

**EASTER: A
COLLECTION FOR A
HUNDRED FRIENDS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649495139

Easter: A Collection for a Hundred Friends by Edward E. Hale

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD E. HALE

**EASTER: A
COLLECTION FOR A
HUNDRED FRIENDS**

EASTER

A COLLECTION

FOR A

HUNDRED FRIENDS.

EDWARD E. HALE,

BOSTON:
J. STILMAN SMITH & CO.,
30 FRANKLIN STREET.
1886.

BV
4259
.H3
cop. 2

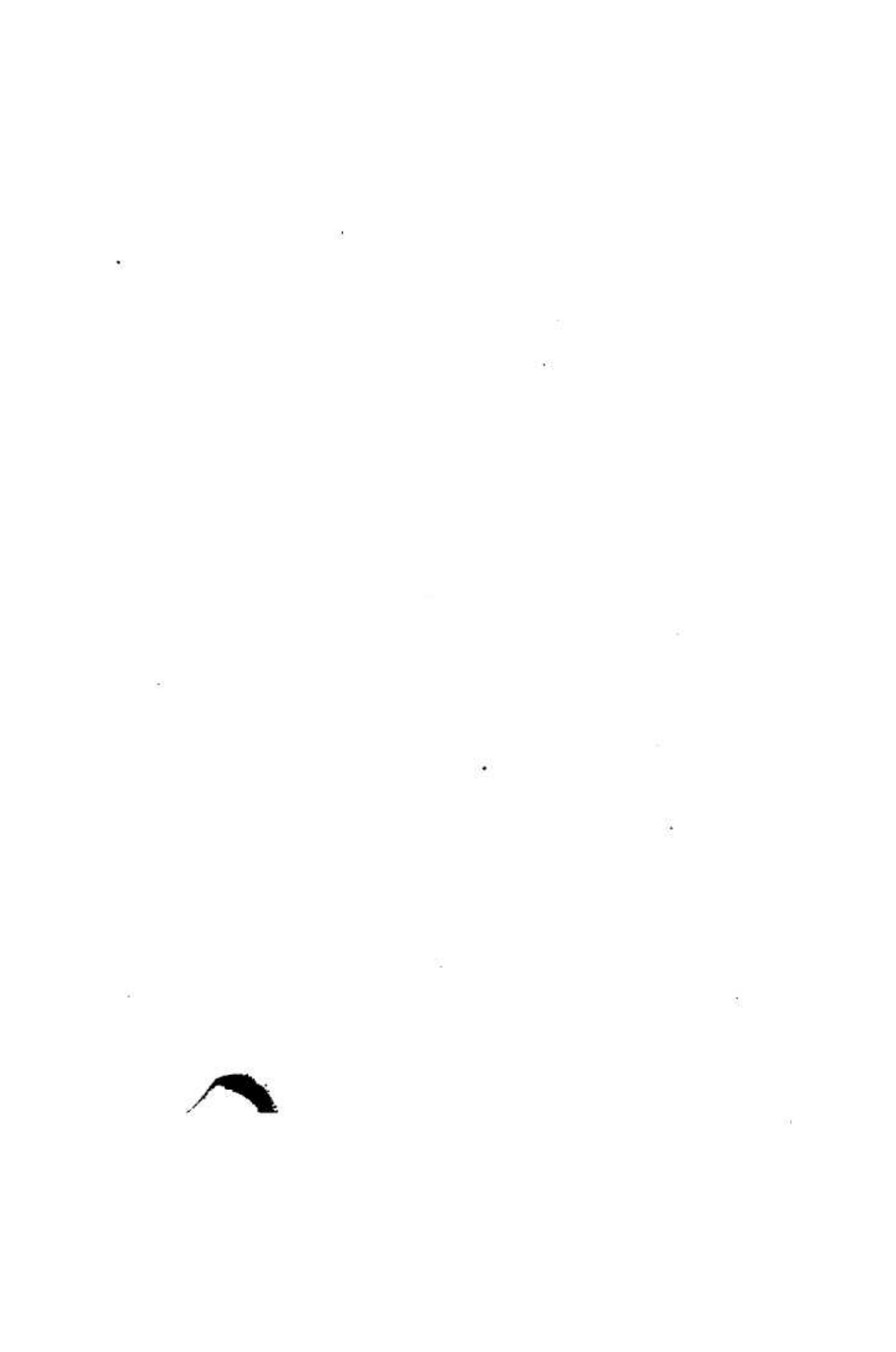
THIS is a collection of sermons and of favorite poems, which I have made for many friends. The sermons have been preached in the South Congregational Church, at different times within the last fifteen years.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Boston, April, 1886.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PALM SUNDAY, Matt. xxi, 10, 11.	5
<i>PALM SUNDAY</i>	13
PASSION WEEK	15
<i>THIRST</i>	24
THE VICTORY	25
<i>SOLACE IN SORROW</i>	32
LIFE AND ITS ENEMIES	33
<i>THE NEW BIRTH</i>	41
INCREASE OF LIFE	42
<i>THE LAW OF CHANGE</i>	49
CONSIDER THE LILIES	50
<i>LUTHER'S EASTER HYMN</i>	58
EASTER	60
<i>GOOD FROM EVIL</i>	67
THE MIRACLE OF LIFE	68
<i>EASTER DAY</i>	76
THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS	79
<i>THE FAREWELL AT AZAN</i>	86
THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN	87
<i>THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH</i>	94
IMMORTAL	95
<i>LISTENING</i>	102
MANY HOMES	103



PALM SUNDAY.

"When he was come into Jerusalem all the city was moved, saying, 'Who is this?' And the multitude said, 'This is the prophet Jesus, of Nazareth of Galilee.'"—MATT. xxi, 10, 11.

WITH the exercises of Passion Week, the Roman Church abruptly leaps from its commemoration of forty days of fasting in the beginning of the Gospel Year, to its celebration of the end:—the week of triumph, trial and death. The latter service is far more appropriate than the former. The asceticism of a formal Lent is scarcely in place in the lengthening days of a year renewed. But of that week at Jerusalem, in which the various lines of the Saviour's life are twisted all together, in which all his prophecies of his personal life came to their fulfillment, in which that life taught its last lessons and he bade the world farewell,—of that week it is not strange that every word has been treasured, and that the world has been glad to reproduce every picture. Whether on canvas, or in song or story, or in the simple dramatic representation which calls the world to the Upper Ammergau, where simple peasants act out the scene; these events of Passion Week come up again and again, for the world's study, its questioning, its admiration, and its tears! Little wonder. And as little, that he who hears the story told by a new narrator, or looks upon it from a new standpoint, always finds in it as it goes on, something that is new.

Jesus had already excited the anger of the coteries of priests and politicians at Jerusalem. He did not like them, they did not like him. Nothing more different from his almost festive summer life in Galilee, than the hard collisions, now with priests, now with policemen of temple courts and the streets of the city. Such a city! A petty provincial capital numbering perhaps 50,000 people, sustaining among themselves all the jealousies and intrigues of a garrison town, and at the same time those of an ecclesiastical metropolis. Magnify a hundred

fold the petty squabbles of an English provincial cathedral town, and you have, I suppose, some idea of the local politics of Jerusalem. It is to be remembered that here only were the priests of the Jewish religion, here only was the temple, here were all the sacrifices. But the spirit of Judaism was now far higher and nobler than this old-fashioned butchery of oxen and sheep in worship,—though that had served well enough for the expression of faith of a simple pastoral age. The spirit of Judaism had risen to union in prayer, to instruction in the meeting-house,—it assembled congregations and preachers in every Nazareth and Capernaum of the land. The priests—inheriting their place and privilege—looked jealously at all this body of teachers, some of them men of great distinction but none of them priests. Imagine, then, with what disgust they must have looked upon a teacher like this Jesus of Nazareth who came from the ranks, a radical come-outer as they saw him, who spoke with a Galilean accent, and was followed by Galilean admirers, when he came into temple courts, to denounce and to ridicule them and their old-time butcheries. Nothing in the whole story is easier to account for, than the dislike which Jerusalem had for Jesus and his dislike for the leaders of opinion and life in Jerusalem.

The alliance of the political leaders with the church leaders at Jerusalem, was of the very closest. As long ago as the time of Herod the Great, the Herod who killed the infants at Bethlehem, he had ennobled the family of one of his many wives by making them High Priests, and this family connection again and again appears in the line of the priesthood. This family alternated, at irregular intervals, in this high office with Annas and his family. Annas himself held it for seven years, and afterward was the real director of affairs when one of his sons, or his son-in-law, was nominally in power. At the time of Jesus' death the nominal High Priest was Joseph Kaiaphas, the son-in-law of Annas, but Annas, or Hanan in the Hebrew spelling, was himself still the advising and really efficient head of the priesthood, and with the family of the Herods, which still had influence, he was on intimate terms. Archelaus, the Herod who had reigned in Jerusalem, was now deposed, and Judaea was held by Pilate as a Roman province. But another Herod, the tetrarch of Galilee, was in the city, as any other Jew might be, for the religious solemnities of the season. Between him and Pilate, as the gospel tells us, there had been some quarrel, but they made

friends over the Saviour's body, and their political relationships had always placed them on the same side, the side of a dry and hard determination to maintain things as they were.

All these priests and governors had had enough and more than enough of Jesus of Nazareth. Once and again he had been in Jerusalem, driving the people wild with enthusiasm, calling away men's attention from venerable forms of worship, and saying, without hesitation, that there were ways of coming to God much nearer than these ways of altar and temple. Once and again the wounded susceptibilities of these leaders had roused them against him, to arrest him, to stone him for blasphemy, to excommunicate his followers. But, thus far, the evident popular favor had been on his side and had been too much for them. The last time he was in the neighborhood, however, the old High Priest Annas, whose nod was law, had given the word, impatiently enough, "Ye know nothing at all, if you do not see that it is better for us that this one man die, than that all of us be overturned together, and our nation destroyed, in the loosening of all ties which will come out of such heresy." Unconscious prophecy! But it was spoken with no thought of the sense we give these words! Better he should die, if things cannot otherwise be kept as they are. That was what the old High Priest meant. It was his "word of order."

It is to a city whose higher circles are thus bitter against him, that Jesus comes down again, on the day of triumph which we call Palm Sunday. The wave of enthusiasm around him is the jubilant delight of a few hundred Galileans, who are now sure that the time is come, and that Israel shall enjoy her own again. The white city below him, beyond the steep valley, covers the hard, set propriety and insulted dignity of these determined priests. These Galileans know nothing and care nothing. But Jesus knows, and he foresees the whole.

He loves Jerusalem as every child of David and of Abraham loved her. "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King." Such were the songs they had been singing as they marched, with the enthusiasm with which to-day we sing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!"