first, as soon as the superscription had been written it was a fact, a fact forever, and annihilated it could not be. Every thought, feeling and emotion that has passed through our minds is a fact. There is no such thing as annihilation; we know no such thing in philosophy. Every day of our lives is a page in the record, and no matter how much we may regret it, that page will be read at the last day. It is a fact, and cannot be ignored; we cannot ignore facts, and we dare not. Second, the essential relativeness of facts is also suggested. This must always be considered as his sentence; it is emphatically his. He says, "What I have written I have written;" not what you have written, I or you have written. He tried to sever his connection with this abominable burlesque by a miserable subterfuge. He took a little water and tried to wash his hands of it; but there was not water enough in the universe to wash it from his record. On this Easter Sunday, to-day, there are assembled in many of the churches people like Pilate, who are trying, by form and ceremony, to cleanse their records. The third thing suggested is the responsibility connected with the fact—the fact that he tried to wash his hands and throw the burden on others.

RESPONSIBILITY INVOLVES THREE THINGS;

first, reason; second, light. Enlightenment is as necessary as reason, but reason and light may both be possessed; and without the third—liberty—it would not be possible to become guilty.

The reverend speaker then referred to the fate of the superscription, and said that Pilate, in writing it in Hebrew, Greek and Latin did not know he was connecting the name of Jesus with the language of religion, of science and of law. If there was no other sentence in the old Greek but Jesus of Nazareth, that one sentence would be translated, and so also of Latin and Hebrew. Closing his discourse, the reverend gentleman referred to the character of the inscription, and feelingly urged upon his congregation the importance of taking care that their records should be clear.

THE LORD'S REVENUE OFFICER.

At the close of the sermon the Rev. D. Dodd addressed a few words to the congregation on the subject of Foreign Missions, and said that people called him a beggar, but by mistake, for he was the Lord's revenue officer. A collection was then made for the missions the Doxology was sung and the congregation dismissed.

TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET M. E. CHURCH.

"The Necessities of the Christian Ministry"—Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Searles.

The congregation of this church gave a warm welcome yesterday to their newly appointed pastor, the Rev. J. E. Searles. In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of the people frequenting this little sanctuary, the late Methodist Episcopal Conference appointed the Rev. Mr. Searles to occupy its pulpit. He has the satisfaction of knowing that his loss is much deplored in Brooklyn, where his amiability and gentlemanly demeanor won him a host of stout friends, and that he is now comfortably settled among a well disposed and kindly people.

THE CHURCH

is a plain brick structure, without any pretensions to ecclesiastical architecture externally. The interior is plainness and simplicity itself. There is no picture, no statuary, no religious symbol, not even a crucifix, nor were there any spring flowers or ornament of any kind to fix the eye upon and recall the wandering mind. All that is done by the earnestness of extemporary prayer, which was so made as to cover the whole field of man's wants, hopes, duties and rational aspirations, both in regard to this life and that to come. The Rev. Mr. Searles is eloquent and feeling in prayer. He supplicates well, and all the graces and gifts which were to be had for the asking most assuredly descended yesterday upon his flock.

THE CONGREGATION

was sufficiently large to fill the church. They all looked quiet, honest people, who had evidently come to church to pray. In the sense of the word there was no display of fashion. If any gay butterflies ventured out into the ugly Scotch mist which marred the native gladsomeness of Easterday, none of them came to worship or to look for worship among the brethren.

THE CHOIR AND SERMON.

The choir is a voluntary one, and was presided over by Mr. H. Stephenson, the organ accompaniment being by the accomplished Miss Griffin. The fine hymn, "The Lord is Risen," was given in a manner which called forth a general expression of admiration. The sermon was by the Rev. J. E. Searles, and was based upon St. Paul to the Romans, x., 14, 15:—"How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" The reverend gentleman inferred from the text the necessity of the Christian ministry. The Gospel was a divine institution, not a human invention, and Christ was the first preacher of it. He made provision for a body of successors to continue till the end of time. By one of the grandest ordinances on record He provided spiritual sustenance for every creature. The preacher knew no saying like "Go, ye, teach all nations," except that of Mr. Wesley, who, when deprived of his church, was asked "Where was his church?" replied

"THE WORLD IS MY PARISH."

That was a noble sentiment and in harmony and sympathy with the grand passage above quoted. There was implicit evidence in the Gospel of its divine origin. Reason and philosophy could not mount to such a idea as the incarnation of the mystery of the atonement. The same, it may be said, had its prototypes in the worship prescribed by God in the Mosaic dispensation. Of these the rites and sacrifices of the heathen were but a corruption. The truths of the Gospel were not a mere emanation of common sense. Nicodemus did not understand the Redeemer when he told him that a man should be born again of the Holy Spirit. The enlightened philosophers of Athens stared with wonder and amaze at the divine enthusiasm of the blessed Paul when they discoursed with him upon the resurrection from the dead. Every one must be taught, because faith comes by hearing. The Gospel also teaches man his relation to God and his duties to his fellow man. It is a two-edged sword, a discerner of the spirit and of the thoughts of the heart. Hence with the world and worldly minded it was never popular; but because it was the law of life it carried conviction and impression when preached. No man could listen to the sermon of a Christian minister without feeling the force of what he said. Sermons were, therefore, always valuable. The text might be forgotten, and even the words of the preacher. For that he did not care. The impression remained behind. Men may be very icebergs, but they will, nevertheless, be touched. Of course, as a rule, we know better than we do, and the Gospel is disgraced

TO PRODUCE A SENSATION.

It made a sensation at Pentecost when the noise of a mighty wind was heard and the Chosen descended and sat upon the apostles' heads. Such was the force and fervor of the evangelic teachers that it was said that

PETER AND THE OTHERS WERE DRUNK

with new wine. Preaching, then, was necessary as a conditionality of salvation. Prayer, too, was necessary. Faith was not an arbitrary thing. Though divinely philosophical, it was a pure gift of God. We cannot pray without faith, and as faith comes by hearing there must be teachers. He then went on to show the immense fruit reaped by the labors of the ministry. Where he labored last he had added seven hundred to the fold. Now he hopefully looked forward to gaining for their congregation within the next year

JUST TWO HUNDRED SOULS.

He did not well know why he fixed on that number. But he had a kind of prescience, and he felt they would have two hundred at least as a minimum. After an unctuous and well conceived peroration he prayed that the spirit of peace and love might be with them and keep them in sweet Christian harmony. The congregation then dispersed to their homes, evidently pleased with the pastor of their choice. The children of the Sunday school attached to the church filled the galleries on either side, and their demeanor was most creditable.

ZION CHURCH.

Elaborate Easter Decorations—Sermon by Bishop Southgate.

Though the weather yesterday was sombre and cloudy, and a disagreeable drizzle pouring down added another feature to the unpleasantness of the day, the throng of worshippers at Zion Church, corner Madison avenue and Thirty-ninth street, was large and fashionable. Zion Church is a pretty Gothic structure of medium size, with richly stained windows, through which the sunlight comes with a softened and subdued glow. Yesterday the decorations of the Zion temple were elaborate and profuse. White banners, with appropriate Scriptural legends thereon, hung around the walls, baskets of flowers depended between the arches, and about the altar were floral crosses, palms and evergreens, intermixed with beautiful immortelles.

THE CONGREGATION

had all the external characteristics of refined and intelligent people. There was no "loud" display in the style of dress, but there was that excellence of good taste which ordinarily attaches to those in easy circumstances. The silks and velvets represented dollars and many of them, and though the eye could not rest on any extravagant stylishness, it was yet evident that nearly all the toilets of the ladies were well and carefully made. As a matter of course had the sun "danced" in the morning according to its customary traditional practice, some of the gloriously chiselled faces present would have been adorned with a headgear rivalling in beauty the wealth of loveliness which shone in their features. To no church on the avenue does Murray Hill contribute so large a number of the fair votaries of fashion as to Zion.

THE MUSICAL SERVICES

commenced with a magnificent voluntary entitled "Praise to God," by Professor George H. Bristow. Next was given "The Triumphant Shall Sound from the Messiah," followed by the grand chorus, "And the Glory of the Lord," from the same well known oratorio. "Christ Our Passover" and Buck's *Te Deum* were then rendered by the choir, after which Mosenthal's *Jubilate* was given. Several pieces from the "Creation" succeeded, including "The Marvellous Work," "The Heavens are Telling" and "The Easter Hymn." Madame Lanau distinguished herself as soprano, and was ably assisted by Miss Bull as alto, and by Mr. Hill as tenor. A great feature in the singing was the striking bass voice of Mr. Beckett, who did his part in very finished style. Professor Bristow's organ accompaniment was unexceptionable.

THE PREACHER

was Bishop Southgate. He is an ecclesiastic of dignified demeanor and of a fine type of intellectual features. His face displays thought and reading, and also an unusual amount of sweetness and benignity. He is medium sized, well made and handsome in the best sense of the word. His voice is sonorous and his elocution masterly. From the pith and power developed in his sermons it is not surprising that so many flock to hear him.

HIS SERMON

was from Paul to the Corinthians, v., 8:—"Therefore let us keep the feast." He applied it to the festival of the day, and showed, in language at once choice and terse, the numberless reasons which Christians had of rejoicing on Easter Sunday. The Resurrection is the greatest feast of the year—the one grand catholic reunion of the universe. The day itself was a monument of Christ's rising. To-day we were all catholic, for one harmonious song of joy broke forth this morning throughout Christendom from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. The Christian faith took the sting out of death and despoiled the grave of its terrors. The Christian was not now afraid to die, for death to him was but the beginning of a new and glorious life. His dying sentiment was "O Death, Where is Thy Sting; O Grave, Where is Thy Victory." The preacher then in a graphic manner described the customs appertaining to this festival in the East and throughout the world, and concluded a delightful discourse by exhorting his hearers to prepare to rise with unsullied robes to meet a spotless Redeemer.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH.

Berge's Paschal Mass—Lambillotte's Oratorio of "The Resurrection"—Grand Musical Vespers.

It would be difficult to match the musical services at this church yesterday. Dr. William Berge, the organist, has no superior and very few equals in directing, arranging and composing music for the Catholic service. He infuses life and vigor into the choir by his wonderful command over the organ, and in his accompaniments he is not only sure and self-reliant, but he throws in unexpectedly dashes of color and expression, which set off the voices to the greatest advantage. The choir consisted of a large and efficient chorus from the Berge Choral Union, with Misses Teresa and Mary Werneke and Messrs. Samaro and Bacelli as soloists.

THE MASS

is a work of rare dramatic effect and power, and it was sung in the most admirable style. The effects introduced are startling, but all characterized by the utmost taste and art. The *Kyrie* alone is a complete novelty, in every sense of the word. There are two distinct melodies in it, and it commences with tympani, a chime of bells and the voices in the key of D minor. One of these melodies is given by the bells and the other by the voices, both moving together in harmony, yet entirely distinct in character. Two very large bells strike the keynote and dominant alternately during the piece, while the smaller bells answer scale passages, like rays of light on the solemn measures of the voices. The *Christe Eleison* is a soprano solo of rare expression, and passionate and tender. The *Kyrie* is then repeated in this extraordinary manner. The voices sing a six-eight movement, the bells chime in two-four time, and the tympani count four in a bar. The organ is only used towards the end, and then as a foil to the large bells. It would be impossible to conceive, without hearing it, the wondrous effect of this *Kyrie*. There is nothing like it in any sacred music we are acquainted with. After it came the

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

ushered in with a trumpet fanfare, tympani and eight-part chorus. The *Et in Terra Pax* is for ladies' voices alone. The soprano and alto then broke out from the other voices in a lovely duet, *Laudamus*, and were followed by the tenor in a solo, *Gratias Agimus*, which for melodious beauty can scarcely be excelled. Bacelli had another stirring bass solo in this part of the mass. The *Quoniam tu Solus Sanctus* is a long, elaborately written and effective duet and the *finale* is worked up in the most brilliant and dashing style.

CREDO IN UNUM DEUM

opens strangely, with a bass solo, followed by each of the other solo parts in canon form, constituting the most emphatic declaration of the faith that music can express. Two soprano solos—*Et in Unum Dominum* and *Qui Propter Nos*—are melodic features in this number. Another striking novelty is the *Genitum Non Factum*, a chorus of male voices, without accompaniment, extremely difficult and abounding in enharmonic changes.

The tenor announces the Crucifixion, and then follows a musical photograph of the convulsion of nature and the rending asunder of the tombs. The silent tenants of the grave seem to arise in their cerements as the voices surge in their stormy measures. After another quartet for mixed voices and a grand *Et in Unam Sanctum Ecclesiam* the *Credo* came to an end in a flood of harmony. The *Hosanna in Excelsis* is the most noticeable of the rest of the mass.

AT VESPERS

Lambillotte's grand oratorio of the Resurrection, one of the most dramatic descriptions of that sublime mystery which could be given in music, was sung. The introduction for the organ alone is very brilliant. The voices come in in a march movement, stately and triumphant, which is suddenly broken off by the entrance of the Redeemer (tenor) announcing his resurrection. A duet for soprano and alto, with tremulo accompaniment, inquires, "Who has rolled back the stone from the entrance to the tomb?" and Mary Magdalen (alto) wails in touching strains over the disappearance of the body of the Saviour. After a few questioning measures by the angel (bass) the Saviour pronounces her name in the same sweet, plaintive tones that Jeremias calls on Jerusalem in his lamentations. A cry of joy escapes her lips, and then Christ bids her go and tell his disciples what she has seen. The melody in which this mandate is embodied is inexpressibly tender and beautiful. A narrator (basso) in recitative tells how Mary went to seek the disciples, and she delivers her message in accents of love and devotion. The disciples listen with delight, and break forth into a joyful pæan, which is rudely broken in upon by St. Thomas (basso), who energetically exclaims *Non Credam!* This ejaculation bursts forth at intervals in the chorus, and when all the voices of the disciples come to a sudden close a final *Non!* is heard from the unbelieving Thomas. The Saviour then appears, and the disciple exclaims, in a sudden outburst of joy, *Deus meus! Deus meus!* The *finale* is worked up in the grandest and most brilliant manner imaginable. After the oratorio came Berge's *Regina Cœli*, a soul-inspiring work, every measure of which glows with sacred fire. An elaborate soprano solo, *Tantum ergo*, with chorus as accompaniment, concluded the musical services at this church. They will be long remembered by those who heard them.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, EIGHTH STREET.

Dachauer's Grand Mass—A Violin Solo at the Elevation—Music of the Resurrection.

The choir of this church—thanks to the exertions of its talented organist, Louis Dachauer—ranks second to none in New York. Yesterday it upheld its high reputation in the most creditable manner by a magnificent rendering of Dachauer's Sacred Mass, which he composed expressly for the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, and a detailed description of which we gave on Passion Sunday, when it was performed at the Church of the Epiphany. The *Kyrie* opens with a grave and dignified *andante* movement, in a minor key, the instruments giving first a couple of declamatory measures. The full chords for orchestra and chorus in this movement are admirably suited to the spirit of the prayerful words. Mr. Dachauer shows in it an intimate knowledge of counterpoint and orchestral coloring, for he varies both continually, and never permits the faintest degree of monotony in his treatment of the subject. The *Credo* has a very effective opening, the old massive Gregorian chant announcing the first article of Christian faith. The bass then takes up a very characteristic solo, which is delightful not only for its melody but also for the instrumentation accompanying it. Then followed, after a repetition of the Gregorian opening,

A TENOR SOLO,

Genitum. The first part of it consists of a pretty melody and the last of it is of the recitative order. The *Et Incarnatus* is a quartet in which the male voices alone give out a subject in a major key, which is repeated by the female voices alone in the corresponding minor. The entire power of chorus and orchestra is brought to bear in the grand announcement, *Et homo factus est*. The *Crucifixus* commences singularly, with the tenors and basses in unison on C, the female voices following with the major third above. The accompaniment consists of *staccato* triplets given by two bassoons. The *Et Resurrexit* is of the usual joyous character, and a very striking effect is given by the *tutti* force of the diminished seventh in announcing the second coming of the Redeemer to judge mankind. The belief in the Holy Ghost is expressed in the same impressive Gregorian strain as that which ushers in the creed. The same *ensemble* concludes the number with a full, brilliant triplet accompaniment of the orchestra. The *Sanctus* is solemn and majestic, being ushered in by a fanfare of trumpets. The tenor has a beautiful solo in the *Agnus Dei*, in which every note expresses the idea conveyed in the words. The *Dona nobis* is modelled somewhat after Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," although the melody is quite different. The tenor's air is brought in at the end with *tutti* effect, giving a brilliant close to this truly meritorious work.

The *Gloria* is joyous and artistically wrought from beginning to end.

A DUET FOR SOPRANO

and alto in it has melodic beauty of the most attractive character. A large and efficient chorus and orchestra assisted the regular choir, and Mr. Louis Dachauer conducted with skill and power. The performance of the mass was far superior to that of its first production two weeks ago. The solos were sung by Miss De Braux, soprano; Miss O. Gomien, contralto; Errant tenor, and Remi, bass. Before the sermon a *Veni Creator*, by Gounod, for male voices without accompaniment, was sung, and at the offertory, a new *Regina Cœli* for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra by Dachauer. The musical feature of the services, however, was the exquisite playing of an *adagio* of Beethoven's by Sarasate, the new violinist of the Patti troupe. It was like the voice of an angel at the Elevation. The overture to "Oberon" with full orchestra was the commencement of the musical programme.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Music, Flowers and Fashion—Thomas' Te Deum—A Large Attendance and a Splendid Service.

Few Episcopal churches in the metropolis were more elegantly and richly adorned to welcome the joyous advent of Easter morning than the church of St. John the Baptist, corner Lexington avenue and Thirty-fifth street. Within the chancel railing stood a palm tree brought from under the blue and sunny sky that roofs the country through which the winding Jordan flows. All around the chancel area brilliant twining evergreens mingled with the choicest productions of the conservatory. The perfume of the delicate violet, joined with the sweet aroma of the japonica, rendered the atmosphere in the neighborhood of the reader's desk as delightfully fragrant as a country lane hemmed in by hedges of flowering hawthorn.

THE CHANCEL DECORATION.

At either side of the communion space were large crosses worked in leaves and flowers, and springing up from out a basket of magnificent exotics. In the centre, beneath the large stained glass window, a still larger cross was placed, made like the others, out of leaves and flowers. Wherever space admitted evergreens were disposed in wreathed form or else festooning the walls and railing. Above the communion table, in gilded frames, were placed illuminated prayers and pious maxims appropriate to the festival. These were surmounted by still more of floral decoration, giving the *tout ensemble* of ornamentation a bright and beautiful effect. There was altogether a chasteness of style in the interior appearance of this fine temple of worship that left little to be desired. Despite the unsatisfactory nature of the weather the attendance was large, and composed principally of avenue folks. It hardly rained heavy enough to prevent the display of considerable fashion, though, of course, there was nothing particularly summer-like worn. The dresses, as a general rule, were dark, but of rich and elegant texture. The congregation has the name of being aristocratic, but not exclusive. They receive strangers with the open and kindly manner of true Christians.

THE MUSIC OF THE DAY.

Mr. Caspar Barrow, the sexton, had a busy time showing people to their places, but he accomplished the task with all his accustomed ease, grace and dignity of manner. Rev. Dr. Duffie, assisted by Rev. Mr. Kenney, both in white surplices, performed the services of the day. Mr. Grant presided at the organ. The music was well rendered, and the handsome young ladies who graced the choir with their presence made the singing no small feature of the service.

Messrs. Gallagher and Brown performed as tenors, Mr. Charles Shorey as bass, Miss Emma Hawes soprano, Miss Annie Hawes and Miss Essie French contraltos. The following was the programme:—

Chant—"Christ Our Passover."
Gloria Patri.
Te Deum, by J. R. Thomas.
Jubilate to Chant.
Psalm.
Gloria Tibi.
Hymn.
Trisagion.
Hymn.
Gloria in Excelsis.

The *Te Deum* was the leading piece of music, and had full justice done to it at the hands of the choir.

EFFECT OF THE SINGING.

In the singing of it the combined strength of the choir was exceedingly impressive, and if such a thing as an encore were permissible within the precincts of a temple of worship a second performance would have been gladly welcomed. The swell of the organ pealing forth notes of jubilation, to indicate the Christian feeling of joy at the resurrection of the Saviour and the opening of the eternal gates to hope and bright salvation, was well seconded in the anthem of vocal praise that rose in grand volume above the choir and filled the church from end to end. Rev. Dr. Duffie, having selected an appropriate text, proceeded to discourse upon the glory and greatness of the day which all the Christian world hailed as the harbinger of peace on earth and good will to man. It was the dawn of the era that marked a new and happier dispensation, a higher humanity, a simpler creed and a better life to man.

THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

A Sunday Home for Strangers—The Follies of Dress Denounced.

At the meeting of the congregation of the Church of the Strangers in the chapel of the University, Washington square, last evening, a very eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Deems. Taking his text from St. Mark, xi., 13—"And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves"—the reverend pastor read an extract in explanation of the curse levied by Christ upon the fig tree that bore no fruit. In all the history of the Saviour's life this was the only record of a vindictive miracle. The tree was not blighted because it bore no fruit, but because it had leaves and was still fruitless. The allusion was figurative, and in reality reflected upon the condition of the Jews, who at the period in question were making great display of their religion, but really utterly fruitless in respect to real benefit to the religion itself. Comparing the lives of many people to the fig tree, he illustrated how many there were who, although bearing many leaves in the shape of position, worldly riches and pretended religion, were still at the end of their earthly career totally fruitless. They made much noise during their lifetime, but still there was "nothing but leaves," and no fruit. The preacher denounced the follies of the present fashion in female dress, especially that of wearing

MASSES OF DEAD PEOPLE'S HAIR,

or, in other words, the nasty habit of piling up large quantities of false hair upon the head. The chignon, as worn at present, is the

MONSTROSITY OF THE PRESENT AGE.

It was another instance of "nothing but leaves." How many men, when in love, and about to be married, imagined that the tree bore fruit, as well as foliage, and how many in after life made the dire discovery that the ideal of their earthly happiness in the moment of distress or suffering was too but a tree bearing "nothing but leaves." The same reflections could be made to bear upon many other phases in life, especially in reference to religion. Many people are constant at their church meetings, but there all ended. Ostensibly the tree promised well, but, in fact, it is fruitless and nothing but leaves. Referring to the act of retiring into cloisters, the lecturer stated that no man or woman had a right to enter into such institutions. To shut one's self away from the world is a sinful act and contrary to divine will. Man's mission is to do good among his fellows, and not to isolate himself. The address was closed by some more allusions to men who hold prominent public positions, who, always in a hurry, gave one an idea of "a storm in boots," and still at the basis was "nothing but leaves."

EASTER SERVICES IN BROOKLYN.

Despite the singularly unfavorable condition of the weather for Easter Sunday—which is wont to be the brightest Sabbath of the twelve months—the Catholic churches of Brooklyn were crowded at each of the masses and vespers yesterday by the faithful of that denomination. The choirs vied with each other in perfecting the musical programme for the grand festival, and the result was indeed flattering to the care and intelligence devoted to this most devotional part of the Easter services and praise-giving to God. In the churches of the Protestant faith the services were also interesting, though not so imposing in their character.

St. Charles Borromeo's.

There was a large and fashionable congregation in attendance at the principal mass at this fine edifice yesterday morning. In addition to the regular worshippers—among whom are to be found several of the most wealthy and influential Catholics of Brooklyn—there was a large number of persons of other denominations present, who were attracted by the undisputed high reputation of St Charles' Church for good music and the imposing order of its ceremonies. Among the more prominent citizens who were present with their families were noticeable Messrs. Giullanme, Nevin, Patchen, Harvey, Ostermoor, Brophy, Harvey, R. M. Hooley, Cullen, and Dr. Norris.

Solemn high mass, which was commenced at half-past ten, was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Freel. Rev. Father McGiveru officiated as deacon and Rev. Father Dougherty as sub-deacon. After the communion service Rev. Dr. Freel read

THE GOSPEL OF THE DAY,

from St. Mark. The speaker apologized for not preaching the regular sermon, on account of the fatigue and exhaustion which he felt after the ceremonies of Holy Week; still he wished to suggest a few thoughts for consideration. First, that to the Catholic the resurrection of our Lord is not a mere historical fact, but a great reality, which immediately concerns and benefits him. This is why the Catholic Church so vividly represents to her children the resurrection as well as the passion and death of Christ. On to-day the divinity of our Lord is confirmed beyond doubt or cavil. For the resurrection was necessary for the completion in the divine economy of the great plan of man's redemption. Christ Himself had foretold this. When He predicted to His disciples His future passion and death they were stupefied and could not understand that He, the Son of God, should die. Yet, said Christ, unless the seed that is cast in the ground dies, it cannot bring forth fruit or blossom. So must He die in order to convert the world. Therefore, says He, "When I shall be raised up I shall draw all things to me." Besides the resurrection is the pledge and type of the future resurrection of every human being. Well, then, should we rejoice and be glad with exceedingly great joy. Second, do we exult in the resurrection as we should?

HAVE WE A SOLID BASIS FOR OUR JOY?

To rise with Christ in glory we must have imitated Him in His earthly life. The Doctor then enumerated the lessons taught by our Lord—lessons which the Church has brought before us, most particularly during Lent. He exhorted every one to greater efforts, in order to attain the heavenly crown, and concluded with a reference to the command of Christ that His gospel should be preached by His apostles to all nations. This was the mission of the Catholic Church. Christ had prayed to His Heavenly Father for unity, and had promised to be Himself always with His Church. The very fact that to-day at St. Peter's, in Rome, were gathered 600 bishops, representing every race, clime and tongue, proves how well the Church has fulfilled her mission. Men of different nations, languages, tastes and characters all unite without hesitation or reservation in the same profession of faith, in the same sacraments, bound together by the same bond of charity.

The musical programme was performed, as published in the HERALD of yesterday, in a most artistic manner.

St. Mary's Star of the Sea.

At St. Mary's Star of the Sea the services were of the usual impressive order. The altar was resplendent in its array of choice natural flowers and innumerable bright burning tapers. High mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Goodwin, Rev. Father Cassidy, pastor, preaching, taking for his text the Gospel of the day. Upon the glad tidings which the Church brought her children in the festival commemorated to-day, after the season of mourning and prayer just passed, the reverend gentleman dwelt with fervor. He exhorted his hearers to rise with Christ from the grave of sin in which they had so long lain, and to show by an amendment of their lives that they were grateful to him who died to save them from eternal death. To-day was the time of rejoicing in the Church because of the redemption of man by the resurrection of the Saviour, who arose triumphant over death after having completed his pilgrimage and passion on earth. He concluded his sermon by an appeal to the charity of his flock in behalf of the collection subsequently taken up for the little orphans. The good works performed in this world were the "title deeds" to our inheritance in Heaven, and no virtue shone so respectably as that of charity.

Von Weber's mass in "G" was rendered by the choir; Professor James Hoey, organist; Mr. Thomas Fitz Harris and James Cahill, tenors; Mr. O'Hara, basso; Miss Nellie O'Brien, contralto; Miss Aggie McLoughlin, soprano. The opening of the *Agnus Dei* as rendered by Miss O'Brien was a very artistic effort.

St. Peter's.

The music at this church was, as is usual on all great festivals, of a very superior character. After the intonement of the Gospel Rev. Joseph Franciola ascended the pulpit, and in an eloquent and impressive address explained to his hearers the advantages conferred upon the human family by the resurrection.

Church of Our Lady of Mercy.

At half-past ten o'clock mass at this church the pastor, Rev. Father Taffe, preached an eloquent and instructive sermon on "The Resurrection of Our Lord." Von Weber's Mass in G was performed in a masterly manner by the choir and full chorus.

Old St. Ann's Church.

This Presbyterian church, situated at the corner of Washington and Sands streets, is one of the oldest in the City of Churches. The choir numbers over 175 voices and is under the management of Mr. Frank D. Snow. At the morning service yesterday the musical programme consisted of the following pieces:—"Christ, our Passover," *Gloria*, in G, "Te Deum," Barnly, *Jubilate*, Psalm 51, Garbett; *Gloria Tibi*, hymn, "Jesus Christ is Risen;" *Gloria in Excelsis* and "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." Madame Anna Bishop sang the last-mentioned piece in a superb manner. Her rich, full, artistically-trained voice is well suited to the massive character of Handel's music. Every note of the immortal prayer from the "Messiah" was given with pearly distinctness and an expression and delicacy betokening the great artist. Madame Bishop will soon be heard at Association Hall, in this city, in concert. Mr. Otis P. Boise was the organist at the morning service, and Mr. John P. Morgan in the evening. Rev. Mr. Webb delivered a very eloquent sermon on the resurrection, during which he explained the results to man of this great mystery, and drew some very valuable lessons from it. But Mme. Bishop's singing was the feature of the entire service.

Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church—The Resurrection Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Harris.

The Rev. Mr. Harris, the converted Jew, preached an excellent Easter sermon yesterday morning at the Washington street Methodist Episcopal church, in Washington street, near Tillary, his subject being "The Resurrection of Christ." While reading the morning lesson he paused and said, "I cannot tell you the contrast of my feelings between the past and the present. A few years ago I was celebrating the Feast of the Passover, and now I am standing in a Christian pulpit declaring from a Christian pulpit the resurrection of Jesus. Mr. Harris then took for his text the sixth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew—"He is not here, for He has risen."

The immortality of the soul, the abolishment of death and the resurrection of the body were

THE THREE GREAT LIGHTS

in the orbs of revelations. They were now but as stars glimmering in the distance, but ere long the clouds would disperse and they would shine out in all the glory of our blessed Saviour. The reverend gentleman then spoke of the resurrection of Jesus, saying that His disciples were qualified to give evidence of Him, having known Him for three years. Notwithstanding their exposure to all manner of evils they proclaimed His ascension to heaven. This was doubted, and it was said that the disciples had stolen him; that the soldiers who were guarding the door of the sepulcare had run away from their post. If it was proved that Christ did not rise from the grave he would prove to them that the whole doctrine of Christianity was a failure. To prove that He was all that He claimed to be He suffered death upon the cross for His people, preaching that in three days He would rise from the grave. Through His redemption all might be saved.

St. Mark's Church.

Old St. Mark's church, Fourth street, Williamsburg, was crowded during all the services yesterday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The musical services in the forenoon were of a high order, having been carefully prepared and rehearsed under the direction of Professor William Coard, the able organist of the church. The exercises opened with Chappie's Easter anthem, followed by Jackson's "Gloria in Excelsis" and other gems of sacred music. Professor Coard was ably assisted by a quartet choir, composed of Mrs. Scudder, soprano; Mrs. Donaldson, alto; Mr. Duane, tenor, and Mr. Jordan, basso. The sermon of the day was preached by the rector, Rev. Dr. Haskins, whose ministrations in this church have extended over a quarter of a century.

In the afternoon the church was densely packed, the occasion being the Easter exhibition of the Sunday school. All the classes were catechised and instructed by the rector, and their responses exhibited a degree of careful study alike creditable to them and their painstaking teachers. The most interesting portion of the exercises was a tableaux of the five foolish and five wise virgins. These were represented by young ladies dressed in white muslin, who took positions on the altar. The lamps used by the young ladies representing the wise virgins were made after the exact pattern of those used by the Israelites two thousand years ago. Beautiful emblems were carried by all the classes.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

A Dull and Pathetic Easter Sunday at Plymouth Church—A Subdued Audience—Mr. Beecher in a New Role—A Picture Sermon on the Resurrection Without the Beecher Thunder.

The morning of the great festival of the resurrection rose dim and chill, with early showers, and this had its effect upon the congregation at Plymouth church. The audience was neither so dressy nor so numerous as on fine Sabbath mornings. Without a crowd, and that crowd with some pretensions, among the feminine portion of it, to brilliant attire, Mr. Beecher's church looks dull and unexciting. The music and the flowers helped to brighten the gloom and to give to Easter Sunday its appropriate joyousness. The former included Wallace's "This is the Day the Lord Hath Made," well sung by the choir, and Jackson's *Te Deum*. The latter were in accordance with the day and the season—the floral stand on the front of the platform had its usual cluster of lilies and spring flowers, while the delicate glass vase on the minister's little table had in it choice greenhouse flowering plants of graceful and air-like texture.

MR. BEECHER APPEARED IN A NEW ROLE

certainly yesterday. He was not a Boanerges; or, if he was, he left the thunder in his study. The invocatory prayer was offered in a very subdued voice, and the thoughts were clothed in the tenderest language. When he read the narrative of the resurrection from the Gospel his voice broke in the more touching parts, and those who knew him well must have thought he was going to break down. The sermon was read from a lengthy manuscript; not read as extended notes for passionate, earnest, fiery eloquence as is Mr. Beecher's uniform practice. There was an undertone of sadness in the pretty sketchy pictures he drew of the scenes of the resurrection, but it awakened joyous gladness despite it all, evidently in himself, and certainly in all who had the privilege of listening to him. But it was the kind of sadness in both preacher and audience that a young maiden feels when she bursts into tears when the lover for the first time tells her how he loves her and asks for the acceptance of that love; or later on in the same tender history, when the maiden, as wife and mother,

KISSES HER FIRST BABY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Such are the tears of joy that Richter speaks of, when he says:—

Tears of joy are the dew in which the Sun of Righteousness is mirrored.

Literally and without metaphor, the service yesterday morning was a melting season. There were few in the large audience that were not moved to tears, and it must have been felt, in the cool atmosphere of the sidewalk, that it was Easter Sunday morning with all the joy left out.

Of course the sermon was on the resurrection, but the preacher must have had a premonition of the editorial in the Sunday HERALD; for, although he did, as that editorial foreshadowed, celebrate in his discourse "the rising from the dead and the ascent into heaven," he "abandoned for the day those secreetyped ideas of Christianity," and did "not devote Easter Sunday to a discussion of sectarian questions."

The sermon was founded on the ninth and tenth verses of the last chapter in St. Matthew's gospel—"And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them saying, 'All hail!' And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, 'Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee and there shall they see me.'"

After a word picture of the incident in the scene of the resurrection disclosed by the text, Mr. Beecher said that in our own time we should not have been satisfied with the grand simplicity of this narrative. We should, with the fitful, fretful curiosity of these days, have asked a thousand questions of Christ and had them recorded; but this narrative said no more than was needed to record the fact, and it was undeniable that Christ said nothing of himself.

The time of the resurrection was alluded to and sketched with all the grace and pathos of a true lover of nature. It was the dawn of day, before the morning came out of the darkness into the light, before men went out to work, while nature was pure and as tender as if it had been newly made, and it was in that early hour that Christ came again into the world. I never awake in a summer's morning and see a landscape so young, and the birds trilling their notes of joy and gladness,

THE DEEP FOND LOVE OF WOMAN WAS THE PIONEER

of discovery on this memorable morn. At night and at the morning her tender services were devotedly given, and the work of her hands crown the tender memories of the past. But of all the women there there is no intimation that Mary the mother of Jesus was there, but Mary Magdalen was. These women never expected to hear those words spoken by that voice again, and they remembered that love with a remembrance that women's hearts know best how to cherish. They were surprised at the sight when they saw the Master, but his words were words of tenderness to them—a practical application to those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ of this subject and of the greeting of the text. Those words were especially messengers to-day. To those beginning the Christian life they come with wonderous appropriateness. To those these words, "Be not afraid," were appropriate to those who had commenced this royal road of life, and had consecrated themselves to the work of endeavoring to make the world better. Be not afraid in this work; for if God be with you why fear what man could do unto you? The varied providences of Christian life, the encouragement to trust in a God who had never broken one of his promises, all whispered to the Christian to continue unto the end and be not afraid. To those who were outside the Christian life the thousand judgments and warnings they had had were to their awakened conscience an encouragement to be not afraid of their offended God.

The sermon was concluded by a pathetic reference to the comfort of this confidence in the dying hour, and to that solemn hour when "the pathless path must be trod," and "when we go companionless to an infinite host into the spirit land, and alone surrounded by millions."

WASHINGTON CHURCHES.

EASTER SERVICES.

Impressive Services in the Episcopal and Catholic Churches.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1870.

The Easter festival was observed here to-day with great pomp and display at the Episcopal and Catholic churches, and, though there prevailed a very heavy rain storm all day, those churches were greatly crowded with pious and fashionable congregations. The music formed a striking feature of the services, being very generally of a refined order at all the churches. At some of them there were full orchestral accompaniments to the choir, besides the organ, and the effect was truly grand and imposing.

AT TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rev Mr. Addison preached the Easter sermon at the morning service, and the choir, under Professor Kroell, performed the opening anthem by Mozart' Easter anthem by Lloyd, *Te Deum* by Kroell and the Easter Hymn by Fesca. The choir consisted of Miss Lou Mills, soprano; Mrs. Vogel, contralto; Mr. Gilletti, tenor, and Mr. Widney, bass.

AT THE EPIPHANY EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rev. Dr. Starkey preached. The music at this church was splendid, consisting of the anthem, "Crown Him Everlasting King," Mozart's *Gloria*, Buck's *Te Deum*, Mosenthal's *Jubilate* and the Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is Living." The choir, led by Miss Quail, the organist, consisted of Professor Knoop, tenor; Mrs. Camp, soprano; Mr. Fugitt, first bass, and Mrs. Root, contralto.

AT ST. JOHN'S EPISCO