RELIGIOUS.

Sunday Assaults on Sin at the National Capital and in the Metropolis.

The Physical Effect of a Storm Contrasted with the Fervor of Piety.

Fashionable Religion Succumbs to a Pelting of Sleet---The Temples of the Rich Deserted.

The Church Edifices of the Metropolis----Their Beauty, Cost, Construction and History.

Sermons Yesterday on Theology, Crime, Providence, Virtue, Morality, Free Loveism, Faith and Politics.

The Dignitaries of the Nation at Prayers in Washington and the Poor and Outcast on Their Knees in New York.

There was a marked and almost general emptiness of pews noticeable yesterday in the churches of this city, doubtless by reason of the somewhat disagreeable storm of sleet and snow which prevailed, but this lack of constancy in devotion was far more observable in the churches patronized by the aristocracy than among the middle and poorer classes. Of course fashion was out of the question, and as a rule there were no attempts made at display of that description. Beyond a doubt this was in thousands of cases the reason why attendance at divine worship was dispensed with, and reflects in a measure the true degree of intensity of religious fervor prevailing in many hearts. The services were, with few exceptions, of the "routine" character, and there were none of any especial interest, though all will be found, by perusal of the following reports, to present a variety of questions and topics of moment to the religious community at large.

ST. ANN'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Deaf Mute Service—Triumphs of a Free Church—The Eloquence of Silence—Dr. Gallaudet's Labors—A Scene for the Artist and Connoisseur.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet has distinguished himself as the devoted and tireless minister of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal church in West Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, by a career which illustrates every Christian virtue, through years of sacrifice and days and nights of noble industry. His has not been the office of intemperate zeal, or the duty of well-designed but spasmodic religion. He has avoided evanescent excitements, ephemeral agitations, daily sensations; yet he has been fearless toward wrong doing, bold and unyielding with sin, sharp and incisive in his thrusts at public follies. He has sought to address the understandings of men—not their rude and often ungovernable instincts; to charm their minds with the matchless mosaic of Christ's eventful life below, and of His glorious resurrection and ascension above. To such a purpose he has brought the levers of a quiet and even-minded judgment, fortified by learning, strengthened by experience, and indued with magnetic force by the powers of touching and persuasive eloquence. Such a man—the exemplar of the gentleman, the scholar, the orator, the minister, is also the exemplar of that still but imperfect righteousness which should stand in the emulation of every minister of the church.

St. Ann's is free to public worship; hence it has required the rarest qualities to insure its success. How gratifying to know that its victory has been complete and lasting, and that its triumph rests alone upon the foundation of voluntary contributions! From five Sunday services there is a transition to weekly prayers, lectures and sermons; and from day to day the church is a church, not a hoodomadal resort of fashion and finery, though wealth and beauty are conspicuous, locked arm in arm with charity and philanthropy. The deaf mute service, conducted in the sign language by Dr. Gallaudet, is the most interesting and beautiful, the most poetic and fascinating, of any devotional exercise on the island. It develops the subtle nature of the deaf mute—a nature which, if it loses much that is external, gains the disparity and applies it to the understanding soul. What is lost without is found within. The resident nervous force of one's being, as reservoirs for the organs of sight and sound, have been placed in the brain by the wisdom of God, and though their mechanism may be disturbed or totally destroyed the innate power is there and must find operation. Its non-consumption by disordered membranes and tissues permits its crystallization around the active agencies of the brain, and thus the mind is sharpened, the action intensified, the perceptions quickened, and there is a grand, almost superhuman power struggling for expression. This is mind. Could there be found a deaf mute, healthy in body, highly charged with culture, with faculties unimpared by sickness, his compressed mind would give the world a brilliant example of genius. Dr. Gallaudet, in opening to them the Book of Life, has performed the duty of surcharging their souls with fervor, with the responsibility of solving their own personalities with a work of literature and unfathomable mystery. The task is great and valuable. It has been his pride and pleasure for twenty years. The deaf mutes are not as unfortunate as some believe. Words—utterance and the stings of utterance—have been denied them, yet—

> Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

These deaf mutes gathered at St. Ann's yesterday afternoon at two o'clock were mostly matured, but they had more than common intelligence; for the very ability to see what other men can only hear speaks for the possession of acute faculties. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the service in the marvellous sign language. There is something wonderful in the seemingly involuntary movements which telegraph, with a faultless accuracy seldom found even in the most ingenious mechanism, the successive thoughts that are not lost in a flood of paraphrastical words, as when entrusted to the uncertain channel of human utterance. These signs are silent spokesmen; they are strange manifestations, which, when they become willing subjects of the soul, are not less accompanied with facial demonstrations than all the vagaries of the voice. Watch but one deaf mute! There is the look of quick intelligence, the visible sensation of ideas, the swift formation of characters by the hand, the interweaving combination of letters, the multiplication of words, the interlacing of sentences, the short epigrammatic phrases, and the thought is flashed. Impressions are received with the facility they are given. There is a chain of intercommunication between two speechless men. It connects mind with mind, soul with soul; not tongue with tongue, ear with ear. There is no opportunity to wound by artful insinuations of the voice, or to befoul the intellect with the poison of ill-considered flattery. Every movement is deliberate, while apparently unconscious; and it takes time to express, but a depth of infamy to express falsely. People are thus stripped of natural channels, which everywhere have become slaves to a cold formality, and willing servitors of insincerity and guile. Speech needs reform; let silence be its master.

The eloquence of Dr. Gallaudet yesterday was grand, yet it was the eloquence of silence; it was the delicate and graceful subtlety of gesture, the worship of the bowed head, the humility of the uplifted eyes, the calm, slow dignity of sacred pantomime, the living but speechless presence of an apostolic loyalty. The prayer beginning "Dearly beloved brethren" was given with rapidity, and in all its beautiful diction Dr. Gallaudet expressed it in his face. No part of the service was such a masterpiece of pathetic rendering as the Lord's Prayer. Susceptible of grandeur as this emotional prayer is when pronounced by a feeling voice, no articulation could exceed in beauty and charm the liquid flow of Dr. Gallaudet's poetic measure. It seemed like a constant succession of dissolving figures, in which each posture and presence had been determined by the spell-bound inspiration of some great artist. There was the face of homage; there the arrested expression of love; there the deep earnestness of supplication; there—"for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever." The apostles' creed, the psalms, hymns, the sermon, were given intelligibly for the eyes of those who saw. But few were present yesterday because of the weather, but many should attend this service in the future, because it is one which calls for and developes the most interesting and difficult auxiliary science of our time.

GRACE CHURCH.

Fashion and Its Followers—Pen Photographs of the Habitues—Sinners, Saints and Philanthropists—Sermon on Faith by the Rev. Philip Brooks of Philadelphia.

Despite the stormy weather of yesterday morning there was a very large attendance of the congregation at this fashionable tabernacle to hear the Rev. Philip Brooks, of Philadelphia, deliver a very edifying and elaborate discourse from that passage of the Testament in which Jesus walks on the sea to the consternation of his disciples. Hardly had the bell ceased ringing when the advanced scouts of the congregation came in singly, then followed the picket guard, and lastly the full strength of the Christian army. Sedate-looking gentlemen, possessing that Aladdin lamp, ready money, sat at the head of the pew, and in their immediate vicinity were matrons, whose aristocratic faces, much to their disgust, showed wrinkles, those inconsiderate democrats that wont flatter. Then came lovely faces, enframed in the last sweet thing in bonnets, the owners of which, attired in rich and elegant costumes, gave their alternate attention to inspecting neighbors, with the view of ascertaining if any of the sisterhood of fashion had succeeded in arraying herself in the novelties to be displayed this week on opening day. Here sat a cynical unbeliever who goes to church for expediency sake, but who in private sows scepticism to reap hell, and who probably believes in the materialistic doctrine that men are but the maggots of some huge earth's burial. So near him as almost to be classed in the same category, is a world's stoic, the man without a heart, who feels for none. Then again come the airy children of vapor, who have been brought up in every luxury and never know the agonizing weight of human hours. Demure-looking ladies in mourning suits, worn for a husband, or some other brute, listen to words of love and charity and in their inmost souls look upon the heart as a mere muscle to promote the circulation of the blood, and ask the starving milliner to work for less. Young men of the period are there in numbers, apparently giving devout attention to the exordium to lead godly lives, but who will this week pursue the same course of revelry and excess. But this picture of meretritious fashionable life from a looker on at church has its bright side, for commingling with the aristocratic sinners are equally aristocratic saints. Men of the grand old Knickerbocker type, whose names are foremost in every benevolent work, and who, in the words of the poet, often "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." Ladies there are in this congregation who deserve the highest encomiums, and who are not so wrapt up in the duties of entertaining and being entertained but they can spare considerable time and means to aid the almost countless poor of this city. Nearly all the prominent ladies of this congregation are now busy making preparation of the approaching bazaar for the benefit of the "Sheltering Arms," and during the Lenten season gaiety, so far as this congregation goes, will give place to active benevolence. The reverend gentleman, in his discourse, which was a very telling one, adverted to the confidence in the doctrines of Christianity suggested by the text. He elaborated upon the perilous position in which the apostles were placed, and that in the darkest hour of their peril, when faith had nearly failed, and hope flown, the Saviour, in the calm majesty of supernatural power, appeared, and at once assuaged the troubled waters. Then the wailing cry of the faint-hearted disciples, "Lord, save or we perish," taught us a valuable lesson of implicit faith in Him to whom all things are possible. The choir discoursed during the service the "Gloria Patria," "Bonum Est," by Russell; "Benedic Anima," by Hosenthal; "Psalm 8," Dreyschock; "Hymn 264," Ivoyte. The congregation dispersed to a voluntary by Mr. Warren, the organist, and many returned in the afternoon to hear again the eloquence and deeply instructive divine from the city of "Brotherly Love."

MIDDLE COLLEGIATE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

Its Wealth and Beauty—One of the Oldest Church Organizations in the City—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Dewitt—Its Prominent Membership.

Snow and hail and sleet! Whistling winds! Hear the tolling of the bells! They seem to say in solemn tones, "Come, come!" But Mr. Drygoods Clerk wont "come." Peeping from behind the curtain of his chamber window he cast a glance of bewilderment mingled with despair at the aspect of things outside. No patent leathers yesterday. Gorgeous attire will have to be laid aside for some brighter Sunday. Those even who possessed carriages of their own, in a majority of cases, pleaded "disagreeable weather" as an excuse for non-attendance. Bleak as the weather was, difficult as it was to surmount their dislike to being exposed to it, yet those who considered duty as of paramount consequence filled, as usual, their accustomed seats in church yesterday. Among this class were those who attended the Middle Collegiate Dutch Reformed church in Lafayette place yesterday morning.

This church belongs to the same organization as the old North Reformed Dutch church on the corner of William and Fulton streets, which was dedicated May 25, 1769. Belonging, as it does, with one single exception, to the oldest church organization on the island, the Middle Church, as it is more commonly called, represents in its congregation members from our oldest and most respectable families. It was built in 1844. It is made of light colored granite, and is one of the largest and one of the most substantially made churches in the city. It is of the Doric order, the columns fluted, the number in front eight. Behind these are four others, all being made of one solid piece of granite, and cost $3,000 each. There is a cemetery contiguous to the church containing vaults owned by members of the congregation. The interior of the church is very plain, yet chaste, being painted in lavender and white. The pulpit is made of the purest white marble, imported from Italy, where it was made expressly for this church. The base of the pulpit and the facings of the sides are all of white marble. The cushion is of crimson velvet. The organ is not modern, but still very effective in tone. It has three banks of keys and forty-six stops, with fifty-eight keys in the manuals to A. The swell stops are not divided, but run entirely through. There are three sixteen-feet pedal stops and two and a half octaves of pedals. This organ does not abound in fancy solo stops, but nevertheless is very fine for orchestral effect. The number of officers of this church is large. The elders are Messrs. Richard Amerman, William Bogardus, Robert Buck, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Hallock, Thomas Jeremian, Ebenezer Monroe, Gamaliel G. Smith, John L. Smith, Jonathan Sturges, Henry Van Arsdale and Wm. Wood. Its deacons are Messrs. C. C. Demarest, Roberts Dorset, William H. Dunning, John Graham, Wm. P. Howell, John H. Johnson, Alexis A. Julian, Calvin E. Knox, Frederick T. Locke, Elbert B. Monroe, Edward A. Morrison and Henry Snyder. Its ministers are Rev. Drs. De Witt and Chambers Rev. Mr. Ludlow and Rev. Dr. Vermilye, who is at present in Europe. The board of trustees is the same as that of the North church, and also that of the church in Fifth avenue, corner of Forty-eighth street, the three churches forming one organization. The attendance at the Middle church yesterday was large, considering the state of the weather. The sermon was given extemporaneously by Rev. Dr. De Witt, and was on the preparation for death. The text was from the twenty-fourth chapter of Joshua, fourteenth verse:—"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The reverend gentleman exhorted his hearers not to put off the preparation for death until the future, for the future was not theirs. It was, as the text said, "choose you this day," not when it is too late. We are all liable to die at any moment. If we are not prepared we are lost. Delay hardens the heart. There is a time when God's spirit ceases to strive with us. Let us haste, then, and prepare for that which is inevitable. This can be done only by a renouncement of our former mode of life. We must come out before the world and acknowledge Christ. It is on the one hand Christ, on the other hand Mammon. We cannot serve both. Let us then serve Him who died for us.

The singing at this church is very fine, the choir being composed of Mlle Lizzie Fitz, soprano; Mrs. Cooley, contralto; Mr. William Woodward, tenor; Mr. George C. Rexfor, basso. Among the prominent members of the congregation are Mr. Anthony, Mr. John Mason Knox, son of the late Dr. John Knox; Mr. Oliver, Mr. Abeel, Mr. Charles Van Wyck, editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*; the Outhout family Mr. John Dorset, Mr. William Van Antwerp, Mr. William Van Arsdale, Mr. W. Brown, Mr. Labau, Mr. Matthew Julien, Mr. Hyde, Mr. John Van Arsdale, Mr. Walker. Among the young ladies noted for beauty are Miss Lillie Allen, Miss Amen, Davis, Miss Halstead, Miss Nevers, Miss Malcolm, Miss Lowe, the Misses Abbott, the Misses Forrester, the Misses Rudd, Miss Dorset, Miss Demorest. The organist of the church is the celebrated Mr. J. M. Sing, noted for the sweetness and sentiment of its musical compositions. The "Monarch of the Alps" is Mr. T. De Witt Dunshee.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

The Edifice and Its Attendants—Services Yesterday—The "Goodness and Severity of God"—Sermon by Rev. J. M. Pullman.

A short distance from Sixth avenue, in West Thirty-fifth street, this city little edifice is situated. The front, not in the last attractive, is narrow, but it affords a sufficient entrance to the body of the church, which is convenient and pleasant. There is no attempt at display to the sacrifice of the comfort of the hearer. Simplicity is everywhere predominant; from the finishing of the pews to the pulpit plain upholstery and subdued colors meet the eye. The edifice was erected in the year 1851, and since that time the demand for palatial residences has caused it to be so enclosed that the stranger passing by would little dream that the congregation that worshiped within its walls every Sunday morning and evening represent some of the more intelligent, charitable and wealthy citizens of New York. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Pullman, long in charge here, is a sincere, interesting and instructive reader. He sympathizes with the world of man, striving to purify and ennoble his fellow creatures by precept and example in his daily life. Without any bitterness, without any arrogance at without any dogma, he entities himself to their confidence and respect. Like the pastor, so seem the members of the congregation. They go to their temple of worship with that meekness of spirit so rare in this day that the reasoning attendant must concede that, after all, there is good and beauty in life, and before him are men and women not quite given over to prejudice and fashion, but those that believe earnestly in the world's progress and that it progresses upward as well as forward. Although yesterday morning all out of doors was clad in the spotless mantle of winter's ermine, the avenues trackless with the season's soft carpeting, and church goers were compelled to battle with the drifting element unmindful of garments all fringed with frosty flakes, quite a large representation of the congregation of this church were in their accustomed places. The opening services were short but impressive; the prayer the breathings of a true heart for inspiration and grace, and the singing cultured and expressive, vieing with churches where pomp and luxury of apparel are glaringly apparent.

Rev. Mr. Pullman's discourse was on "The Goodness and Severity of God," taking as his text Romans xi., 22—"Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God." He said what they wanted first was a definition of "goodness" applied to an infinite Being. No more popular fallacy, no more vagueness, exists in the minds of those who should be better informed than the correct understanding of the attribute of God. In this particular Universalists suffer greater than the members of any other sect. Many of them seem to think that God is so placable that in His grandmotherliness a backslider, after long pleading, whatever the extent of his waywardness, will again be received in His fold. As far apart as pole is from pole so is the goodness and severity of God. One thought is predominant in the mind of the Supreme Being, and that is the highest good, the eternal good, of His creatures. Some, however, argue like the murderer Reynolds, with whom hanging was "played out," that moral resolution in life was "played out," and that divine wrath exists no longer. But if you do not hear the voice of God, if you do not see the footsteps of such a Being day by day, you do not concern yourself enough. If you do not believe the moral law is written on the tablets of Time, go your way through the world and listen not to the voice of His goodness and severity. God is to-day as near humanity as ever. Rightfully understood, the severest punishment in life is the natural law of things. The proposition is laid down by us that all God's severity is the product of God's goodness. The preacher then referred to the infraction of physical laws, and said that they had their penalties. Innocent offspring suffer for the sins of their parents; but yet some who have inherited such tendencies have been blessed beyond measure, as like diseases which tend constantly to health, so have these tended to the development of nature's strength. Mr. Pullman then in well chosen, forcible and burning words, adverted to the infringement of the law of human propagation. No murder so great, so foul, so terrible as this. The women of the present day are greatly implicated in the crime of the murder of their unborn offspring. God says the nations shall propagate, and the women who, instead of experiencing the pleasantest pains known thus to them, instead of bearing the task of bringing their flesh and blood up to the age of understanding, rids herself of it by murder—commits the greatest of all crimes. We have not lived long enough to know of God's terrors and our own, nor have we lived long enough to know what God can do to those who violate His laws in this wise. An eloquent peroration upon the love of God, His punishments and goodness, and that it is consistent for Him to save by fire and by love, if saving is intended, and that His penalties and laws will never fail, concluded an impressive and able sermon.

CHURCH OF THE FREE LOVERS.

Inside and Outside Eden—Sermon by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

Lyric Hall, on Sixth avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-Sixth streets, which resounds with sacred music and free-love preaching on Sunday, and is possessed by merry dancing devils every other night in the week, was thinly attended yesterday. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the shepherd of the flock, preached from the fourth, fifth and twenty-second verses of the third chapter of Genesis: "And the serpent said unto the woman: Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then shall your eyes be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. * * * * And the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." Theological fact, said the preacher, dates from Eden. The orthodox idea of Adam is that he was a man pure without temptation, good without discipline; in fact, a perfect creature, and that the fall from this state was into despair and desolation. The heterodox view of the question is that Adam was a man in embryo, the raw material, having no knowledge of good or evil. There is nothing in the book of Genesis to countenance the first idea. Adam could not have been perfect or he would not have yielded to temptation. In fact he had a genius for tumbling into temptation. It would not do, however, to say he was a savage, for savages don't live in gardens. These views, therefore, do not give the key to Genesis. The account here is that Adam was in a state of innocence previous to the expulsion. The real meaning is that when he was expelled he became conscious that he was a man and that the problem of life lay outside the gate of Eden.

A man must accommodate himself to circumstances and make his own garden in the world. Everything that our civilization stands for is outside of Eden, and the question is pertinent, therefore, Are we inside or outside? The patriarchal system of government was inside Eden: to live, to labor, to die was the sole business of the people. With us it is different; we are all thinkers and workers and kings and princes. Every one of us is engaged in perpetual strife and do our duty to the State and our neighbor. We are outside Eden. At the other side of the Atlantic, in England, young girls are closely guarded; a strict surveillance is exercised over them and they are educated in ignorance of the world. Perfect innocence is the object sought to be obtained for them by their parents and guardians. The *Saturday Review* some time since in criticising "Formosa," an excessively stupid piece, abused it roundly because of its supposed effect upon the minds of young girls, whom, the critic stated, "should be kept in the dark," and of course deprived of all knowledge of good and evil. This is inside of Eden. In this country things are exactly the reverse. Women read everything, lecture, claim political privileges, go and see "Geneviève de Brabant," "La Belle Helene" and what they please to see, and are none the worse for it. They are outside of Eden. It is the same way in religion. The Catholic idea is that the soul of man is like that of a child. The Church tells him what to read and how to read it; he has nothing to do but submit. They are inside of Eden. It is exactly the reverse with us. We are all answerable for ourselves and submit to no bondage. The people are told that they must make their own prayer and receive the answer in their own hearts. We are outside of Eden. It was not for him to say which is best—to be inside or outside of Eden. Perhaps there is good in both. If inside of Eden there is too much government there may be anarchy outside, and if there is too much restriction on young girls in England we may have here too many voluble, loud mouthed, coarse females, forcing themselves and their theories everywhere, regardless of all propriety. But it is impossible for an American to be inside of Eden.

Mr. Frothingham next addressed himself to the consideration of the labor question. Labor, he said, is noble to talk about, but men hate work; work destroys men's lives and leaves homes desolate. The beautiful buildings in the city are monuments to our civilization; but if we seek out the men who do it all we find them in wretchedness and misery. It is a question whether all we have accomplished by our civilization is worth the cost. Property is outside of Eden, as is strife, division and care. Care is the dark speck in the heart that spreads a veil over life. Temptation is also outside of Eden, and strews the shores of the river of life with wrecks. The text of Scripture quoted is extraordinary as showing a unanimity of thought between God and the Devil. There is something in the idea of Adam's attainment of the knowledge of good and evil which the Devil liked and God approved. The moral effort to attain the knowledge of good and evil is the Godlike quality. God only knows all the difference between what is good and evil: we but speculate. Knowledge is accumulated thought, and thought comes by thinking. There is no conscience inside of Eden and no merit. If a man knows not the difference between good and evil and does not know what sin is, he deserves no credit. He is good because he can't help himself. Religion comes of the distance between man as he is and man as he ought to be. Adoration comes of want and is born of tears and groans. Religion exists only outside of Eden, and it is effort which lifts us up and makes us sons and daughters of Heaven. This is the Lenten season, and the streets are filled with people hurrying to church with prayer books in their hands. Festivity is tabooed and asceticism reigns. But vice and virtue cannot be separated in an hour, nor can holiness be attained by giving up meat and taking to fish. The battle for perfection is not to be gained by spurts of religious fervor, but by continued effort. Mr. Frothingham concluded his discourse with a characteristically eloquent peroration.

WELSH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Church and Its Membership—Simplicity and Christianity United—Funeral Sermon by Rev. William B. Roberts.

On the south side of Eleventh street, between Second and Third avenues, and flanked by coopers' and carpenters' shops, stands a modest brick church, known as the Smyrna Welsh Congregational church, which was erected in 1852 by the Welsh Congregational Society of New York, at an expense of $15,000, and hasever since been occupied by them. The building is a small, but solid and substantial one, the auditorium being neatly but simply ornamented in fresco. A long rectangular room, imperfectly lighted in gloomy weather by two long windows at the end, a deserted gallery opposite the pulpit, and a small raised platform supporting a simple desk, constitute the auditorium. The congregation on the present occasion was small, owing to the fact that the members in many instances live at such great distances as to preclude their attendance in very stormy weather. This being the only church of its kind in this vicinity it embraces a large membership, covering New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Greenpoint, Westchester county, and the border cities of New Jersey. The usual services at this church consist of a sermon in the afternoon and another in the evening. The afternoon sermon yesterday was a funeral discourse upon the recent death of Miss Maggie, daughter of Mr. Lewis Thomas, a prominent member of the society, and was delivered by the new pastor, Rev. William B. Roberts.

After the singing of a hymn by the congregation and the delivery of a prayer the preacher proceeded with his discourse from Job xiv., 1 and 2, the sermon, as well as the other services, being in the Welsh language. The words of the text were as follows:—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." The pastor divided the subject into three heads—First, the shortness of man's life; second, his condition in this life; and third, his departure from this life and his future condition. Remarking upon the brevity of human life, he instituted a comparison between the present average length of life and that of the patriarchs and dwellers in antediluvian times, alluding also to the incomparable difference between a mortal's span of life and the eternal existence beyond the grave. He asserted that, in addition to the natural causes tending to abbreviate human life, such as sin, disease, &c., it had been twice shortened by direct ordination of the Almighty—once immediately after the flood, and again shortly before the advent of David. But as life was shortened by sin, so with the gradual driving out of sin which he believed was in progress through the world, the human span of life would be extended. To some death is the greatest of troubles, the culmination of griefs and the introduction to eternal misery and despair; but to others, to the believers in Christ, it is but the momentary pang which ends all pain and care and unlocks the door to an eternal life free from all pain and full of glory. Alluding to the character of the deceased, the preacher declared that Miss Thomas had through her long sickness clung to life and had had little thought of dying when she died, but that at the end of all her long affliction she conformed her mind to God and was willing for Him to do with her as it seemed best in His sight. Her last testimony, while mortal tears streamed down her young face, was that she was going to her mother, and that she hoped Jesus was willing to receive her. Although her name was not enrolled on the list of church members he doubted not that it was enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, and that the would be found at His right hand on that great day when He should come to make up His jewels.

WELSH BAPTIST CHURCH.

One of the "Simple Shrines of Lowly Saints"—A Good Attendance—The Church and the Congregation—Sermon by Rev. Frederick Evans.

In Chrystie street, near Delancey, there stands an unpretending little brick building, bearing upon the outer wall the legend "Welsh Baptist Church." This church is now over twenty-two years old, having been built in the year 1848. It was constructed at a cost of $8,000. The structure is very small, being only capable of seating perhaps 100 persons. Here Sunday after Sunday assemble a small but earnest band of the Welsh residents of this great city. The entire services are conducted in the Welsh language and are very impressive. Yesterday afternoon, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the little church was, as usual, well filled with devoted followers of Jesus, who, though separated from their beloved "fatherland" by thousands of weary miles, still worship the Almighty after their own fashion and in their own tongue.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Frederick Evans, of the Laight street Baptist church. He chose for his text the ninth and tenth verses of the seventh chapter of Revelations:—"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." The speaker opened his discourse by stating that the general subject of his sermon would be "The Redeemed." Man was a good arithmetic, angels were better; but no one was competent to number the redeemed. He had once been told that only one per cent of mankind would be saved. He believed that nine per cent would reach heaven. Children who died in their infancy of course swelled the number of those redeemed. The great success which the Gospel had attained proved that it was adapted to all nations, kindred, people and tongues. Some doubted this, yet they believed that a watch, which was the work of man and not of God, kept time in all climates. The greatest work of God was the gospel; all its parts and teachings were worthy of the Eternal mind. The Herald of the Cross with the gospel might go to all lands and lift up his voice to all people and call all nations to the Saviour. In position and appearance the redeemed could be compared to persons standing before the Throne as servants in waiting. They stood there because the Lamb was there. It was Jesus that made Heaven what it was, and the desire of the godly was not to go to Heaven, but to stand before the Lamb, clothed in robes of spotless white; when in that position, with palms in their hands, they felt that the victory was won. It was not well to criticise the works of God until they were competent; for no man, be he ever so holy, could understand the intent of the Divine mind. Some said that the anthem of Earth was in the minor key, but all good deeds were sharps and will eventually transpose it to the major key. The song of the redeemed was an unceasing one. John compared it to the sound of many waters; this was the only sound which knew of no interruption. The thunder we heard was silent; the song that delighted us was no more; the sweet music of the wind sighing through the trees would cease, but the sound of the cataract was loud, long, deep, increasing and everlasting. So with the song of the redeemed as it swelled out upon the heavenly air from the millions of saved ones who stood before the Lamb. Nothing could mar its beauty, nothing change its simple sweetness. The Church below was established as a training school to teach sinners how to sing the all-glorious song of the redeemed.

MADISON AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Evidences of the Divinity of the Christian Religion and the Evidences of God's Grace—Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Rambeau.

Ten years ago the Baptist churches ministered to by Drs. Weston and Hague united and purchased lots on the corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-first street, where they erected one of the handsomest church edifices in the city. It is not so elaborate in its style and appointments as some others, being externally built of brick, with a low square tower rising about twenty-five feet from the front. But interiorly it is light and pleasant and inspiring to cheerful worship. The pulpit is not railed in as so many are, giving one the impression of the great distance that exists between the pulpit and the pew, but is merely a semi-circular platform with a neat reading desk in the centre. In the arch in which it stands are a half-dozen imitation windows, which, though they do not admit light, do yet reflect it from the other windows. The ceiling is open and plain, and is painted white, as are also the walls. The galleries are finished in light lavender color, and are supported by a series of neat Corinthian columns. The church is not very large, but can easily accommodate one thousand two hundred persons. The congregation yesterday, owing to the storm without, did not number above five hundred, but the utmost decorum and attention was observed throughout the somewhat lengthened services. For a few minutes previous to the opening hour the organist played an overture, but as soon as the pastor (Rev. J. F. Elder) appeared this was changed for the first notes of "Old Hundred," which was the intimation to the congregation to rise and join in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This was rather a pleasing feature for a stranger to notice, and it might be profitably imitated by other churches. The pastor then led the audience, in reciting the Lord's prayer, after which a hymn was sung, a portion of the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew v.) was read, prayer followed, and the choir then chanted Rev. i., 5, 6, 7—"Unto Him that love us," &c. The singing was not very remarkable. The alto voice was rather shrill and piercing than round and voluminous. The tenor was passable, but the soprano and bass were barely distinguishable. However, neither the day nor the occasion were very favorable for exhibitions of vocal music, and allowances must therefore be made. Nevertheless, one must always feel that a quartet in a gallery praising God, while the audience below with almost bated breath catch every strain without being able to unite in prolonging them, is entirely out of place, and that the service of song in the sanctuary belongs rightly to all the people. Hence the most pleasing exhibitions are those of children where all sing, and because all sink. And the best filled churches are those wherein all the people praise God—where congregational singing is practised.

Among the solid men of this church may be named J. R. Caswell and Jacob Vanderpoel, of Fifth avenue; Addison F. Roberts and A. F. Hastings, of Madison avenue; Robert Colgate and William J. Todd, of Twenty-third street; DeWitt C. Hays, of Thirtieth street; Mr. Ferris, of Thirty-second street; William A. Darling, of Fortieth street, formerly member of Congress and president of the Third Avenue Railroad Company; William D. Murphy, James Cummings, Mr. Comstock and others. They could well afford to pay $120,000 for the erection of their church edifice. After the first opening of the church Dr. Hague ministered to the people. Dr. Weston succeeded him, and on the 1st of January, 1870, the present pastor, Rev. J. F. Elder, took charge. He is a young man of medium height, dark complexion and hair, and penetrating eyes. He possesses a deep bass voice and utters all his words with distinctness and with apparent care. His pulpit was filled yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Rambeau, President of William Jewell College, Missouri, who is on a visit to the East to raise money for the support of that institution. He preached an eloquent sermon on the evidences of the divinity of the Christian religion, the covenant of God's grace with man and the consolations that spring from the assurance of the divine form in human hearts. His text was II Samuel xxiii., 5.

The evidences of the divinity of Christianity, he said, are twofold—external and internal. These he pointed out in detail. The former are hard to be appreciated and understood, and had we only those we should never be able to accept salvation; but the internal evidences are so many and so plain that, while we follow the precepts of the Gospel, we have the witness in our hearts, and cheerfully bear testimony to the truths that have been taught us. But every dying Christian must feel dissatisfied with himself, as did David in his last hours, as recorded in the text. Taking God in Christ as the standard we must perceive in the dying hour that we have not been holy as He is holy; that we have not followed in His footsteps as we ought, and that we have come far short of the glory of God. Nevertheless, God hath made an everlasting covenant with his people, ordered in all things and sure, and "this" David exclaims, as the dying Christian must exclaim, "This is all my salvation and all my desire." He can thank God that this covenant is not temporary, but everlasting; not made with some relation or friend of ours, but with me; with each one who is called into this covenant of grace separately. We are, therefore, individually responsible for the censure or honor that we may bring to God's family and household by the character and conduct of our lives.

The difference between heart religion and ritualism or formal ceremonies and rites was very apparent in the earnestness of the speaker and the rapt attention or his audience while he discoursed for nearly an hour. At the close of the sermon Dr. Rambeau gave a brief sketch of the college over which he presides and its wants. There are in the State of Missouri 600 churches and 250 clergymen. Thirty churches only are open every Sabbath and the remainder about once a month. Within a radius of 1,000 miles there is not a Baptist college in all the West and Southwest. Two years ago he took charge of it. He has succeeded in reconciling the loyal and rebel factions, so-called, of that region. He has also raised among the people in money and lands $140,000, but a large proportion of this is yet unproductive; but if they can hold it for ten years more the college will then be self-sustaining. Its annual income now is but $5,000 to pay the salaries of five professors. There have been over 100 applicants for admission, but the faculty and trustees have only been able to receive forty, but they have encouraged all, believing that their friends in the East would not see them want in this hour of need. The people are mostly poor, yet they have provided for the clothing and support of those forty young men, and are doing all they can to sustain the institution. The first ministerial collegiate instruction that had ever been given in Missouri was given, he said, by himself last winter. He has received a few thousand dollars here and in Brooklyn, chiefly by private subscription. There was no collection taken up.

BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

History of the Church—The Congregation, Their Numbers and Wealth—The Oldest Congregational Church of the City.

The Broadway Tabernacle is the oldest Congregational church in New York, and the most celebrated. It holds about the same position to this city that Plymouth church does to Brooklyn. The preacher may not have the burning eloquence and fiery delivery of the Brooklyn Gamaliel. There may be somewhat of a softening down between one and the other when a strict comparison is made. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson is one of the most popular preachers in the city. He has been for twenty-seven years pastor of an important church, and still holds it in a firm grasp. What this popularity is due to it would be rather hard to say. Mr. Thompson is not an eloquent man in the full sense of the word. His discourse is mild, cold and philosophical. It breathes rather the spirit of controversy than of love and truth. The earnestness that is undoubtedly within him does not appear upon the surface. Thoroughly up in all the metaphysics of the Gospel he is apt to neglect the importance of clearness; that is, clearness to an audience of average intellectuality. There is a certain religious slang and devout cant, which preachers are very much in the habit of using, more from habit than in tention. Continual intercourse with religious people brings them to this, and instead of speaking the English of the day they preach the Saxon of the New Testament—all very good in its way, but Greek to a great many.

Mr. Thompson's discourse yesterday morning was on the necessity of God in our existence. He began by saying that we, of ourselves, were nothing—God was everything; not only in a heavenly life, but in the earthly life here below. We were weak and powerless; God was almighty. Some people denied the existence of God, and as a proof said that we never saw Him and could not substantiate him. The best argument against this was to show those people how helpless they were, but for a higher power, which they could not see, not understand, not grasp. If the first man created himself, why could he not preserve himself; why, he was all-powerful, could he not have made his children immortal? There were no laws for a creator. The fact was, God created us, and nurtured us, and preserved us, and gave us as much attention to all these petty details as he did to the great mystery of creation. And to show how great things necessarily depended on small, the preacher gave, as an illustration, his once travelling on a railroad. There was a short curve to round, and when they came to the turn they found that only a few yards off another train was coming down on the same track right against them. Immediately the breaks were put down, the engine reversed, the whistle sounded, everything done to prevent a collision, but the impetus of the immense train was such that it went on in spite of all. Yet, by a miracle of activity and alertness, both trains were stopped when only a few yards from each other. Now, had the engine not been reversed, or had some of the brakes not been put down, or any other little detail not been attended to; had the train been carried on only a few short yards further a fearful accident would have taken place. Thus it was that God took care of the little things in our lives and the great took care of themselves. He was all love and protection, and watched over us with a care such as no mother bears her child, and all that we might meet one day with him in the Eternal City and be forever happy hereafter.

The Tabernacle yesterday held a good sized audience, and had the snow not interfered, no doubt there would have been a crowded one. The attention paid to the sermon was remarkable, and the devotion of the congregation was also signal. The singing of the choir was very good. Miss C. V. Hutchings is the soprano. This choir costs $4,500. The organist, Mrs. Christopher, is a remarkably fine player, and the instrument is one of the largest in New York. This church was first organized in 1842. In Broadway, at the Tabernacle, then the largest church in the city. From its first foundation it became one of the best congregations here, and rapidly increased. In 1857 the church became dissatisfied with its quarters, and, following the fashionable move, resolved to go up town. The site chosen was the present one at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. The purchase included six lots, and cost them, when everything was depreciated, $60,000.