REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Echoes."

TEXT: "The sounding again of the mountains,"-Ezekiel vii. 7.

At last I have it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phrases of the natural world from the aurora 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." That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text heard it again and again.

again and again.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of wild beast, 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 grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the supervisions have been also as the 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 times to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with 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 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 starding 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, thou wondrous 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 some-

times repeated many times by the Echo Near Coblentz—that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1776, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killar-ney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carisbrooke 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 analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or dis-aster? About this resonance I preach this

First-Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of the recent. acter of the children is the Echo of the char-acter of the 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 queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse

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 daugh-ter worldly, but watch! Years pass on, per haps 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 dea I many years?" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago?" "I suppose their son Jos went to the down." "I suppose their son Jos went to the dogs?" "Uh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the eiders' 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 thoughties. 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 ragamuffins take nol i of 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 bard case back in a church a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the harlened 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 do not 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 ups and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence. "Years ago I may be a say of the country of t of God.' And if notody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him

neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old innabitant of that neighborhood, and 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 he died of delirium tremens on Black-well's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada.

"One of the daughters of the old folks"

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 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 unfaithfuiness. The old folks heape 1 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 resound. While opportunities 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 ing in the they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it stands it—smart to introduce the instrument of death mountains."

So also the Judgment Day will be all reads of all our other days. The universe needs the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and such a day, for there are to many things in the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And once in heaven such a day, for there are to many tungs the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one mansions and temples and thrones that one apt to think of it an i 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 ck 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 too the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until 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 catastrophe, 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 sym-pathetic words uttered and the mighly bene-

actions wrought.
On that day all the charities, all the selfsacrificies, 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

nding of the mountains." My subject advances to tell you that eternity 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 Ra-leigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairlax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, ough some of them in a raised pitch

A trumpet sounded ten times near Glas-gow, 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 things, and there will be no more cranks or from a deeper woe, from a mightler con-among that kindred. 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

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes 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 wan and has probably studied up the

whole subject and is probably right."
That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other band, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young

"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 clerks went. I tall you have some of the thest always to

come. Oh, God! by Thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now that we may be right forever!

ings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet. Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac New-ton and La Piace and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explore i. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a

far as this, Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good an i in the other bad. Go or with your church building and trust that all will be well." Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one being in the universe that thoroughly understands it-"The sounding again of the

smart to introduce the instrument of deal named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. the rolling, bursting, ascending, desending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang 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 hilisides, 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, hosannans and halleiujabs, 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 stand-ing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertin-ism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, desparing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions, whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he heiped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accu-nulating, transporting and triumphant

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes? Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shricks, the canuonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the death of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Sala-manca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and manca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountains and Gettysburg. Senna-acherib listen! Semiramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxorexes listen! Darius listen! Julius Cæsar listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will

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 Woodstock, Mount Pisgan and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, tion, Homeward Bound and Smining Snore, and all the melodies they ever started, Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatius Bonar and Frances Havergal

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverperations seem to meet, and standing there they rush seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at ones they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all His sighs and groans and sacrifices and they shall come back in an Echo in which mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo of saintly cherubic archangelic! Echo of saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of tem-ples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo!

The Drojky.

The one-horse drojky of Russia is meant to hold two persons. Our experience was that it held one and a bit. It is a common and an amusing sight to see some gallant officer deftly encircling the who wants to find the way into the kingdown in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord' with a pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to express the hardened sinner. On the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to express the hardened sinner. On the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to express the hardened sinner. On the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to express the hardened sinner. On the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power and a trumph that seem instantly to the pathos and a power seem that the pathos and the pathos and the seem seem to the pathos and the clerks go to their places, and the clerks go to their places and the pathos and the waist of his fair companion in one of these conveyances. "His arm gets in the way so," he explains, "and this is the only means of disposing of it that he can think of." The horses are first-rate, small in size, but able to do a great deal of hard work, and keep their good looks in spite of it. Nearly all of them are stallions, and are bred in Russia. The driver, who is sometimes a mere boy. wears a dark-blue dressing-gown kind of coat, a curiously-shaped hat, and hightopped boots, and makes quite a picturesque object. His dress seems to be a very hot one for summer, but the average driver is too poor to buy cooler clothing. It is astonishing to see what an amount of heat Russians seem capable of bearing. Even on the hot days of August a great many of the officers would

There are no hxed fares for the drojky. Every time you hire one a long course of bargaining ensues between you and the driver, until at length the latter consents to take about half what he first asked. Twelve cents will take you a long way, and on one occasion I got a drive for four cents. In the absence of an agreed fare the driver charges what he likes. Once we paid \$1 for a drive of a few hundred yards in a two-horsed carriage.

The majority of the Scottish Gipsies have spread over a vast tract of country. Here they have gradually become lost to view as a distinctive race. In Europe they are found in the greatest number today in Hungary and Wallachia, where

The pay of Chinese soldiers during peace is so small that many have to sup-

Mrs. Gabb-Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd - Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquors he

is carrying? Mrs. Gabb-No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.

All That is Needed.

In our physica needs we want the best of anything required, and we want all that is required to be done, to be done promptly and surely, and those in pain, especially, will find all that is needed in what is herein recom-mended. Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Debevoics pl. Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for some time past and finding no relief, I triel St. Jacobs Oil which I found very efficacious."-Miss Clara Alcott, Mahwab, N. J., writes: "I bruised my limb, and it beca ne greatly swollen and *tiff. I used two bottles of a patent liniment which did not relieve me. A physician was called who ordered the limb to be poulticed, and he gave me medicine internally, without benefit, I then got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. It acted like magic."-Mr. Lorenzo Buck, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich., says; "I had chronic rheumatism for years, contracted during the war. After sitting or lying down, at times, I could not get up, from stiffness and pains. At work my strength would give out, then I would pass through a sickness of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane and was at one time so ill I could not lie down without terrib'e pains in back and limbs. I tried St. Jacobs Olf; next morning got up out of bed without as istance. Today I'm a new man and walk without a cane."—Mr. A. H. Cunningham, l'erryopolis, Fa, ette County, Pa., writes: "My wite was sore y sfilleted with lame back for several years. Sho used innumerable influents, but exper-lenced little redef unit. St. Jacob. Oil was used. I can confidently ay we owe her cure to its wonderful effects and would not keep house without it."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla so purifies the blood and builds up the strength that the system successfully resists attacks of the Grip. This compaint and other diseases are often preceded by a weakness, that tired ling, which Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in season will soon overcome, and serious illness bathus prevented.

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fident it saved my Refreshing life. Almost the first dose gave me great Sleep. relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immedi-

that my time was close at hand.

When nearly worn out for want of

ately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee-unsolicited-that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."



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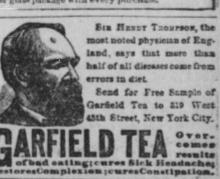
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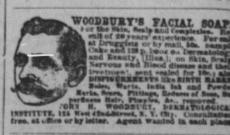
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