

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS IMPRESSIVE LESSONS IN THE ECHO.

The Echoes of a Moral Example in One Family and an Example of Moral Influence in Another—Eternity to Echo the Doings of Time.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 17.—Dr. Talmage gave a new illustration in his sermon this morning of his mastery of the art of drawing spiritual lessons from common natural phenomena. His subject was "Echoes," and his text, Ezekiel vii, 7: "The sounding again of the mountains."

At last I have found it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the antrum of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbling sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains."

From among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his wanderings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of oarstrokes and of tempests in wreath with oak and cedar, and the voices of the wild beasts, but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "The sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air following Narcissus through forests and into groves and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made a shout, and full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "The sounding again of the mountains."

The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, that wonderous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo.

Near Coblenz—that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1796, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as if you had a resonator. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carlsbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn.

But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogies in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in revolved gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

FAIRFAXING MORAL EXAMPLES. First—Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world, by reason of peculiar proximity, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to quarrelsome I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right. What they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members.

You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been dead many years." "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago." "I suppose their son Joe went to the Congo?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary?" I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be? "Oh, no," says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragged little boys take to her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing you know she is fetching the hard case man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no! you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much of the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example.

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST. A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that

promise to mother, and have been around the world, and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother."

This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statutory of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But here is a sliphod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada."

"One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say. 'Is it possible?' you cry out. 'Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck. My hearers, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "The sounding of the mountains."

Indeed, our entire behavior in this world will have a resonance. White swallows fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

THE DAY OF ALL DAYS. So also the Judgment Day will be the Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment Day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices; its trumpets will only sound and back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me."

All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, you all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, you all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled out and they dash against the Judgment Throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world wide cataclysm, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and Re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions wrought.

On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternally itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax county, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employees, and putting his thumbs in the armpoles of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful man and he probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right."

That one lying utterance against Bible and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the lying old man had spoken only in half jest, yet

echo shall come back in him five ruined lifetimes and five wretched eternities. (You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many tips and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence."

"Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and he has always seen me through. I remember when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is there were two old folks out on the old farm praying for me and I knew it, and somehow I could not do as some of the clerk who he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the Echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness and five Christian deathbeds and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "The sounding again of the mountains."

TIME'S DOINGS ECHOED IN ETERNITY. Yes, I take a step further in this subject and say that our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock. It does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. Oh, God! by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us rich here and now that we may be rich forever!

Well, says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is, "God can do what he will." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped, if a lifeless Echo we would like to have it stopped. The highest thing in this world to do is to stop an Echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theaters and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the Echo, and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet. Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Battery building was constructed, it was told by an architect that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or if heard it would be judged into Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got out for this purpose a number of instruments to be exactly alike and yet in one or two acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one being in the universe who thoroughly understands it—"The sounding again of the mountains."

ETERNAL MORAL CONSEQUENCES. And if it is so hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And once in heaven God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we sing devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes—all the hillsides, and the caverns and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with supernatural faculties able to endure them we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes—harps and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannas and hallelujahs, east side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities joining in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire standing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and deism were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, despairing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the annies manumitted who he helped to escape, and from all the thrones he gave to occupants, and from all the gates he opened, there will be a million-voiced Echo, and he will be heard in his own day, and he will be heard in his own day, and he will be heard in his own day.

Oh, says a friend, "the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow."

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bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the crash of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylae, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountain and Gettysburg. Scoundrelly listen! Scoundrelly listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxerxes listen! Darius listen! Julius Caesar listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful Echoes.

Composers of Gospel Hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woolstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Howland Point and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Braulio and Horatius Honor and Frances Haveragel listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet the sound of all his saints' and angels' sacrifices and they shall come back in an Echo in which shall mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of the fall heaven, Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo! Amen!

Women as Managers of Business. I have always remembered how admirably a Boston merchant of the last generation discoursed in public on the propriety of explaining business affairs to women; when this was mentioned years after to one of his daughters, she said, "I only wish he had applied it in his own family." A rich heiress, the daughter of an eminent financier, told me that she was herself absolutely ignorant of all money matters; after her father's death her brothers had managed her affairs; then "of course" her husband; but she herself knew absolutely nothing. It reminded me of another heiress I had known, who was twice married. The first husband lost two-thirds of her property, the second mustle away with the rest of it, and she supported herself and her child for the rest of her life—there being nothing left to tempt a third fortune hunter—by giving public readings.

One of the minor achievements of an eminent financier under arrest in New York is stated to be that of sweeping in among his vast losses the whole property (\$14,000) of two ladies, who had assigned to him certain stocks or certificates to be transferred for their benefit. Perhaps it would be unjust to call him a swindler, in this case, or call those other men fortune hunters; they may have expected better results, but certainly the absolute ignorance, absolute folly of many confiding women present a combined temptation which sometimes demoralizes the very elect.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Licorice. Heavy as is the sale of licorice in almost every part of the globe, very little of the root from which it is obtained is grown on any system. Wild licorice, the Holy Land licorice, generally near a lake or river, but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which I have seen it grown under any management at all. A good deal of money is, however, made by digging it up, and travelers frequently secure some of the root from curiosity. It is very juicy and soft and takes a long time to dry. When dried it is shipped to various parts and quite a quantity is used and prepared.

The black licorice sticks so much sought after by children and also used medicinally are prepared by mixing a little starch to stiffen them, or a little gelatine, when a pliable substance is desired. Absolutely pure licorice, without starch or gelatine, is very hard to handle, as it will run at a very low temperature, and even when wrapped in bay leaves, as is the variable custom, it will not stand a long journey.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seals of Kings. The ancient Greeks wore engraved gems in rings of silver, gold and bronze as early as 600 B. C. By the Romans they were adopted as seals, though at first their use as such was restricted to the emperors, who assumed the right of giving life and pardon to others. The popes followed this custom in adopting "The Fisherman's Ring"—an intaglio of a fish cut in carnelian—as a symbol of authority transmitted from one pope to another. Embassadors of kingdoms wore gold seal rings as a part of their official regalia, just as bishops of the Roman and the Anglican church do today.

Subsequently senators, chief magistrates and military officials acquired the right, which was in time extended to the army and citizens. Readers of eastern tales will remember what power the seal of Solo mon had to inclose an evil spirit in a bottle or to accomplish other marvels. A seal ring transmitted from one monarch to another has commonly been respected in the past as an emblem of authority.—Jew eliers' Weekly.

The Cheeky Book Agent. An East end lady had an interesting experience with a woman who came from home to house selling books; in other words a book agent. The peddler had in situated herself into the parlor, and to spite of all, yet in a ladylike way, had told of the virtues of the goods she had for sale. But the mistress of the house was not in a buying mood. Finally the agent gave it up and her victim began to breathe easier. The breath was a short one, however.

The peddler, changing her tone of voice to a less professional pitch, asked, "Would you have any objection to my eating my lunch here before I go out?" Without awaiting a reply she pulled a small paper wrapped package from some mysterious pocket, and the East end lady had nothing to do but accept the situation and allow her parlor to be used for a luncheon. The book agent's lot may not be a happy one, but he or she usually manages to get along not uncomforably.—Pittsburg Post.

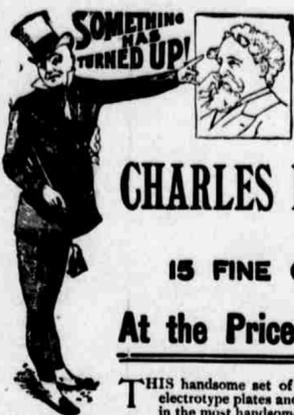
The Impertinent Amateur Photographer. Professor Henry W. Farnam, of Yale, speaking of photography, says: "No two men look exactly alike. To a certain extent each man has a copyright on his face. Therefore, a man who copies my face against my will is nothing more nor less than a pirate and deserves a penalty in consequence."—New Haven Palladium.

The Old Man. Will—You say you lost your sweetheart on account of dyspepsia? Bill—Yes. Will—Which of you had it? Bill—Neither. It was the old man. And he was suffering terribly the day I asked him for his daughter.—New York Epoch.

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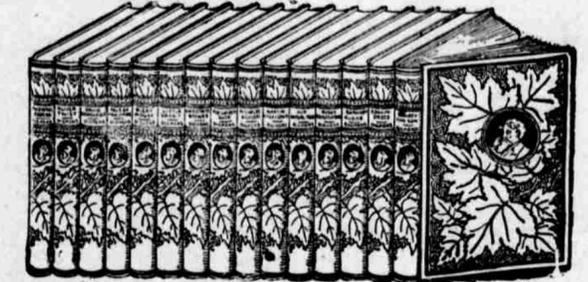
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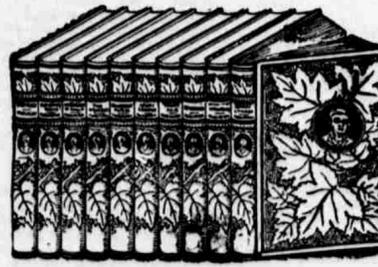
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