Nothing else on this terrestrial globe so imperatively proclaims his being—his almighty power and God-head. The sea is God's. He formed the deeps unknown, and gave to the sea certain prescribed limits. Now, a single drop of water is a mystery. Examine—analyze it—pondere the like. You cannot do it—no mortal can—it transcends all creature powers. Water is God's creature; it is the product of his wisdom; every drop speaks God. But how perfectly incalculable is the number of drops that enter into and constitute a river, a lake, the sea, the ocean!—and each one is God's work. How amazing—how overwhelming an argument for a God is seen merely in the sea! The sacred writers dwell constantly upon the idea. They speak of the sea as God's—as his servant—as the theatre of his greatest operations, &c. The God of the universe, then, is the God of the sea. At his command it is born heaves, its billows rise, it tosses its foam, it lashes the trembling shore. He speaks, and its waves lie down, as peaceful and as calm as the infant reposing on its mother's breast. So spake the youthful prophet Jesus of Nazareth, when the sea of Galilee was swept with the fearful hurricane of the desert, and the affrighted mariners cried out, "save us, O Lord, or we perish," and he said to the sea, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm."

The reverend gentleman then went on to say that there was no class who ought to be more impressed with a deep seated conviction of the existence and entire sovereignty of the Deity than those whose calling was on the ocean. The sailor was too often brought to see that he was in the hands of God to entertain a doubt of God's existence. The sailor might be wild, for the sea was wild; he might reel under the excitement of maddening drink, for he reeled on shipboard at least he might be profane, for he was an outcast from the sanctuary; he might do wrong—be a bad, a vicious man, nay, a very fiend incarnate; but the sailor could never become the victim of a blind callous atheism. The sea has issues; they are many and great. "God made it" and not in vain. It is the chief supporter of all terrestrial life: it is the great reservoir whence the earth and all that is therein derive their nutriment. From its vast bosom are exhaled the vapors, which, borne by the languid air, are condensed and distilled in dews and genial showers, and drenching rains and furious storms of hail, supplying the fountains, giving birth to gentle rills, murmuring streams, leaping cataracts, broad rivers and wide spread lakes, watering the earth and covering its surface with luxuriant crops and golden harvests. But for the sea the earth would soon become a wide, arid, desolate desert—all things on it would soon be burned up. Then how much ought we not to value the ocean as a vast, beneficent agent of the Creator in the system of the earth's economy! It is moreover, a voice that is heard to the end of the earth. It is a mighty preacher—God's preacher, and it preaches the preaching he bids it. In its awful storms and tempests it speaks of the majesty of God, of the mightiness of the Most High, and of the destruction that will overtake unheeding and unrepenting sinners. Even in its quietest moods its still voice tells us of "the peace which passeth all understanding"—of the stability of its powers—of the preparation for the coming storm. Its terrors try men's souls, bring proud sinners to their knees, and put the hopes of the humble believer to the test. It is a voice that can pierce the ears of the deaf and awaken the very dead; when the stealthy tread of pestilence, the wailing voice of famine had been heard in vain, the sea speaks, and all is silent. "There is sorrow on the sea."

On the coasts of Greece, near Salamis, when 2,331 years ago the Greek and Persian fleets contended for the mastery, more than two hundred ships, with their vast freight of human beings, were sunk in the depths—"there was sorrow on the sea;" and also when Octavius destroyed the power of his adversary at Actium; when, in 1588, the Spanish Armada, surnamed the "Invincible," bearing the chivalry and rank of Spain, with some 20,000 hardy mariners, were vanquished in the German ocean by hostile waves—"there was sorrow on the sea." When on November the 29th, 1703, that "great storm," one of the most destructive on record swept over Europe—"there was sorrow on the sea." When at Trafalgar and Navarino the sea opened her capacious jaws and swallowed down her thousands—"there was sorrow on the sea." When the hurtled flames upon a wintry night of January, 1840, wrapped themselves around the ill-fated Lexington on Long Island Sound—when the noble President sank unheralded to her tomb—when the Atlantic was wrecked upon Fisher's Island—when the city of Glasgow silently perished, and when so many other crafts have gone down with their living burdens, not leaving a survivor to tell the sad tidings—there was sorrow on the sea." And now, once more that wailing voice is heard.

The 27th of September 1854, will not be soon forgotten; it has left its mark upon hearts—sick, sad, broken, crushed—of thousands, in high places and low places, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the land. We have scarcely as yet recovered from the shock of the burning of the Henry Clay, in 1852, and the terrible disaster at Norwalk bridge, and the foundering of the San Francisco last December. But these and all similar calamities, with which we of late years have been made so familiar, have been completely overshadowed by the distressing calamity which covers the land with its dismal pall of grief. Of no recent calamity of the kind, in our remembrance, has so painful a record been made. God forbid we may have to make such another.

The sad tale of grief is soon told. On the 20th of September, at the usual hour, the American steamer Arctic, with some two hundred and fifty passengers, many among them of the most respectable, intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy classes, set sail from Liverpool for New York; she also took with her a heavy mail and cargo. Such was the desire on the part of the travelling community to avail themselves of her superior accommodations and swiftness of sailing, that not a few were sadly disappointed and grieved in finding that every berth in her had been taken previous to the hour of their own application. Then, again, the intentions of others to take passage in her were overruled by the operations of an All seeing Providence. I may mention one, my brother in the ministry, Rev. Dr. Magoon, found himself from the force of circumstances obliged to forego his intention of making the voyage across the Atlantic in that ill-fated vessel. Scarcely a week has passed and the noble steamer has crossed the ocean and the western world is almost in sight, but for a dense fog, and a few hours would bring them in sight of land. The voyage so far has been very successful—the winds and waves have been most propitious. They have made a splendid passage, and may confidently hope to be in port early in October, to spend the Sabbath upon the soil of their dear America. Not an apprehension crosses the mind of one of the expectants; their hearts beat strongly with the prospect of meeting the loved ones at home—already they feel the fond embrace of the anxious parent, the doting child, the loving husband, the ardent wife. A moment more and their doom is sealed! Unheralded, unheard, and unknown, the fatal blow is given—the Arctic is a sinking wreck,—the sea is pouring into the breach—no power on earth can save, she must go down and make her bed in the deep, where thousands have gone before her. And now the fearful truth flashes upon the captain, the crew, and passengers. Ah! the horrors of that hour!—the bitterness of that anguish that surged over young and old, the homeless and the lovely, the high born and the lowly! How can we describe it?—how can we have any conception of it? God save us from such a terrific spectacle! The fatal moment comes—she disappears, and one long and fearful shriek and all is over! The sea parts to give her room, and the next moment closes and leaves no single trace. Of all that throng of human beings which so fearlessly paced the deck of that splendid steamer on the morning of that fatal Wednesday, not a hundred probably remain! They sleep by hundreds, that long last sleep—they have found a watery grave—they have done with the earth—they have gone before their Maker. "There is sorrow on the sea," and such sorrow as is seldom known. And "there is sorrow on the sea," but more on land. As the fearful intelligence reaches our port at the expiration of nearly a fortnight of most anxious suspense, and is borne on the telegraph wires, with an almost more than lightning speed, throughout the extent of the country, one loud lamentation bursts from the hearths of the Union. Thousands of expecting, anxious friends are smitten down at the awful tidings—father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter—all are crushed to the earth beneath this terrible stroke.

Such a tragedy of woe has seldom been enacted on this earth. There is a lasting sorrow, to pass not away with the going down of the sun. It is a sorrow that will ever remain with them; it embitters all their joys, blasts all their fondest prospects, writes vanity upon their aspirations for wealth or position, and makes life an almost intolerable burthen, and death a welcome friend. We will not attempt to describe the grief of the long line of mourners in every part of the land. The heart knoweth its own woe, and God alone knoweth the heart. To the God of every providence we commend them. He only can bind up the hearts so bruised; he only has balm for such wounds. "Whatsoever the Lord pleases that does he in the sea." It was God who guided the Vesta and the Arctic, fixed their speed, altered their course, and brought them at the same moment to the same spot on that wide waste of waters. A moment earlier or a moment later, and they had passed unharmed. The slightest change in the departure, the speed or course of either, would have prevented the collision. It was no mere chance, not one in a million of chances could have brought them together. God knew it—suffered it—ordered it. It is God's hand that is smiting—God's voice that is speaking in this paroxysm of anguish. Let us hear to it, and fear it. Go if you will to the broken hearted Dolins and ask him—what are all the wealth, fortune, position, that a life of unwearied toil and honest industry has given him, now. Ah! if you could give him back that fond wife, that lovely daughter, that promising son you might take all the rest. How lovely, how impressively is God saying to us all, "for in such an hour as you think not the Son of man cometh."

How little thought they at the breakfast hour upon that fatal day, that before the going down of the sun, so many of them would be ushered into the presence of their Judge. Alas! "we know not what a day may bring forth." The care of our souls is our very last care: we go on day after day in sin, putting farther from us the only true hope—the hope of the believing Christian. Oh! when will you rise and call on God, you busy merchants, you eager craftsmen, you giddy, frivolous sons and daughters of pleasure! I cannot dwell longer on this painful subject; but may the merciful God give you grace, you living men, women and children to make sure without a moment's loss the hope of the Christian, pardon, peace and joy, in believing.

THE PERILS OF THE SEA.

SERMON BY REV. JOHN M'CAULEY.

The first discourse of a series before the Young Men's Association of the South Dutch Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty first street, was delivered last evening by the Rev. John McCauley.

It having been previously announced that the subject of the sermon would be "Thoughts and Reflections suggested by the loss of the Arctic," the church was crowded.

The services commenced with the chanting of the *Gloria in Excelsis* by the choir, when the pastor read from the Scriptures the 19th Psalm.

The simple and impressive services of this denomination of Christians having been performed, the Rev. Mr. McCauley commenced his discourse by saying, that this was the first of a series to be delivered on each Lord's Day evening and that he had thought proper to direct the attention of the congregation on this occasion to the great topic which was pressing upon every mind, and to draw a lesson from the sad calamity which had overwhelmed a nation with woe. He then alluded to travelling in its primitive state and the fact that as its necessity became enlarged, so its facilities were extended. As new comforts have adorned man's dwelling—as his fields have been more productive—as marks of civilization have been springing up around him so his conveniences for travelling have improved. Direct communication has been secured with the most distant climes. He gathers the riches of the hitherto unknown nations. To effect these new modes of communication, the science and skill of Christendom have been called into effect. Mountains have been levelled, railroads built, ocean winds and currents have been watched day and night, that the shortest time of passage may be shortened. Every kind of vessel has been tried, grace, lightness and speed have been studied, and every detail has been the subject of earnest protracted thought. The result has been the noblest triumph of human skill in our ships, which have borne our flag to distant ports to the admiration of the world. The power of steam has also been called in, and the most perfect machinery has been constructed. In these steamers we find our country's boast. From the smallest rivers to the greatest lakes, we have the finest steamers in our commercial career we depend upon speed. Few men have succeeded so well in this respect as the clear sighted originator of the New York and Liverpool Line of United States mail steamers. He has given us a line of packets which challenge the admiration of the world. Foreign mechanics have been obliged to conquer their prejudices and take a lesson from American ship yards. The vessels are fitted with every luxury, but a peculiarity is speed demanded by the spirit of the age, and especially is speed studied—everything is secondary to speed. Man demands speed in everything, unconscious that danger increases with it, not peradventure with the same rapidity. This danger is great on the land, but greater on the sea; but still speed is demanded, both in sailing and steam vessels. Once, vessels at night slacked speed; now the contrary is the case. But the fault lies with the community. The only inquiry about a ship is as to her speed, and, until a great deal of life and treasure is lost, the same speed will be attempted. The Arctic was one of the noblest boats of the line. Nothing was spared in her construction to add to her strength and beauty. She has crossed the Atlantic forty seven times, and has been tried in all weathers. Her crew and officers were well selected and her captain, the true and noble hearted Luce, was a man of the highest standing in his profession. The owners of the line entrusted their own families to the ship and his commander. Such was the vessel and such its commander, which left Liverpool on the 20th September with two hundred and thirty two passengers, and one hundred and forty six in the crew, followed by the good wishes of hundreds. On the 27th the collision took place. The captain could not restrain his crew. His first officer was absent. The firemen thought it was not their business to construct rafts for the safety of the passengers; the seamen were infected with the evil example, and the captain found himself without aid. The conduct of these men was castardly cowardice—unmatched impudence—a blot and a stain upon the page of American history. With one or two noble exceptions, the captain was deserted by his men. On that deck were assembled men whose names are known wherever the English language is spoken; gentlewomen, still ministering angels even in the last hours; strong manhood gave way as the ship gradually sunk beneath them. How shall we learn the lessons taught by this sad calamity? Even while the shadow is over us, we see with the work for our heaven. The ordinary course of Providence is full of instructive lessons, which pass unheeded. Sometimes a startling and appalling scene like that of the staunch and noble Arctic is presented to our view—a moment all life and strength and beauty, the next buried beneath the waves. What scenes are thus presented! The gentle girl, who had before been kept from every rude breeze, trembles as she feels the shroud placed around her still living form. And the noble boy, who refused the means of safety that it might be given to another, stands with her, ready to go down together. And the ship is sinking, sinking fast. Her sails are useless, her machinery clogged. She slowly settles, and with one cry her living freight is buried in the sea. Who can regard such a scene without sympathy and sorrow. Who can forget the warning, "Be thou also ready, for in such an hour the Son of Man cometh for thee?" By the sorrows of others the sympathies of men are enlisted, and thus men are knit together. The grief of the rich man when he lays his first born in the tomb, receives from us a homage which his pride never could have produced. Thus the edges of antipathy and animosity are smoothed. When the heart is softened by grief Jesus tells you of sin, which deserves this blint. To prepare a heart for the teachings of religion the preacher would take his hearers to the house of mourning. How great the consolation from the light which bursts from the throne. Even on the ocean he that believeth in Him shall be saved. He calleth to the ocean to give up its dead, and the millions of the saved shall arise and appear in shining robes around the throne of the Redeemer. The preacher closed with an eloquent peroration, calling upon his hearers to fit themselves for the companionship of the saints in the mansions of Him who is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

GOD'S PUNISHMENT OF MAN'S WORLDLINESS.

SERMON OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

The loss of the Arctic was announced as the subject of last evening's sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, and in consequence Plymouth church was, for a full half hour before the time fixed for the services to begin—7½ P.M.—crowded to its utmost capacity. All the aisles and doorways of the rather spacious edifice were jammed up with persons striving to procure good sitting or standing room. Even the minister's platform was taken possession of by some score of ladies and elders, so that there was hardly room left for the preacher.

After a voluntary on the organ, in the nature of a dirge, the choir chanted the 46th psalm, as follows:—

God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacle of the most highest.

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed; God shall help her and that right early.

The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved; but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

O come hither and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

He maketh wars to cease in all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still then, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

A feeling and appropriate prayer was then offered to the throne of grace by the pastor, that God might sanctify the recent terrible calamity, by impressing men with the mode in which he rebuked their worldliness, and showed that all man's skill, and strength, and wisdom, were as naught; and that when he putteth forth his arms the work of man disappears, as the moth fretteth the garment.

The same psalm—as versified—was then sung by the choir and congregation, and at the close of the singing, Mr Beecher addressed to the congregation the following impressive sermon.

MR. BEECHER'S SERMON.

I read the first, second, and third verses of the 46th psalm:

God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

There is no experience of the soul more noble and ever grand than its power of setting aside the senses of material things, and of relying on the invisible, of lifting itself up in its most desperate extremities to repose on the presence and the strength of a being who is invisible to the outward man, who is not obvious to the senses, but only to the spirit. That hour in which the soul rests on God is one in which all natural human forces are disregarded, and the trembling of the body is the hour of the soul's glorification. The spirit triumphs over its clay; the soul is supreme, the body subdued. This supreme trust in God, so wonderful, so full of all riches, of joy and peace, has received illustrious expression in almost all the writings of the Old Testament. But by none is it expressed more nobly than by David. The text is one of those tributes of true heart—trust in God. Strangers visiting South America or the Mediterranean countries are often very curious of witnessing an earthquake, and are quite desirous of experiencing the sensations which they produce. It is said that that man was never known who desired the sensation more than once. So great is the shock to all preconceived feelings and habits, the feeling of instability where we were accustomed to locate stability—the oscillation of the earth swinging beneath our feet—the alternations of liquid light and horrid darkness, the chasms which yawn suddenly, the sinking of the earth, the cracks and fissures of the mountains, the sinking of rivers and lakes, and the terrible rise of the ocean beyond its bounds—these things so appal the mind and reverse its experience, making the stable things unstable, and the solid things dissipated, that no man comes forth from the ordeal but with once a terror and shock as for ever after makes him shudder at the very thought of an earthquake. The same thing is true of the experience of one unacquainted with voyages. The terrific force of the waves, the blackness of the furious clouds, the swift and almost incredible force of the waves, the utter helplessness of the most skilful navigator to save the ship, in resisting such agency which can only be overcome by patient yielding and waiting; all these produced the most lively fears; and the most expert sailor can never grow to such heartlessness as to become careless in an ever-mastering storm at sea. The poor human heart, left to its own power against earthquakes and the rousing of the storm comes to a consciousness of its petty strength and insignificance amid these contending forces which train under the banner of nature. Man may be mighty when he is peacefully thinking of peril; he may be wise when he has time to form ingenious plans; but when he comes to oppose all the wisdom and strength that is in him to the power of nature, he is whistled down by the wind with as little ceremony and as helplessly as a bird or feather. Such is the enormous disproportion between the strength of man and the natural forces, that nothing seems ridiculous except strife or resistance. All proportions are lost, and the united efforts of a thousand men are no more appreciable than would be the sighing of a baby's breath. This truth none know so well as they who have seen mountains rocked by earthquakes as if the alps and Andes were mere babes; as they who have trembled to the very marrow when the storm walked through the air as if God was going forth to take vengeance on man. Yet in the heart of a gentle woman, or of a man accustomed to trust in God, fear gives way to faith they fear no evil, for since Christ calmed the sea of Galilee, those who truly confide in him look to his arm for safety. They know that God is their hope and strength, a very present help in trouble." So, when famine stalks abroad and such things happen as made poor Job and the gazers at pity of the world, now pity then seem all man's power and greatness. But in such times there are those who can smile in trustfulness and have dependence on the sentence of God. How brave and noble is the trust in God which makes them forget and disregard all danger! There is no reading person in the community who has not, with painful interest, watched the melancholy progress of the news respecting the ill-fated Arctic and her precious freight of human lives. The vessel itself, with its fellow ships, were connected with the popular regard by patriotic feeling. Without any unkind sentiments toward England, with sincere kindness and good wishes to her, it was still natural and proper that we should rejoice in the success of a fair competition of her on so grand a field as the ocean, and by an instrument which stands at the top of all human enterprise—an ocean steamer propelled by a marine engine. We would feel a sort of national sorrow and regret if we heard that that vessel merely was lying on the bottom sands of Newfoundland—we would entertain feelings of regret for the fate of the ship which had so often carried our flag through light and storm reaching her way across the deep by that eye in the bin[illegible]. This grief is increased a thousand fold by the dreadful and needless destruction of precious human lives. In the gloom of that terrible disaster there is this consolation only—the heroism of a few to whom honor and duty were more precious than life—and the christian cheer of many who, we may hope in the direst surprises of that evil hour found in God "a very present help in their time of trouble" who stood serenely there, though the sea roared and the waves were tossed, and gave up their trusting souls in all faith and confidence to the conveyance of God's angels, who waited around the spot to give sweet deliverance, and conduct them on their passage homeward. For I know, and you will think, that while we have reports of those who were most clamorous, no one noticed those who were calm. Therefore the accounts are filled with pictures of distress, of terror, of clasping imploration, and but few witnessed the conduct and bearing of those who stood serene and silent. Such fondly thought—these Christian hearts—as they were making this prosperous voyage, they fondly thought on the morning of the seventh day that there was but three days more to pass till they would be at home. Indeed, they were but three hours from home. Many of them said to themselves, "Once more among familiar places, and there we will ever more reside. We will never wander more as pilgrims in strange lands. We will never again tempt the perils of the deep." And God said to that saying, "Verily, you never shall!" This Christian faith and its irradiation in that hour of impending destruction is in striking contrast with the other horrors of the scene. Love throw a mantle over this picture; they turned away from each other into the radiance and soft glory of their divine friend and benefactor; they were snatched from the hands of terror and robed in the bosom of peace and serene repose.

It was a time when hundreds had wended their way from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glories of living nature from the Switzer's mountains and from the capitals of the various nations, all of them saying in their hearts "we will wait for the September gales to have done with the equinoctial fury, and then we will embark with all safety on the appeased ocean; and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our long looked for native land, and our heart loved home." Thousands throng steamed along from Berlin, from Paris from the Orient from London, still hastening towards the welcome ship and narrowing the distance between them and home. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers—of passengers so nearly related to so many among us. The hour was come. The signal bell fell at Greenwich. It was known at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed—the great hull swayed into the current—the national colors streamed abroad—the bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal guns are fired from every fortress along the shore—and the Arctic glides gracefully forth from the Mersey, turns into the channel and begins her homeward route. The pilot stood at the wheel and was seen by all; death stood on the prow and no man beheld him. Whoever stood at that wheel in all the voyage, death was the pilot who steered the craft, and no one knew it. He never revealed his presence nor whispered his errand. Anxious hope was in all breasts, and life and gaiety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. After all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—"home is not far away." The last sunlight has flashed upon that deck; the last voyage is made of ship and passengers. At noon there comes noiselessly stealing from the North that fatal instrument of destruction in that mysterious shroud, a vast atmosphere of mist. Both ships are holding their way with rushing prows and revolving wheels, but invisible to each other; at a league's distance unconscious, at a nearer approach unwarned, within hail and bearing right down to each other, unseen, unfelt till one moment more, emerging from the gray mist, the Vesta dealt her a deadly shock. On the Arctic the death blow was scarcely felt, as the stroke on a warrior in the heat of battle is not felt; along her mighty hull it was scarcely perceptible. She neither reeled nor shivered; and neither commander nor officer dreamed that she had suffered hurt. The brave Luce—and let his name ever be spoken with admiration and respect—ordered out his boat with the first officer, Mr Gourley, to inquire if the stranger had suffered hurt. As Gourley went from the side of the ship, oh that some good angel had called to that brave commander with the words of Paul when he said "except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved!" He departed, and with him the hope of the ship—for now the water gaining the hold and rising on the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had only that stern, brave mate been on deck—he whom the sailors were wont to obey—had he stayed to execute the commander's will, I believe we would not now have to blush for the cowardice and recklessness of the crew, nor to have wept for the untimely dead. But apparently every subordinate officer saw one lost presence of mind, then courage, then honor. In a mob they rushed for the boats, and, abandoning helpless women and children and men to the mercies of the deep, they availed themselves of their strength—of their brute strength—to escape death that they might be eternally worse than dead.

Four hours there were from the catastrophe at collision, to the catastrophe at sinking. In that time nearly two hundred able bodied men, well directed, might have built a raft, stored it with necessaries, filled the boats with discretion, and put off from the sinking ship, where, ere many hours, they would have been hailed by some of the many craft which pass and repass that ill-fated spot. But it was not to be so. All command was lost. The men heeded but one impulse, and that the desperate selfishness of an aroused and concentrated love of life. They abandoned their post. They deserted their duty. They betrayed their commander. They yielded up to death more than two hundred helpless souls committed to their trust. And yet even for them let there be some thoughts of charity. Let us not forget the weakness of our flesh, the absence of the first mate whom they were wont to obey, the terrible force of panic even upon brave men, the sense of the utter hopelessness of saving so many, the instinctive desire of self preservation common to all of us like them, and some extenuation may be made for them. They certainly need every cover of charity to save them from the indignation of a grieved and outraged community. Individuals among them acted most nobly, and these must serve in some small way to atone for the faults of the rest. I have already said that there was a single officer who did cling to the last manfully to his duty; I speak of the third mate, Dorlan, and so also did that man who fired the signal gun and stood at his post firing the gun to the last; and that engineer who would not abandon the boy committed to his charge. Let the heroism of these go to extenuate the disgrace of others. Let us not, therefore, speak too rudely and too carelessly even of the crew. How nobly in that terrible scene stood Luce—calm self-possessed, and determined to the end. All but one witness speak as to that firmness, but he (who was himself rushing to a boat) says the Captain's judgment was paralyzed because he could die, and could not abandon the trust confided to him. I do not wonder that that man misunderstood him, and thought his judgment paralyzed. I have never read—even in the annals of the heroines—such a trait of heroism as that shown when this heroic man, being asked by the second mate to let him save his son, answered—"my son shall share my fate."

The last moment came—and now all over the deck was displayed every form of anguish and despair. The raft was overburdened, and the sea was covered with hundreds struggling for their lives. But there were others in whom these signs of despair and anguish were not seen. There were mothers there who met death as if they turned their faces to sleep; and there were maids there who smiled as if they were going to their bridal chamber. How many were there who could say, "We will not fear, though the earth be moved and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same." These friends prepared to die together, with their trust firmly placed in God. Noble trust! that in the shock of such sudden death could look above the wave and trust in the Redeemer! Nothing was of worth then. No wealth, nor title, nor power, nor grace, nor beauty—nothing except the hope that could behold so much of the glory of heaven that it willingly abandoned its hold on earth.

At length the struggle was ended. That great ship, breathed only stabbed, and distinging the ocean with its sounds, gives her last plunge; and with the last outcry comes above all other sounds that rushing from the chimney, as if the last groans of all who died there were mingling with the last groans of the ship itself. Oh what a burial was these! Not a the burial of home, where one is gently carried to green beds and laid so softly under the turf and flowers. No priest stood by to pronounce the burial service. It was one ocean grave. The pilot alone shrouded them. Down, down, they sank, and the quiet returning waves smooth out every ripple; the last voices die away as the ripples were smooth, and the place which knew them knows them no more for ever.

We cannot help shuddering at the remorseless calm of nature. How are men darkened by nature! In the heart of nature is the same coldness, calmness and unconcern towards the good and the bad! Is such an hour, how execrable is it—if nature is God—that we have such a God? Never so much as in the presence of such scenes do we esteem so little all the goods which we now strive for so eagerly. What value then was wealth and power? Utterly nought were they. As they stood together there, what was the difference between strength and weakness between grace and plainness, between wealth and poverty? None.

But there was much difference in that hour between virtue and vice, between religion and impiety. The advantages were self possession, calmness and resignation.

When the news of the dreadful calamity came to this city, men could hardly believe it, and when they realized it, even mammon mourned. But who shall describe the pangs of private grief? Thousands there are, who for years will see in every object something to bring to them the memory of that dreadful calamity. Every wind to them will be a dirge. Every mist will remind them of the dark shadows of Newfoundland. How many tearyeyed wives will there be searching and watching for years for tidings of the lost ones? Some there are, whose life will be one scene of watching. Their dead will not die! Oh, pray for those stricken, that God may allay their sorrow!

What can we do but pray for them? What can we do but to say to Him who knew the terror of the stormy sea and the depths of anguish, "Oh, thou man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, send forth thy angels of consolation to these smitten and sorrowing hearts, who will go about groaning for the sepulchres of their dead in this appalling calamity, and let him say to them, "I know whom you seek. They are not here they are risen." And may they look up and behold that their beloved ones have entered into glory, and be comforted.

As an application of the terrible calamity the preacher proceeded to view it in the light of a solemn judgment inflicted by the Divine Being on the community for its worldliness, its selfishness, its love of mammon, and its disregard of divine law. He read from a paper a synopsis of the losses suffered by the business men of the community within the last twelve months, for while it appeared that the number of vessels belonging to the United States or connected with its trade, which suffered disasters during the last year exceeded four thousand, while the whole number of disasters to the marine of the earth did not exceed ten thousand. He asked, was the heavy disproportion against us chance? Was it not rather Providence? Was it not to punish the flagitious conduct of our business men?

In 1850, the disasters to ships throughout the whole world numbered 3,000—not one third of the number of those for the past year. In the same time there were fifty vessels lost that have never been heard of since—among them the Constitution, the City of Glasgow, &c. Among those lost were the Humboldt, the Franklin, the Montezuma, the San Francisco &c. The amount of losses paid by the marine insurance companies of New York alone, within the last twelve months, is $12,000,000.

There were 291 vessels reported as lost in one of the New York papers in one week. The losses on land by fire and storm within the same period were not less than $18,000,000—making the whole loss by sea and land $30,000,000.

"Let us, then," said the preacher, after stating these facts, "rent from our idolatry, and bow down before God. Let our public men reverence justice. Let our citizens hold back from greediness, and come to love righteousness more. For God doth live, God watches, God governs, and punishes and rewards.

Nothing can reach a soul embosomed in God. Though he may be cast down, he shall rise up again; and nothing can secure the soul which is not so at rest. Death, nature, time and chance are upon every man's back. Those who trust in God he shall gather under the shadow of his wing and no harm shall come to them.

THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO, AND NO FARTHER.

SERMON OF THE REV. DR. CHAPIN, OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

A very large audience assembled last evening at Dr. Chapin's church in Broadway, it having been understood that he would deliver a sermon appropriate to the late disaster at sea. Long before the hour for the commencement of the ceremonies the church was crowded to overflowing—even every available standing place being occupied—with a very select audience. An expression of sadness was upon the face of the entire company collected here to listen to the funeral sermon of those so suddenly buried in the deep.

After the opening hymn, Dr. Chapin read the 90th psalm, as follows:—

A Prayer of Moses the Man of God.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

The reading of this chapter was followed by a prayer; after which another hymn was chanted.

The Rev Dr. Chapin then preached from the following text, found in the Book of Job, 38th chapter and 11th verse.—

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

The most expressive sign of a great sorrow is a deep silence, for the calamity that smites most heavily the public heart strikes below the surface of emotion and smothers words. Hence that look of speechless affliction—hence the welcome we give to tears. A noble vessel, a great symbol of modern achievements, one of the mighty links that bind continents together, and joins man to man across the ocean—a ship which has so often defied the powers of the stormy sea, and safely made many voyages across the Atlantic is struck, and perishes. The picture is brought vividly to our homes, and a cry of grief goes up from every heart. We stand, as it were, in the very whirlpool of the great ship, and see it go down with all on board, see the struggling friends around us, see the anguish upon the faces of the dying as they sink to rise no more, and we with no power to help or save. But, my friends, if there is a time for silence, there is also a time for speech. The press, with its mighty voice, has already spoken, and the awful tale has been repeated in every portion of our land; but the pulpit is also expected to make its comment, and to draw its lessons from the cause of all our woe. I now, then, take up this subject to night, because you expect me to do so, and very properly, for the pulpit should deal with whatever to such an extent affects the public mind. We are thankful when we reflect upon this calamity, that it is somewhat less than at first supposed; but, as it is, it shocks humanity throughout the world, and in spite of all we can say of it, it will stand out as one of the great calamities of the age, long to be remembered, and long to make men shudder at the terrors and the dangers of the wild uncertain sea. The extent of this calamity cannot be fixed by our calculations. It has spread a pall of gloom over States, and plunged families in grief and sorrow nearly to despair. Many have gone down to death whose hands we have grasped whom we have known, as friends and relatives, and whose faces come up before us, ghastly with the coldness of the grave. There are lessons of moral and religious suggestions growing out of this event that need our consideration. The disaster with which our minds are now filled is in one view a material disaster. Man lives in this world, and enjoys its gifts, its pleasures and its offerings, upon terms which he cannot evade. With all his achievments, with all his glorious triumphs, with all his crowns of victory gained in well fought battles in the great drama of life, death will have its course—iron shafts will break, spars, sails and cordage will creak and tear before the bellowing gale, fires will burn, and oceans will engulph. The vast unbounded sea, with its hue of all that is beautiful—with its pearls, its jewels, and its curiosities—with the blue of the Heavens upon its bosom and its unfathomable depths—sets at defiance all the moral forces of the world, and speaking in the roar of its furious waters, and the thunder of its crashing waves, says—"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

The ocean has its limits, but man instinctively shudders at its dangers. Upon it, no one feels so secure as upon land. It is not our element—it is a foreign power—we cannot till it—we cannot master it, as the earth. It is wild in nature and cannot be tamed. We travel it with feelings of terror—we cross it reflecting with awe upon the numbers it has carried away and buried beneath its raging waters. We at this time specially think upon those who sunk into its arms only a few days ago. Out, far away, they went down without a winding sheet, and without a parting word with friend or relative, down into the rushing waters they sunk, selfish cowardice leaving them to perish. They have gone into the watery grave; went down with no friend by their side, without one parting look, with no hand to smooth their pillow, but down amid the shriek of the dying and the gurgling of the dead. No kind hand can mark their resting place, no tablet to tell to succeeding generations their virtues or their love, but "lost at sea" is all that can be said, the uncertainty the knowledge, engendering a hope worse than death itself—a hope that all may yet be well, the flickering hope that rescues may be expended, that voyages so foreign shores may be made, that perils unknown may be encountered, and the loved ones yet return after years of woe, to turn weeping into laughter. We cannot feel the peace that comes to us when we bend over those who pass away before our eyes, and whom we see placed to rest upon our mother's breast. Upon the occurrence of a calamity like this, man, in the anguish of the moment, is prone to cry out, "Where is all the promised goodness of God? Where is all his benevolence, that he should visit the world with a blow like this?" Those whose duty it is to justify the ways of God to man, cannot say that the ocean has its domain and its special powers. He who holds all in the palm of his hand, directs it, and it is he alone who can say to it, "hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." The ocean gives man good, but it takes payment for that good, and we enjoy it and have it upon certain terms, which leads us on to death. This evil is but the instrument of a better good. Upon this ocean man has won his greatest triumphs, and fought his greatest battles. A few years ago it was said the Atlantic could not be crossed by steam, yet one morning the Great Western came sweeping up the bay demonstrating that what could not be done was done. Man now speeds with the fleetness of the wind from continent to continent. He floats upon the bays of both the hemispheres; he feels comparatively secure against the dangers of the deep, and the elements have bowed submissive to the power of his mighty arm. A useful lesson must grow out of this disaster. It will teach man there are limits to his control of the deep, and though given him to master and to use he shall not abuse his power or make its trade a race course. God forbid that I should make any special allusion to the present case—I would not open wounds already bleeding, or add another pang to already aching hearts. But we do speaking in general terms, become too careless—we go too fast—in the desire to distance our rival; or to make the quickest time, we dier gard prudence and run the gauntlet of a sea of dangers. What is a few minutes in a voyage across the ocean to a human life? I do not refer to the present case as an illustration of this carelessness, but it suggests a reform for greater safety. From the depths of the ocean it speaks; beneath the billows where this vessel sunk, rises from the hundreds sacrificed, the appeal for greater safety.

There is another providential meaning growing out of this. Out of the dark comes light. How could we appreciate happiness if there was no misery? How could a sweet be known by the sour. Out of great sorrow comes great faith in God, and reliance upon his word. The shock of death calls up the slumbering soul and points it to the grave and to eternity. It effects the moral principle within us, and through an ordeal of sorrow develops the greater nature till this moral principle burst into life. We saw this burst forth in that gallant captain who now comes home to us, having won a martyrs crown. How great the contrast between the cowardhearted cowards who, for their own safety, left helpless women and children to perish and that gallant commander, who like an old Roman, true even unto death said, "I will not desert my ship, but stand by her to the sinks." How great the contrast of this cowardice with that gallant gunner, who even in the jaws of death made thunder o'er the sea the signal of distress, and who with the booming of his cannon plunged into the [illegible]. Thus we read a profitable lesson in the terrors of this disaster which has carried so much wailing throughout the land. It unmasks cowardice, and reveals virtue; it teaches prudence for the future, it turns the mind to God in its affliction, it leads man to faith, and severely chastising for errors in the past, it says