want to call your attention to the fact that the graveclothes were lying in the crypt, just as they were put there by Christ's friends when Jesus' body was laid away in the tomb. "How can these things be?" you ask. Then you realize that stones and doors and barred windows were no barriers for him. When Jesus arose on the first Easter morn he did not come forth, as did Lazarus, bound hand and foot with graveclothes. He did not get up, as we do of a morning, by throwing the bedclothes from off our bodies, but he arose silently, swiftly. He arose, and the graveclothes were left in just the same positions as Christ's friends had placed them. "Come; see the place where the Lord lay." Let me read to you from John's story, "And he, stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying * * * and the napkin that was about his head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." Christ arises, moves out of his grave garments and moves through the stone walls of his prison and yet does not change the position of one stone. Only the great stone at the entrance was moved, and that by an angel.

What is the significance of all this? It means that when we are resurrected we shall leave all earthly associations and infirmities behind. We shall not arise with a struggle, but we shall simply move quietly out of all the struggles, all the heartaches, all the sufferings of this world. It means that when you get up at the trumpet blast of resurrection your back will never ache again, your head will never be weary, your heart will never bleed. All these sorrows and trials of earth have had their mission in fitting us for the future life, but when that life comes the mission of Paul's thorn in the flesh shall be forever done away with. Oh, the glorious day when we shall be emancipated from our binding graveclothes, which have always been the symbol of sin and of sorrow and of earthly parting! In heaven we shall all have new wearing apparel. Would you like to catch a glimpse of the garments of the resurrection? "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" is asked in the apocalyptic vision. "These are they which come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Glorious, glorious is to be the change of our resurrection garments. Thank God that, like Christ's, our binding shrouds of earth shall be left in the sepulcher and be exchanged for the coronation robes of heaven.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king,
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

Angels at the Tomb.

There is another startling fact about this emptied sepulcher to which most people give but little heed. That fact does not deal so much with the emptied crypt, emptied of Christ's body, as that the angels of God were watching by that silent tomb. In the last chapter of Matthew we read that an angel of heaven descended on the first Easter morn and rolled away the stone that was in front of the door of the tomb and sat upon it. This was the angel who was speaking to the Mary Magdalene of my text. In the twentieth chapter of John we read that there were more angels than one there. There was "one at the head and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain." There may have been two angels, three angels, a hundred angels—aye, a thousand angels—about the tomb of the risen Lord. Because the disciples did not see them all that does not prove they were not there. In other words, I want you to grasp this great truth: As the angels of heaven came to the manger to sing Christ a farewell song, so, at the open door of the tomb, I want you to see the angels coming to sing to the risen Lord a glorious Easter song of triumph. Angels! Angels! Angels at the birth of Jesus—angels at his resurrection.

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

Who Are the Angels?

If you have stood by many deathbeds you know that when the Christian is dying, if he is of a clear mind, he is very apt to see his dear ones beyond and to recognize them and even to call them by name. When I was a young pastor in Pittsburg one of the dearest girls of my church fell sick unto death with consumption. She grew weaker and weaker, but her mind was perfectly clear. A short time before she died Jennie looked up and said, "Mother, there are grandma and auntie, and they are coming for me." The mother thought her daughter was in delirium and bent over the side of the bed and said, "Jennie, Jennie, do you know me?" "Why, of course, I know you, mother. I am not out of my mind. Do you not see them? Grandma and auntie are coming for me. Don't you see them? And they are singing now. Cannot you hear them singing? And, oh, the music is so sweet." Have not you had such experiences in your own family life?

When the great Henry Clay was about to die he looked up, and suddenly his face was radiant with a smile as he called: "Mother! Mother! Mother!" Who will say that his mother did not come as God's messenger to meet him at the grave? Remember, an angel, in the Scriptural sense, is a messenger of God. Christ had his angels at the Easter tomb, and we, too, shall have ours. Will they be our own dear ones? O God, we are so anxious to see some of them that it does seem we cannot wait any longer. We want to hold the dear hands and kiss the dear lips. Father, send them to us if it be thy will. Let their redeemed spirits hover over our dying pillows. Let them come soon to take us to thee. Angels! Angels! Angels at the manger! Angels at the emptied tomb of a risen Lord!

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

It Was a Wrecked Garden.

You are right, my brother. No garden of the western hemisphere can be as beautiful as the garden of the Palestine hills, where Christ was buried in Joseph's tomb. But, alas, you would be very much in error if you thought this garden about Joseph's tomb was beautiful when Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, entered it on that Easter morning. If you would go with these women there you would find the lilies and the roses and all the other flowers trampled down. It was once beautiful, but now it is a wrecked garden. This beautiful garden looks as though it had been uprooted by a herd of swine or knocked down by a pelting hailstorm. What was the matter? No sooner did this angel of the resurrection appear and Christ come forth from the tomb than the Roman soldiers fell down like dead men. They fell flat among the flowers. Then, as soon as they recovered from their swoon, they rose and in wild terror fled. Those flowers were torn from their roots or crushed as though a herd of stampeding cattle had jammed their hoofs into them. What lesson do we therefore learn from these crushed flowers lying around in the wrecked garden surrounding the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea? Why, this is the lesson: If we can only bring our risen Lord into touch with the intrenched armies of sin he will scatter the Satanic hosts as he made the Roman guard drop before him in the sunrise burst of that first Easter morn. Oh, my friends, will this not be your purpose, that Christ may triumph over all the forces of evil intrenched in our city streets?

We can never rid this world of sin unless we make the risen Christ our leader and companion. Almost everywhere we turn, even among the beautiful flowers about the tomb of the dead Christ, we can hear the hiss of the serpent, the touch of whose fang means eternal death unless the wound is healed by divine medicament. Bishop Meade relates how one day he was out walking in a beautiful garden with a young lady. "Oh, bishop," she cried, "look at that lovely flower!" With that she reached over to a bush heavily laden with the most exquisite roses. She reached far forward to pluck the most beautiful of all, when suddenly out of that bush there darted the fang of a snake and fastened itself upon her arm. So in the world about us. Even in the most beautiful of flower gardens we find the Satanic serpents wriggling, twisting, hissing, as the Roman guard was encamped about the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea from "black Friday" to Easter morn. Oh, my friends, will you not strive to bring forth this risen Christ and let him make sin under the flash of his eye crouch and trample and die?

A Beautiful Legend.

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

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

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Poor Father!

Bobbie—Mamma?
Mamma—Well?
Bobbie—Were men awful scarce when you married papa or did you just feel sorry for him?—Judge.

The Pawnbroker's Sign.

The pawnbroker's sign came from the sign used by the Lombard bankers, who took it from the sign used by the Medici family of Florence. The founder of the house had been a medicus, or physician. His descendants became bankers and brokers, and their sign was their ancestor's golden pills. When they became nobles they assumed as arms six golden pills or balls on a blue field.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The Critical Period.

Duffer—One is born every minute, you know. Puffer—Yes, but they're not listed till they get old enough to think they are not.—Indianapolis Star.