RELIGIOUS.

The Preaching Friar at the Dominican Church.

Father Tom Burke on Heaven and Hell.

Oscar Hugo on the Bible in the Public Schools.

Mr. Northrop on the Theatre and the Dance.

A LENTEN SERMON AT GRACE CHURCH.

What Mr. Frothingham Knows About Divine Providence.

Archbishop McCloskey on the Forty Hours' Devotion.

Robert Collyer, of Chicago, at the Church of the Messiah.

Sermons in the Catholic Churches on the Penitential Season.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN FRIAR.

Father "Tom Burke" in the Pulpit—The Most Gifted Orator of the Order of St. Dominic—The Congregation of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church Moved to Tears.

About seven hundred years ago, and shortly after the occupation of Ireland by Henry II., there was born in a

LITTLE HAMLET IN OLD CASTILE

a child of the great house of Guzman, who, at his birth, was devoted to the service of the Church by his pious parents. The child was baptized "Domingo," or, as it has been Anglicised, "Dominic." Twenty-three years after this infant, then grown to a man, was made a canon of

THE CATHEDRAL OF OSMA,

and, five years after, a priest and Archdeacon Dominic, or, as he is now known, St. Dominic, and was sent on missions throughout Spain, then the most earnest and fiery Christian nation on the globe. His eloquence was so great, his delivery so forcible, and his learning so profound, that

THE PROUDEST GRANDEE OR HIDALGO

doffed his beaver and knelt to receive Dominic's blessing, even on a lonely road, when he passed. The world has since learned what came of this man's earnestness and zeal.

THE TERRIFIC CRUSADE

against the Albigenses, the death of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the foundation of the

DOMINICAN ORDER OF PREACHERS

by Innocent III., in 1215, and the great diffusion of the order all over Europe, which became so general that at the dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., three hundred years after, the Order of St. Dominic possessed in England alone fifty-eight houses, with magnificent tracts of land,

GARDENS, GRANARIES, REFECTORIES AND MESSUAGES

appertaining to their splendid estates. The order adopted the rule of St. Augustine, and in England were known as

BLACK FRIARS,

while in France they were called Jacobins, from their house in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris. Pope Honorius III. by a bull confirmed their privileges, giving the order the order the name of Predicants, or Preaching Friars, and to this day they have alone, among all the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, merited as well as preserved the title of

THE "ORDER OF PREACHERS."

And well they have deserved the name. First and foremost among the devoted men that have planted the banner of the Catholic Church in every clime have been these same

WHITE GOWNED AND WHITE COWLED

children of St. Dominic. They were with Columbus in Hispanola; they were at the bedside of Pizzaro; their feet bathed in the waters of the newly found Pacific waste of waters; they fought Martin Luther hand to hand they died like heroes in the agonies of the French Revolution, while Danton, with his lion roar, thundered inside of the walls of their dismantled convent in the

RUE ST. JACQUES,

and a few years since they established a community and founded a house for their brethren in this city. Always remarkable and prominent for their eloquence, they have swayed nations by this the greatest gift of God, and yesterday, in the Church of the Dominicans, at the corner of Lexington avenue and Sixty-fifth street, in this city, there appeared in the pulpit

A SIMPLE BROTHER OF THE ORDER,

founded by the fiery and eloquent Castilian, upon whose shoulders it is believed that the mantle of Domingo Guzman has fallen. The vast church, which for taste, elegance and simple purity of architecture is not equalled by any Roman Catholic edifice in New York, was filled to overflowing by a rapt and fashionable congregation to listen to

FATHER "TOM BURKE."

Europe has already rung with his magical and powerful eloquence; and the crowds of Monseignori, English, French, Belgian and Austrian nobles, together with swarms of fashionable and titled ladies belonging to the proudest houses on the Continent, who were wont to listen to the Lenten sermons of Father Tom Burke in the exquisite church on the

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO

can never forget his burning words and the grandeur and perfection of his gestures in the pulpit. Gifted in the languages, he was fully as eloquent while preaching in the musical Italian tongue as when his flowery sentences were uttered in the language which he first lisped at his mother's knee in the old

ROMANTIC TOWN OF GALWAY,

for Father Burke is an Irishman, as his name indicates, and, despite his long residence on the Continent, he is still the "man for Galway." Thomas Burke was born in Galway, Ireland, of poor parents, but of the kindred of the ancient house of De Burgh (Marquis of Clanricarde), and at seventeen years of age left his native country to pursue

HIS STUDIES ON THE CONTINENT.

He was six years at Rome, where he studied theology, from whence he went to Florence to finish the same branch, and thence to Perugia to study philosophy. Then again we find him at Rome, now

A RENOWNED SCHOLAR AND PREACHER,

electrifying the inhabitants and visitors to the Eternal City by his fervid and impassioned pulpit oratory. Then home again went Friar Burke to work on the English mission, preaching to great audiences in every great city of England. Then we get a glimpse of him in Dublin, where

WALTER BLAKE AND DEAN KIRWAN

had preached before him. Everywhere Friar Burke went vast assemblages were held entranced by his eloquence, and but a short time since he came to America, he passed through this city without any flourish of trumpets and went to a mission in Memphis, Tenn., where the same success attended him. Yesterday morning he preached in

THE DOMINICAN CHURCH,

of which the Rev. Father Lilly is pastor, to an immense congregation, and when he ascended into the pulpit in his long white gown, and the white hood of St. Dominic almost hiding his face from view, a pin, had it fallen to the floor, could have been heard.

THERE ARE NO GALLERIES

in the church, and the sound of a human voice is quite articulate amid the stillness. Father Burke is suffering from a terrible cold, having arisen from a sick bed to preach the Lenten sermon. His costume in itself alone would attract attention, and when he threw his hood back from his face, and

DISCLOSED A CONTOUR

in every line of which genius shone, his luminous large eyes seemed to scare and penetrate every person in the great audience. Men and women strained their necks to get a sight at him, and persons standing back in the aisles stood on their tiptoes to listen. Father Burke is a man of

TALL AND IMPOSING APPEARANCE,

and in his gestures reminds one of a combination, if such there could be, of the elder Booth and Fechter. But Fechter, with all his art, is an actor—this man Burke is deadly in earnest, and even Horace Greeley would not close an eye while he thunders forth denunciation to sinners or passes to the certain beatification which awaits the just in

THE COURT OF HEAVEN.

From the depths of terror into which he has plunged his hearers by his description of the place of torments reserved for the wicked, he transfers them by a magnificent wave of his arm, which seems to sweep over the head of every man, woman and child in the edifice, to the place where rust doth not corrupt or moths decay. His language is full of the

MOST BRILLIANT METAPHOR,

and yet it is patent to the lowest understanding. Father Burke appeals to the scholar or the swineherd alike, and his description of the sufferings of the Redeemer in the desert, while fasting forty days, was graphic, powerful and stirring. It would have been an ordinary Lenten sermon in the mouth of some clergymen, but coming from Father Burke's lips it became

A PRE-RAPHAELITE PICTURE,

of the most intense and powerful nature. Father Burke will preach a series of Lenten sermons at the Dominican church before leaving America for Europe. This evening and Wednesday evening of the present week those who wish to hear him may be gratified, and it will be necessary to be at the

CHURCH AS EARLY AS SEVEN O'CLOCK

in the evening, as it will be impossible to procure a seat after that hour, such is the desire to hear this gifted orator. Should his health fail it is possible that the reverend father will be unable to preach as often as he wishes; so those who have a desire to listen should go to-night or Wednesday night.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

The Forty Hours' Devotion—Sermon by Archbishop McCloskey on the Blessed Eucharist.

The ceremonies in this church yesterday were characterized by unusual solemnity and impressiveness. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Starrs, assisted by Fathers McNamee, Kean and Kearney, as deacon, sub-deacon and master of ceremonies respectively. The Archbishop, as is his wont, delivered a discourse savoring of that exalted simplicity and beauty of style which may be said to be peculiar to men of eminence and sanctity in the Church. Having read the gospel of the day, he said:—It is your great privilege at the beginning of this holy season of Lent to be blest with special favors and graces which may aid you in its proper observance, and which may be obtained in rich abundance by means of that beautiful devotion to the holy sacrament of the altar called the forty hours' adoration, which will commence to-day. The holy season upon which we enter is to be devoted to more assiduous practices of prayer, mortification, penance and almsgiving, than all other portions of the year. It is the season in which, as children of the Church, we are earnestly invited to come and contemplate around her altars the great mystery of man's redemption—to meditate on the humiliations and sufferings, the passion and death, of the Son of Man—to accompany Him in spirit in

HIS WAY OF THE CROSS,

even to the Mount of Calvary, and in this devout meditation to find sources of contrition for our sins, which have been the occasion of all His most fretful sufferings and cruel death. In this work we will be assisted by Christ himself. Whatever trial may be in it will be made sweet and agreeable to us; all the necessary graces will be given us by an observance of the devotions of the forty hours. For that same Jesus who spent so many hours of trial on earth, although He is gone to take His place with His Father in heaven, is still with us—is with His people in the mystery of His love, the sacrament of the altar. He is there the object of adoration, homage and love of the angels and saints above. He is here, not indeed as in heaven, resplendent to the eye, in all His power, majesty and glory, but in majesty and glory veiled in the sacred elements of the tabernacle, really and truly present, the same coeternal Son of God, in the same divinity and humanity before which cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels and all the glorious host of Heaven bow down. He is here the great

LIGHT OF THE SANCTUARY,

the glory of His Church, the centre of all that is grand and of all that is holy and beautiful and sublime. He is here the object of our homage and adoration, the object of our faith and of our love. We see Him, not in His glory, but with the eyes of faith. We believe Him to be really present, not because our senses tell us, but because faith teaches us. We believe it because the apostles so taught and Holy Church so teaches. The saints of that Church and all its true teachers from the beginning have so believed it. We believe it because we see realized the ancient prophecy concerning it. We behold here that which meets the yearnings and cravings of the heart throughout so many ages of time. We believe it because we see something worthy of a God—a miracle of power, goodness and love. I am speaking to believers, and will therefore use no arguments—in fact argument now would be out of place. I speak to you that you may unite in rendering to Him that homage due to His infinite majesty. When you see Him surrounded by the lights that symbolize the brightness of the saints, when you see Him surrounded by the gifts of pious hearts, bow down in adoration and love before Him, all the powers of your soul, all the faculties of your understanding, all the faith of your heart. Worship Him as the King of Kings coming to scatter His benedictions, His blessings and graces.

BOW DOWN AND SAY

to Him, "I believe O Lord! help my unbelief;" I believe and recognize in you the object of my profoundest adoration and respect. As well as being the object of our faith, He is, as I have said, the object of love, for he is the source and fountain of love. It is from His holy tabernacle that the rays of His love are reflected on our hearts, filling them with consolation and joy as He exclaims, "Come to me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Fear not to approach my sanctuary; I am here as your Father, ready to listen to you and accept you supplications. Come, all—priest and people, young and old, great and little, without distinction of rank or sex or nation or tongue—I am the Father of all. And, oh! who has not his tribulations and toils? How many are the afflictions and cares that encompass us—how many hidden sufferings and sorrows within and without us! But, oh! you who have the greatest of all burdens—the burden of sin! What load is greater than this, that weighs you down, harasses your conscience, distracts your mind and oppresses your heart? Come and lay it at the feet of your blessed Redeemer. It may be difficult for you, but He will give you grace to make a sacrifice, if need be, of joys that you have long loved—of pleasures you have vainly sought after.

HE WILL GIVE YOU

compunction and contrition. He will forget your sins and remember them no more. Come, returning Him love for love, and offering Him thanksgiving for His countless mercies. Think of the humiliations to which He submits Himself in this adorable sacrament, for He remains present therein, not always for love and adoration, but not unfrequently receiving scoffs from his rebellious children. Hence we owe Him acts of reparation. Pray for them who turn their backs upon Him; pray that the rays of grace may penetrate their hard hearts, and pour out your hearts, making known to Him your wants. Pray for your friends and your families, and pray especially for His holy Church. It was in consideration of the sufferings of the Church in the sixteenth century that Clement VIII. instituted this forty hours' devotion. And when have we had more need of prayers for the church than now, when our holy father Pius IX. is in so many dangers, and when his Church suffers so much? And fail not to pray that you may be made worthy to join in that worship and devotion at which you will no longer behold Him veiled in the sacred elements, but in the fulness of His power and majesty, to be refreshed forever in the torrent of ineffable delight.

At the close of the mass 120 young ladies, robed in white and girt with sashes of various hues, wearing garlands on their heads, filed from the vestry, many of them bearing candles, banners or flowers. The acolytes followed round the church, and the Archbishop carried the blessed sacrament beneath a rich canopy, which was borne by four laymen. When the processionists returned to the sanctuary the priests and acolytes commenced the Litany of the saints, the church choir singing the responses. The blessed sacrament remains exposed until Tuesday, when a solemn high mass will close the devotion. The church will be kept open from six A. M. till nine P. M.

THE NEW CHURCH.

Rev. George Hepworth in Steinway Hall—Sermon on Fixed Principles of Belief.

Mr. Hepworth's morning text was taken from Mark ix., 24—"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." He began by describing the circumstances under which the text was uttered. The poor man, said the speaker, who came to Christ represented more than half of the world at this moment. He wanted to believe; he saw that faith was able to work miracles; he coveted the trusting confidence which the disciples evidently had, and yet there was a lingering doubt in his mind. He failed to see how the matter stood, to understand the why Christ did these things and the how he did them. And yet his affection overcame his doubts, and he threw himself prostrate at the feet of the Lord and uttered that paradox, "I believe; help my unbelief." Christ took pity on the man, as he did on every one who was in undoubted earnest, and granted his petition. Now, in the first place, said the speaker, I want to speak of this natural tendency to believe something. The mind and soul, like the body, have appetites which must be satisfied. When you are physically hungry you hunt round until you find something to eat. If you for any reason refuse to eat, you shrivel up, your functions become disordered, and at length you die. Well, you can

STARVE THE SOUL TO DEATH

just as well as the body. The mind and spirit crave food, and they are filled with unrest until the proper aliment is supplied. The atheist and infidel are spiritual dyspeptics. Negations are to the soul what improper and indigestible food is to the physical system. Their higher natures hunger and thirst, and they persistently refuse satisfaction. I do not accuse you of either of these crimes, infidelity. You probably believe something. But most of us are in spiritual ill health, because our diet is poor. The prevalence not of positive, operative scepticism, but of inoperative, distrustful faith, is one of the alarming symptoms of the age. We are not as sure of ourselves as we ought to be, or as we may be if we take a little pains with ourselves. The old command which enjoins upon us the necessity of having a doctrinal

BASIS FOR OUR ETHICS

and of being able always to give a reason for the faith that is in us is quite ignored. Hence, when any new theory is publicly proclaimed, especially if it be enforced by eloquent appeals, we are drawn into the current, to our shame and lasting regret sometimes. If we had well established notions about the sanctity of home do you believe that this pestiferous whirlwind of mingled

NONSENSE AND GUILT

about marriage and divorce could blow us off our feet? If we had a well-grounded faith in divine things, or any fixed opinions of our own, we should not tolerate for an instant the thousand and one wild theories about great and grave questions which sweep like epidemics over the face of society. I hope the old days will come back again, when, in the Sunday school, the church and the home, children were drilled into a knowledge of divine things. Better the strictest Calvinism of the straitest sect than this utter thoughtless looseness which makes a man or woman the victim of some wretched adventurer who is only known by a bald and open infidelity to all the proprieties of life. What we individually need is to make up our minds upon questions which underlie our own personal endeavors and hopes. The man who deliberately comes to the conclusion that the world in which we live is God's world, and not ours; who has learned something of the laws by which it is governed; who accepts Jesus Christ as his leader and Saviour, and His words as the spiritual law of life; who accepts with wondering faith the facts of the immortal life, that man cannot go far astray. He has a wall to

PUT HIS BACK AGAINST

when he is fighting. He has a standard of which he measures every question that comes up. And pray what can be more important than the settlement of just such questions as these? I wonder that the business of the world don't stop until we have met in solemn convention and put the matter at rest—where did we come from, who made us, what are we to do while here; why are we called upon to obey the law, to practise self-control, to love our enemies instead of hating, as is certainly most natural and agreeable; where are we going, when through some accident, perhaps, or by means of some disease, or surely at last through decrepitude and old age, we are pushed out of the present into the future? These questions lie at the very foundation of everything; and no man can be his best self until they are settled. But when the mind is thoroughly fixed in these matters how strong, how independent, how loving, pitying and charitable a man may be. Right ideas of God are the prow of the vessel; right ideas of Christ are the stern and compass and wheel; right ideas of duty are masts and rigging, and faith in the immortal life is the white canvas that sweeps us along. If we are a trusting passenger on a ship of that kind, let it blow high or blow low, let it be night or day, tempest or calm, we can weather all storms, enjoy even the battle of the elements, and are sure at last of anchoring safely in the harbor of heaven. We want more faith, and until we have it we shall be restless and hungry.

At the close of the sermon Mr. Hepworth announced that land had been purchased on which the new church is to be built, and he hoped it would be ready for services in the autumn. The spot selected is a large plot of ground on the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street. The church is to seat 2,500 persons. The seats will be on the same principle as those at theatres, and the form of the church is to be after the style of the Tabernacle in Brooklyn.

THIRTY-THIRD STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday Night Lectures, by Rev. H. D. Northrop—Pernicious Amusements, and Their Effects Upon the Young.

Rev. H. D. Northrop, pastor, last evening delivered an interesting discourse—the first of a series—on "The Vices of New York." The subject last evening was "Pernicious Amusements." He took for his text II. Timothy, iii., 4—"Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." It is especially important that I should deal with the subject in all candor and fairness; of one thing be assured, this question touches the very

MARROW OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE

and example—reason enough for its being considered in the pulpit; not for effect, but for counsel, admonition and profit. First, we are all of us constantly in need of something in the way of amusement and recreation; it is no sin to be happy; it is a sin to be perpetually miserable; if a man ever gets over his childhood so much the worse for the man; those men can work best who play best; and if it is all work and no amusement life grows monotonous and weary. Harmless entertainment is the very oil which lubricated the machinery, makes it run easier and last a great deal longer.

A MAN IN THE HOT PURSUIT OF MONEY

dies in middle life, and people say, "What an example of industry and energy!" Better say, "What an example of a fool!" His need of recreation and innocent enjoyment is a law of human nature. You could not find a civilized nation on the globe which has not its legal holidays, or if you could find one it would be safe to say that its civilization would bear improvement. Bad amusements there have always been; but this is only the perversion of a want as deep as human nature itself. You might as well banish sunlight as to banish all harmless pleasure. Robert Southey understood this law when he used to have three kinds of work in his study and went from one to the other to divert his mind. Those three ministers whom I knew in Glasgow understood it, when, after the brain work of the morning, they walked together for hours every day, commencing at one o'clock. People said they were wasting time; but there were no churches more prosperous than theirs and no men stronger than they, or who had

SO POOR A PROSPECT OF CONSUMPTION.

Your disposition needs sweetening, needs brightening up. This is one method of doing it. In the next place it becomes an important question what kind of amusements we shall have. How shall we deal with the young? How shall we meet this want which all men feel? Now, there are some amusements concerning the vileness of which there can be but one opinion. Nobody pretends to defend them upon the ground of morality. In fact,

THEIR VERY BADNESS IS THEIR CAPITAL,

the reason why they are patronized, the secret of their success, the very thing which makes them pay, and if they should turn respectable they would die. Some men say they are not injured by frequenting such places. I believe it; it is because they are so steeped in corruption that they cannot take any more in. Now reverse the picture. There are some amusements or entertainments concerning the purity and innocence of which there can be but one opinion. They damage no one; no evil thought is suggested,

NO LASCIVIOUS SIGHT SHOCKS REFINED TASTE.

For instance, no house is reckoned complete without music; you get together on a winter's evening a happy family circle; you are going to have a little music; the young folks will never make professionals, but they can sing; the youngest don't pretend to keep the time, but he makes up and carries his part; the old folks not being so spry as they once were come out a good ways behind. You would not pay fifty cents to hear such a concert the second time, but it makes that home brighter and happier. They miss some one from the little circle, one voice is wanting, and yet for all the sorrowful memories, how much more pleasant is that home by reason of those sweet voices and musical sounds. Oh, I wish there were more happy homes. We should not

HAVE TO GO SO OFTEN TO THE FAR COUNTRY

to bring our prodigals back. Thus, some pleasures may be set down as good and others as bad; now, the trouble lies in the intermediate ground. Some amusements are of doubtful character; things may be said both for and against them. Some persons will plead for puritanical strictness and others for Parisian license. Remember one or two things, and one is that to be a mere pleasure seeker is about the poorest life that any man can lead. If God made you simply to be amused,

THEN THE BIBLE IS A LIE,

your soul is a nonentity and eternity is a joke. You might chisel upon the gravestone of many a man, "Here lies one who chased a bubble and died a fool." Remember another thing. There are many amusements which are not sinful in themselves, but which become sinful when carried to excess. Beneath them there lurks a danger. The

FLOWERS IN THE BASKET OF CLEOPATRA,

that voluptuous Egyptian queen, were beautiful. Roses descended from the plants of Eden, lilies, white and pure as the robes of the glorified, fragrance sweet enough for the fields of heaven. For all that there was a viper in the flowers that stung the fair queen to death. Remember still further, that you are required sometimes to give up that which is lawful in itself if it is going to cause another to offend. We may be able to guide ourselves in forming an opinion respecting such amusements as

THE THEATRE AND THE DANCE.

To be a lover of any pleasure more than a lover of God, whether that pleasure consists in games or society, or dancing, or theatre-going, is plainly inadmissible. Now, does the theatre inflict any injury upon those who patronize it? I believe that a theatre could be so constructed as to damage no one any more than it would to listen to a dialogue recited by Sunday school children. But that the theatre, as a whole, is so constructed I deny out and out. There are theatres in this city in which a man cannot set and keep

THE PURITY OF HIS MIND,

nor be removed from bad society, nor be free from evil influences. His morals will decay, and he will be one step nearer perdition every time he enters the place. Late hours, money which might be better spent, entertainment and drink, mental dissolution, unfitting one for the high duties and enjoyments of life. This has been and is the meaning of the theatre. Is there any exception? I don't suppose it could unchristianize you to witness a Shakspearian play. I don't believe it would do me any harm; in some things it might benefit me. But if I were to go habitually to such a place, and if you were to do the same, we might lead others there who could not stop until they had gone down

INTO THE LOWEST PIT IN THE CITY.

While I hold that it would not be a sin for you to witness certain plays, you must remember that you can make it a sin by neglecting important duties, becoming fascinated with it, leading others into the current of pleasure who would not know when to stop and apparently countenance the whole system of theatrical shows, the general influence of which is bad and bad only. Is not this a fair statement of the case? You, who have been there yourselves, have I not spoken the truth?

AS FOR DANCING,

it is harmful, not so much in itself as in what accompanies it; the excitement it leads to, the fascination it breeds, which takes you from other and better things, and its intimate connection with a life of gayety, which, sooner or later, will be found to have a damning effect.

BALLS AND LATE HOURS

and dress and display and eternal hankering for admiration are not good. Now, if those pernicious amusements, which need not be further indicated, could be swept away—if those who are ruined by them would leave them to die a natural death—society would be benefited, and religion would stand a thousand times better chance.

ST. STEPHEN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn—Penance and the Penitential Season—Rev. Father McCready's Lecture.

It was evident yesterday from the very large congregation at St. Stephen's church that the season of Lent had recalled many absentees to their religious duties. Although, however, the Lenten season is supposed to be a time for the wearing of sackcloth and ashes, yet the ladies turned out in all the splendor of fall fashions, the day being bright and genial and excusably suggestive of some outward show.

The music of the mass was Mozart's No. 12, and this difficult composition was well executed by the choir. Rarely, indeed, has an organist so much to feel proud of as has Mr. Danforth for his part in the rendition of the mass yesterday. Notwithstanding the absence of Coletti and the illness of Miss Benziger, both of whom were sadly missed, the mass was a complete success, not, however, without taxing the energies of Danforth and Miss Emma Howson, the soprano, almost beyond endurance. Miss Howson, fortunately, was in excellent voice and sang superbly, and, as she always does, with fidelity and energy, some of her solos being really of the highest order of merit. Bernhardt, the tenor, was suffering from a cold and the new contralto did fairly. At the offertory Mr. Danforth played a symphony deserving the highest praise, as well for its conception as for its performance. In the afternoon Mercadante's vespers were sung before an audience which filled the church in every part.

High mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Stumpe, whose excellent tenor voice well filled the church, and beautifully intoned the sweet Gregorian chants of the mass. After the first gospel the Rev. Dr. McGlynn preached an eloquent discourse on the dispositions required for penance.

The preacher rested his discourse on the temptations presented by the devil to Our Lord during His life and argued from them how people ought, while trustful in God's goodness and mercy, so to conduct themselves that they should not presume too much upon God, but rather, in contrition for past offences, avoid sin in the future. It should not be said that our Lord was tempted because he fasted, but rather that the devil, seizing the time of His weakness of body, tempted him with what was then most likely to succeed. The preacher then gave an eloquent exposition of what was meant by the reply of our Lord—"Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word which cometh from the mouth of God;" and in doing so showed that it was unreasonable to expect that God should perform miracles daily for sake of men. The "every word" of God should be weighed by Christians and their acts in life moulded according to their wise direction. Then he went on to speak of the second temptation, in which the Saviour was asked by the devil to worship him, in return for which he would bestow upon the Saviour the kingdoms of the world. The reply of our Lord was dwelt upon by the preacher with customary ability, and the great, sublime truth which it announced was set forth as worthy even of the utterance of the Son of God. How it was that the devil was permitted to tempt the Saviour is a mystery which we could not fathom. But though we know that the Saviour might be tempted, yet we know that He could not sin, it being impossible for His divine personality to receive the stain of evil. The preacher then explained how in this holy season we should become reconciled to God. The vain things of this world were not what should be relied upon, nor the palatable things those which should be preferred. The Saviour in this fast of forty days showed us how He would have us mortify the flesh and refrain from indulgence in worldly pleasures. In love of God dwelt the great essential peace of men. The performance of good works, charity for our neighbor, the sacraments, a simple, abiding faith in God's great justice and mercy were the means by which we should live our days in this world, so that in the next, when we should be relieved from the restricting responsibilities now devolving upon us, and with our wills in complete harmony with the Divine will, eternal joys should be ours.

In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, another service was held, at which the Rev. Father Stumpe sang Novello's "O Salutaris," and an eloquent and profound lecture was delivered by the Rev. Charles McCready.

GRACE CHURCH.

A Lenten Sermon on Death—Appearance of the Church.

This fashionable church betrayed the influence of the Lenten season, both in the full attendance and the comparatively sober raiment of the congregation. Every seat was filled, and about the doors there was the usual fringe of belated worshippers and curious spectators, most of the latter, however, taking care to make their exit as soon as the hymn at the close of morning prayers had been begun, and thus escaping the somewhat unpleasing effort of straining the ear to catch the words of the preacher. Strangely enough, Grace church, exquisitely beautiful as it is as a work of ecclesiastic art—a religious poem in stone—is singularly defective in good acoustic properties. The congregation seemed unusually devout, and looking forward to the chancel one could only see a patch of bright coloring at remote intervals. Brown and black and gray seemed so common, indeed, that but for the artistic patterns of the bonnets the church might for the moment be imagined to be filled with grave Quakers and demure Quakeresses. Grace church, therefore, to those who remember it in its ordinary raiment of purple and fine linen, was well worth visiting if only for the purpose of remarking the contrast now that it has donned, figuratively speaking, the sackcloth and ashes that befit the solemn associations of the Lenten season. But it is always worth visiting, if it be only to take another glimpse at Brown and to view his ever swelling proportions enrobed in a coat that seems in a chronic state of revolt at the acres of fat and flesh that it is expected to decently cover.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the music was very good. The sermon, also, was eminently appropriate, and was delivered in a strain of dignified eloquence that was, no doubt, very impressive to those favorites of Sabbath fortune who occupied the front pews, if the occasional snatches of it that now and then struggled painfully to the ears of the after-section of the Church might be taken as a specimen sample of the main body of the discourse. It described the certainty, the mystery, the bitterness of death. How vain were all schemes and plans of life in which the inevitable end was hidden from view! There were people so foolish that they would not allow this strange mystery of mortality to be mentioned in their presence, and who carefully preserved their children from any knowledge of its existence. But this was as absurd as though a man, conscious of danger from his enemies, should voluntarily blind his eyes to their designs at the very moment that the stroke was about to fall upon his head. The preacher then, in fitting terms, depicted the sorrow of the bereaved, and the apparent utter want of sympathy from nature to their suffering. The heavens were as beautiful, the sunshine as bright, the busy throng hurried through the city street with the same intentness on their selfish errands as before this terrible blow came and darkened life with woe and mourning. In such seasons it was well to remember the keen sympathy of the Saviour while he was on earth with affliction, to recall how he raised up the daughter of Jairus and brought back to life the widow's son and restored Lazarus to his sorrowing sisters. Most wonderful of all his miracles were these victories over death, and his resurrection was the crowning point of triumph to his life on earth. The speaker then referred to two deaths of beloved members of the congregation that had marked the last week.

SEVENTH AVENUE CENTRAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Sermon in Aid of Foreign Missions.

Last evening the Rev. Andrew Longacre preached a sermon in behalf of foreign missions to a large congregation. The learned divine took his text from Genesis, iv., 9—"Am I my brother's keeper?" After speaking of the cause which induced Cain to hurl this defiant question at his Maker, and remarking upon the enormity of the man's offence, increased by his apparent desire to isolate himself entirely from the little circle of human beings then in existence, the preacher bade his hearers ask themselves whether they were quite sure that the selfish spirit of Cain had quite died out, whether some of them had not become so absorbed in their own interests, pressing forward so eagerly to gain their ends as to forget their fellows. The gold that men win by speculation and clear-headedness is taken from others, and those others must in consequence suffer misery and desolation; yet the winner would naturally ask, "Am I the keeper of my brethren?" We assist the bodily needs of the poor, but do not care to look after

THEIR SPIRITUAL WELFARE.

They can take care of their own soul; we think that is no affair of ours, and so long as we keep them from starving we have done all it behooves us to do. The preacher then proceeded to show that we are really the keepers of the souls of our brethren, that we cannot help being so, for that man comes from the hand of God constituted to receive impressions, and that he gains these impressions by the influences which the manners and habits of those around him have upon him. By every act of our lives we exert the influence within us upon our brethren, and even when the grave closes over us, though the active principle of our lives is dead, the good or evil we have done still exists and creates impressions; therefore we cannot help being

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

There comes a time when free-will asserts itself—the creature asserts its sovereignty—and the fate of its soul lies in its own hand. God will not force the human will after that period; yet, free as the man is, he cannot help but be influenced by our persistent teachings and solicitude, our earnest endeavors for the welfare of his soul. A man's character betrays the associations by which he has been surrounded as surely as a bronzed visage tells of exposure to the sun and wind. If a man is a Christian it is easy to perceive that some good, pious person has been near him and influenced him. The example which we set by the course we pursue in life makes us our brother's keeper. Men are not born into the world merely to live, acquire wealth and by the performance of meritorious actions endeavor to obtain a place in the kingdom of Heaven, but to save the souls of others. We go along receiving influence until we begin to exert the power which God gives us to influence the souls of our fellow men. When God wished to save man He became man, and it is in His human life that He comes nearest to us. It was His holiness, His purity, His love that influenced those upon earth during his sojourn in Palestine, and that influence remains with us still. If men are to be saved, men must save them; but when men work in God's service God works with them, all our influences would fall short if God did not work with us. We are too prone to think that the purpose of our lives is merely to gain a competency and save our own souls without thinking of the spiritual welfare of others; yet when we appear before the judgment seat God may ask of us, "Where is thy brother Abel?" All mankind are brethren, and we ought to care for the salvation of their souls; yet there are millions of human beings in the Far East who are working for us, and, indirectly, providing us with many of the necessaries of life, who are

BESOTTED IN IDOLATRY,

steeped in ignorance of the Divine truth, and whom it behooves us as Christians and fellow-men to rescue from perdition. It is for this purpose that a few laborers in the Lord's vineyard have left the land of their birth and gone to sojourn in far-off lands. They give their health, their lives, perchance, and we ought to render them pecuniary assistance to further the laudable end they have in view—the salvation of the souls of unenlightened heathens.

THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

Robert Collyer, of Chicago, on "The Little Flock" of Unitarianism—A Large and Sympathetic Congregation.

Mr. Robert Collyer, the popular Chicago preacher, preached yesterday morning in Mr. Hepworth's late church, "the Church of the Messiah." There was one of the old-timed congregations present, every pew being filled and the aisles crowded with occupants of camp-chairs. Mr. Collyer resembles Mr. Beecher in personal appearance, he seems to have a similar nervous organization and that kind of freedom of pulpit manner that is so captivating in the Brooklyn orator. Mr. Collyer is an Englishman; he was born in Yorkshire, and those who were present yesterday morning who were familiar with the people of the North of England there was perceptible to them now and then in Mr. Collyer's earnest passages of his discourse the tones of voice that are peculiar to his native country. His manner and voice bespoke a warmth and

BREADTH OF HEART

for which, with their common sense, "Yorkshiremen" are remarkable all over the world.

He selected for his text the words of the Saviour:—"Fear not little flock." He said that when he was invited to preach by the Board of Trustees of "the Church of the Messiah," he expressed the great pleasure that it would give him to comply with the request. But he was also told that it was the desire of the Board that the invited preachers should preach doctrinal sermons. He could not comply with that request, for several reasons; mainly, however, because he was like some other people, he knew very little of theology; and the next was that all the sermons he had written on doctrinal subjects had been burned and he had not had time to write any more. Therefore, for those reasons he was unable to preach a doctrinal sermon. He, however, desired to say a few words to his audience that he had said to the people at Unity (his own congregation). Those words were suitable to them; if what he said should not be found suitable to those whom he addressed, why they need not take it. The trustees had thought they would be, and so he intended to talk to them about the "little flock."

THE "LITTLE FLOCK"

turned out to be the Unitarian Church. Mr. Collyer then commenced reading from his manuscript, which, after Mr. Beecher's fashion, was frequently left, in order that a little extemporaneous speaking might be indulged in. The preacher graphically traced the history of the Church, showing, as he went along, how all the sections of the Christian Church had passed through an era of persecution, and how, with the exception of Unitarianism, they had come out of it prosperous and greatly honored. With the Unitarian Church persecution and social disability remained, although in a modified form in these later days. Mr. Collyer went on to show the work that this Church was doing; it was the pioneer to the other sects; that the orthodox were under great obligations to its

MEN OF THOUGHT,

notably among whom were Channing and Priestly; that this Church organization was the only home of comfort and sustenance to those who were longing for a spiritual freedom that took from them the bonds of orthodoxy. He thought that "the flock" was kept small by a want of adaptability on the part of Unitarians to the work of Church organization. Its members were not apt in the details of Church work. Few of them could

"START A TUNE IN MEETING."

They were too much like Lawson in Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folk"—they helped everbody's household but their own. Their sociability was extended to everybody but the people of their own church. In illustration of these charges Mr. Collyer related several amusing anecdotes, which lighted up with smiles the faces of his vast congregation. The sermon closed with an earnest appeal to faithfulness to duty, and the obtaining of the invaluable reward of the greeting of the Father by and by, the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

At the close of the service Mr. Collyer was surrounded by friends, whom he greeted with a refreshing heartiness, the more favored receiving manifestations of his affection of a demonstrative kind.

THE EASY RELIGION.

Mr. Thomas Gales Foster on Spiritualism—He Wants to Go to a Happy Wigwam on the Eternal Shore.

A numerous assemblage gathered in Apollo Hall last evening for the purpose of hearing Mr. Thomas Gales Foster, of Boston, lecture on his pet, and, in fact, only theme—that. of Spiritualism. Mr. Foster quietly arose from his seat behind the little stand which served as a pulpit, meekly dropped his eyelids so as to wholly obscure his "fascinating pupils" from the profane, if not vulgar gaze, and, with the air of one who knew full well how the ancient article is manipulated, began his discourse by attempting to

"SHOW UP" THE ABSURDITY

of the manifold arguments brought to bear against his "theme." That which we claim and know is the action of spirit, said the speaker; some writers, and able ones, too, assert is but unconscious serregration. For instance, to-day you are trying to compose something—to recall a name, or a verse, or line of poetry, and after struggling long hard give it up for the time being and come to the conclusion that you will "sleep on it." You do so, and perhaps in the morning that which you so much desired and longed for the night or day previous is at your tongue's end. This these writers claim to be unconscious serregration. You go to bed at night with a fixed determination to wake at a particular hour, and you do wake almost, if not quite, at the very moment you desired. This, too, is pronounced unconscious serregration.

SONNAMBULISM

is classed in the same category. We have heard of students getting up at night and, while still asleep, solving a difficult and intricate problem which they had been poring over for days. A maid servant in a hotel in Paris was wont to recite in her sleep passages of Hebrew, and yet when awake she knew nothing whatever of that language. These writers to whom I have alluded say that she was at one time a servant in the family of a learned Hebrew, who used to read aloud in his vernacular, and that, therefore, serregration had been going on in her mind all this time, which accounted for what would otherwise seem a strange proceeding on the part of the girl when reposing confidingly in the soothing arms of Morpheus. You remember the story of the captain of a British man-of-war; how he, when asleep in his cabin, got up, rang the bell for his orderly, and when that functionary appeared bade him call the second officer. The second officer appearing, the captain directed him to change the course of the ship

SEVERAL POINTS TO THE WESTWARD.

His order was obeyed, and when in the cabin the next morning the officer remarked to the captain that it was extremely fortunate for all on board that he had given the order he did for the vessel's course to be changed, as they were then on shoals and steering directly for rocks, that officer denied having given any such order. All these things and thousands more of a similar nature I could mention these "learned" writers assert is unconscious serregration. If these things were true—if it were nothing but unconscious serregration, as asserted—then the lunatic asylums of the land would be our seats of learning, and Harvard and Yale but primary departments. For his part the speaker could not see why sensible men would persist in flaunting such absurdities in the face of an intelligent public. He said these things were but the action of spirits, and wondered how it was that

EDITORS, MINISTERS AND OTHERS

could assume to laugh at spiritualism, thanking God the while that neither himself nor other intelligent persons of his faith cared for their scoffs or jeers. Further on in his remarks Mr. Foster declared that the room was filled with spirits, all floating around in the air, whereupon sundry old gents and antiquated females convulsively grasped their blue cotton umbrellas and colossal walking sticks and looked as though they would defend themselves, fighting it out on that line, if it took till morning. The speaker concluded with a benediction, which closed with, "And may the good Father finally conduct you to a happy wigwam on the eternal shore!"

LYRIC HALL.

Providence, Divine and Human—Sermon by Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

Lyric Hall, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, Sixth avenue, was crowded yesterday morning to its utmost capacity. The regular pastor, O. B. Frothingham, occupied the pulpit. His subject was "Providence, Divine and Human," as based upon Matthew x., 29:—"Behold, were not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." What a tender and touching expression of Providence; for care and Providence are one. The thought providence is inseparable from the thought God, although it must go before; for who can recognize an immaterial, invisible God but through His works. All nature shows care and shows a God; all poets sing it; all philosophers teach it; all historians prove it; the soul feels it; all the higher powers of the mind feel it. With some it is a

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

or more. Thus the Christians think themselves God's special care; that He does not care for the scattered tribes. But what has the Jew to say of this—the Calvinist, the Mahammedan? Are they not as much God's children and as much entitled to His exclusive care? Can God use them as a stepping-stone? Are you the cream of the world? Luther said it was a special providence his being saved from a stroke of lightning when the person with whom he was walking was struck. Did the friends of that blasted man think so? Did the Churches in whose faces he was flying think so? The steamer Cuba was running at full speed upon an iceberg, when the quick eye of the Captain saw the danger, had the engines reversed, and the vessel was saved. Not long after the Arctic ran right into the arms of the monster, and all on board perished. Why was the Cuba saved and the Arctic destroyed? Were the passengers on the one Christians, on the other infidels? Is the boy drowned in a pleasure boat a rascal and the one saved a godly youth? No; sinless and sinful philosopher and fool; the man whose life is more precious and the man whose existence is a burden to himself and others go to the bottom alike. As we cannot explain this we fall back on the idea that Providence is unsearchable. A Providence that is utterly dark is no Providence. Every wind is favorable to the man who understands God; to every one who believes in Christ the world goes well. Can we, then, make a Providence? Can reason believe this? After eloquently enlarging on this at length he proceeded to show that faith and reason joined hands in the idea of the perfect organization of all God's works—the nicety of all His laws—the unswerving course of His systems not turning a hair's breadth in centuries. The human side of Providence is but a supplementary part of the divine, as we are part of a scale of existence. We are not here to be merely acted upon, but in turn to transmit action. So we give love, gentleness, veneration, gained through experience, to our successors. The poet sings about the beneficent sunshine, the loving rain, but does the sun care, or the rain? It is our interpretation, however. Not a single thing goes to one person without human agency. There are millions of fleeces on the sheep's back, but unless cut by some person they are not of the slightest advantage to us. There are millions of acres of ground, but without cultivation they are almost utterly worthless. Providence is, then, in the workingman, in the laboratory, in the machine shop, supplying all our comforts and forming new ones. Without wealth, however, these improvements could not be carried out. Wealth is, therefore, the

LEVER OF PROVIDENCE.

Without wealth, civilization would instantly come to an end. Although the modern miser will not spend an unnecessary cent his riches benefit mankind; although he subscribes to no charitable institution, he lets out his money to the most needy to get the highest per cent, and thus, although he never murmurs blessings, his wealth is a boundless one. So, also, the spendthrift is beneficial to the poor. Thus the man who allows his money to trickle from him finds it bubbling in the poor man's garden. All the asylums for the insane and idiotic are endowed and cared for by men, although there are men who imagine that they are the direct work of God. But are their clothes dropped down by the clouds, and does their food come in the same, or are both made by human hands? As these are Christian charities, so we are giving consolation in grief, and all material and spiritual distributions. Although these good deeds are in themselves human, the inspiration that prompts them is divine—a very fine compliment to human nature; as if no man could be benevolent unless put up to it by God. While the Englishman is thanking God for helping the insane and idiotic, his neighbors are putting their hands in their pockets and supplying them with necessities.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

The Lower to Serve the Higher—Practical Religion.

Mr. Beecher preached yesterday morning from Matthew viii., 19-22—"And a certain scribe came and said unto him, 'Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.' And Jesus said unto him, 'The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.' And another of His disciples said unto Him, 'Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.' But Jesus said unto him, 'Follow Me, and let the dead bury their dead.'" Christ's conversation was versatile, sparkling, ingenious. Christ was no formal canal of propriety, straight, monotonous, he was a river full of changes, with all variety of beauty along the banks. We shall not then be surprised at the conversation recorded in the text. Who were the scribes? They were the chiefest men in the nation. The scribes were the doctors, the professors; they were looked up to as the highest in power. It was an unusual thing, then, when one of these chief men listened to Jesus and volunteered to become his disciple. Our Saviour rejected him, saying, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." In other words, "You have misconceived entirely the kingdom that I have come to inaugurate." In the next conversation Jesus tells the disciple to "let the dead bury their dead." This language seems severe and harsh. But we are to remember that the whole conversation is not given, with all the circumstances, the expressions, the gestures. Our Saviour's parables are strung together, each as separated from its belongings as the pearl is from the place where it grew. Are our duties to our family, then, in conflict with our duties to God? Our lower duties may be made a channel for our duty to God, or they may be made a substitute. This is an important distinction. In this case Christ saw that the disciple made this a temporary excuse. If he had been fully confirmed in discipleship he might have buried his father, and returned to his higher duties without danger. Men may be attracted by the truth of religion who will abandon it as soon as they see what labor the truth involves; the moment they are put to the test of self-denial, of poverty, of following Christ through all things, they are not willing to

PAY THE PRICE.

A citizen goes into the market, and, admiring the fruits and flowers, says he will go into the country and be a gardener. He goes; but when he practically begins to raise fruits and flowers for himself he soon makes up his mind that they cost more than they come to. He comes back to the city in disgust, and prefers that other people should do the dirty work. Men are drawn to the beauty of a higher life, but they find that the efforts to live this life involve so much conflict, so much toil and burden, that they turn back. One may be kept from this higher life by things which are right in themselves, because it is necessary that there should be proportion, subordination, harmony, and men let one duty interfere with another. If a mother is so careful of the lower wants of the children that she neglects their higher wants does she do the wisest thing? She ought not to neglect the lower duties, but if either the lower should be left, He that touches the highest touches all below. He that touches the lower does not of necessity touch the high. Men are perpetually putting duties in the way of their spiritual development. It is always suffer me first to do this or that; suffer me first to take care of myself. This constant putting the higher in subordination to the lower is demoralizing. Nothing in the world has a right to take the place of your

SPIRITUAL MANHOOD.

It is not enough that we approve, admire and desire the truth; we must desire the right more than all else. The lazy man desires the fruits of industry, but he desires other things more. The truant schoolboy desires learning, but he desires more to see what is in that bird's nest, and he determines to go and see. All through life we see men pursuing third courses, fourth courses, instead of first courses. A man may be a very good man in his imagination, but a very poor man in reality. What pictures there would be if I could only paint what I saw in my dreams. An artist is a man whose