RELIGIOUS.

Yesterday's Discourses in the Metropolis and Elsewhere.

Criminal Classes Controlling the Cities.

Ministerial Medicine for Municipal Management.

A Pious Parson Prescribing for Politicians.

He Thinks New York as Bad as Boston.

A UNIVERSALIST ON WALTER SCOTT.

Other Orations, Orthodox and Otherwise.

The peculiarly oppressive weather which prevailed yesterday was certainly enough to make many piously inclined people languid and lazy and acted, undoubtedly, counter to the attractions in the churches. True, the majority of the leading pulpit orators have not yet returned to duty, but nevertheless there are left others who can show a good record of earnest work. In many of the churches yesterday the attendance was very fair, but the majority were poorly attended indeed, and the principal discourses of the day, here and elsewhere, may be found below and will repay the careful perusal they will undoubtedly obtain.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

New York's Great Danger and How to Avert It—Sermon by the Rev. W. H. Cudworth.

In the absence of Dr. Hepworth yesterday the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Cudworth, of Boston, who undertook to prescribe certain medicines for the diseases social and political of this metropolis. The announcement of his first hymn,

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way, &c.,

was prefaced by a few remarks touching the great railroad slaughter near Boston on Saturday night, which occurred, the preacher said, within two miles of his own home. It had inspired in his heart thankfulness to God for His preserving care, and hence he had selected this hymn as a fitting expression of his thoughts and feelings. The morning Scripture lesson was taken from First Corinthians, xii., in which St. Paul argues the

BROTHERHOOD OF ALL CHRISTIAN BELIEVERS,

whether Jew or Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, and illustrates his point by the different members of the body, still being one body, and each performing its own appropriate part in the economy of the Gospel and of the Church. God hath set some in the Church, first, apostles; second, prophets; third, teachers; after that, miracles; then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues, &c., and this arrangement of the Lord is designed to prevent any schism in the body of Christ, and that the members should have the same care one for another; because, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it" (verse 26). This text was made the basis of Mr. Cudworth's suggestions for the salvation of New York. St. Paul herein declares a principle of universal application. The central line of this country surrounds us, and every part is influenced by its quantity, directness and quality, and no thinking man who loves his country can but be pained with the unsoundness of this central life, whereto so many things which go to make up our American life find their force and power, and raise us up to the mountain top or depress us to the valleys. A careful philosophical observer has said that our large

AMERICAN CITIES ARE RULED BY THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

This language, the preacher thought, was more forcible than truthful; but the philosopher, in pouring out his hortatory, was led further than the truth. But, singling out New York, it was probably true, or, if not wholly true, there are certain bases upon which the truth might rest. To a certain extent this great city, with its shining life, its attentions to the poor and the sick and the blind, the aged and the young; its great financial and commercial and moral progress, is yet, in a certain degree, governed by the criminal classes. How may this local government be distributed? How may this evil be remedied? We have not yet come to understand or realize what our country is. We are not yet fully ripe as a nation, and in the process of development and ripening we shall have many unwholesome and bitter experiences to pass through. But, God working with man, and man perfectly submissive to the Divine will, we shall, by and by, see a state of things here as near to heaven as anything can be seen on earth. Our Saviour's prayer—"Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—will be heard and answered, and in God's own good time it will come. The close this state of things which exists in all our large cities is suggestive and admonitory rather than prophetic of what is to be. But if one member suffer all the members suffer with it. The principle conveyed is that nothing is stronger than its weakest point, and

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS WEAKEST PART.

This idea was illustrated by Kenworth in the St. John regatta. What availed his strength and experience so long as he had that one weak spot? the preacher asked. Perchance he had been tampered with, but let us wait until that is proved. If a felon is on a finger or a tooth aches we cannot rest day or night until the affected part is healed, because all the members suffer with the injured or diseased one. But when the disease is removed all the members rejoice. So it is in connection with everything. Let five of the 3,000 pipes in yonder organ be out of order and such a state of confusion and lack of harmony will ensue that you would demand the cessation of its music. But let the manufacturer spend a few minutes over it and repair the injured or broken parts and it gives forth its sweet, harmonious sounds again, and all the members rejoice with it. And so is it also with a watch. Referring to the Westfield disaster for further illustration, Mr. Cudworth said that to all outward appearances that boat was perfect; but away down under the floor months ago there commenced the crack where bilge water had gathered. The fracture had been allowed to enlarge until a combination of circumstances—the absence of the engineer, the increase of the steam pressure and the lack of water—had concurred in producing that disaster which thrilled the land and filled New York and its vicinity with sorrow and mourning.

ONLY THIS ONE FLAW

in that otherwise perchance faultless boat. The necessity for all to bear their part in arresting an evil was illustrated by the prevalence of cholera in St. Louis a few years ago, when the epidemic was fought and conquered in its starting place by the millionaires as well as the mechanics. And if it should break out here in our avenues A, B or C, or in the Five Points, or any other filthy locality, Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill would not be exempt, and the residents of those places would take every proper precaution to arrest the epidemic, and when it should have been conquered all the members would rejoice together. This principle is applicable to physics, to commerce, to mechanics, to mind and morals, and, indeed, to everything. It is of universal application. If one comes into this church cold and stiff and formal he will be sure to stifle others with his own starch. And this principle applies, also, to New York's municipal affairs. He (Cudworth) had studied Boston for twenty years, and had read in the papers a great many things respecting New York, and he had come to believe that

NEW YORK IS AS WICKED AS BOSTON,

though it is not generally considered so here. (A titter ran through the congregation at this suggestion.) As he had seen and studied New York, its three great enemies are intemperance, licentiousness and political corruption. When from any of our quiet and Christian country homes a young man comes to this city and makes his way, for instance, to Central Park Garden, where the best music on this Continent is furnished to him, and the waiter comes along and asks what he will have—a glass of lager beer, Rhine wine or something else which he orders and drinks, you ask, what is the harm? I say too, what is the harm? It is not then. But when he goes the next night and the next, and night after night, taking, perchance, a female companion along with him, yet virtuous, but lacking moral stability, the appetite for strong drink is created and encouraged, and young men and women drift into intemperance and sensualism, and finally disappear in the shadow of darkness. He was not drawing a fancy or very peculiar sketch, but one of every day occurrence. He had visited the resort above named three times during the week, and was able to preach from observation—from men and not books. He recalled one striking example of a young man of great promise, who had left his country home to seek life and fortune in the city, and one morning, before he was thirty years of age, he was found in his bed dead—the result of his previous night's debauch. One of the grandest sights he had ever witnessed was a young married couple, when the wine was passed around and offered to the bridegroom, he replied with a polite but firm "No, thank you;" and when his bride, looking fondly in his face, asked, "Won't you take a little?" he again responded tenderly, "No, thank you." There was

THE MORAL HEROISM

in that refusal. That man could never fill a drunkard's grave. Oh, that my people would consider! exclaimed the preacher. If this young man's example had been followed more extensively the vice of intemperance would be stayed. He recommended the creation of a public sentiment against this vice. He believed in temperance societies, tracts and temperance works; but until a proper public sentiment is created which shall enable men to say "No" and stick to it all these agencies will fail. The idea of a public sentiment was illustrated by the fall of the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., a few years ago, when the people gathered from every quarter to render assistance to the one hundred operatives who were buried in the ruins. And again, when a shipload of emigrants picked off a wreck in mid ocean and landed on Boston wharves in a hungry, naked, penniless condition, were so abundantly supplied with everything necessary to their comfort that Mayor Lagiston, at whose request the generous response was given, was obliged to insert a paragraph in the papers asking the people to cease their gifts. In the same manner public sentiment was aroused here three weeks ago when the Westfield disaster hurried one hundred souls into eternity, and every feature wore an expression of sorrow, and all sought to do something to relieve the sufferers. No matter what laws may be passed until the people will it they can't be enforced in a free country.

In like manner he would heal

THE SOCIAL EVIL;

though that was a subject too delicate to treat here, notwithstanding it is eating up the moral life of the city. There are 30,000 unfortunate women in New York who earn a living by their own dishonor. Houses of reformation and Magdalen asylums are good, but they don't reach the root of the evil. It is like cutting off the fruit of the tree which every year bears new fruit. We must arouse a public sentiment, such as that which was aroused at the fall of Sumter in 1861, and as soon as public sentiment is aroused against this or any other evil it will go down. But numbers of people are in that condition described by Miss Phelps' "Hedged In," and unable to extricate themselves because public sentiment is not yet favorable to their reformation to virtue and goodness.

The final evil of

POLITICAL CORRUPTION

is to be extirpated by means and in a way which may seem strange to republican ears and coming from a thorough republican heart. He would have a property and an intellectual qualification for voters—say $50 or $500 worth of property, not made over to him just before election, but which he could always hold and treat as his own, and he should be able at least to read and write. And then every properly qualified voter should be compelled to

VOTE OR LEAVE THE CITY.

The community have a right to say that a man shall not have a house unless he can take care of it, and they have also the right to say he shall not have the ballot unless he makes use of it. Two hundred millions of dollars are now in use by the criminal classes in this city, who have ruled and still intend to rule. No man would allow such a state of things to exist in his own home, and he should not allow it in this city. None of us are perfectly free. Our property and our lives even must be given for the public good, and the public we I demands that the good shall rule here. There are one million souls in this city, not more than one hundred thousand of whom are certainly or notoriously bad. They inhabit the alleys and byways of the city, and are ready at call to work out whatever mischief their nature suggests. The nine-tenths who love the city, and have some regard for its

MORAL AND COMMERCIAL WELFARE,

should be compelled to vote, and he hoped the day would soon come when every man, and every woman too, would be obliged or permitted to vote. And he hoped, also, that the nine hundred thousand good people in the city would grapple with these evils, and cease not until they shall make this city the beacon of intelligence and greatness for all our land.

Manfully bear the toils of the present hour,
And wield over the future our recaptured power.

THE FIFTH UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Walter Scott, the Christian Man of Letters—Sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Lee.

On the morning of yesterday a goodly congregation assembled in Chickering Hall, East Fourteenth street, to listen to a discourse from Rev. Charles F. Lee on "Walter Scott, the Christian Man of Letters." The hall was well filled by a very respectable audience, and after prayer and singing the youthful divine announced as his text Proverbs x., 17—"The memory of the just is blessed."

Upon this, with the life of Scott as his illustration, he delivered a discourse which is briefly reported as follows:—The 15th of August is memorable to the civilized world, and especially to the English speaking races, as the birthday of two of the most remarkable men of the past one hundred years. We may say that both were conquerors—one by the force of arms and the other by that of intellect. The career of the first was meteoric in its beginning; that of the second was longer in rising into notice, but when once prominent shone with ever increasing lustre until closed by death. I refer, of course, to Napoleon Bonaparte and Sir Walter Scott. Two years ago the centennial of the first was celebrated, and a few days since that of the second. But now, in all true estimation,

THE FAME OF THE MAN OF LETTERS

has outstripped that of the man of war. The warrior yet lives in memory, but his name has lost the false glory which once gilded it. To-day posterity calmly accords to him all praise that is due, but does not hide from sight what errors and misdeeds were his, nor the fearful price which bought his name. But how different the writer stands the test of real greatness.

HIS FAME INCREASED

instead of diminishing, and the celebrations of the late centennial only convince the more how truly great a man was Walter Scott. I wish to speak of the

MAN OF LETTERS

at this time, because I feel that the value and beauty of his life, both as an author and as a man, deserve at least a passing mention from the Christian pulpit. We take ancient and sacred characters to enforce a truth in religion, and I cannot see why modern characters may not be of similar service. It is well to depart, I think, from the ordinary scriptural themes of the pulpit and see how those of more recent origin are in striking conformity with them, and show the influence of Christ upon modern thought and action. Briefly let us consider the life and character of him whose centennial birthday was recently celebrated. I will not occupy your time with

HIS BIOGRAPHY

any further than is necessary to point the moral I have in view—the beautiful harmony of genius with virtue.

Here followed a brief sketch of the life of Scott, in which was shown that he seemed to have inherited from his father and mother his beauty of character and wealth of mind. Following in a more critical note of his life the speaker said—Let me ask you to consider now the chief claims of Sir Walter upon our admiration. First, look at the author. What a legacy he left us! There are few writers so generally read, and with so much real profit. He was not a philosopher nor a man of science, yet I believe he has done more general good than if he had been either. Science and metaphysics must be addressed to the few, while the works of Scott win the general interest of the many.

NONE CAN READ THEM

without instruction, and they may be safely read by all. His works are as pure in thought as the paper on which they are printed. They may be perused by the young as well as by the old mariner. They are just the pages to be read by the farmer. No youth or maiden, forming an acquaintance with literature, can afford to overlook Sir Walter Scott. One chief satisfaction, then, in examining the works of the author is the fact that no was

A VIRTUOUS PEN.

No one can say that it ever had corrupting influences. On the contrary, its influence was highly beneficial. It may be thought by some that purity of tone is of but small account if a writer is only a genius. There is no greater fallacy than this. A writer may gain the attention of more, perhaps, by a depraved style, but how shamefully he does so. The crown that such genius wears upon its brow has not been won by true and intrinsic merit, but by pandering to the most contemptible of passions.

LET NO ONE THINK

that sin is excusable in genius. This makes it only the more inexcusable. If a man can sing in sweet numbers or pour forth burning eloquence, God makes so much more demand upon him. He is God's high priest, as it were, and must keep his sacred robes unspotted. Of such a nature was the genius of Scott. With Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, he showed that it was possible to be good as well as great.

CONSIDER FURTHER

the claims of Scott upon our attention. As mere literary productions his works stand in the front rank. He was one of the most original of authors. He founded a school of poetry and a school of fiction which, though inactive now, perhaps, will always live in his great models. Not one of

THE PEOPLE OF HIS BRAIN CAN EVER DIE.

The knightly Ivanhoe, the noble Rebecca, faithful Jeannie Deans, if they never existed in fact, impress us no less vividly. Their virtues have immortalized them and called them out from the mist of fancy into beings almost as real as ourselves. This shows that, like Shakespeare, Scott was a true son of genius. The world saw that she had in him one of those rare gifts which only came once in a century.

It may be thought that, being chiefly a writer of fiction, Scott has no claim upon the Christian public. Because some novels are foolish—are dangerous—is not saying that all novels are. Fiction, especially historical romance, may be instructive, as was Sir Walter's. Those to whom the mere data of history might be wearisome are attracted by the art of the novelist to that very knowledge they might not otherwise acquire. They are introduced to the past, and are able to make an estimate of its actors and events. Thus

SALADIN, RICHARD, LOUIS XI.

and the rank and file of departed times are brought down to the level of the present, and we are acquainted with their faults and redeeming virtues. What is more, he sets us examples of courage, Christian duty and virtue in his works for our imitation, and if productive of nothing more than innocent amusement to while away the weary hours of the sick, to quicken the languid pulse and brighten the dull eye, fiction is commended to us in no small terms of praise.

NOW TO THE MAN,

and what a man we find him. There is nothing to excuse in him, because he did his duty. His was the largest and most sympathetic of hearts. He was loved by the poor as well as by the rich, and especially by the former. But think especially of the close of his career. Through the faults of others he was made responsible for the sum of £117,000. He might have taken advantage of bankrupt laws, pay what he could and then build up a new fortune; but he would not do so. He resolved to spend the rest of his life in endeavoring to wipe out the last pound of indebtedness. Bravely he tried to do so, but other trials ensued. His wife was taken away; he was subject to most agonizing pains, yet he murmured not. Half of the enormous sum was raised, and then he did no more. His vitality was exhausted; he sought but did not find health in foreign lands, and then

CAME HOME TO DIE.

There, one bright autumnal afternoon, those noble eyes were closed and that great heart ceased its motion. Thus died Sir Walter Scott, a martyr to a sense of duty. We may rear memories of bronze and stone, orators may repeat and poets sing his praises; but these continued tributes are poor compared to a memorial which is found in every heart, which loves virtue conjoined with genius—a memorial which never can be lost. I end with the concluding lines of Charles Swain's "Vision of Dryburg Abbey," where Scott lies buried:—

The vision and the voice are o'er,
Their influence waned away,
Like music o'er a summer lake
At the golden close of day.
The vision and the voice are o'er,
But when will be forgot
The buried genius of a name—
The imperishable Scott?

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

The Church Not a Medical Doctor—Superstitious Confidence Not To Be Entertained—Sermon by Rev. Alfred Young.

Owing probably to the extreme heat there was but a slim attendance at St. Paul's Roman Catholic church, in West Fifty-ninth street, yesterday morning. After the first Gospel Father Young ascended the altar steps and read the Gospel of the day, according to St. Luke xvii., 11-16, in which the Apostle relates how Jesus Christ miraculously cured ten lepers. The reverend gentleman took for his text the fourteenth verse—"Go show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass, as they went, they were made clean."

My dear brethren, when our Saviour performed this miracle He did it for two reasons—one to show His divine authority and the other to inculcate the obedience we owe to the priests or representatives of Him on earth. The doctors of the church have agreed that this leprosy was typical of the leprosy of sin and the sending of them to the priests was done to show that they alone possess the power on earth to cleanse them of it, for He has said, "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

In regard to this matter I propose addressing you this morning. True religion must be of divine origin; if it is not, it must be false. The Jewish religion, which existed when our Lord came upon earth, was of divine origin. The Mosaic law by which they were governed was received from Him, as any one familiar with the history of

THIS WONDERFUL NATION

must know. When He came on earth He did so to improve, extend and make still more divine this religion. When He spoke He did so as God, and what he taught was of divine origin.

The Catholic religion is the only one having the boldness to claim that she is of divine origin. Moses and the prophets in the Old Testament and the apostles in the new did not say of what they wrote and taught that "such was their opinion" or that "that was what they thought." No, indeed; they always stated that they received it from God. If heaven was but this world on a higher scale, why then, perhaps, it would be all very well for you to trust to science and your own skill and knowledge to reach it.

But it is nothing of the sort; it is something beyond the power of the imagination of man to realize what it is. "Eye hath not seen, nor hath the ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory that God hath prepared for those that love Him." At the present time especially it behooves all Catholics to

LISTEN TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH

and be care of temptation. You listen too much to preachings of the world, the flesh and the devil published every day in the godless newspapers, and which you so eagerly read.

You are asked to assert your independence, to join bands of men formed into secret societies plotting the overthrow of the State; to hurrah for union and liberty of the peoples; to give up the sign of the cross for the secret grip and the cabalistic password; to act as a spy and denounce your suspected neighbor. Trust more to the science and advancement of the age and you may still remain a good Catholic or good Protestant, or good Mohammedan, so they will tell you, if you will join their secret societies, and thus herd with atheists and infidels.

Beware, and stand firm; "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." If a man is sick the priest is invited to call upon him as a friend and listen to his story of his pains and aches; but, even though the hand of death be already laid upon him, he is requested not to be too blunt in speaking of the things of another world.

Come, I beseech you all, to the foot of the cross, and there you will find peace; come to the clergymen, your pastors, who are Christ's representatives on earth, and they will console you. The Church can heal your ailments, both spiritual and bodily, but you must not have

SUPERSTITIOUS CONFIDENCE,

and, while neglecting all human remedies and skill, try to wring from her a cure while at the same time you have been disobeying some of her commands. You must have a firm, abiding faith, lest you be like the city of Nazareth, where Jesus Christ was brought up, and where, we are told, there was so little faith that our Saviour refused to manifest His power there.

When misfortune comes upon you and injustice is hard to bear, when the right is hard to discover, when sickness and tribulation fall upon you, go to your pastor, and confide your trouble to him; go to confession, and, kneeling in the shadow of his uplifted consecrated hand, you will find peace and calmness; a sweet peace will come to you and fill your hearts—a peace such as the world cannot give.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Sermon by Rev. Father Merrick on the Blessed Virgin.

The festival of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Mother of Christ, was celebrated with due solemnity at this church yesterday. Mass was read by Rev. Father Busam. At the accustomed time Father Merrick ascended the pulpit and chose for his theme the gospel of the day, Luke xi., 43-51—"And his mother said to him, 'Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing,'" &c. The words of this gospel, said the preacher, contain a sufficient revelation of the meaning of the feast which we celebrate—that of the most holy and perfect Heart of Mary; for, in the condition of the Virgin Mary when she so extraordinarily lost her son in Jerusalem, she displays with simplicity the whole character of her life. The confidence with which she returned to seek him, the feeling that he cannot have thus abandoned her, shows

THE PERFECT UNION

and good understanding that existed between them. But when she heard that her son was yet missing and that he might have gone astray, with what affectionate grief she was overwhelmed. And when he returned safely how well she refrained from asking curious questions, and pondered over the words of Jesus in her heart, thus manifesting the depth and seriousness of her soul and the unbounded friendship which characterized their union. It is to this union, which friendship is sure to beget, that Mary owes all her greatness and her glory. Hence it is that our Holy Mother, the Church, after having decreed the celebration of a festival in honor of the sacred heart of Jesus, appointed also a day of devotion in honor of the sweet heart of Mary. Hence also as the Church annually reveres the incarnation, the birth and the resurrection of our Saviour, so, too, she devoutly commemorates the annunciation, birth and assumption of his venerated mother. By this conduct the Church carries out to perfection the intention of our Lord himself, and merely repeats what He has sanctioned. For was He not born in the arms of Mary? Did she not feed Him with her own milk, and did He not wax strong in her holy company?

HE WAS UNITED TO HER

through life, and the more they became united the greater grew their mutual friendship. The Scriptures frequently allude to this union. The angel commanded Joseph to take Mary and the child to Egypt. When our Lord goes forth on His pilgrimage of three years He is accompanied by Mary; He works His first miracle at Cana at her request; she stood by Him at the foot of the cross; she receives Him into her arms when He is risen from the dead, and when she has numbered her days on earth He receives her into His arms in heaven. How can the Church fail to honor her whom Christ Himself has so much honored? Therefore it is that in every land and in every age, wherever there is an altar erected and sacrifice offered to the Most High, there, too, is an altar consecrated to Mary. The symbol and the expression of true Catholic piety is found in the words Jesus and Mary. So it has been ordained by God; so have her praises been sung by the prophet of old under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. "From the beginning and before the world was I created, and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be. From all eternity I was prepared, and before the abysses existed I am"—that is, in the mind of the Creator. She was present to His view, distinct from the rest of creation. It is impossible to conceive

HOW GREAT SHE IS

in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Is it any wonder, then, that as our Saviour granted to her whatever she asked, so, also, God the Father and the Eternal Spirit should grant her petitions? Jesus was the Mediator between God and the human race, and Mary is the mediatrix between Jesus and sinning man. Jesus sits at the right hand of God the Father; Mary sits at the right hand of God the Son. Jesus is the author of all graces; Mary is the source through which He communicates them from His sacred heart to the members of His mystical body. She was the mother of Jesus; and where is the child who would not give to his mother everything that could make her happy? But, although now supremely happy, she is not unmindful of those on earth who are afflicted or depressed. She herself was pierced with sorrow, and she continues to love those who suffer—even those who are undeserving of it. Hence she is styled

THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS

and the refuge of sinners. These, in all ages, have turned to her with confidence, knowing that she is so privileged and so powerful that she can obtain anything she desires. Her heart is the centre of all her sentiments and affections; it purified the blood of Jesus, which was to be shed for men; in that heart is centred every quality which made her illustrious and revered. Therefore we rejoice in the appointment of a festival in her honor. This has been done in our age, because the tendency of our times is toward a worship of the intellect, to the exclusion of the feelings of the heart. A man may be a villain of the deepest dye; his affections and sentiments may be depraved; if he be a genius he is idolized. So we come to

ADMIRE POLITICIANS

for their acuteness, utterly disregarding their moral worth. The hero of the modern tale is a smart young man or a smart young woman. Men speak of the affections of the heart; but what do they mean? That which is degraded, mean and immoral; that which is more animal and beastly than peculiar to a rational being. From this horizon of depravity and degeneracy the Church tenderly invites us to lift our minds and hearts. She calls upon us to be generous, self-sacrificing, self-devoted and not self-loving, but loving our neighbors for the love of Jesus. Let us, in obedience to this call, turn to the heart of the Great Man, God, and to the loving heart of Mary, and so purify our hearts in these perilous times that we may love and revere His holy laws here below, and persevere to the end in His service.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

The Name of Jesus—Sermon by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

At this church yesterday morning the popular young pastor took as his text: Philippians ii, 9, 10:—"God hath given him a name which is above every name—the name of Jesus"—and preached as follows:—

That word—Jesus—is the monogram of the Gospel. It tells the whole story of sin and grace. It describes the whole circumference of death and life, condemnation and salvation. One syllable declares man's groveling ruin and the other proclaims his glorious restoration. Each extreme, both of bitterness and blessedness, it divinely contemplates, while Jesus stands in the midst and layeth his hand upon them both. He assumed the cross—a curse our sins had caused. He attained the crown—a crown made ours through him—recorded unto us not of debt, but of boundless grace. And every time in prayer or praise we pronounce that name of names, and come to God by Him who was crucified for our sins and is now enthroned on the right hand of the Majesty on high, we at once confess our desperate guilt and rejoice in our perfected release.

But then, too, how it embodies the spirit of the Gospel, as well as the grand facts! It points out a way made open to the holiest of all. It tells how

SAFETY, TRUTH AND LOVE

may enter where it was death to appear. It exhorts to boldness, to intimate fellowship, to near communion with whom it thus graciously reveals—Jesus—the God who dwelleth between the Cherubim—the man who was numbered among the slain of earth. The spirit of the Gospel is one of joyful liberty. The soul, made a partaker of its precious privileges, loses the dread of the servant in the freedom of the Son. It learns to look up without one fear or doubt to a God from whom it had before hid itself in guilt.

The thwartings of coming wrath it disregards. The memory of past follies it holds in mind but to humble itself. Fear is cast out. Yet the law is as strict in its denunciation of sin and its exactions of death as when the word was spoken. How, then, may man safely trust and not be soully humble? Is it not worse than folly for a soul thus to presume upon mysteries God hath left concealed? Nay—nay, Jesus! This is the word which stills the condemnation of an offended God. This is the spring of all comfort, the secret of all salvation, the source of all succor. And since by Him every cause of wrath has been graciously removed, the believer does well to be bold.

* * * * * *

How, then, shall we gain a new appreciation of these great privileges?

WHAT CAN WE TELL OUR HEARTS

to guide them for their coldness and arouse them to new love? What other word is half so full of sacred truth, or half so effective in arousing slumbering souls from sloth as that name which day by day we plead? Not to Jehovah come we now with dread and fear and awe. Not to the incommunicable name which fleshly lips never dared to utter, make we our argument. Not a God who hideth himself in blackness and darkness and tempest do we invoke as our Lord and our God. But we have come unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant. Jehovah and Jesus, reverence and love; these are the external manifestations of the one God, and grace the opposite poles of His redeeming plan.

This is the topic I desire to consider with you this morning. Scarcely none could be more practical and important. The name of names—"God hath given him a name which is above my name."

First of all, there is a history of this name which we must review. God hath given it. It was the designation of one who was to stand, the great Joel in the midst of a lost world. Made like his brethren in the flesh, He was to make them like to the Father in spirit. This was His great mission, long prophecied. He was at last in the fullness of time openly reviled while the God of glory. He came with His own and His own received him not. They found no place for Him at the inn. They rejected Him from His birth. There was no room within their understanding or their hearts for one so human in His humiliation, but so divine in His every word and work; and because

THE FIRST STRUGGLE

and the great grapple was to be with man's condemnation and guilt before he could be restored to God, He was called above every name—Jesus—a Saviour.

We shall greatly err if we assign an origin more recent than God's first gracious words to man to this mediatorial title. It was no late expedient, no sudden after thought, no complimenting supplement to a scheme which had finally failed in God's thus calling the Son.

This name is the symbol of great facts which have been finally accomplished. The estrangement of the world by sin from God is a truth of conscious experience not less than divine revelation. The world knows Him not, it loves Him not, it fears Him not. Every plan and purpose of its mind and soul runs contrary to His will. Every action of its fallen life blasphemously refuses to acknowledge either the justice of His law or the authority of His order. It is a state of enmity against a God of love, an infinite Being, who, by every voice of nature and Providence, tells of a benevolence and gentleness the soul is unwilling to accept.

CHURCH OF THE BLATANT BLASPHEMER.

Another Prophetic Snow Storm on the Day of Judgment.

Yesterday afternoon the same slim crowd of human caricatures attended at the University as on previous Sundays. Simful S. Snow, the Prophet of Billingsgate, was present, looking as lanky and howling as profusely as ever. The public is unappreciative. Never before in this history of oddities has such a collection of grotesques gathered together at a nominal price of exhibition. In addition to the "Prophet" are six of the queerest specimens of aged virginal femininity that ever sported

FIVE HUNDRED WRINKLES ON A SAFFRON GROUND

between the edge of the wig and the point of the chin. And the men? There were eight deputy prophets in front, three of them quite young. The weird appearance of the latter, in which were visible sloping foreheads, long straight hair, sunken eyes, high cheek bones, enormous mouths, gaunt figures and long bony fingers, betokened what should be inmates of a lunatic asylum. The five elderly deputies might readily be supposed to have done half a century's service in the goblin line as artists' models, or as supernumeraries in the witches' scene in "Macbeth." The balance were of the free love persuasion. The business manager of the establishment looked quite respectable yesterday, and scanned the crack-brained audience narrowly for fresh dupes. A hopeless look settled upon his face as the plate was about to be passed round. Taking a place among the thirty-five persons who occupied the benches, he put down a quarter on the plate when it came before him on the plan of the lawyer in Hudibras,

"A NEST EGG TO MAKE CLIENTS LAY."

The old maids put down a cent each. One of them attempted to get change for a ten cent stamp, intending to sacrifice half a dime, but there was not enough on the plate. The prophet was milder in language yesterday, since he only denounced the reporters as

LIARS, SCOUNDRELS AND SCAMPS.

They had misrepresented him, he said. Never had he declared that after the burning of the world the wicked would pass their probation on the globular ash heap. It was a libel. The reporters, among other wicked people, would cease utterly to exist, and the righteous would have the world for a paradise. The look of triumphant scorn which was thereupon cast on the HERALD reporter by the virgins and deputies was lovely to contemplate. "Look at this map," he cried, "with all its beasts upon it; one of them represents Rome and here is another with the tiara on its head, which is also Rome and Popery. You can take your choice between these beasts, but beware of the horn, for the Ancient of Days, that sits upon the white throne,

HAS HIS EYE UPON YOU."

The writings of the prophet Daniel now suffered and he played La Crosse with his argument between the holy lion-tamer and the Revelations. The immortality of the soul was invented by Plato, and he for one could not subscribe to the heathen Greek, nor would he swivel as Cato did. "It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well." (This was given with artistic imitation of a splendid low comedy order.) This quotation—not from Cato, but Addison—gave him supreme delight, and to the evident horror of the wrinkled virgins, he gave a short triumphal "breakdown" before his enthusiasm subsided. He next assailed Protestantism in a manner that would have shaken "the pious and immortal memory" out of its grave. Nobody before him had understood the Bible, and from his habit of

PUTTING THAT AND THAT TOGETHER

he was able to arrive at great, logical and necessary conclusions. With a blaspheming impertinence he next proceeded to settle all the questions of judgment and the millennium, showing clearly that audacious imposture is the brother of sheer lunacy. It were impossible to follow his topsy-turvy drivel to its conclusion, which appeared to be sticking the righteous (a smile at the aged virgins)

LIKE PINS ON A PINCUSHION,

around the world, and then putting the whole into Abraham's bosom. On achieving this pleasing feat he prophesied a course of frightful tortures for the rich after death (a warning look was here cast at the business manager, whom the Prophet possibly suspects of making a fortune out of the collections), but for the poor who supported the work of Zion (more encouragement for the virgins) the burden would be smooth and the way was light.

He now announced, in conclusion, two verses of a hymn. The organ commenced groaning wheezily, and the virgins chanted as follows, like so many flies on the edge of a tin plate:—

Zion stands by hills surrounded;
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world should all combine.
Happy Zion.
What a favored lot is thine!

To which the following might be added:—

Zion runs with milk and honey;
On its top is senile snow.
All its wants are friends and money,
Which are coming rather slow.
Unhappy Zion.
How it is yourself you know.

The millionaire virgin could resist it no longer, and put the entire ten cent stamp on the plate. Net proceeds, twenty-nine cents.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

PLYMOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Communion with the Saints—Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Wescott.

The Rev. Isaac Wescott addressed last night a somewhat sparse congregation in the little Baptist church in Fifty-first street on the subject "Whether saints in heaven have some knowledge of their friends on earth." The reverend gentleman took his text from Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, xii., 1:—"Seeing that we are encompassed about with so great

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES,

let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience in the race set before us." We all know that death occasions long and grave reflections on the question of future life and the influence exerted by the departed. Who has ever turned from the grave of a loved friend without asking ourselves, "Shall we ever meet the lost one again?" and inquiring if there be another world, where the spirits of

DEPARTED FRIENDS MEET

and recognize each other, and, when we have settled that there is such a place, another question arises, Does the departed friend see us and think about us and witness our struggles? And just in proportion as our hearts answer in the affirmative do we press on to the discharge of our duties. That the spirits of the departed are cognizant of all our actions I believe is proved by my text. Here we find the apostle speaks of the departed, not as examples for us to follow, but as witnesses of all our acts in

THE RACE OF LIFE.

I will now ask you to consider a moment my theme, "Whether saints in heaven have some knowledge of their friends on earth." What influence can they have if they know nothing about us? When the Greeks intended to train their young men for war they established the Olympian games, in order to prepare the youth for the toils of war, and made them compete for the prizes before the assembled people. And with the spectators of the amphitheatre in his mind the apostle uses this figure of the loved ones surrounding and looking down on the contestants. If the apostle chose apply the figure how can we have any other idea than that the blest are looking in at

THE CHRISTIAN RACE

and encouraging us to continue to the end? If a man were weary and inclined to give up the fact of our friends being present and looking at us would encourage us to continue.

Angels have knowledge of us, and we are told there is joy in heaven over repentant sinners; but if the angels had no knowledge of us how could they rejoice over our conversion? And then shall we think that the saints would be ignorant of what the angels know? We find in the Revelations John relates in his vision that those he saw "were those who had come out of tribulation." I know that I would not be justified in

BASING A CREED ON A VISION,

but we may use this testimony in support of other evidence, as Jehovah does not give false vision to His servants.

The resurrection of Christ proves the intercourse between heaven and earth. Is it possible that Moses and Elijah could revisit the earth, and yet have no knowledge of what was transpiring here? Some may ask, can the spirits of the saints influence us? I do not believe that

WE CAN SPEAK WITH SPIRITS,

but the faith of the Church in all ages has been that saints can communicate with the hearts of their friends, but those on earth cannot communicate with them. I wish to say I have no faith in Spiritualism, and that it is a tissue of falsehood. If spirits could speak they would occupy themselves with worthy subjects. I believe the saints can influence us as angels can. How they do so is

BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION.

Is it beyond belief that other spirits can influence as well as the angels, when Christ tells us that we shall be equal to the angels? The question is, can spirit act on spirit without coming in contact with the eye or the ear? We know that Satan has the power of influencing the hearts of men, and how can he snatch an idea from your mind unless he can

ACT ON OUR SPIRIT?

I believe we all feel the influence of a departed friend holding us back from wrong doings and urging us forward to well doing. The warning comes up from the remembrance of the departed one—it may be that they are sometimes near us, but of this we cannot decide. We cannot see them, but we feel them draw and we follow them.

All of us have friends whom we believe to be in heaven that we never forget.

WE HAVE ALL FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

And is there not a consolation in the thought that, though we cannot see them, they watch over us and draw us in the path of virtue?

Let the thought that your friends are near encourage you in the path of righteousness. If you wander and the wish to return comes, let the thought that the loved ones are near us encourage us to repentance. They are near us at the moment of death. I do not mean to say that they take the place of Jesus, but some dear friend may also be there to welcome the departing soul to the realms of eternal bliss.

ST. ANN'S ON THE HEIGHTS.

Return of Dr. Schenck—Success of the Evangelical Alliance.

The Rev. Dr. Schenck, who has been absent several weeks attending the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, preached in St. Ann's yesterday to a large congregation. The reverend Doctor, who has lost nothing in physique during his absence, announced himself as having gained in spiritual and mental vigor and breadth; and his parishioners, notwithstanding the intense heat, listened with great apparent interest to their pastor's words of greeting.

The music was conducted by the brilliant organist Loretz, Jr., and was very fine, though many of the choir were still absent from town.

Dr. Schenck announced these words as his text:—"Salute every saint in Christ Jesus." He said:—Here in the grand atmosphere of the early Church stands the great Apostle of the Corinthians in the noble