THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Christianity Expounded by Eminent Divines.

PORTEOUS ON THE NEW PENTECOST.

Beecher and Universal Salvation.

Dedication of a New Catholic Church at Tremont.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH.—The attendance was not very large at All Souls' church yesterday morning. Mr. Thayer, of Boston, occupied the pulpit, in the absence of Dr. Bellows. His text was—"Put your trust in God rather than in princes."

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.—The Rev. Edward Jessup's church was attended by a large congregation. Mr. Jessup delivered an able discourse, taking for his text Matthew x., 32—"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven."

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.—This church, situated on Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, was largely filled yesterday morning. The text chosen by the preacher, the Rev. C. Wiel, of France, was "God in Love," and the subject was treated in a laudable, broad church fashion. The sermon was one of unusual ability.

SANDS STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—There was a large attendance yesterday morning at the Sands street Methodist church. The pastor, Rev. G. Delamater, preached an effective temperance sermon, taking his text from Habakkuk, ii., 15—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest the bottle to him and makest him drunken also."

WASHINGTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—The Washington street church had a fair attendance yesterday morning. A large collection for the superannuated clergy was taken up. Mr. Searles chose his text from Matthew, xiii., 33—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. J. Clement, French pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church, Court street, Brooklyn, preached to a large congregation, yesterday morning, on the subject of "Liberty" from a text taken from the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel, the thirty-second verse—"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The pulpit of this church was occupied yesterday morning by the Rev. Albert J. Lyman, pastor of the South Congregational church, who preached a sermon on the relation of Christ and man, using as his text the words "But Christ is all and in all," selected from the end of the eleventh verse, in the third chapter of Paul's epistle to the Colossians.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—In this church, corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, the Rev. Mr. Dawson took for his text the seventh chapter of Joshua, having reference to the conquest of Jericho, where Achan concealed the gold and silver found there. The principal point in the reverend gentleman's discourse was the subject of auricular confession, with which he, of course, disagreed.

ST. PETER'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—At the high mass, celebrated in this church yesterday, a numerous congregation was in attendance. Rev. Father Corley officiated. The mass sung was Generali's in E minor ("Kyrie" and "Gloria"), with the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei," from Mozart's No. 7. A sermon on the gospel of the day (John viii., 46-59) was preached by Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, the pastor of the parish.

THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION.—The Church of the Incarnation, on Madison avenue, was crowded yesterday morning by a brilliant audience. Dr. Montgomery selected his text from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Thessalonians, third and fourth verses, from which he enlarged upon the subject of personal holiness—not a mere outward holiness, but a holiness of heart, founded upon the religion of Jesus Christ.

THE REFORMED CHURCH.—The attendance at the morning service of this church was not very numerous yesterday. The pastor, the Rev. J. Tatlock, officiated. The text from which the sermon was preached was taken from the second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, iii., 18:—"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—At this church, situated in First place, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, there was a congregation of moderate dimensions. The pastor preached from the seventh and eighth verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.—The service in St. Paul's Lutheran church, situated in Sixth avenue, is conducted in German, by the venerable and learned pastor, F. W. Geissenheimer. The text chosen was from St. John, xviii., 28-30—alluding to Christ's passion and His noble conduct before His judges. He pointed out what a noble example that of our Saviour was for mankind to follow, and how unhappy men were who had no hope of eternal salvation.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—There was a large congregation at this church during forenoon service yesterday. Prayers were commenced and the lessons of the day read by the Rev. Dr. Mulcahay. The Litany was recited by the Rev. Mr. Hale. The Rev. Dr. Haight read the ante-communion service, and afterwards preached to the congregation, taking as his text the words from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, i., 21—"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

HANSON PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. Fulton preached at the Hanson place Baptist church, Brooklyn, a very eloquent and effective sermon, yesterday morning, on the death of Charles Sumner—a sermon prepared for last Sunday, but delayed in delivery on account of his having to officiate at the funeral of an old friend. Dr. Fulton gave a summary of Sumner's whole life, and said that the lesson of Charles Sumner's life would be fruitful in all ages to come. His text was John i., 47.

ST. ANDREW'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—This church was yesterday filled by its usual large number of reverent attendants at High Mass, the Rev. Father Curran, pastor, celebrant. The mass sung was Mozart's No. 2. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father McClancy, of St. Peter's. As the forty hours' adoration of the Blessed Sacrament commenced at St. Andrew's on this Sunday, his discourse consisted of an explanatory and instructive lecture on the doctrine of the real presence in the Holy Eucharist.

OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—A large and appreciative concourse of worshippers assembled at the morning service of this church yesterday in attendance on the ministration of the Rev. N. G. Cheney, the pastor. Mr. Cheney, using the words, "Let us go on unto perfection," in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, vi., 1, as the text for his discourse, preached an instructive and eloquent sermon on the necessity of continuous earnest struggle towards the attainment of a pure and holy life.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Calvary Baptist church in Twenty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, was well filled at the yesterday morning services. The pulpit was occupied by the pastor, Rev. R. S. MacArthur. The subject was "Christians God's Temples," and his text I. Corinthians, i., 16—"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God." St. Paul, in comparing Christians to temples, he said, instituted a comparison which most vividly portrayed the character of the Christian for firmness, strength and durability.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.—The Rev. W. G. R. Mellen, of Staten Island, preached in the Church of the Messiah, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, yesterday morning, to a congregation fair in numbers, taking for his text I. Timothy, i., 11—"According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust." The preacher, after an eloqent introduction, reviewed the various phases of Christianity in the world, with full reference to the liberal and narrow-minded opinions that exist.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, VARICK STREET.—This church has latterly been brought prominently before the public, on account of its being the headquarters of the St. John's Guild, which charity is the creation of one of its clergy. The sermon yesterday was preached by the Rev. Dr. Weston, from Psalms, xiii., 5—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul; why art thou so disquieted within me?" The subject was well discussed throughout, showing that the reverend doctor has lost none of his old time vigor of mind by his late severe illness.

MISSION BUILDING IN SEVENTH AVENUE.—The Rev. George D. Matthews, who was lately the pastor of the Jayne street Reformed Presbyterian church, which he left a couple of weeks ago in consequence of a disagreement with some of the congregation and the Presbytery, on account of his alleged leaning to Presbyterianism, preached yesterday at Mission Building in Seventh avenue, near Eighteenth street, to a congregation of several hundred people. The subject chosen in the morning was "Christ's Self-Denial," which he treated with marked ability.

LAFAYETTE AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Dr. Cuyler's church was well attended, as usual, yesterday morning. The singing was very fine. Dr. Cuyler chose his text from Thessalonians, ii., 4—"Not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts." This is always the test question with us. Are you living for self or for God? The natural tendency of the heart sets away from God; man's heart is fully set to do evil, and the Gospel is not attractive until God leads us to look on it in the right light. How shall we please God? By asking God's pardon for what is past and the help of His upholding hand for the future.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.—The second week of the retreat at St. Stephen's church was brought to a close yesterday. At the high mass in the morning the sermon was preached by Father McGlynn, who dwelt upon the necessity of the people attending the retreat, as this was the accepted time, and the opportunity should not be lost to embrace salvation. A fine musical mass was rendered by Professor Danforth and his superior quartet choir. This week the exercises will be for both men and women, sermons being preached in the morning, at half-past nine o'clock, by Father Fitzpatrick, and in the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, by Father Tissot.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The venerable pastor, Rev. Dr. William Adams, of the Madison avenue Presbyterian church, preached yesterday morning to a large congregation. His subject was "The Transfiguration of Christ," as described in the seventeenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. This, he said, was a special epoch in the life of Christ. He described it as a prelude of refulgent glory to the shame and suffering He was soon afterward to undergo in expiation of the sins of the world. It was a most eloquent discourse, and commanded throughout the undivided attention of his large congregation.

SOUTH REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH.—There was a large and fashionable congregation at the services yesterday morning at the South Reformed Dutch church, corner Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street. Rev. Dr. E. P. Rodgers, the pastor, preached from the text, Proverbs, xiv., 9—"Fools make a mock of sin." He enforced the doctrine that only fools make a mock of sin; that however elevated one's station in life might be, however great his accomplishments, and however broad and comprehensive his learning and keen and subtle his wit, yet if he made a mock of sin he was, in the eyes of God, a fool. After showing the folly of worldly wisdom he pointed out the beauty and glory of true wisdom.

THE EIGHTEENTH STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—This old temple of worship, established in 1835, had a large congregation yesterday, who listened to a sermon by the Rev. Charles E. Keyes, who temporarily took the place of the regular pastor, the Rev. Dr. Terry, who was preaching at New Rochelle. The text chosen was from Luke and was—"O! If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." The preacher besought his hearers never for an instant to forget the shortness of human life, and to make peace with their Maker while there was a chance to be saved, and to bear the thought in mind that in the midst of life we are in the midst of death.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Dr. John Hall preached yesterday morning from Revelations, xxi., 2-7. He spoke of the dissimilarity of views of many Christians on these predictions and concerning the millennium. A reign of peace and good will was foretold, which some believed had a literal interpretation, while the majority believed it to be a reference to that perfect state to which men will come in the fulness of time. The reverend gentleman said that it would never probably occur that the lion and the lamb would lie down together, nor that Jerusalem would be once again the home of the wandering tribes of Israel. But the heaven which Christ had spoken of was in store for those who so made their light shine that a better hereafter awaited them.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Yesterday this beautiful little church, situated on Clinton street, corner of Carroll, Brooklyn, was well filled by the fashionable residents of the neighborhood. The service here is rendered very solemnly and effectively by the fine choir of male voices. There is to be a Confirmation service on the third Sunday in April, and in view of this the Rev. Dr. Drowne preached an admonitory sermon to the young people from the text contained in the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the third and fourth verses—"And he went out about the third hour and saw others standing idle in the market place, and said unto them go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way."

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT.—The Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Park avenue and Thirty-fifth street, preached to a large and fashionable congregation yesterday morning from the text, Matthew viii., 23-27—"And when he was entered into a ship his disciples followed him. And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us; we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

LYRIC HALL.—As the basis of the subject of his discourse yesterday morning—"The Saint of Humanity"—Mr. Frothingham took, what he rarely does, a Bible text, his text being those words of Christ—"Not my will, but thine be done." After drawing a contrast between the Hebrew, Catholic and Protestant saints, and indicating the divine characteristics of saints in general, he presented Charles Sumner as the saint of humanity. Many, he said, would smile at the idea of calling him a saint. He had the profoundest respect for religion, and was a member of the first Unitarian church in this country. He stood very strong on two very steadfast feet. He spoke specially of his endurance of physical pain, and after showing him a hero in this regard, he claimed for him the title of saint, more especially on account of his long years of zealous labor to secure the abolition of slavery in the United States.

PORTEOUS ON PENTECOST.

Startling Assertions from the Pulpit of St. John's Church, Brooklyn—Wherein Lies the Weakness of Our Modern Churches—What Religion Really Consists In.

The handsome edifice of the parish of St. John's Methodist Episcopal church, Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, was crowded in every part at the principal service yesterday morning. The distinguished Rev. Dr. George B. Porteous, late of London, England, preached upon the occasion, taking for his text:—"Great events are recurrent."—Acts ii., 4. The marvels and miracles of the past are repeated in larger outline and fuller meaning in the present. An age of moral wonders surpasses one of dramatic and sensuous display—the spiritual is superior to and explanatory of a miraculous time—the dispensation of truth is greater than that of facts, for the former is at once the sublimation an fulfilment of the latter. The Pentecost of the first century, historical and auspicious as it undoubtedly was—full of marvel and mystery and forcible and fruitful—was parent of pentecosts yet to come upon the Church and the world. The phenomenon was grand; its associations were novel and startling, its results manifold, gracious and surprising. But the recurrence of such a pentecost is more frequent and significant than we imagine. The Church seems to-day to be in throes and keen expectancy to give birth to a pentecost. The conditions for its recurrence are gradually maturing, and a survey of the helps and hinderances to its eventual visitation will quicken in us, I trust, fervent desire to participate in

THE "REFRESHING" WHICH IT HERALDS

direct from the "presence of the Lord." When the day of Pentecost had fully come, after days of earnest and prayerful waiting and watching for the Saviour's promised gift—the Paraclete—the hearts of that feeble band of believers were take possession of; the mild, miraculous influence descended through the affection and set on fire the intellect, and then outward symbols appeared in the shape of cloven tongues of fire resting upon their brows. The preaching of the Gospel then began in earnest. Sts. Peter and Andrew, Sts. James and John, every member of that select fraternity, with no unseemly haste, nor jarring, nor disputes, nor divisions, nor jealousies, nor heartburnings, but all as one man and mind revealed through many organs, took their places as they were moved by the Divine Inspirer—some perhaps near Pilate's judgment hall, others in the market place or on building sites, or in porches of houses freely granted them—led by the inward Witness to a special spot. Simple, direct and magnetic these teachers went forth to preach and teach. Their proclamation was of salvation and refuge and shelter for mankind from evil and death. Without now alluding to the laws which underlie the unusual form of manifestation then made—viz., that of speech in foreign tongues—there is a lesson in the occurrence well worthy of special emphasis. What is it? This:—That those who would undertake to preach the Christian Gospel need themselves, nay, must have as a prerequisite, just such a baptism—that of the Holy Ghost and fire. To all who teach others, whether cleric or lay, the lesson is addressed. Are we astonished at the marvellous draught of fishes brought to land by St. Peter (now fisher of men), or amazed at the copious outpouring of spiritual gifts on the day of Pentecost, as compared with what are called the small returns of genuine converts in our modern churches? What, we ask, is the cause of the prevailing paucity—a poverty of religious vitality in the centres of Christendom? How does the world answer our question? Must we learn from it what it is which afflicts our piety, our progress, our whole spiritual tone and triumphs? Let the world answer! It does not know us better than we know ourselves; but it is well to hear what others think about us, though thoroughly they know us not. Now

WHAT DOES THE WORLD SAY

of our denominational and general capacity as preachers of truth and messengers of Christ? Does it not call our sermons "paper pellets"—cold, passionless, commonplace; at best brilliant or ornate displays of rhetoric and scholarship, of mingled manner and uncertain influence, and in their impression as smoke to gunpowder? The world, too, declares that the occupants of the modern pulpit are principally "professional" men, who wear the livery of the sect for pay, and whose zeal and piety are marketable; and, further, that the insincerity and formality of the pulpit are reflected in the pews. "Like priest, like people." Are these accusations true? I fear we cannot deny their accuracy. It is well to know what our weakness is and where it lies. But apart from our personal and associated failings, which largely account for the scanty nature and long delayed advent of Pentecost, there are influences at work in the world which render it more difficult than ever for the Church to come into pentecostal inspiration and effectiveness—influences outside the Church of altered conditions of humanity, altered conditions of the intellect, altered states of knowledge, which make it impossible to the Christian corporations to win over to themselves the souls of men in such sudden, miraculous fashion as the disciples did on the great day of Pentecost. Our success in the latter half of the nineteenth century must differ from that of the first age. The agencies brought to bear upon the comparatively simple hearted times of the apostles are not adapted to the present times. There was little of an external character to agitate the populace or move the current of life in Jerusalem. The movements of thought were slow, the pulse of enterprise languid, the mind, unaccustomed to the artificial stimulus of novels and a daily press, lay open to the mode of attack so forcibly employed by the apostles on the day of Pentecost. The soldiers of the cross went out like the mailed horsemen of Cortez against combatants with feather helmets and shields of padded cotton. We have to fight against masses of armed men, intrenched behind a sevenfold wall of fortifications, against men built up in proud Atheism, seasoned in subtle disputation, guarded at every turn in their thought by negative arguments and unsympathetic bias. Against such an array we have to march, requiring foreheads of flint and hearts of ripened patience for the fight. The preachers of the first age had not our modern difficulties and disabilities to struggle with. Then, again, those first Christian warriors had the advantage of unity. They acted in concert.

ST. ANDREW DID NOT CALL ST. PETER A HERETIC.

St. James did not denounce St. John as a mystic. When the truth was urged upon Arabian, Mede and Parthian they could not reply, "First agree among yourselves concerning the essentials of your faith before you press it upon the attention of others." We suffer diminution of our powers and influence by lamentable divisions in our our churches. We denounce each other for the slightest divergencies of opinion. One sect thrives and fattens upon the downfall of another. The bankruptcy of one denomination is taken advantage of to swell the pretensions of another denomination. Scarcely three sects in Christendom cordially love each other or have a word of praise or commendation for each other's organization. Fearful ecclesiastical mood this and true! This alone, in the absence of deadlier reasons, is cause enough for the slow progress which Christianity makes and for the rarity of revivals in our churches. But once more, in the first century, and especially at the time of the meeting of the people on the day of Pentecost, the presence of Jesus was fresh upon the world—that preternatural life had not become as yet historical. Living witnesses rose up from every hamlet and village where that shining wonder had passed upon its way. Lazarus still lived to testify that he was raised from the dead. The fig tree still stretched out its blasted limbs that withered at His command because they bore but leaves instead of fruit. Men, when they met together in "upper rooms" or in large assemblies to discuss the charms of the Great Mysterious Personage, could speak of Him from personal and practical contact with Him. One might start forward and say, "I was dumb; He restored the power of speech to me." Another might speak out, "I was lame from my birth; He touched me and I leaped and ran." Another could attest, "I was dying; He called me back from the dim border land, with all its strange sounds ringing in my ears, and bade me live." Or still another might testify, "I was one of 5,000 hungry people whom He fed at once, dividing five loaves and three small fishes into an abundance for that multitude." And behold yonder nervous man and listen to his testimony, "I was mad for years; evil spirits possessed my mind and memory; no man could bind me; I dwelt lonely and bewildered and wandered among the silent tombs; at His rebuke the demons trembled and fled, while delivered from their power I knelt and worshipped at His blessed feet." Then, too, a Roman soldier might exclaim, "I was one of the watchers over His tomb, lest His disciples should steal away His body. About midnight the whole landscape was lit up with an awful splendor, and a hero more majestic than any of the gods came down and shook out lightnings from his garments, and set on fire the air and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the tomb and sat upon it as on a throne, while with my comrades I fled from the garden in dread alarm!" A woman now speaks, almost in whisper:—"That morning we went to the sepulchre, very early in the dawn of the day, when the mists were rising from the fields, and we saw two angels there, who told us that He had risen." And then it is one of the disciples who tells how, entering through closed doors, He revealed Himself to His expectant friends. Another relates how He revealed Himself to the five hundred at once; and another how, going out with Him to Bethany while the human nature of His body glowed and kindled as if God were absorbing its visible substance into Himself He lifted up His hands in benediction and blessed him, and slowly and majestically ascended out of their astonished sight. Here was something new to preach about. The facts were new, the public mind was waiting in suspense and expectation, and saying, "What next?" When Christ was presented as a spiritual Saviour all preparations had been made for the announcement. How is it now? At so remote a distance from the age of miracles and external wonders and apostolic advantages of fresh facts it would seem impossible for the Church of to-day to operate as promptly and powerfully on the minds and manners of the world as the disciples did on that great day of Pentecost. But what does our admission amount to? Does it allow that the Church to-day has no corresponding elements of vitality with that of the primitive Church? Must we look upon

CHRISTIANITY AS A SPLENDID ALOE PLANT

that blooms after a century of preparation and, exhausted in the production of its gorgeous flower, withers and dies? No. Christ is the stalk from which flowered out that great miracle of civilization which we call Christianity. It bears still its own peculiar blossoms of art, literature, philosophy, moral culture, rite and pageant and ceremony, theological speculation and spiritual experience. We live in an era when the glorious blossom has not yet lost its bloom—is not dropping its lovely leaves. This is not an autumnal, but a germinal epoch. The golden morning of the Gospel may have passed, but we are approaching the matured midday or afternoon glory, fulness, richness and triumph. Heart of fire, mind of light, soul of zeal, trumpet tongue of eloquence, kindled with God's own inspiration, we have these still, and pentecosts are near at hand! If this age can present no miracle in support of Christianity, the moral experience of thousands upon thousands outweighs all the external evidences in the world that religion is a fact of most human sort, helpful and Godlike. Nay, more: the evidences that Christianity is a true religion are not of a demonstrative external order. They appeal to sentiment and create faith, and that is more than the mere play of miracles around the senses. Spiritual conviction cannot be produced solely by historical evidence. Religion consists not in the knowledge of what God did in times and lands remote, but in the feeling of what He is and does within each of our souls to-day. Religion is personal contact with and personal experience of God, and evidence does not impart that. The work of Christ and His disciples in the first century was in many respects inferior to His vital power in the world to-day. This is the age of "greater things." In the first century He addressed the senses and through them quickened the soul. He wrought cures on the body, thereby dimly shadowing the soul's cure. The power and function of Christ now embrace the spiritual nature and moral interests of mankind.

THIS IS THE AGE OF SPIRITUAL PENTECOSTS.

The sublimer action of God over the soul constitutes this age a higher instrumentality for the work of Christ and His Church. What an array of subjects, of healed hearts and refined souls and renovated minds and converted beings could we not present to you—miracles wrought upon the morally dead and lame and sick and wandering. We have no fear, dear brethren, for the progress, triumph and efficacy of our religion, only let us be certain that we know what it is and how it works. It is of God, and means life and peace for every man. Presented and preached with intelligence, unction and representative force it will make itself felt in dead bosoms and quiver in many bruised breasts; it will take voice and language of supremest adaptation to the state of each and every soul, and the listening heart will hear its own language spoken. Then will the "preaching of the Word" be as tongues of fire, spoken utterance of the supply which the Gospel provides for every man. Sympathy with human nature, a perception of its needs and instincts and a delicate application of Christianity to humanity's wants and weakness—this is the glad miracle of men hearing, every man, the language of his own nation and blood! Here I see one melting at this message and gathering up all his energies of spirit to do inward battle against a thousand cherished imperfections. And look, hid away from your eyes and mine, there are souls here deeming themselves wrecks of humanity who are receiving the copious baptism. And mercy visits us in a divine voice, cleaving down our dark despair and lifts us to a sweet and certain hope of purity and perfection. In the sweet privacy of home, in the busy routine of outward enterprise, in the wearying hours of trouble, in the agonizing moments when the soul was awakened to realize its dreams broken, its highest life buried, the Saviour is with us in His Paradise, as in blest, memorial days of generations of old. He thrills one with a look; touches another, and with that touch takes the weary burden away; comes down and stands between us and our moral unrest and distrust and disarms our foes. As He was of old He is to-day. Pentecost is not a bygone wonder, but a present fact. The disciples and early Church had their sunrise; we also want and have ours. They drank in of the dew of the morning, and our souls also are athirst for the same celestial beverage. While the natural earth has her seed time and harvest, her blossoms and fruits, we may be quite sure that the spiritual experience of man will not fail and that the Church's function will prove itself equally bounteous in its gifts and fruitful in their returns. It may be that we are not in the afternoon of Gospel light; grant. If you will, that we are just now at midnight or midwinter; use any type or figure that you please to express the condition of the Church, and Nature will give you earnest in her beautiful symbolism that we are likely to have recurrent times of spiritual "refreshing"—that as her daydawn awaits the night and her spring succeeds the winter, so will our moral darkness disappear in auroral splendor and our spiritual desolation be superseded by pentecostal life and light and vernal beauty.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Mr. Beecher on Salvation by Hope—He Criticises the Everlasting Preaching of Eternal Foreordained Damnation.

There was no spare room in the Orange street conventicle yesterday morning. "Hope" was the subject of Mr. Beecher's discourse, and his immense auditory sympathized with him in the hopeful aspect, not only of the near, but of the ultimate future. So at one point in his sermon he was greeted by a hearty outburst of applause, not tumultuous or rowdyish, but a sharp, decisive expression of approbation, manifested by vigorous clapping of hands and a mild use of canes and bootheels upon the carpeted floors. In spite of the possible infraction of Congregational canons it was evident the champion of religious freedom was not displeased with the demonstration, which he acknowledged, not with a stage bow, to be sure, but by a witty remark which appeared to court the attention of the coming National Conference, which is intended to sit in judgment upon the regularity of Plymouth discipline. After invoking the Divine blessing upon the deliberations of the conference in his prayer, and having said in his weekly announcements that it was called to consult upon church matters, but instructed to consider the affairs of Plymouth church, which had declined the invitation of two Brooklyn churches to join in calling it, but held itself ready to meet as should be proper any action of the council itself, Mr. Beecher read as his text Romans, viii., 24 and 25—"For we are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." We are said sometimes in the New Testament to be saved by Christ; sometimes by faith, and here hope is named as the means of salvation. This, though expressive of variety, is no real variance in the statement. They all contain the same thought—all look with confidence to the future. No other book so carries us forward as the New Testament—so directs our minds to the development and perfection which it promises. Hope carries with it to the soul all that the balmy air and sun of spring carry to plants. The view of the future, beaming with joyful expectation, is hope. By hope are we saved. It looks forward into the future of our minds, not with gloom and acerbity and fear, but with happiness at the escape from the limitations and hinderances of our present state. It does not reject the past and present as a source of knowledge and occasion of duty, but looks on the future for our true season of happiness. It is as the dews of heaven to the flowers in June. We are not born at our full power. We have our elements of weakness, of imperfection and sinfulness, even in those who endeavor to lead Christian lives, as clouds that will at last open and disclose a better condition. I would like to see my oaks growing faster. As I compare them with the forest monarch I say, "What poor groveling things ye are." But they grow in hope. If they are not well grown I remember when they were still smaller. I say,

"YOU HAVE IT IN YOU TO GROW

till you may shelter men under your shade." The summer sun will caress them and the winter blasts toughen them by their rude blows. My shrubs seem insignificant when I contrast them with English oak and Austrian pines on the mountain side, or the towering ash. But when a tree is finished you cannot nurse it. So with men and women. Men's true nature is to be known by their ending—not their first stages of growth and development. Hope is what men want to lead them in the way of spiritual growth. So is faith. They are golden cords binding us to the serene future. Hope sanctifies the present to the uses of the future. Hope gives us courage. Years are required to form an able general. So a soldier of God who fights against principalities and powers of the air needs long experience, cheered by hope. God meant we should develop slowly, and His spirit is leading us forward. Any presentation of the Gospel and man's destiny which has not a cheerful forelook is a cruel mistake. To make the way of salvation hard and gloomy is contrary to the spirit of God's Word. No just man teaches the hard tenets of predestined, inevitable, eternal damnation, cruel as a lion's paw holding a mouse from which there is no escape, and calls that good news. That's a grim joke. Foreordained to eternal damnation, and held still responsible as for actual transgression! To say that such a doctrine of relentless fate is taught by God's Word! Egypt, with her grim deities, and Greece and Rome, with avenging furies, had more human theologies than that. You go to a man imprisoned and say, "I have good news." "What is it? Am I released? Have I a new trial?" "No; you are to be

CUT INTO INCH PIECES,

and your children are to stand by to rejoice over it." So we were to be the angels in heaven—were to be delighted spectators of the torments of the damned in hell. Monstrous doctrine. The Devil could have preached that. Any presentation of Christianity does not show it as balmy to the soul as sunlight to the birds in June falls as a system of theology. The system which shuts out hope from the soul is blasphemy on God and His love. (Applause.) Some people will be sadly troubled at that. How would they have got along with the teachings of Christ, which were often interrupted and broken by question and answer? For myself I do not know why what is an appropriate response demonstration of approval in one place and on one day is not to be allowed in the assembly of freemen in Christ Jesus. We are brought into liberty, not bondage. I like it, but don't let my liking betray you into any impropriety.

There is a doctrine which teaches that the difficulties entering upon a Christian life are almost insurmountable. Our Master bade all to strive to enter into the gate with severe earnestness. So would I if speaking to the thundering, worldly street. But to those who are willing to try I preach hope, as He did, and as Paul does in the text. Good seed may rot, in the ground, the worm may eat the bud, or the blight destroy the fruit. So good sermons may be of no effect. Yet as a rule the proper sowing of seed and after nursing is sure to bring fruit; and equally so in the moral vineyard. The sun of hope is constantly turning to sugar the sour juice of the growing grape. God deals with us as a loving father, not as an avenging fury. It is a blessed thing to be a follower of Christ. It accords with right nature to be religious. Conscience is a bad chief justice, liable to take bribes and be swayed by will. Not so love. Make love your judge. It is in sympathy with God and man. The boy who stole money from ma's bureau, went slyly to the circus, smoked and drank, is subdued at once on being called into his father's study and hearing him say:—"Henry, how could you so betray my confidence in your honor. You have hurt my love, but I know you will not do so again." Henry says to himself, "Fool! the old man's a hero. I did not enjoy it a bit. I made believe only." He is held thereafter in the right way by love, his conqueror. Such a scene explains the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans. We are saved by hope. Stop patching your old clothes of self righteousness. Live by faith in the love of God. Hope here, and at last take your places with spirits made perfect in Heaven. Hope on. Hope till the end. Ye are saved by hope.

THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hepworth—"By Faith the Walls of Jericho Fell Down."

The Rev. George H. Hepworth, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, preached an eloquent, impressive sermon yesterday morning, from the eleventh chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, beginning at the thirtieth verse with the words, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down."

The preacher looked upon this remarkable but consistent Biblical fact as eminently illustrative of God's power, while keeping His covenant with and developing his marvellous Israelitish people, to do things that, in our finite minds, seemed impossibilities. Moses had looked from afar, on the mountain top, down upon the beautiful valleys and vine-clad hills of the promised land. His eyes had seen the sight of the country whose riches and glory it was decreed that he should not enjoy. He ascended to another and even better land, there to receive the reward of long and faithful services in the ways of the Lord. Joshua became the people's chosen leader. After a while the children of Israel were ordered to arm with spear and sword, shield, battle axe, banner and bow, to march against the heathen. They soon stood round about encompassing the walls of Jericho, the key to the Mediterranean Sea. But this great city was encompassed about by walls, extremely thick and high, so that it was to them, who had neither catapult, cannon nor mortar, impregnable. It seemed as if the blossom of the assailants' hopes were about to be nipped in the bud by the frost of cruel disappointment. Faith, and that only, was left them. The incomprehensible order to stand still and see the glory of the Lord was obeyed mechanically. For seven days did they patiently cry out unto the God of Israel, and upon the last their prayers were heard. The walls, no one knew how nor could understand wherefore, crumbled and fell before them, and the barbarians yielded unconditionally the land of Canaan. This teaches us that the ways of Jehovah are inscrutable. We have no human standard by which His almighty will or power can be measured; nor can we judge of the efficacy of a prayer whose words are made heavy as gold by genuine devotion.

THE DAYS OF MIRACLES ARE NOT PASSED YET.

The Hindoo may look upon the turning of water into ice as a miracle, but our better knowledge and wiser experience teach us that it is an every-day occurrence, and we do not regard it as a wonder. The preacher believes this miracle of the walls of Jericho, as from his heart and soul he believes every chapter of the Old and New Testaments. There are quantities of laws and forces in nature whose very existence is unknown to man. It might be said,

WHY NOT EXPUNGE THE MIRACULOUS FROM THE BIBLE?

This, indeed, would be taking the cover for use and allowing the leaves to blue-mould on the shelf; without these principal ingredients the books of the Scriptures would have no significance. Errors of translation, mistakes in chronology, things that would require correction, there might be in the Bible; but, with all that, it contains the word to the way, the truth and the light; and wanting its miraculous element that exemplifies the manner in which God has chosen to deal with man it would be valueless. The plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the pillar of fire, the passage of the Jordan and the falling of the walls of Jericho, all were miraculous works, but they were necessary to the honor and glory of God, and without a record of them the Bible would cease to be our pillar of light to guide us in the fear and worship of the Almighty. And now

A JERICHO STANDS BETWEEN US AND THE PROMISED LAND.

The enchanted kingdom of Elysian bliss lies before us; its pleasant fields, smiling valleys, golden topped mountains, murmuring brooks; bright, beautiful, pleasant smelling flowers; the hum of the bee and the breath of the zephyr, the aroma of sweet smelling plants, the sound of many pleasant voiced birds, the music of all the muses. O happiness eternal, rest celestial, dream of all our aspirations, sublimely majestic and superbly beautiful, do not our thoughts awake and dreams while asleep paint the paradise which the Lord has promised to man, who is

THE HANDIWORK AND INSTRUMENT OF HIS HANDS!

But the commission of sin is that Jericho which stands between us and the holy land. A man's ambition, business and habits all are obstacles. The philosopher's Jericho is the delving and digging in the A B C of an aggregation of facts known as science instead of the Elysian fields of eternal knowledge. The knowledge of astronomy, for instance, is obtained and acquired by reading, observation, application. In all the sciences man's word must be taken by the learner in absence of positive proof. Incomprehensible facts must be taken as established knowledge although not understood. Once the teacher is acceptable the teachings must also be accepted. If a man begins the study of mathematics he does it by using Euclid, and that involves an admission of facts from superior knowledge. Let Christianity be taken on the same terms. The effects of phrenology on some peoples' minds are an enormous development of the organ of self-esteem. Such persons will write the personal pronoun "I" in letters a foot long, while those of the "you" will be less than an inch. They will demand a personal demonstration of the Lord for everything He may do. They will want him to explain the wonders of the universe by a series of progressional propositions put within easy reach of their shallow understandings. But we must remember that what is called science amounts to only a little storehouse of small facts. The thousands of millions of dollars in business transacted annually in New York represent faith in man's word. A merchant says yes or no and the contract is sealed. Business could not exist without faith in the truth of what men say. How much more, therefore, should we put faith in the divine teachings of religion. Looking the other day at a railroad the locomotive put the preacher in mind of religion.

THE ENGINE WAS LIKE CHRIST,

who has all the fire of divine propulsive motion in Himself. The cars were as the different religious sects, each one fitted up more or less commodiously on the way of life—but without motion and helpless until coupled with the locomotive, as Christ with the Church. Faith in the Church must be coupled with Christ, as the locomotive with the cars; and this connection made the human soul, by contact with Christ, through faith, will be saved.

FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sermon by Dr. Armitage on Angels and Their Ministrations to Men.

A very large and intelligent congregation listened with marked attention to a very eloquent extemporaneous sermon delivered by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., who chose for his text the tenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel—"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Angels are not, said the Doctor, spectres or painted images. They are the highest order of created, responsible beings, and exist between cherubim and seraphim. They are in some way, which we do not fully understand, deeply interested in man, and rejoice in the repentance of a single soul. We do not love angels, but we admire them, as far as we know of them. They are around us continually, and we admire them for their purity and holiness. Nothing can be happy in heaven, their abode, unless it is pure and holy. It would be a place of the greatest torment to a sinful, unregenerated man, having nothing in sympathy with the holy beings there. He