REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE ECHOES OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The Sermon as Delivered by the Eloquent Brooklyn Divine.

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.

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 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 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, 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 sometimes 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 a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. 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 of 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 disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

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 shortened 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 parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old tree is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine 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 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 sow for some time be wild and the daughters giddily, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go into 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 dogs?" "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 more, he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is their 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 Magdalen asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and clothes?' And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him crying, and the first thing we know she is bringing the hardened 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 anticipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no! we must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not mind it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example.

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 to 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 statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown on 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 was only straw, yet among it were anemones. But here is a slipshod 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 is better than any other day. The Bible no more than any other book. The house is a kind of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The story 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 others draw blanks, and we will trust to luck." 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 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 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.

So also the Judgment Day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are to 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 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 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 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 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 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 in a 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 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 man 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 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 ups 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 clerks did or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Christian association prospering?"

About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant and I guess he knows what 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."

Yea, 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 without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time.

In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillion, but the ship does not 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 right here and now that we may be right 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 and He only." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in the 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, theatres 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 Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled into Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of 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 as far as this. Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on 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 mountains."

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 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 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, hosannahs 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 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 helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

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 shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the de[illegible] of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountains and Gettysburg. Sennacherib listen! Semiramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxerexes listen! Darius listen! Julius Cæsar 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 Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, 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 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 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 saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo! Amen!

WHAT DRINK DOES.

The attention of Agent Sweeny, of the Anti-Cruelty Society of Pittsburg, was called one morning recently to a sad and distressing case of poverty, cruelty and neglect. A little tumbledown house located on Jones avenue was occupied by two families and a boarder. Of these there were a man and his wife and two little children, both girls, aged respectively four and six years. The others were a widow, her son and another man. The officers say that when they entered the building such a sight of misery they never witnessed. The interior was literally reeking with vermin and filth, while the stench was such that the officers were sickened. The neighbors state that the occupants spend their whole time in drinking, neglecting, abusing and starving the little children, who were compelled daily to go out barefooted, bare-headed, in an almost entirely nude condition, to beg for sufficient food to keep body and soul together. When the mother and her babes were brought to the station house she was, with the exception of an old and filthy calico wrapper, entirely devoid of clothing, the children were even in a much sadder plight, the youngest, especially, being in a sorely afflicted condition. Its little back was one mass of sores and scabs, while from sheer neglect and starvation its little body had dwindled down to that of a living skeleton. The younger child is in such a condition that it cannot possible live.

What a horrible state of affairs! And still it is an everyday occurrence in our large cities.

THE MENTAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

Dr. Norman Kerr, the famous temperance physician of London testifies as follows to the mental effects of alcohol: "The reason I have insisted so strongly on the physical part of the question is that, in making observations on dead bodies, I have constantly found in the skulls of those who drank certain conditions. Now the brain is a set of thinking cells, set in a tough framework of tissue. All goes well as long as these two kinds of tissue, the outward envelope and the inward contents, are in proper proportion to each other, and to the size of the skull. Alcohol, however, has the effect of thickening the binding and connecting tissues, thereby diminishing the space allotted to the thinking cells, so that they shrink and become unable to do their work. Thus, if you come from a port wine, or champagne, or, still worse, a beer-drinking ancestry, you do not possess the conditions of brain which God intended you to have, and the result cannot be modified at once, though in course of time it may be done. I do not care in what shape spirits are used, the effect is the same."

RELIGIOUS READING.

HOLD MY HAND.

Hold thou my hand, O Father
Hold thou my hand, I pray,
When shadows fall about me
And hide the beaten way.
When clouds hang low and heavy,
And storms of doubt assail,
I blindly grope and falter,
My strength of none avail.

I cannot tread unguided
The upward leading road;
I cannot bear unaided
The burden of the load.
I seek to journey onward
I think to bravely stand,
But unawares I stumble—
O Father, hold my hand!

Hold thou my hand securely
When sorrows dim my sight
And hide from me the beauty
And sweetness of the light.
My heart will make no murmur
Whate'er may come, I know,
If thou will lead me, Father,
Wherever I may go.
—[Northwestern Christian Advocate.

LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.

"Permit me again to remind you of what is in my judgment too generally neglected, the duty of loving those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, of blessing God for all the good that others do, and cultivating union, harmony, and love, among all Christian people, which is more than burnt offerings and sacrifices. This is not what pride or bigotry may call it, coaxing or flattering others to be of our persuasion; it is obeying the gospel; it is following the example of the apostles, and doing more to promote religion than a thousand arguments, or an age of contention. To love those who love the Saviour, and because they love Him, is the best evidence that we are His. In speaking of other Christians you cannot be too cautious not to be uncharitable, or injure religion. What we can say with truth and seasonably say in their praise will generally have a good effect. To speak of their faults seldom does any good, and has almost always some good effect upon ourselves or others. Let us not boastingly compare ourselves with others, but think much of our own faults. If other Christians are sometimes unhappily high-minded, divided, let us 'not be high-minded, but fear;' let us pray to God to unite and bless them, and let us take heed to ourselves to avoid the folly of needless contention.—[Bishop Griswold.

"I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."—I John v. 1.

Martin Luther, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. "No," said the great reformer, "I don't feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in His Word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved;" but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." No one can feel that his sins are forgiven. Ask that man whose death was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So with you, dear reader. You must first believe in God's love to you as revealed at the Cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you shall know that you are saved.

A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and He is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

"Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still."

Brown Associate Judges.

In the case of Henry Kern vs. W.

[illegible] burgh, Sunday [illegible] heart the honor of [illegible] country.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE.

It is a mighty theme—the central truth of the world's history, the foundation of our faith, the crown of our religion. If Christ be not risen our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins.

But there is no room for doubt on this momentous question, because the testimony of history to the physical fact that Christ did rise from the dead is overwhelming and incontrovertible.

He who will receive it can, however, have more satisfactory evidence than any that could be given him by others to the truth and power of Christ's resurrection. For he may have the witness of the Spirit of God, bearing witness with his Spirit, not only that Christ is risen, but that he himself also is risen with Christ—dead unto sin, alive unto God—crucified with Christ in the flesh, but living with Christ in the Spirit.

Mary looked into the empty tomb to find her Lord; and He was standing beside her grieving over her unbelief. How many of us have not got any farther advanced in our spiritual life than Mary was on that resurrection morning! She believed in Jesus; she loved Him—but she thought He was dead and gone. She could not realize that He was alive and waiting near her to speak words of cheer to her discouraged heart.

We, too, stand over the tomb of Jesus and bless God for His atoning sacrifice on the cross. Well may we do so; but let us never forget that it was when he ascended up on high that "He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men." Christ in His humiliation passed through infinite sorrow for us and paid the penalty of our sin, but it was His exaltation which gave Him power to make His own sacrifice effective by the bestowment of the Holy Spirit. "If I go not away," He had said, "the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send Him unto you." Truly, then, might He say, "It is expedient for you that I go away," although that utterance must have been incomprehensible to His sorrow-stricken disciples at the time, and sounds strange even in our ears. Indeed, if He had not said it Himself it would seem like blasphemy.

If Christ should come today—tomorrow—how gladly would we forsake every worldly pursuit and run to Him. We think so, at least. But suppose He should come again in the guise of a poor peasant and lead us toward the mocking and the scourging and the crucifixion, would we really be glad to go? Would we not, like Peter, first lag behind—following afar off—and then deny Him altogether?

Christ is not coming again in poverty and suffering in His own person, but he is here in the persons of his poor brethren and sisters of whom He has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." And we have the opportunity every day of visiting Him, and nursing Him, and feeding Him, and clothing Him, and cheering Him. Nor is it a mere figure of speech to say that Christ is among us, waiting to receive the kindly offices which He calls upon us to perform; for in some mysterious way which is beyond the comprehension of our finite minds Christ is personally present by the power of His Spirit in the hearts of those who love Him and He does personally receive the service rendered to Him in the person of one of His disciples; it does give Him personal pleasure.

And he, too, who renders such service, or in any way gives proof of love to Christ—one also is a living temple of the Holy Ghost; he also is not only a representative of Christ, but is himself a living embodiment of Christ to the extent to which he has yielded his will to the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit.

Yes, Christ is risen, and the regenerated lives of thousands of believers, scattered all over the world, testify to the power of His resurrection life. Alas, how many there are who believe in the death of Christ, but have not yet felt the power of the life of Christ energizing their mortal bodies and vivifying their spiritual natures!

TEMPERANCE.

DRUNKENNESS MADE A CRIME.

Saxony has made drunkenness a crime. This has been done on the advice of the best physicians in the land, who scout the idea of dipsomania, and declare that men get drunk, not because they are crazy, but because they are vicious, and should be restrained. There is a good deal to be said in support of this position. Inebriate asylums are all right for some purposes, but for certain other purposes the whipping-post would be a valuable adjunct.

ALCOHOLIC INSANITY IN PARIS.

At the police station the quietly disposed are sorted out and separated from the violent criminals. In the morning the latter are brought up for examination by the chief medical officer of the Prefecture of Police, who does his best to ascertain whether he has to do with lunatics or malefactors. The eminent man who has filled this post for many years is Dr. Paul Garnier, and he it was who kindly consented to suspend, in my favor, the rule which excludes from his examining-room all persons who are not members of the staff. This small, low-ceilinged room has witnessed many dramas, for between its narrow walls are conducted nightly the malefactors who the Paris police have caught in the meshes of their net. They enter, held by each shoulder, between two warders. In their eyes one reads the terror of an animal caught in a trap. They are aware that here are the cross-roads where their fate is to be decided; on the right the madhouse, on the left the convict prison. And all, whether mad or only feigning madness, take refuge in incoherent or outrageous language, in stupor or convulsions.

Closely observant, taking notes, or drawing up reports, Dr. Garnier sits behind his table. Sad indeed is the conclusion arrived at by his medical experience. His figures prove that during the last sixteen years (from 1875 to 1888) lunacy has increased in Paris in proportion of thirty per cent. This increase is due to the fact that two morbid types, general paralysis and alcoholic insanity, are spreading to an alarming extent. The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Denot Infirmary are due to this disease, and every day it declares itself more violently and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two-thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, and whom the police never succeed in discovering, exists. That accomplice is alcohol! It visits upon the child the sins of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. During the last ten years the criminal type has entered on a new phase. Before that date the assassin was generally a man in the vigor and strength of his manhood; he had tasted life in all its forms. Such were Tropmann, Prado, Eyraud, Pranzini. Nowadays it is the youth of barely twenty who murders. The jurymen hesitate to condemn him on account of his youth, although they are horrified at his cold-blooded ferocity, and at the absence of moral sense which he displays.—Fortnightly Review.

A WRONG IDEA.

A great many people claim that beer is very nourishing. Some say they could not live without it. These assertions are simply nonsensical, because a glass of beer contains but very little nourishment. Has any one ever proved the contrary? We have never known a person to be strengthened or benefited by it; but, ah! how many unfortunate souls have been lost to God by its demoralizing influence? How many homes has it blasted? How many prisons, reformatories, asylums, etc., has it filled? How many persons has it taken to an early grave? How many mother's hearts has it broken? These are some of the questions that those who claim that bear is nourishing should ask themselves.

The drunkard's end is a sad one, one which appeals strongly to every man [illegible] heart the honor of [illegible] country.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE.

It is a mighty theme—the central truth of the world's history, the foundation of our faith, the crown of our religion. If Christ be not risen our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins.

But there is no room for doubt on this momentous question, because the testimony of history to the physical fact that Christ did rise from the dead is overwhelming and incontrovertible.

He who will receive it can, however, have more satisfactory evidence than any that could be given him by others to the truth and power of Christ's resurrection. For he may have the witness of the Spirit of God, bearing witness with his Spirit, not only that Christ is risen, but that he himself also is risen with Christ—dead unto sin, alive unto God—crucified with Christ in the flesh, but living with Christ in the Spirit.

Mary looked into the empty tomb to find her Lord; and He was standing beside her grieving over her unbelief. How many of us have not got any farther advanced in our spiritual life than Mary was on that resurrection morning! She believed in Jesus; she loved Him—but she thought He was dead and gone. She could not realize that He was alive and waiting near her to speak words of cheer to her discouraged heart.

We, too, stand over the tomb of Jesus and bless God for His atoning sacrifice on the cross. Well may we do so; but let us never forget that it was when he ascended up on high that "He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men." Christ in His humiliation passed through infinite sorrow for us and paid the penalty of our sin, but it was His exaltation which gave Him power to make His own sacrifice effective by the bestowment of the Holy Spirit. "If I go not away," He had said, "the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send Him unto you." Truly, then, might He say, "It is expedient for you that I go away," although that utterance must have been incomprehensible to His sorrow-stricken disciples at the time, and sounds strange even in our ears. Indeed, if He had not said it Himself it would seem like blasphemy.

If Christ should come today—tomorrow—how gladly would we forsake every worldly pursuit and run to Him. We think so, at least. But suppose He should come again in the guise of a poor peasant and lead us toward the mocking and the scourging and the crucifixion, would we really be glad to go? Would we not, like Peter, first lag behind—following afar off—and then deny Him altogether?

Christ is not coming again in poverty and suffering in His own person, but he is here in the persons of his poor brethren and sisters of whom He has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." And we have the opportunity every day of visiting Him, and nursing Him, and feeding Him, and clothing Him, and cheering Him. Nor is it a mere figure of speech to say that Christ is among us, waiting to receive the kindly offices which He calls upon us to perform; for in some mysterious way which is beyond the comprehension of our finite minds Christ is personally present by the power of His Spirit in the hearts of those who love Him and He does personally receive the service rendered to Him in the person of one of His disciples; it does give Him personal pleasure.

And he, too, who renders such service, or in any way gives proof of love to Christ—one also is a living temple of the Holy Ghost; he also is not only a representative of Christ, but is himself a living embodiment of Christ to the extent to which he has yielded his will to the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit.

Yes, Christ is risen, and the regenerated lives of thousands of believers, scattered all over the world, testify to the power of His resurrection life. Alas, how many there are who believe in the death of Christ, but have not yet felt the power of the life of Christ energizing their mortal bodies and vivifying their spiritual natures!

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Of the new Mayors of England thirty-seven are total abstainers.

Chicago has now a college to educate brewers in all branches of their trade.

Chicago has 6200 licensed saloons and over 8000 that pay the United States internal revenue tax.

In proportion to population exactly three times as much spirits are drunk in Scotland as in England.

In every community there is a moderate drinker whose real business is to help the devil to make drunkards.

A train load of beer, consisting of 1120 barrels, equaling 206,880 glasses of beer, started recently from Milwaukee to San Francisco.

A man in Maine is defending a suit brought by a woman who attributes domestic trouble to the cider he sold to her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest have given away $50,000 worth of medals to the young participants in the oratorical contests held under the auspices of W. C. T. U.

Grand temperance work is being done in the English Navy through the efforts of Miss Agnes Weston and others. On some ships ten per cent. of the ship's company are enrolled as total abstainers. Remembering the sailors' proverbial fondness for "grog" this is certainly encouraging.

In the London district, occupied by the poorest of the poor, there are eighty-one saloons or public houses as they are called there, to supply 11,000 patrons—or one for every 135 persons. More than $80,000 a year is spent in drink by these 11,000 persons whose poverty is of the direst kind.

The Deer Park sanitarium, a private asylum for inebriates, was opened in Toronto, Canada, in November. Its founders propose to surround a patient with Christian influence, and send him out not only cured of his appetite for alcohol and other narcotics, but a thorough Christian man.

As a temperance advocate Lady Henry Somerset has recently been well described by the Echo (an English paper) in these terms: "Calm, cultured to her finger-tips, remorselessly logical and gifted with a very beautiful, yet stately, outward personality, she holds the most critical audiences enthralled as soon as she starts to speak. But there is something about her more than outward attraction, which one must, for want of a better term, call her spirituality."

THE American Bell Telephone Company has so forwarded its experiments in the telephone field that it has perfected a telephone by which whispers can be transmitted 500 miles with perfect distinctness.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

A Few Condensations of Events Occurring Throughout the State.

Influenza, by attacking Secretary Edge and Prof. Hamilton, of the State college, has postponed a farmers' meeting at Oil City.

The Pennsylvania sinking fund commissioners have agreed to sell government bonds to the amount of $300,000. This sum, added to that now in the sinking fund, will pay off the balance of the $8,000,000 loan due on the first of February.

John Centan, a miner, was killed and Frank Ancenti, his laborer, was fatally injured by the fall of a roof of coal at Johnson's Green Ridge colliery.

Frank Cooper, a railroad conductor, was ground to pices under his train at Centre Hall. He lived at Sunbury, where he leaves a wife and one child.

The grip is raging in Hollidaysburg with widespread fury. Five inmates of the Blair county almshouse have died from its effects. Judge John Dean is prostrated and was unable to hold court yesterday. Judge A. V. Barker was summoned from Cambria county to transact the public business.

The new Citizens' National bank of New Castle has begun operations.

William Hazlett was killed and Richard Hughes fatally injured by a boiler explosion in a stone quarry at York.

A man known as Bennett, a plasterer, was found dead in a one roomed shanty at Chorlerol. He had been missing since January 3. His once brawny frame was frightfully emaciated and a grin of the most horrible expression rested about his mouth. He was a plasterer, whose home was unknown. It is supposed he was taken with influenza, and the disease and starvation caused his death.

John Huffman, aged 50 years, living at Paulton, was so badly burned that he will die. He was sitting before a grate when a spark set fire to his clothes.

A 5 year old son of E. S. Bennett of Somerset was fatally burned on a stove.

Louis B. Shindler, Clarence McGinley and George O. Michael, residents of South Harrisburg, were out in a boat near the Vanderbilt piers. Their craft striking a pier was overturned; two of the men were drowned.

William Keck, on trial at Allentown for killing Mrs. Jeannette Nich on November 18 at Ironton, near here, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Snow Shoe, Center county, is suffering an epidemic of the grip immediately upon the heels of scarlet fever and diphtheria scourges, and business is said to be partially suspended.

At Millersburg the large warehouse owned by George Cooper, containing 1,000 bushels of wheat and other grain, was burned. Loss, $5,000; insurance, $1,000.

Thomas Dewitt, a Millersburg woodsman, while felling trees, was killed.

A 15 year old son of John Swartz, of Millersburg, hunted rabbits and accidently killed himself with his gun.

The decision of the United States government last Friday, rejecting the proposed site for the public building to be erected in this town on the ground that the property title is imperfect, has caused much uneasiness to owners of land. The site is owned by the Harmony Society of Economy. If the decision of the government officials obtains weight, the effect will be to cloud the titles to nine tenths of other properties in town. The society originally owned much improved real estate here, obtaining a sheriff's deed by the foreclosure of a mortgage. John Reeves, however, says the alarm is needless. By a recent supreme court decision, the society was declared a corporate body.

A movement is on foot to have a $35,000 theater erected in [illegible] Brightwood [illegible] of race, [illegible] and while [illegible] the road [illegible]

Two children, aged respectively 6 and 3, were nearly suffocated to death at Bethlehem, before being rescued, by the house catching fire. They had been locked in by their mother, a Hungarian.

Jas. Smiley, a motorman on the Beaver Valley electric line, while leaning out and looking backward from his car while in motion Sunday afternoon, was struck by one of the electric poles. He was thrown fully 15 feet and received fatal injuries.

The first Chinaman ever naturalized in Schuylkill county has received his papers. He is Po Yenn, of Ashland, where he is a laundryman. He is 51 years of age and has been in this country 17 years.

The High Explosive company's shell manufactory and stables, eight valuable horses and eight torpedo wagons were burned at Butler. Loss, $4,000; insurance, $3,000. Origin, an overheated stove.

Some months ago a man named F. M. Willey came here from Phillipsburg and started a collection agency at Johnstown. His scheme was to get the merchants, who had accounts outstanding, to pay $7.50 to join what he called the Eureka Collecting agency of Philadelphia, guaranteeing them that he would collect all their bad debts, on a basis of 15 to 20 per cent. if they became members of the agency. Willey succeeded in getting a large number of patrons and collected a large number of bad debts. He has skipped without turning over a cent of money. His downfall is attributed to drinking and gambling.

Michael Bukovski, a Hungarian, aged 17 years, was instantly killed at the Cambria works. An arc light was burning dim and innocently he reached up with an iron bar to make it burn brightly and touching a wire he fell dead.

Erie county liquor license applications this year number 204.

Butler is to have a new union passenger station.

The fire in the Lehigh colliery, near Tamaqua, which has been raging for some time, has become so strong that, although the miners are fighting it desperately, it is not likely to be subdued for some time.

The Hartford mine, near Wilkesbarre, where 24 men were killed two years ago, has been found to be on fire for a distance of 100 feet in one section. Work has been shut down to insure the safety of the miners.

Mrs Robert Gordon, of Williamsport, was cremated by the explosion of a lamp, before her horrified husband.

Fire Sunday night destroyed the barn, outbuildings, farming implements, crops, two cows and 16 hogs belonging to ex-Senator Chestnut, near Shippensburg. Loss $1,1