RELIGIOUS.

Sanctuary Services and Pulpit Polemics at the City and Suburban Churches Yesterday.

The New Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle.

An Old-Fashioned Sermon on the Gospel of the Grace of God.

What Mr. Beecher Knows About the Spirit World.

CHRIST THE BEST OF LAWYERS.

The Crowd That Braved the Storm at Steinway Hall.

Christianity Defended at the Church of the Messiah.

Opening of the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

Sunday School Anniversary Services at Dr. Hall's Church.

BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

The New Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle and Successor of Dr. Thompson—An Old-Fashioned Sermon on the Gospel of the Grace of God.

The Rev. W. W. Taylor commenced yesterday morning his ministry at the Broadway Tabernacle. It will probably be remembered that Mr. Taylor attracted considerable attention among the churches last summer when on a visit from England to America. He occupied the pulpit for several Sundays of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn. He preached afterward in several of the Congregational churches of the city, and there arose, spontaneously as it were, a desire among the religious community of both cities that he should abide with us and be adopted into the large family of American preachers. Mr. Taylor returned to his home and church in Liverpool, England, and when Dr. Thompson resigned his charge of the Broadway Tabernacle and went to Europe he succeeded in arranging that Mr. Taylor should become his successor.

The newly chosen minister preached his first sermons as the Broadway Tabernacle pastor yesterday. Though the morning was very dull and chill with early showers, and though the cold, cheerless and constant rain storm poured pitilessly on all church-goers, the Tabernacle was filled with a congregation in which the feminine element was mainly conspicuous by its absence. Men with hard, practical, well-to-do, benevolent and earnest faces filled the pews and took their part in the services with an absence of dilettanteism in their manner that was consistent with the earnestness of their facial expression. Mr. Taylor selected for

HIS TEXT

a clause of the eleventh verse of the first chapter of the First Epistle of Timothy:—"The glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust." At the outset the preacher told his congregation why he had selected his text, and told it by relating an anecdote. He said that the venerable Cecil was once spoken to by a young preacher as to what he should preach, and Cecil replied, "Preach Christ," and to the response of the young man that he did so preach, Cecil again replied, "Preach Christ." In thinking, Mr. Taylor, of this interesting service, and which is to me a service of momentous significance, these words of Cecil came again and again to my memory, and therefore I selected this text, for I am determined to preach to you this glorious Gospel and to know nothing among you save Christ and Him crucified. When Mr. Taylor commenced his sermon proper he spoke with a Scotch burr, but, what was far better, with a Scotch earnestness. It was a sermon built upon the old-fashioned models, textual throughout, with an introduction about the text, the regulation three divisions, and then three sub-divisions from each of these. But, though this was the form and the skeleton, it was clothed with such a warm-breathing, human life, and with so divine a fervor, that the skeleton seemed imperceptible to the enraptured audience, who found themselves beguiled into listening with the intensest interest to a sermon that was doctrinal from the first sentence to the last. There were none of the modern tricks of pulpit eloquence; no mimicry; no place for the joke to come in; no sensational sentence that brought down the house with a smile and a titter that was smothered by the proprieties and decorum of the sacred place. There was no amateur searching for truth, no toying and coquetting with it, but a plain talk about God, salvation,

TIME, ETERNITY

and the human soul. In speaking of the presentation of the Gospel on the part of the preacher, he admitted that it was an old story; and it was a very simple story, too; but the presentation of it was ever new—just as the kaleidoscope is both old and new. The pebbles within are old; but by the movement of the hand you present to the eye combinations and changes of the pebbles that are ever new and which the eye had never seen before. The difficulty as to the presentation of the Gospel to a poor sinner needing its consolations was not in the Gospel in itself, but in our finding a mode of presenting it that should be sufficiently simple. When we tried to do it we found this out, and we found that there was nothing so simple, and certainly nothing so effective and useful as the Gospel itself. It was the glorious Gospel words themselves that soonest reached the heart and were the good news to the sinner's ears. Conspicuous among these were:—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for the world." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "God was in Christ, reconciling all men unto Himself." "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." The next division of Mr. Taylor's sermon was "That the glory of God is revealed by the Gospel," and there were three elements of this glory:—"Wisdom," "goodness" and "power." Mr. Taylor briefly elaborated the thought as to the glory manifest in the wisdom of God by showing that the

THE PROBLEM

how God could be just to man, had been the work of all time, until the Redeemer came. The power of God was shown in the wisdom that exalted man from sin to holiness, without doing violence to man's moral nature. Another division of the text was the happiness and blessedness of God as connected with the Gospel—the peculiar happiness that there was in restoring something that had been near destruction. The medical man, for example, had no greater delight than when he had brought back his patient, after unwearied devotion and almost exhausted skill, from the brink of the grave into health and life. Had not God all but lost man—nay, had not God lost man—and what blessedness and happiness had God manifested in the restoration of man! How beautifully was this shown in the prevailing thought that ran through the parables in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel! More beautiful than the diadem glittering in the sunlight was the trickling tear that suffering sinner's cheek to the eye of God. "Oh! that some in this congregation may give to God this delight to-day." The last division of the sermon was the following:—"That this Gospel was committed to his trust." In a special and a peculiar sense it might be said that the Gospel was in the trust of Paul. But the Gospel was entrusted to all. It was entrusted to them to accept it, to preserve it and to diffuse it. After we had once heard

THE GOOD NEWS

we could never be precisely what we were before; for we had rejected Christ after we had known of the salvation of God. Having accepted it we were to preserve it; to keep it so that it should be kept pure and spotless from the world. Under the subhead of the duty that was incumbent upon those who had accepted it to diffuse it Mr. Taylor was very eloquent and earnest. He told the story of Captain John Paton, who in Scotland's troubles was taken prisoner and who was condemned to death, and who was met when a prisoner by a favorite of Charles the Second, and who was a firm friend of Paton and who told him he would go to the King and get his pardon. "I am afraid," said Paton, "you won't get it, for I have been too prominent to obtain mercy." "If the King won't pardon you, Paton," replied the favorite, "I will never draw a sword in the King's cause any more." The pardon was obtained; it was sent express to Edinburg, but the Lords of the Council kept it back until the old man was executed in the public market. "See to it, my hearers," said Mr. Taylor, with uplifted hands, and with a terrible earnestness, "that you keep not back the gospel from dying men," and quoted, with a voice full of tremor, made more effective by the Scotch accent, the verse of the hymn commencing—

Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

The service was signalized by the admission of two young ladies into the membership of the Church, and, after the singing of the Doxology and the pronouncing of the benediction, the communion service was held, at which a large number of communicants attended.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

A Defence of Christianity—Sermon by Rev. Eli Fay, of Newton, Mass.

There was a very slim attendance at the services yesterday morning at the Church of the Messiah, corner of Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street—a result of course, doubtless, to be attributed to the unpleasantly unpropitious combination of pouring rain and slippery walks. However, those who were present had the gratification of listening to an excellent sermon from Rev. Eli Fay, of Newton, Mass. If not of that highly polished order of clergymen giving such reputation to the ministerial leaders of this church, he is certainly a man of seeming thorough earnestness, and if the finest graces of pulpit oratory were wanting there was no lack of vigor and force of utterance. The sermon was a continuation of the series of Sunday discourses by eminent Unitarian clergymen on the tenets of their faith. His text was Romans, i., 16:—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." From the beginning the Jews had only one form of worship. They were much attached to it. In Jerusalem there was extended culture. Their temple was a splendid work of art. The Jews have one Church. The nation was the Church—a feature the Mormons at Salt Lake have sought to imitate. In Nazareth

ONE JESUS

appeared. The people turned aside to listen to the eccentric but despised Nazarine. Paul was among these. Becoming a Christian he was forced to become an exile. He went to Rome—proud, imperial Rome. Under the shadow of the forum he started a Church in the name of his Lord and Master. He did not regret the cost of his discipleship—the loss of prospective honors and a life of ease and luxury. Portraying at eloquent length the Christian virtues of Paul, he proceeded to show the difference between true moral courage and rashness. Paul said he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. In this utterance was sublimated moral courage. Faith in the divinity of humanity and immortality furnishes a stimulus to higher endeavor that otherwise would not exist. We live and labor by faith. Destroy faith and it would destroy all our

HIGHER ACTIVITIES.

He illustrated this at length, some of the illustrations, particularly those drawn from the scenes of the late war, being as deeply touching as they were eloquent and pertinent. Faith, he showed, was a matter of infinite moment. It was worth more than any positive knowledge. All the mysteries of the universe concerned them, but not as this matter of faith. The necessities and destiny of this

TOILING ONWARD MYSTERY

to call ourselves concerned them above all else. He turned to the New Testament and there learned that there was one God, who was in all, for all, through all. He learned there of the Christ. He learned there the teachings of this Christ. And what teachings they were! He taught us to call God our Father; that He was the Son of God; that we might all be sons of God. He came as the Son and sent of God to give light and life to the world. On the foundation stone of our

MODERN CIVILIZATION

is engraved the name of Jesus. We are not ashamed of it—ashamed of the character of the God it reveals; ashamed of the light it throws into the grave and beside which there is no light; ashamed of the ever-extending future which it opens in grand prospective. All the circumstances attendant upon the introduction of the Gospel are entirely consistent with its sublime character and purpose. Doctrines and promises, assurances and assumptions so remarkable as those of Christ, and which were to be received on simple faith, because as they referred to matters which lie beyond the utmost boundaries of human knowledge they were unsusceptible of demonstration, would have arrested no attention if they had fallen from the lips of a man simply as his individual opinions and intentions. On the contrary, they would have justly exposed him to the charge of fanaticism or insanity and the matter would have dropped there. He who consistently with His well known life and character could say in prayer to His Father, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world so have I sent these disciples into the world; and as Thou dwellest in me I will dwell in them, and may they be one as we are one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me," must have been so

WONDERFULLY ENDOWED

and cultivated that these words were but the counterpart of his deeds, the fitting exponent of recognized powers. Frankly confessing that human infirmities and sometimes evil passions have marred the history of Christianity, we yet appeal to it and the present condition and prospects of Christ's kingdom as the transcendent miracle of all the ages. And as we recall the numerous instances in which ignorance, with its train of direful evils, has disappeared, and the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose, in which individuals and nations have been reformed and clothed, and in their right minds have taken their places at the feet of Jesus, in which the heart receiving His doctrine and spirit has instinctively opened toward God as the magnolia opens toward the sun, in which pure and trusting souls, bidding their dear ones adieu, have quietly fallen asleep in death, basing on His promises alone their unquestioning faith that all is well, we are perfectly satisfied to stand with John and Paul and the Apostles and martyrs of the early Church, and with Milton and Bacon, and Newton and Locke, and Doddridge and Wesley, and Chalmer and Channing of later times, and declare that we are so far from being ashamed of the Gospel, that we gratefully accept it as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, the foundation of our faith and hope, our soul's unfailing support.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

Natural Affection—Sermon by the Rev. B. W. Martin, D. D.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the attendance of devotees at the Church of the Disciples, in Steinway Hall, was unusually small; but those who faced the storm were repaid by hearing an eloquent and earnest discourse from the lips of the Rev. B. W. Martin.

The learned divine took his text from the thirty-first verse of the first epistle of St. Paul to the Romans—"Without natural affection"—and commenced by stating that the Apostle Paul had, in his day, to lament that the people were without natural affection, in that corrupt and mercenary fondnesses were destroying and eradicating it. He would speak with regard to religious affection. First came conscience—that wondrous hidden power that can "make cowards of us all;" then our love of happiness and disappreciation of misery, the impulse to promote the welfare of our fellow creatures and preserve the

PEACE AND PURITY

of our lives. Yet with the majority of men how low and poor is the sense of duty; how little do those who are prospering care for the welfare of others! There is with them an utter dearth of all religious feeling; the very presence of a minister of the Gospel is painful and oppressive; and this is the effect of no religious spirit ever having been awakened within them. The agencies of sin are many. First comes the influence of unbelief. Our affections are merely impulses of the heart, and, unless an object is presented to us, we are disinclined to believe in its existence. For instance, the savage natives of this Continent never had that passion for alcoholic stimulants that they now display until they were given the debasing fluids by civilized men. With all our appetites, and even in our literary tastes, this holds good; some peculiar circumstances lead our minds in certain directions and govern and develop our affections and passions. Some of us have a passion for

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

volumes of lore, others for pictures, flowers, plants and inanimate objects, which a less enthusiastic man does not or cannot appreciate the beauties of. The man who does not believe in God is in darkness; though he has a soul and can feel devoted to those who care for, who will suffer for, him, he is without light, and cannot out of his unbelieving heart have any impulse of affection for his great Redeemer, the history of whose glorious sacrifice for mankind he deems but a fable. Some among us care not for eternity, holding the belief that when the body dies the soul expires also. It may not be their moral baseness which gives life to this idea, but their

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE

and want of faith. Passions and ambitions belong to cultured people; uncivilized persons or those who newly settle in a country generally enter upon the great business of life—the acquirement of wealth—and have no time to cultivate affections, refined or otherwise. Among savage races there is but little natural affection—almost an utter lack of that most potent instinct which induces a mother to love and cherish her babe; yet when the Gospel is read to them and they are shown light, sorrow for past sins ensues, and reformation takes place. Things that are not near to our vision we do not properly appreciate, yet when brought in contact with them we admit their merits or defects. It is so with religion. While in ignorance, standing, as it were, at a distance from divine fruit, we cannot perceive

ITS BEAUTIES AND COMFORTS;

but when, by strenuous exertion, we gain light we are fully able to comprehend how great is our reward and the magnitude of past errors which we had previously considered mere venial sins. But our worst enemy is that feeling which prompts us to resist the honest influences of the heart. No matter what our ideas and natures may be a man cannot go through the world without having spiritual impulses. He has vague feelings and desires for something nobler—some higher and better purpose in life. He should, then, persistently struggle towards the dawn of light that beams upon him; but, alas! he generally evades it and prefers to walk in darkness. A sense of our sinfulness comes upon us at times, and we wish that we were more worthy; but walking in the right path perchance may interfere with the ordinary routine of our lives; so we procrastinate and

PUT ASIDE RELIGIOUS REFORM

until the good impulses grow weaker and fainter and finally die out of our natures altogether. Sin is hostile to all that is best and lovable within us; it makes a man alien to God and all that is good. If sin had the same influence upon the faculties of our physical nature as it has upon our spiritual our consideration of it would be very different. If we became lame or blind through sin we should have a different idea of its power; yet it blinds us morally, for it shuts

KNOWLEDGE OF

His love and fondness for us. Habitual sin demoralizes our natures, even though the influence within us prompts us to do right. If we would be vigilant when our feelings tend toward the right path and foster the good impulses and not let them die out, we should soon gain that light which will conduct us to the kingdom of heaven. God rules over us, the merciful Saviour is near, and as the sun in spring time falls upon the dull soil of the earth and quickens and awakens vegetation, so will the light of salvation and life hereafter beam upon us if we go to God and pour the tale of our sins and sorrows into His all-attentive ear.

ST. STEPHEN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn—The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes—Holy Communion—Preparation for Easter—Human Judges of Men's Souls.

Though the weather was so wretchedly bad yesterday morning, St. Stephen's church was filled as usual with a large congregation. The music of the mass was rendered by the efficient choir with customary ability, the singing at the vespers being especially fine.

High mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. J. Boyle, a young clergyman just ordained, and who now, after a most distinguished collegiate course, has been honored with a professorship in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Philadelphia.

After the first gospel the Rev. Dr. McGlynn preached from the gospel of the day, in which is related the miracle of the loaves and fishes:—The miracle of the loaves and fishes is the type of the blessed Sacrament. The Gospel speaks of both in the sixth chapter of St. John, and in time and place they are closed together. The miracle occurred about a year before the Saviour's death, when He, with His disciples, went apart for rest from the city. The disciples had returned after preaching in the provinces and needed quiet after their labors. But the multitude must have heard that Christ had crossed over to the opposite coast from the city, and they flocked around Him in large numbers, being in all about five thousand men. To feed these, lest "they might faint by the way," the Saviour performed the miracle. To these same people also, in a short time afterward, He promised the Sacrament of the Eucharist. It was not by the display He made in performing miracles that the people were attracted to Him. It was because they had seen that He was doing miraculous deeds for the diseased; that He was compassionate to the sick man; that He was doing these things because His heart was touched. This was one of the tests of His divinity. He told us to "learn of Him, because He was meek and humble of heart." The example of His life in this regard should not be lost sight of. If we are Christians, then we must learn to follow in the footsteps of the Master. We must conquer ourselves. We must be meek, charitable, humble, when nature would prompt us to be the reverse. We must forgive the slanderer and the liar, as well as avoid the vanity it might cause to expose their failings. God alone must punish, and He alone can read men's souls. This conquering of ourselves is a miracle—a great miracle—and wins men to God. The multitude who flocked around the Saviour, as told in the Gospel, followed Him because He was "meek and humble of heart." The charity which man practises towards his fellow man is light from another human heart, but it is also light reflected from the heart of an Incarnate God. This miracle of the loaves and fishes was in some respects the greatest of all His miracles. It was performed before the largest number of persons, and it is plainly the type of the Holy Communion. When the multitudes had eaten they cried aloud that that was indeed the promised prophet, and the Saviour had to retire to a distance lest they might insist upon hailing Him as King and treating Him with kingly honors. But in this miracle we may learn how that other miracle of the Eucharist was given to us, and may understand His invitations to us to be fed. The loaves and fishes were given to the Israelites lest on their returning to their homes they "might faint by the way." And, during all the ages since the institution of the blessed Sacrament, the Saviour's love has continued to feed the fainting souls of faithful Christians with that other food which is His body and blood, and He will do so to the end of time. From the works left us by the holy Fathers and the opinions of great theologians I am persuaded that the early Church inculcated the receiving of the blessed Sacrament every day. We must remember that we should not wait to be perfect before receiving Holy Communion. Were we to do so we should never receive it. The blessed Sacrament was instituted to help us to greater love of God, to greater charity, to closer ties with our Saviour. It was given to us to make us better, to draw us nearer to God, to make us feel more constantly our dependence on Him, and, by the bond of love which constant union with Him would form, to sustain and protect us and bring down upon us more abundant graces from heaven.

The reverend preacher then went on to speak about the necessity of preparing for the Easter communion, and advised his hearers especially to practise charity. Fathers of families should learn from the gospel of the day to help sick men and lead them by their own example of Christian virtues to a reconciliation with God. They should, by being "meek and humble of heart," illustrate the lesson of the gospel, and, by conquering themselves, attract to morality and a good life the heartless sinner, steeped in crime, or encourage those who had been recently at confession. Eagerly as the Saviour invited us to partake of His sacred body and blood, it should be remembered that He Himself, appearing, as it were, like a slighted lover, told us that there was yet a terrible condemnation for those who had neglected to prepare properly for the sacred feast. The reverend doctor concluded with some forcible remarks concerning those people who, as it were, put themselves in the judgment seat of God and presumed to read the most secret thoughts of men; to pronounce upon the exact limit for light which the Almighty had given to many of His creatures, and then to judge whether or not the Almighty should or should not act otherwise toward these, His creatures, than as the feeble minds of these poor human judges would direct. God alone was Judge; God alone could read the heart and understand the aspirations of His creatures' souls.

THE DOMINICAN'S NEW CHURCH.

Opening of the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer—Father Burke's Sermons.

In the formation of the world's history it has become axiomatic that the march of civilization and the spread of the religion of the true God have ever been characterized by a corresponding cultivation of art in its various branches. Hence it was that those periods which were brightest in the existence of the Church were marked by a proficiency in painting, sculpture, music, &c., such as has not been attained in more recent times. Although the converse of this axiom is not necessarily true, still it remains undoubted that art is a choice handmaid of religion, as the efforts of all religionists to identify them amply testify. Not least among those who have won many hearts to the fold, by appealing to them through the medium of art, are the fathers of the

ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

The church they have just completed, at the corner of Lexington avenue and Sixty-sixth street, may challenge the admiration of all who venture within its walls. It was commenced over four years ago, and after two years was so far advanced that the dedication took place. Since that time the pastor, Rev. Father Lilly, procured the services of Messrs. Lang & Kinkelen, of Munich, to execute ten fresco paintings on the walls of the interior. This alone cost $4,500, and painting and decorations were carried on at a further expense of $12,000. The entire cost of the edifice foots up $150,000. The basement walls are of stone—the upper ones of brick; but the front is to be cased with brown stone. It is 175 feet long by 75 in width, the main entrance being through the front on Lexington avenue. The entire structure is purely Gothic, after the school of Overbeck. The twenty windows are of rich stained glass, each being the gift of some devoted member of the congregation. Two thousand persons can be seated within its walls. The altars, the organ, pews, heaters, &c., are of the most approved pattern. A tall spire projects above the entrance, from which the bell tolling reminds one at a distance of the romantic temple of the Rhine. The attractive feature of the church, however, is

THE FRESCO PAINTINGS.

The largest of these is directly over the main altar, representing the crucifixion. Christ is suspended on the tree, the pious women of Jerusalem weeping at his feet. In the back ground the executioners are grouped, and none of the characters are strained or overdrawn. To the left is a picture of the nativity of Jesus, and to the right a representation of John the Baptist. Then follow ten other paintings, as described in yesterday's HERALD. That of the annunciation possesses a peculiarly seraphic expression. Christ in his home at Nazareth is very natural. He is portrayed with a saw in his hand, doing the work of his foster father, and underneath are the words, in latin:—"He was subject to them."

Yesterday being the day set apart for the grand opening of the church a solemn high mass was celebrated at half-past ten, and the great preacher (Father Thomas Burke), who has attracted crowds to the church every evening during Lent, delivered a sermon, dwelling mainly on the decorations of the church. Notwithstanding his sickness he enraptured his audience, as is his wont, by the vigor of his language, his brilliant and abundant imagery, and, above all, by his earnestness. At eight o'clock last evening he lectured on

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,
the Mother and Inspiration of Art." Admission was by tickets of a dollar each; yet the building was thronged. Archbishop McCloskey and many of the pastors of New York were present. The interior was illuminated by hundreds of gaslights; the picture of the crucifixion was brightened by the glare of reflectors, and two large candelabra shot forth fifty-five flames on each side of the sanctuary. While the eye was thus in raptures the organ pealed forth its sweetest symphonies with fine effect. All that the Church had ever done to cultivate the arts of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c., was then vividly recalled by the preacher. No account of Father Burke's discourses could do justice to them. In order to be understood and appreciated he must be heard. He will remain in this city until Easter, when he intends to go South.

NEW ENGLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Patience the True Foundation of Christian Life—Encouragements to Well Doing in this World—Sermon by Rev. Edwin S. Williams, of Andover, Mass.

The services yesterday morning at the New England Congregational church, corner of Madison avenue and Forty-seventh street, were very well attended, considering the unpleasantness of the weather. In the absence of the regular minister, Dr. Richardson, who is on a vacation, the services were conducted by Rev. Edwin S. Williams, pastor of the Free church, Andover, Mass. His subject was "A Christian's Need of Patience," and was based upon part of Hebrew x., 36—"Ye have need of patience." Discouragement is a necessary incident of a true Christian life. All souls pressing onward toward the haven of perfect rest must head up against baffling storms. Dreary days of hopelessness precede the bright and full shining of perfect peace. If persecution rages outwardly there is little saddening introspection. If all is outward peace God lets

DARK-WINGED ANGELS

of despondency tempt the soul, that would welcome as sweet relief heroic suffering on some high battle plane of duty. And while he told them at the beginning they had need of patience, he cheered them by saying that not only those who are aiming at the lowest ideals were saddened by failure, but also those who are aiming at the highest. Were they not they would be careless and stolid. Some men of iron will, nerves of steel and the digestion of an ox are never discouraged. In temporal and spiritual matters they have a sort of courage not of the highest kind, but of unfailing power. Others have been born melancholy. Nothing can rouse them from it. Christians are, as a mass, struggling men, and as such the apostle spoke to them, bidding them have patience. The reverend gentleman said he had a few things to say to them which might make them bear their burdens more patiently. You commenced the Christian life with a mistaken idea of it. You hoped to go straight through to

HEAVEN'S PORTALS.

The gushing gladness of young converts changes. They chafe at steady toil. So thrilling were their first experiences that their thoughts of conflict were thoughts of victory, never of defeat. Religion was to pass you along life's way as smoothly as the Venetian gondola glides, or as the light, airy pleasure boats of Central Park. Finding yourself in a lifeboat on a stormy sea, and having to pull both oars of faith lustily or drive on the rocks, you have need of patience. It encourages you that there is not so much

STIR IN THE CHURCH

about you as before you became a convert. They now seem to say, "Shift for yourself." And this you have found not so easy. After illustrating this at eloquent length he urged that the great end of the Gospel is to make self-sustaining men. Many are discouraged because they are not happier in the Christian life. It must be remembered that rain, as well as the sun, makes the harvest, and the clouds are as important as the sunshine. So pain is healthy for the soul. It grows more under groans and sighs than under the light beams of dangerous prosperity. Cross-bearing fully precedes crown-wearing. The yoke and the burden prepare the way for the rest and the feast. There is no royal road to happiness, or, rather, there is no mean way to it. It is a road of duty, doing, of loving kindness, of self-denial, of cross-bearing. His next point was that many are discouraged and have need of patience because they have not learned to do business for the Almighty. You are trying to

SERVE GOD ON SUNDAY,

and failing to realize the relation of your daily occupation to your soul's growth. You are trying to live two when you can only well do one, and that is to be a Christian always, everywhere and in everything. That store, loom, farm, bank, mill, set of books, must be taken care of, but the business of the day will be all the better done because of the light and inspiration of your morning worship. A warrior may be a good Christian. Admiral Foote, crowned with victory, left his gunboat to preach in a chapel of a captured town. High position and wealth are all the better backed up by religious lives. Chief Justice Chase, when in health, taught a Bible class. The famous banker who negotiated the great war loan for the government and now carries the weight of the Pacific Railway on his back has a Sabbath school class. Religion should sweep in its influence through all our lives. Every day experience is the true Christian test. After dwelling with cogent force upon this division of his discourse he came to the concluding point—the discouragement that many feel at their utter failure to realize their ideal. He urged that they should be thankful for the dream of better things, if they did not realize them. He is a poor musician who does not conceive of other music than he can make. Every noble painter plans grander pictures than his pencil can accomplish. All true preachers have sermons revolving in their minds beyond their utmost capacity of writing. The long distance between their aims and accomplishments should stimulate them to increased efforts. They should not be of drooping spirit, but rejoice that they are kindred with

EARTH'S NOBLEST SOULS,

and press on, patient yet persevering. In the blissful school of heaven, with Christ and the holy Comforter, and troops of angels, they shall make up for what may seem deficiencies in their earthly culture. This should be the foundation of their encouragement. They are weak, but God is strong.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Anniversary of the Young Men's Social and Benevolent Society—Interesting Services—Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Adams on "True Greatness."

The Fifth avenue Presbyterian church last evening, on the occasion of the anniversary of a social and benevolent society formed of the young men of the congregation, was quite well filled. The old and young were there, and especially were there present a great many young men and women. In the pulpit sat three venerable pastors, whose heads are streaked with hair of a silvery hue—the Rev. Dr. Adams, Dr. Hall and Dr. Alexander—and whose labors are well known to the pious folk of the Scottish kirk in New York. At the opening of the services Dr. Hall announced a hymn, which was sung by the audience. Dr. Alexander then delivered an impressive prayer, and read from the Scriptures the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. Another hymn followed to the beautiful tune of "Harwich." The Rev. Dr. Adams then began his sermon, taking for the subject St. Matthew, xx., 26 and 27—"But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." He said,

A NEW RULE OF LIFE

is here propounded by the Son of God. That which immediately followed this declaration proves how confused were the notions of the disciples of our Lord regarding His future intentions. It was not strange that some ideas of personal ambition should mingle with their thoughts, and that there should be swimming, as it were, in their mind golden visions of what would be their lot when He the King of Heaven should come to His own. In such a case we can readily excuse in a mother's heart the feeling which gave rise to her request that her two sons should sit with the Saviour in His glory, the one on the right hand and the other on the left. They were led away by mistaken conceptions of Christ's royal promotions. In His answer to this request to sit with His Imperial Majesty. He does not infer that there will be no royal promotion or no degrees of promotion. He shows that they have not a true idea of that by which such promotion may be obtained. Not knowing the full bitterness of the cup that He was to drink they answered that they were able to endure what He was to endure—the fellowship of suffering by which they should alone enter the kingdom—the constituted reward of true greatness. The occasion had come when Our Lord should propose His especial doctrine in regard to greatness. It had for a long time before been esteemed as authority, power, office. But it shall not be so, He says; and here we have in boldest contrast the universal thought upon this subject and Jesus Christ's definition,

SELF-EXALTATION AND SELF-DEBASEMENT,

the one represented by kings and rulers; the other by Jesus Christ.

The reverend preacher illustrated the infinitude of ambition that hungers and thirsts for power and human applause by the examples of Alexander and Cicero, the former of whom wanted more worlds to conquer, and the latter desired a friend to eulogize him after his death, even at the expense of truth, making the excuse that the letter by which he made this request could not blush. The love of admiration, applause, pleasure, possession, the pride of independence, self-indulgence, luxury, military power, not for the purpose of dispensing light and liberty, peace and prosperity, and so

Read his history in a nation's eyes,

but, when the life is gone, to have the flag at half-mast, to be honored with the thunder of the minute gun and solemn panegyrics upon his deeds—what is it but selfishness? Men may call this an honorable ambition, but it is in reality essential meanness—littleness. Now for the contrast. The Son of Man gave His life for others. That is the new idea dropped into the crucible of existence to permeate the whole chemical solution. He bore the form of service from no other cause than love, unbribed, spontaneous love. This is greatness. How wondrously have the words of the John the Baptist been fulfilled in the case of every aspirant for fame—"He must increase; I must decrease." The true symbol of his greatness is the cross. And how that word of his has been fulfilled and is destined to be fulfilled—"If I be lifted up, I draw all men unto Me." More and more has that idea grown in the lower classes of the world. Power decays, while the name of Christ mounts higher and higher. He makes most of life whose aims and labors are most simply and purely benevolent, who accomplishes most in the way of practical usefulness.

GOOD IS NOT A MEANS, BUT AN END.

The reverend preacher proceeded to say that the great fault of man is to exalt the intellectual over the moral, and over both the material. Few men had done more in the demolition of shams than Carlyle; but in casting down evils he has lifted up others. The iconoclast was greatly at fault in his attack upon the memory of Howard. He was an example of true greatness, a hero of Christian stamp—great as Jesus Christ computes greatness. When a man like Carlyle sneers at the mediocrity of Wilberforce it shows how incapable a man of genius may be of comprehending that greatness and how easily he may worship his own intellect after having taught the world how to shun the horrors of Moloch and the wilful darkness of Ashtoreth. Dr. Adams cited the life of Jonathan Edwards as another example of the true greatness—who, after a hard, rough life, died of the smallpox. But this was only the beginning of the immortality of the man who is now regarded in both worlds as the prince of the reasoning art. What a great waste of talent were the lives of Molière, Rosseau, Voltaire, Jonathan Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Sheridan, David Hume, Byron, Goethe, Gibbon.

God counts glory in a very different style than human pride. The man whose name is never gazetted upon earth may stand among the highest in the book of the Lamb. There is a time coming for the manifestation of the sons of God, when all common notions of greatness will be reversed; the small will take the place of the great, the poor of the rich, the high of the low. They who walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, thinking not of fame, which is the shadow of greatness, but of greatness itself, will be manifested at the last day as the sons and daughters of the Almighty.

A hymn was sung to the air of "Sweet Home," and the congregation dispersed, with the benediction from the lips of Dr. Hall.

CANAL STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Christ the Best of Lawyers—The Prisoner Without Counsel—Discourse by the Rev. David Mitchell.

Yesterday morning the congregation at the Canal Street Presbyterian church was rendered very small by the inclement mood of nature out of doors.

The humid clouds, descending,
Gently wept in rainy tears.

And they made umbrellas the great necessity of the day. The Rev. David Mitchell, however, preached with great earnestness and spirit a sermon entitled

"A PRISONER WITHOUT COUNSEL,"

founded on the sixteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy—"No man stood with me."

The Apostle in this tender and beautiful passage, said the preacher, has reference to his last trial at Rome. There was little prospect of obtaining justice at such a tribunal. He writes, as if fearing lest the murderous intentions of his enemies should be carried out before he could see and embrace his beloved son, "I am now ready to be offered." Paul then had been regularly brought up for trial. Imagine the scene. There is reason to believe that on the trial of such a distinguished Christian as Paul the court room would be crowded with eager spectators. At length the prisoner appears, an aged, white-haired drooping man, but with a heavenly light in his eye, and marked by an undaunted yet reverential bearing. He is without attendant, without friends or counsellors.

ALONE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL

he came; for he says, "No man stood with me." This certainly may mean that he stood alone, without any friends; but it also means that he was without counsel. He had no one to plead his cause. This text, then, suggests the inability of the Apostle to pay for counsel. An advocate is appointed virtually to plead for the poor and ignorant, who cannot do justice to their own claims; but in times of degradation the counsel makes money his one condition of taking a case.

CORRUPTION AND BRIBERY

held sway during Nero's reign, and a man like Paul must plead his cause alone.

Secondly, the text suggests the danger to a counsellor who should undertake Paul's defence. To identify one's self with the Apostle under trial was to aid and abet the religion of Jesus Christ and to incur the danger of persecution.

Thirdly, the text shows the Apostle defending himself in

A SENSE OF INNOCENCE

of the charges made against him. Yet he pleads "guilty," for the accusation is in substance that of preaching Christ, of whom he was a follower and a believer. From his bar as from a pulpit he preaches salvation before his judges and prosecutors.

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL THE WORLD.

In conclusion the preacher cited this fearless fortitude as an example for all the world, and said that the text pointed to the one advocate of Christians, Jesus Christ, the righteous. To him we should look under all our trials, and at length for justification at the bar of Heaven.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

What Is to be Our Future Condition?—Shall We Know Each Other in the Spirit World?

Mr. Beecher preached yesterday morning from I. Corinthians xiii., 13—"Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." Paul stood second to none in point of knowledge of all the inspired writers; yet it is astonishing to see how little he thought he knew. You will be surprised if you go through the New Testament to find how little information is given about the hereafter. The instruction of this book is generic rather than specific. In this chapter love is set up as above all gifts and developments. It is as if Paul said there are many things that are good, but are local and temporary; but love never faileth; that is to say, it inheres in the everlasting nature of God, and in all His works. Paul looked beyond not only his own age, but beyond this life, to an ideal perfection. All these limited, partial things must drop away as the mature fruit develops. Now, we look through a window dimly—a window that gives an indistinct view of the landscape. But in that great future to which which we are coming, in which humanity comes to its fulness, we shall know as we are known—that is, perfectly, distinctly. Now, at our best, we may say, without any special modesty, that we only know something in general, but very little in particular. Yet there is something that we do know positively. What is that? Now abideth faith, hope, love—these three. Here is

A LUMINOUS PATH,

along which the soul will travel in the other life. What is faith? The evidence of things not seen. It is that by which we discern supersensuous things. Faith is that action of the mind that takes in all that the senses do not take in—the state of mind that feels a truth that has no physical exponent. Now faith abides. Much will go down. But the soul is to be developed in the line of the higher qualities of the soul. Next comes hope. This, I think, is not to be limited to our small idea of hope. Courage, cheer, aspiration, the heart, the root of the aspiring power; this is hope. One thing more—love; that which is the source of joy, of music, of harmony, for ourselves and others. These three point the direction of future manhood, and the greatest of these is love. We are not forbidden to lift up our eyes as poet or painter, but as far as an authoritative revelation is concerned we only know that we are to grow in our highest nature, and that this development

WILL BRING JOY.

When that which is perfect is come then we shall know. It is impossible in our imperfect state to understand that which we shall know in a higher state of development. Shall we know each other in the future life? There is no proof that we shall. I believe that we shall. But let us think of this. How much of all that is personal will drop away in the other life? We know our friends by their characteristics. Shall we know them when they drop these characteristics? How much will be left to know of some men when their faults are all corrected? Shall I find my children in heaven? Will they know me—do they know me now—are they mine? or are they like the drops of a stream—are they lost in the great whole? I believe we shall know our children; but I only know that faith, hope, love, are not relative. I am at liberty to believe, but my belief is not God's revelation. But if you go into the specialties you have no answer. It is certain that we shall be satisfied, and that is all we know. In all our longing for the heavenly land let us remember that the waste is only in the part that is relative to a lower life. What eagle ever went sorrowing after its shell? So when we spread our wings we should never look back to those lower nests for the broken sh