GOD'S KINGDOM

Mr. Hepworth on Christ as a Friend of Sinners.

THE ROCK OF DEFENCE.

Dr. Frothingham on New Thought and True Thought.

IS THERE A HELL?

Dr. McGlynn on the Observance of Lent.

The Christian's Reliance on God's Promises.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

CHRIST AS THE FRIEND AND ADVOCATE OF THE PEOPLE.

The bitter cold of yesterday morning had a very perceptible effect upon the congregation which usually gathers at the Church of the Disciples, Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, and as the pastor, Mr. Hepworth, seated himself at his small table and cast his usual rapid glance over his audience the unusual spectacle of an occasional vacant seat in the vast amphitheatre before him met his eyes. The preliminary religious services, conducted by the assistant, were followed by an earnest prayer from the pastor, having immediate relation to the subject of his discourse, which he announced as "A Friend of Sinners."

THE SERMON.

Mr. Hepworth said:—My dear friends, the text which I have selected as the base of my remarks this morning may be found in the eleventh chapter of Matthew and nineteenth verse:—"A friend of publicans and sinners." That was the fashionable criticism of the day upon the life and methods of the Lord Jesus Christ. The words were intended to indicate the scorn and reproach with which they were regarded. But the magic of time has changed them into a eulogy. They were a chain which He slowly dragged along through all His earthly career from Nazareth to Jerusalem; they have been changed through the lapse of ages into a golden crown, which fits the fair brow of Divinity itself. They were spoken as an unanswerable argument in favor of the worthlessness of the new reform, but, in the course of time, they have become the strongest proof of the sagacity and miraculous prescience of Him who spoke them. Such are the changes in estimating the deeds of men which time brings about. The Pharisees saw Him as a slave; we look upon Him as God. At the best they regarded Him as an honest fanatic, whom it was unsafe to follow; to us He is the adorable, the Mighty One, who sits upon a throne, the Judge of all the world. Though we pity their shortsightedness, it is probable, had we been present, we should have seen no further. Perhaps we too would have picked up the stone to cast at Him and utter the words which would recoil on own souls while doing no harm to Him. I pity that Hebrew crowd. Humanity has always been the same and always will be. Were Christ among us to-day we would be ready to place the cross upon Him did He preach doctrines so strongly in contrast to our institutions as He did to those existing then. We would lead Him through the dust of Jerusalem to the summit of Calvary and not rest until we had placed the stone before the sepulchre and sealed it with that seal which no man could steal away. Man is ever one and the same and will be to the end. Passions and superstitions change, but they are seldom uprooted. Look upon this picture and see if it is not true. Look upon this man. First, what are His claims? He asserts that He is a king. Does He look like one? Not at all. Does He dress like one? Assuredly not. Does He advance from one country to another like a king? No, it is seldom that His feet are free from the dust of the road. He says that He will build up

A KINGDOM WITHOUT END;

that the lordly structures around shall tumble into dust; that the very temple shall fall and not one stone be left standing upon another, while from its ruins His power shall go forth, far and wide, until at the mention of His name every knee shall bow. It is true those magic words came from His lips, attended by a simplicity and eloquence which appealed to the emotion, if not to the understanding, but the course pursued by Him gave no authenticity to His claims; He ascended the steps of no marble palace; He never courted greatness or power, but, backed by the thunders of God's indignation, He warned the rulers against their oppression of the people. He illustrated His sympathy for the people by sitting at the table with publicans and sinners. At one end was an extortioner, at the other a harlot, and in the midst the King of kings, clothed in peasant's garb. To have seen Him thus laying claim to sit upon the throne of ages and to settle the destinies of eternity would have seemed strange to you had you been there. The Pharisees, not unacquainted with His claims, regarded Him as insane; but He turned His back on them and his face to the poor. And yet, looking back through the annals of history we find that He had complied with all the conditions of royalty. Did He not have a herald speaking from the hilltops of His coming? Did not Moses say that the commandments engraven on stone should in Him be written upon human life? Did not David, sitting alone with his heart and his God, sing in anthems of the coming time? And more than that, did not Jesus have a herald immediately preceding Him?—one who wore upon his shoulders the gift of no imperial master, but whose rugged, stalwart body was robed in camels' hair? He did not sit down at the King's table, but found in the locusts and wild honey his only food. The words he spoke were such as are never uttered in the presence of kings:—"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Neither was He unaccompanied with the pomp and pageantry of royalty. True, it was invisible, and yet it was there. Methinks I can see the old picture where troops and phalanxes of angels, invisible to man, accompany Him on His way from Bethlehem to the cross, singing songs of victory unheard by mortal ear. I fancy Jesus listening to the rustling of their white wings as they follow Him through the dust to the summit of Calvary. And here I want to make another point. I want to look at the state of society when these words were spoken to prove that Jesus saw into the future and that the Scribes and Pharisees, as political economists, as wise philosophers, fell far short of Him upon whose philosophy they poured scorn and contempt. "Oh! Pharisees, it seems not so to you; but my words shall prove true when the Roman has overthrown your proud temple and time's corroding chemistry has blotted your names and your lives from the annals of history." Say if along down these annals has not been developed the plans of the Father written in words of living light. The political economy of that age all tended toward an aristocracy which had for its object the advancement of rulers. Thrones were everything. Man nothing. In the providence of God thrones have become nothing, humanity everything. The Christian religion is useless unless applied to the individual. A king in the sight of God is no more than the meanest peasant. And so

CHRIST WENT TO THE PEOPLE

and turned His back on principalities and powers, and has not time proved Him right? Every age has been dotted by revolutions, and through them all the people have struggled toward the top. And now what are thrones? Ornaments; costly ones, to be sure, but without stability, save as they rest upon the masses. When amid the years I see the smoke of battle ascending I know above it will float the banner, having inscribed thereon, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—the magic words which indicate the progress of the people. My brethren, every one that suffers, bend your ear to the field and you will hear the chains dropping one by one, and more than this, the voices of the angels, singing "Peace on earth and good will to man." It is only through the crashing of hosts that peace ever comes. Jesus, with prophetic eye, said:—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." Christ, who loved the people, saw the trouble through which the people should rise. And now I want to make

A PERSONAL APPLICATION.

Christ is no more the friend of the people than of the individual. We all want a true friendship; we want to hear words of advice. God instituted the mystery through which we are formed into little cliques. The strength of the one is the strength of the other. In looking on the picture of life the first thing which strikes us is the falsity apparent. A word, a look, and the bond of sympathy is broken; a shadow is thrown on the landscape. No matter how much we love, no one can tell what cold circumstance may come between you and me. We yearn for friendship, and yet how seldom we get it. Here we have a true friend, one who bears the burdens of life for us; one who has promised not to leave us until we emerge from darkness into light. When I look upon God's love I see a psychological problem I cannot comprehend. Is it not a mystery that He should love us when we are in open rebellion to Him? Human policy would be to send troops to crush the rebellion, but, though warring against Him, His love for us is as boundless as the ocean. The love of Christ is like a mighty river flowing from the past into the present and thence into the great ocean of eternity. In it we have been baptized and purified for ages; from its waters we have drank; into it cast our culture, our education, our hopes for this life and that which is to come. Go not alone, then. Go always with the consciousness that Christ's outstretched hand is close to you. Take hold of it and be lifted up from hill top to mountain top and at last from the last mountain to the threshold of the New Jerusalem.

FOURTH UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

REV. DR. CHAPIN ON THE ROCK OF DEFENCE.

Dr. Chapin preached in his church yesterday morning from the text, "For thou art my rock and my fortress," found in the 76th Psalm, third verse. The psalm, said the Doctor, from which these words are taken may be truly called "a psalm of life." It is the utterance of one who had known deep experiences and worldly vicissitudes, who was familiar with perils and deliverances and who, as it seems, in exile and advanced in age, found himself pressed and threatened by enemies. But they are also the words of one who had no real fear of earthly danger, and who had a resource that cannot fail. But while, doubtless, these experiences were peculiarly fitted to the circumstances of the psalmist who used them thousands of years ago, I need not say that they are also fitted to every man and to every age. They pertain to that part of

OUR HUMANITY,

which transcends all local and temporal conditions. They express the final strength and assurance of the human soul. The figure which is employed here is a very striking and noble one. It occurs frequently throughout the Psalms. These images of a rock and fortress suggest the scenery and the conditions of some Eastern land, in which war was chronic or where at least prevalent hostilities forced men to seek the protection of precipitous heights and towers of defence; a condition, alas! which is not utterly remote from the experience of our time. But whatever may be the objects of the world at large, whether there be peace or war, the presence of immediate peril or the most serene prosperity, it is certain that men will always need a refuge—a rock, a fortress; in other words, something that will prove a ground of support and a sure defence; even in the most worldly pursuits, even in the most mercenary estimates, a basis of assurance. For instance, in the conduct of business nothing is more deplorable than uncertainty,

LACK OF CONFIDENCE,

the want of some reliable standard. Again, in the field of intellectual action, how variable is the condition of a wandering, eccentric mind that has no basis of certainty, no undoubted foothold, but which in the impotence of scepticism is driven from point to point, from sunshine to shadow like a bird through the rocking of a tempest. And the heart, ah, the human heart! must have something to rest upon, or it is a poor, shattered, shipwrecked heart indeed. Some object of love it must have to which it clings, some point of hope toward which at last it is bearing up and struggling on. You are familiar with the touching language in which the poet has described such a hope in the home of his remembrance and his affections:—

In all my wanderings around this world of care;
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.
* * * * * *
And as a hare, whom hounds and horses pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

There is a scene in which such a support, such a retreat from the troubles of the world, may be called a rock or fortress. Even in desperate cases when one's life has drifted into ill-repute and his principles seem generally dilapidated, there may still be something which stands like a tower amid the ruins of his character and which constitutes the last trace of some redeeming sentiment.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

SERMON BY THE REV. FATHER KEARNEY—THE SEASON OF LENT.

The Rev. Father Kearney delivered the sermon at the high mass services at the Cathedral yesterday. There was a very large congregation in attendance and the musical part of the services was, as usual, excellent. Father Kearney's discourse treated of the season of Lent and its importance as a time during which every good Catholic should devote himself in an especial manner to prayer and to the mortification of his body. It was, he said, a special season when God, as it were, was more than ever earnestly calling upon those who had been negligent in the performance of their duties to return to Him. It was a time when our thoughts should be turned inward upon ourselves, when we should prepare ourselves thoroughly to begin our career anew, to

TURN OVER A NEW PAGE

in the history of our lives. God was a God full of mercies, and He desired that the sinner should be saved. In the turmoil and excitements of our every day life in the world we were apt to forget, or at least neglect, our duties as Christians. Many of us during the year too often gave up our thoughts to the things of the world, to the utter exclusion of our eternal salvation, and the season of Lent was, therefore, a time to be taken advantage of by every one. It was the acceptable time, the day of salvation. It reminded us that we had something more to battle for in this life than the mere possession of worldly goods, of riches; that we in dying could not take away with us fame and glory that were evanescent. The salvation of our eternal souls was the chief aim in life. If we gained all else and lost that, of what avail would it be? When on Ash Wednesday, then, the priest would put the ashes on our foreheads, we should meditate that we were but mortal, that sooner or later we must return to our mother earth. We knew not the day nor the hour when we would be called away. It might be when we were the least prepared; if so, we would have only ourselves to blame. We should then during Lent devote ourselves to prayer and the fasting prescribed by the Church, and by a thorough repentance start again in life, firmly determined never more to fall into our bad ways, but, fortified by the grace of God, so act that when we were summoned away from this world we would be sure of enjoying a life of eternal happiness with God through all eternity.

LYRIC HALL.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM ON "NEW THOUGHT AND TRUE THOUGHT."

There was the usual large and attentive congregation at Lyric Hall, on Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, yesterday morning. Mr. Frothingham commenced the exercises by reading some selections from the Talmud. He announced as the subject of his discourse, "New Thought and True Thought." The author of the Book of Ecclesiastes (said he) commences his lament over the world by saying that everything new has been exhausted, and that there is nothing more to be discovered. The author of the Apocalypse writes that all things will be changed and become new. The first writer was a sceptic, in whose mouth all things had turned to ashes. To him life vanishes away and comes to nothing. It is all the old, old story, the same sorrows, the same sufferings, and, finally, death. The other writer was all alive, keen and eager. His eye was not fixed upon the wretchedness of the world, but upon a method for alleviating it. These two orders of thinkers are represented to-day. There are always men who look upon life without zest or enjoyment. They cling to old customs, old clothing, old furniture, old paintings and musty, worm-eaten books. Anything in the shape of improvement disappoints and displeases their

STATIONARY IDEAS.

There are other men with fresh minds, keen expectation and bright dispositions, who wish to gild everything afresh. Their furniture must be bright, airy and modern, and everything about them must indicate the progress of the present. Some of these people who are conservative in their feelings are radical in their thoughts, and some of these people who are not conservative in their feelings are conservative in their thoughts. Few people are so entirely earthly and grovelling that they wish for nothing new; but some cling unconsciously to the old philosophy. There are people, on the other hand, who assume the philosophy of progress. They believe that things must get better, for the more people live the more they know. They project their lives on the theory that the world is always improving, and they are continually grasping after something newer and higher. How far does the novelty of an idea guarantee its truth? is the question to which I wish to direct my attention. They say that a certain revelation was made to Jesus and the apostles, which they understood and enshrined in their hearts. They believed that between the covers of the Bible was the very essence of truth. But after this period other ideas flowed in like little streams, and polluted the main current. Corruptions heaped upon corruptions and errors multiplied upon errors, and every kind of ingenious invention perverted the truth from its true course. First came paganism, introducing the worship of personified ideas. Catholicism, Protestantism and, finally, Universalism, came. But so much water was mixed with the

MILK OF THE WORD

that it turned blue. At last what is left? Nothing but a sentimental aroma. The pure, sweet religion is all run out. The sacrifices, the peculiar rites and the solemnities have taken its place. Everything that is old becomes venerable. They bow to and reverence things simply because they are antique, not for philosophical reasons. That they should understand them is impossible, and they would not presume to understand them. The more unintelligible certain things are the more interest attaches to them, and the more mysterious they become. This is what we call testing truth by antiquity. Revelation was given in germ, not in form. It was not given a full grown tree, but a seed in the mind, a principle in the heart. True ideas and grand aspirations began to take form. The Greek mind added its notion and the Asiatic mind brought its addition. This little stream of religion, trickling out in dew drops, as it were, began to spread and gather to itself the feelings, purposes, aims and ambitions of a whole world. How wonderful to the people is the Catholic Church, with its great cathedrals, its gorgeous priests and grand music! Then comes Protestantism with its pure thoughts. A hundred sects take up the Protestant idea; but, differing in particulars, they separate. What they are giving is simply a fuller expression of the truth. Then comes Universalism, teaching that God is love, and Unitarianism, teaching the dignity of human nature. The further you get from the stream the nearer you get to the truth. We must disregard the notion entirely that anything is true because it is new. Every doctrine will be old sometime, just as bygone doctrines are old to us now. Did men believe in the doctrine of their total depravity because it was pleasant to them? Some cling to doctrines because they cannot get away from them. Was there ever a mother who chose to think that her babe would be consigned to everlasting fire if it were not baptized? They must have entertained this doctrine with bitterness of heart, because they were human. But the priests and preachers said so, and they supposed they had every reason for believing it. It is not true that a new doctrine is truer than an old doctrine, simply because it is new. The doctrine of a simple and pure theism was entertained by intelligent Jews before Christianity was born. This seems vastly more simple and far more true to us than

THE DOCTRINE OF MEDIATION.

I could read to you from the Hebrew Talmud before the spread of Christianity that God is forgiveness and that there is no hell. The older faith is truer than the newer one that believes if a soul does not repent before death it has no hope afterward, and is plunged into the consuming fire. It seems vastly more true that death is only a bridge, and that our progression is continued on the other side. The test of a belief, in the first place, is that it must correspond with such facts as there are. There are two derivations for the word truth. The meaning of the Anglo-Saxon word from which it is derived is what people think it is or choose to fancy; but since men have known Sanscrit a better meaning has been established. It means what God thinks, or the living faith. When we speak of truth we speak of the Rock of Ages. You are looking after a just belief of the perfect mind. Will you consult the doctors and the theologians? The other method is to listen to the music of the stars, unroll the pages of creation and open your ears and eyes to what truth must be. If Universalism can move itself and show that God works upon principles of love, and prove that there is no wrath in the breast of the Eternal and that

THERE IS NO HELL,

it plants itself upon the truth, and needs no Bible. We would say to Brother Talmage, "Perhaps you have not examined all the facts before you stated your opinion." One thing is characteristic of the new thought, it is founded upon truth. Even belief should correspond with things, and not with fancies about things. If any system of religion can show a peaceful, beautiful set of people, we would accept it. If its members live without superstition and unhappiness, if their children are well nurtured and the women loving, happy and independent, the men frugal, intellectual and contented, we should call that the true religion.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

REV. DR. M'GLYNN ON THE OBSERVANCE OF LENT.

The high mass in St. Stephen's yesterday morning was celebrated by the Rev. Father McCready. Weber's mass in G was finely rendered by the choir. The offertory, Mercadante's 'Salve Maria," was given with great effect by Signor Buongiorno, the new basso. After the first gospel the Rev. Dr. McGlynn preached a timely and instructive discourse on the dispositions with which his hearers should spend the approaching season of prayer and fasting. Before reading the gospel of Quinquagesima Sunday—Luke xviii., 31, 43—the Doctor announced that the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, England, would lecture in St. Stephen's church on Wednesday, the 17th inst., on "The Gladstone Controversy," the proceeds of the lecture to go to the charities of the parish. He then explained the Gospel in which our Lord foretells His passion and death and cures the blind near Jericho, and said:—

The blind man, of whose cure we read, is a type of those Christians who do not see the enormity of sin, the misery of concupiscence, the littleness of pleasure, the beauty of virtue and the worthlessness of all sensual delights. He had the happiness to be conscious of his misfortune and sought help at the hands of Him who is "the life and the light," and heard the consoling words of omnipotence, "Receive thy sight; thy faith hath made thee whole." If we would remove the spiritual blindness which prevents our seeing the heavenly beauty of virtue we must enter into the spirit of the Church and comply with the regulations which she has given for our guidance during the penitential season which approaches.

Fasting ought never to go alone. It must be joined as much as possible with alms deeds and prayer and all other good works. There is one form of fasting which I would specially recommend to the members of this congregation—I mean total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. It is well known that intemperance is the fruitful source of nearly all the misery and crime which stand in the way and oppose the work of God and His Church. I would, therefore, beseech every one in this parish to abstain not merely from the abuse but from the use of intoxicating liquors during the coming Lent, and thus give good example to their own families, their neighbors and their friends.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THE TRIALS OF THE EARLY CHURCH—HOW TO USE OUR TRIALS.

Plymouth church was so crowded yesterday morning that Mr. Beecher, who came in a little late, could scarcely effect an entrance. Some members of the band of Jubilee Singers were present and Mr. Beecher asked them to sing after the sermon, which they did, bringing tears to the eyes of many by their peculiar, plaintive music. Mr. Beecher announced that the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of the Orange Valley church, would occupy his place in the evening. He chose his text from the First Epistle of Peter, i., 7—"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Peter called himself apostle to the Gentiles. Paul regarded himself in the same light, and the epistle is addressed to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia. By strangers, doubtless, were meant exiled Jews, his own countrymen, who had wandered into every part of the world and to whom, first, always the Gospel of Christ was preached and to whom, generally, the Gentile converts were joined; so every Gentile Church was at the centre Jewish and round about it a fringe of Gentile converts. The general character of the epistles written by Paul and other apostles shows that they were affected by the thought of the Jews, but when, as at Corinth, a large part of the Church were Greeks, the letters had a constant regard to Greek thoughts and ideas; so every one of the letters bears not only the personal character of the writer, but reveals something of the Church to which it was addressed. What are we to understand, then, by the trials they were going through?

First, as to faith, we are to bear in mind in the earliest period of Christian teaching they taught a personal Christ. Peter goes before an audience and says:—"I am the man that was called by Jesus Christ; this is His history, these are His words; I was with Him when He was arrested; I saw Him crucified; I was among those who went earliest to the tomb when I heard He had risen; I talked with Him; these are His words." No man can say that to us. The truth of Christ then the living Saviour presented. This was the early faith. We have to take Him by an historical intervention. They knew Him not only as having lived but to come again. The power of the expectation of seeing Christ was inconceivable. So there was a personal enthusiasm in this faith for the Lord Jesus Christ, who had gone up to prepare and was coming back. Systems of truth as they present themselves to you and me were not born then; not for 300 or 400 years was there any system of doctrinal Christianity. The primitive form was an ardent and enthusiastic belief in a living person called Jesus Christ, and it was the enthusiasm of personal adhesion to Jesus; He was their hero, and they taught the highest forms of hero-worship. It was

A PERSONAL WORSHIP

of the Lord Jesus Christ. They were living close by the days in which He had suffered, and we are living 2,000 years away; they stood where they could almost hear the footsteps of Jesus; the events of His life were yet regarded as news in the world, and men who taught could tell them how He looked—the color of His eyes, the form of His mouth, His stature. There is a great deal of difference in knowing things from books and from those who have seen. General Hancock described some of the events of the battle of Gettysburg to me. I had read them, I had studied them on the ground, but here was the man who commanded and saw the terrible charge, and there was in his description a life power I cannot get from books. Then, besides, there was an emotive ethereal disposition. Christ said, "Be ye like me." Their faith included a whole new life. If I were to give their faith a general designation, I should say, living by the power of a living God.

Now, as to the trials, what were they? Here were these men endeavoring

TO BE LIKE CHRIST,

all training, like a squad of soldiers being drilled in expectation of their general coming every day. They were in drill spiritually. What was the trial of their faith? There were, in the first place, great trials of faith on the part of the Jews. They were trials consequent upon transition. They went from a life filled with provisions for right conduct to a life where all they were taught was to follow Jesus Christ. How strange for them! Are consecrations nothing? Is meat offered to idols nothing? Some people don't take things very hard; they are physically and mentally adipose; they take on and give up very easy; it don't hurt them any; but there are intense natures, which believe through and through; it colors their whole life, and when in after life the imperfection of early teaching is made manifest it tears the whole structure of the mind. There is as much suffering in abandoning old systems of faith and venturing in the great unexplored. We see the same thing going on to-day and struggling men meet on the road—John H. Newman travelling toward an organized symbolic faith, and on the road Père Hyacinth coming down from Rome, and so they are going both ways. The primitive Church had this trial of transposition. As long as it is summer I care not how sheltered the lake is; its surface will be rippled, and the only thing that gives it peace is ice;

DEATH GIVES PEACE.

Many say, "Why are not truths made so plain that we can see at once?" Why were not strawberries made to grow with sugar in the middle and cream all round? Why was the world made as it is? It was made to make men wake up. You must think, you must doubt; it is part and parcel of the discipline.

The Gentile part of the early Church had an equivalent with which we have less sympathy. When they came to Christ they left temples and priests and gods and ethical religious duties. They had been taught that every custom had some religious meaning. Now when a heathen became Christian he was conscientious, he could not take this kind of food, for it meant a certain religious rite; he could not take this flower, for that meant something else, and so at every step he found himself rushing against religious custom; he felt himself to be an infidel, and so his neighbors thought him. But both Jews and Gentiles suffered from their faith in business hinderances. Suppose a shrine maker became a Christian. He was earning his dollar a day, and his elder in the church says, "You must give up this business; you can no longer make idols." So he tells his employer he must leave. "What, are you not satisfied with the wages?" "Yes; but I have joined the Christian Church, and that won't allow me to make idols." "Joined the Christian Church, have you, and that makes you give up your business? Go, if you have joined that accursed heresy." So he is thrown out of employment, and cannot get any more. Everybody looks askance and says, "Oh, you are one of the Christians." A man who undertook to be a Christian in those days had to set himself against social feeling. To-day human nature is just as manifest in the divisions of the Christian churches; but with what intensity it must have been felt in those early times, without any public law, without any churches, without anything but their own belief in Jesus; but the greatest triumph is under all these circumstances to keep the right spirit. Here was the charter of their faith,

LOVE YOUR ENEMY.

They had no thirty-nine articles, they had no gospel. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were not yet written. They had the inspiration of the Divine spirit. God died to save you, and you are to show such disposition as to love them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you. Take these simple-minded men, women and children, attempting through all perplexities to keep temper and live joyfully. Was this no trial of their faith? The Apostles exhorted the early Christians to take all their troubles in such way that they brought them up higher. There is no virtue in being good where there is no temptation; but when we are tried and harrassed and annoyed and are able to rise into a higher form of life, to feel this world is not our home, the true one, is above all this, Christian brethren. Remember the life we see is not the real life.

COLLEGIATE REFORMED CHURCH.

DR. ORMISTON ON CHRIST'S MEANING OF THE SACRAMENTS.

Rev. Dr. Ormiston preached yesterday morning at the Collegiate Dutch church on Fifth avenue. He took for his text the passage from Luke xxii., 19—"And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me." The preacher said, The wonderful, eventful and catholic life of Christ was drawing to a close and He knew himself that its end was near. In these terms did He first intimate it to His apostles. There had come a time when the Saviour could no more go about Judea and Galilea preaching doctrines which were in themselves revolutionary to the times. He had made enemies of those most powerful in the land—the priesthood. He had never lost an occasion to denounce the Pharisees, so much so that the mere word has become a proverb, and many use it perhaps who do not know its exact meaning. These were bent upon the destruction or taking away of that man who went about the land mocking them and drawing great crowds after Him. Christ knew this and was aware that their enmity would consummate the sacrifice of His life. He was about then to suffer and depart for the good of mankind. During this Jewish passover the bread was to be broken for the last time and thus He took the bread and the cup and blessed them and handed to those about Him—His apostles—and said, "This do in remembrance of me. It is a pledge of my presence ever with you." The Lord's death is the most wonderful and mysterious that ever transpired in the history of the universe. In the death and life of the Lord Jesus Christ we find the most beautiful example for a Christian. Some deaths are eminently fitted to show us the way of God. What a solemn thing it is to tell us that "the wages of sin is death." It is an awful thing to sin against God. People look forward to death in ways as various as their characters. Some look forward to a hero's death on the battle field; others to a martyr's death, and still others to the death of the meek and lowly Christian, without peril, without any sensational effect. Parents pass away, children die, but Christ laid down a life which others than Christ are obliged to give up. He could keep His life, and we cannot. With Christ life sought death. To save us He had no sin. If it were sin which had produced His death it would have been an atrocious crime, because the method was most barbarous. But it was sin in others; it was for sin that was not His own. I like these monosyllables—Christ died to save us. God knows how many gray-haired fathers and mothers have gone to the grave because of their children's sins. We have redemption, but it is through the blood of Christ that we live. After a night of terror and torture He is delivered over to His persecutors, and scourged until furrows are made upon His back. A crown of thorns was placed upon His head, and, with the blood trickling down His face, He was led to that dread and now sadly historical spot, Mount Calvary, whereon was the cross which has become an emblem of the doctrine He preached ever since. He died truly a righteous man. He was buried, and a few mourners watched over His tomb. This fact affirms that He was buried. Come, saints, drop a tear for Him who gave His blood for you. Do this in remembrance of His life. Partake of these sacraments. Do not forget, as we look at the broken bread, crushed, that He was bruised for our iniquities. Painful and shameful was the death of Christ. I cannot but feel always there is a something of human sympathy in this sacrament. He lived for us; He died for us. He rose for us; He reigns for us. The Lord give us grace that whatever we do, that this and things in everyday life, to do them in remembrance of Him. It is not sufficient to have an hour or two of grace here, and go away and forget all about it. We must not simply come to this church, hear the Word of God spoken, listen to the songs which we sing in His praise and partake of the holy sacrament which He left us to remember Him by. We must carry this remembrance with us everywhere—in our daily vocations, in joys, in our pleasures as well as in our griefs. We should bear that God who has done so much for us constantly in our minds and in the most secret recesses of our hearts. We are too apt to think of Him but once a week and then dismiss Him from our minds. This will not satisfy, however; it is not enough. God demands from his children whatever we can give in return for His great goodness to us. Let us think more of Him and bear Him in affectionate remembrance. Let us bear our cross through life, blessing Him who gave it us to bear, until that final day when, being translated, we shall meet in that place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RELIANCE IN GOD'S PROMISES.

"And I said, This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord, surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy works, and talk of thy doings."—Psalm lxxvii., verses 10, 11 and 12. From the above text Dr. Marvin R. Vincent preached an eloquent sermon, of which the following is an extract:—This psalm commences with a painful record of weariness, suffering and sorrow for sin which cannot be excelled. The words in the second verse, "My sore ran in the night," signify literally, "My hand lay slack and open." What an image of powerlessness; the firm, strong hand lying unclosed and nerveless, while the soul was comfortless and the waking eye staring into vacancy through the long hours. The words "but I will remember," in the tenth verse, have been introduced by the translators and the thirteenth and nineteenth verses should be read together. Not long ago I was talking with a minister who told me of a young brother who had come to his study a few years previous, broken down with hard work, worn out, and, as he said, dying. The doctor nursed him and comforted him and sent him back prepared for five years more of hard, patient work, and then the end came and God took him. Once during those days of despondency and trouble he had given him this text for a stronghold, and on looking over his manuscripts after his death there lay a sermon sketched and planned from these very words. The weak hand had found the strong right hand and all was well. The psalm speaks also of meditating. Some active Christian whose duty lay all in active, earnest work might have had but little time for this until God called him aside to a place of rest and quiet where he could find how profitable was meditation. Or the reverse might happen. Some are apt to brood and meditate too much, and presently they find themselves in some sphere of work requiring entire forgetfulness of self. Every one of us has some close acquaintance with our own infirmity. Almost everyone understands well his own besetting sin. With some it is an irritable, selfish temper; with others it is covetousness; with others vanity, and you think you have overcome it when suddenly God makes you face some trial or circumstance to draw it out, and there is still your "infirmity." But there, too, are "the years of the right hand of the Most High," and "His way of the sanctuary," resistless as the way of the sea for your sure help. "God never is before His time and never is behind."

A communion service was held in the afternoon at half-past three.

ZION CHURCH.

SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN N. GALLEGHER.

At Zion church, Madison avenue, corner of Thirty-eighth street, service was conducted yesterday morning by the rector, Rev. John N. Gallegher. After the preliminary prayers the first chapter of Jeremiah and the sixth chapter of Mark were read as the lessons of the day, some excellent singing by the choir intervening. Then was sung the thirty-fourth hymn, followed by the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul as the epistle and a chapter from Luke as the Gospel. The usual prayers and litany were recited with marked fervor by a very large congregation.

The programme of music was as follows:—Voluntary, Bristow; "Vénite," Handel; "Te Deum," in G, Thomas; "Benedictus," in F, Winter; "Gloria Tibi," Greatorex; offertory, "God is a Spirit," Bennett; Voluntary, Mozart.

THE SERMON,

which was a brief one, was preached by the pastor, the text being from the seventeenth chapter of Luke, "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within me." The preacher explained the text in an eloquent analysis of the Kingdom of God as the inner life of man and the kingdom of the world, which was the outer world. From the inner life proceeded that stamp upon the outer which showed the Christian man. There was a struggle between both. God's law was written on the heart, and it was in proportion to its accord with the spiritual desires that a man's life approached perfection or sank into mere worldliness. Having elaborated this idea, the preacher proceeded to say that at the present time the world was engaged in the consideration of tremendous questions. It was, what security is there for existing institutions? There was no security. The law had lost its spell to check murmurs of discontent; the prestige of centuries vanished in one night of persecution; no longer did divinity hedge round a king. Even in republican institutions there was a trembling for vast questions were in agitation. The night was coming, but what did they propose who were to control the nations? What barriers were they to raise? Force and secular education had been tried and had miserably failed. Armies were the enemies of society; they had neither homes nor families and had nothing to lose. Secular education had taught the people their condition, and, having sharpened their faculties, imparted a poison for evil as well as for good. The realm of culture did not touch the heart. For eighteen centuries the Church of God had been preaching that the more a Christian a man was the more just he was. But it was given no recognition—no churches, no schools, and God's name was taken from the schools and the statute books. The world might well now appeal to Christianity for aid, while it trembles before impending ruin, but would God mock the appeal?

TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE.

IS THERE A HELL?—REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S VERDICT AGAINST THE UNIVERSALISTS.

Yesterday Mr. Talmage preached a sermon in reply to the claims of Universalism. He took for his text the words of Ezekiel, xiii., 18—"Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes." After prefixing his discourse the reverend gentleman said:—There are two branches of Universalism—one made up of the Restorationists, who, while they admit there may be some punishment in the future world, say it will come to an end, and the soul, through a process of reformation, will come up at last into light, joy, peace and victory; but the vast majority of the Universalists believe that there is no future punishment at all, and that, whatever may have been our character in this world, the moment we step across the line into the future world we are completely happy. People need not tell me that is not Universalism. I take it not from books. I take it from my own observation and my frequent and constant converse with men who have adopted such theories. All Universalists agree in saying that the human race will all eventually be happy. I shall show you that under any shape,

UNIVERSALISM IS UNSCRIPTURAL, UNREASONABLE, DESTRUCTIVE OF GOOD MORALS,

withering to all earnestness and soul saving, and the means of eternal catastrophe to a great many. * * * I solemnly empannel all this audience as a jury in the case, and I shall proceed to open the case and to call the witnesses. To prove that there is such a thing as future punishment, I first call upon "Dives, the Lost." Let him be sworn. He was a man of great influence in the world. There is no reason why he should falsify. "Dives, is there a perdition?" He says:—"Yes, I have just come from it. It is a torment. I can't get anything there to cool my tongue. I want a drop of water, but I can't get it. Do send word to my five brothers, that they come not into that suffering." Universalism tries to impeach this witness by saying that it is all allegory. Lazarus the saved is the Gentile comforted, and Dives, who lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torment, is the Jew whose spiritual privileges were cut off in this world. Preposterous! If Christ was going to make an allegory He would not make one so imbecile as that. I don't wonder that Universalists have wrenched that passage until they got red in the face to make it mean something else; but in all ages of the past and in all ages of the future the common sense reading of that scripture is that Lazarus went to heaven and that Dives went to hell, and there was a gulf fixed between them they could never cross over.

THE NEXT WITNESS I CALL

in the case is an old bent over man. It is Paul, the Apostle. "Paul, is there a perdition?" He answers:—"In flaming fire, taking vengeance upon those who know not God." The next witness is a gray-bearded man, clothed in rough hair cloth. It is Isaiah, the prophet. "Isaiah, is there such a place as perdition?" He answers:—"There the worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." The next witness looks as though he may have been very ruddy and beautiful once, but he has lost his beauty and ruddiness through much family trouble. It is David, the psalmist. "David, is there any perdition?" He answers:—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." The next witness is a very mild and lovable man. It is John, the inspired. "John, is there any such place as perdition?" He answers, "They shall drink of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured with mixture into the cup of His indignation;" and He stops a moment to take breath, and then he says, "They shall be tormented in fire and brimstone in the presence of the angels;" and He stops again to take breath and then says, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." But the most important witness is to come. He comes with feet blistered by the long way, with sickly looks from sleeplessness and exposure. It is the Son of God, before whom we bow down, not worthy even to kiss His feet, and we say in all reverence, "Oh, Jesus, is there a perdition?" And He answers, "At the end of the world the angels shall come forth and separate the righteous from the wicked, and the wicked shall be cast into a furnace of fire where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." And after stopping a moment He says, "The children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Then He stops a moment and He resumes:—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"ENOUGH," YOU SAY.

Isaiah, David, Paul, John and Christ are enough. * * * You remember in the parable of the tares the tares were thrown into the furnace of fire, while it says the righteous shine forth forever in their Father's kingdom. The Universalists have squeezed and distorted that passage. They have made the furnace to the Jerusalem, and those who are to shine forth forever in their Father's kingdom are the Jews, who did not happen to get killed in the war at the time the city was taken—an interpretation that would throw any audience into convulsions of laughter, if awfulness of the theme did not forbid merriment. You said you would take the Bible for the standard of the trial.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

now I hold you to your word and I demand that you admit the awful truth that there is a future punishment. But, say the Restorationists, that branch of Universalists, "we admit there is a future punishment, but it comes to an end." My good friends, when will it come to an end? I think we shall have to call back some of the witnesses we have sworn in this case. "John the inspired, what is the duration of that punishment?" He answers, "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." How long is that? I call up Isaiah