THE PULPITS.

Mr. Hepworth's Picture of Christ as a Prophet.

BUILDING ON CHRIST.

Mr. Frothingham Talks About Fighting with Shadows.

FATHER FLATTERY'S LESSON OF PENANCE.

Mr. Beecher on Sure Punishment for Sin—Cause Must Produce Effect.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

CHRIST AS A PROPHET—THE BIBLE AS A BOOK OF POLITENESS—SERMON BY REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Notwithstanding the oppressiveness of the day yesterday the Church of the Disciples was well filled. After the sermon the celebration of the Lord's Supper was observed. The text was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, nineteenth verse—"And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." We may speak of Jesus, my dear friends, as the long looked for, as the one longed for and prayed for. He was the answer to a people's petition, as He was the fulfilment of the promise of Jehovah. We can better understand the position which He occupied in the Jewish economy by looking back for the promises God made through the person of Moses. While Moses was looking forward to his reward in the future he uttered these words, which became a rich inheritance, a precious legacy to the people:—"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee; I will raise up a prophet from thy people like unto thee, and I will put my words into his mouth and he shall speak all that I command him." And up to the time of Malachi this long looked for prophet had not appeared. The people of Israel had ceased their wanderings and had taken possession of the green fields of the Promised Land, and yet this great leader had not made his appearance. And every generation increased in the intensity of their longing, till at last the longing included patriotism and religion alike—it was the one thought of the people; and when the Master came at last—the incarnate, prophetic Spirit, God with man, Emanuel—John was questioned concerning His nature and His mission, and he confessed and denied not, but confessed, "I am not the Christ." And they asked him, "What, then, art thou Elias?" and he answered, "I am not." "Art thou that prophet?" and he answered "No." The emphatic word in the text, dear friends, is the pronoun, "Art thou that prophet?" and in that pronoun was concentrated the longing of a thousand years. We read in St. John, sixth chapter:—"Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, 'This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.'" And again, in the seventh chapter, after another miracle had been performed and the people had heard of it, they said, "Of a truth this is the Prophet." So the history of the whole Jewish race seems to culminate at Bethlehem. When the star settled over it the angels put the keystone to the arch and all was complete. The plan of God, developed through slow degrees, came to

GLORIOUS FRUITION

and grand culmination when Jesus Christ sat in His mother's arms, the child of His mother but the son of the Almighty.

I want to speak to you concerning Christ in His prophetic character, for in himself He was not a prophet. To be sure He spoke about the future as no one else ever did; 'tis true he said to His disciples "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also," and it is blessedly true that He gave us clear, definite ideas concerning that which was to happen; but these were not the sayings of a prophet, these were the messages of an ambassador, these were the directions given to us by one who left himself a plenipotentiary of Almighty God; not uttering dark sayings, but describing the place from which He had come, and assuring us that we also should some time enjoy the beauty and glory of the New Jerusalem.

What are some of the peculiarities of the prophetic character? The first necessity of a prophet is sweet, perfect communion with God, a mystery which you and I do not enjoy. We recognize the fact that we take our complexion from our communings. If we talk with a coubter the shadow of the man's doubt rests upon us. We cannot cultivate a friendly intimacy with one who disbelieves without walking in the sands of the wilderness

WITH PARCHED TONGUES OURSELVES.

Every man is more or less a chameleon. The mightier will or people shell into the body wherein resides the lesser will; and so we cannot come into sweet and blessed communion with a saint without feeling the influence in our own lives. We cannot sit by the side of one who has communion with God without wishing to commune with God ourselves—so infinitely important to our own destiny is it that we should be related to only the pure and noble. Christ's brethren represent what it is to live in God, to be hidden in Christ, so that no harm shall come nigh thee; for God is all about thee. Jesus did enjoy this union. How sweetly intimate it was! and, brethren, when we look at His miracles we find a curious state of affairs. More than once He said, "These things ye shall do if ye have faith," as though they were not miracles, but the result of natural laws. Jesus said if we have faith we shall have a new-found energy, so that we shall say to the mountain, "Be thou removed," and it shall pass away from our sight—all matter subject to the purpose of a finite soul. There is a mystery; and yet I dare to say that Jesus knew exactly what He was saying and meant what He said. I think the promise that faith shall perform miracles is just as true to-day as 1,800 years ago; but neither you nor I have the faith, and why not? Because of this world; because of the absorbing interest in things which we must leave behind us. For what are we willing to work night and day? For money—money which will corrode at last. Oh! if some one could come, as the apostles did in olden times, and turn the world inside down! if the pyramid could be inverted, and our thoughts turned from earth to heaven, I tell you, brethren, we would arrive at a state of moral and intellectual and spiritual manhood from which we would look back and see ourselves walking the earth as pigmies. We have developed one side of our nature, but the side

WHERE FAITH GROWS

is neglected and is overgrown with weeds and thistles. We are domestic fowls looking out for corn, not eagles that care only for the upper air at the summit of the mountain. I believe there is a great mystery and an actual fact in His promise that if we should have faith we should work miracles; and more than that He said, "I will send the comforter to you and he shall abide with you." It was the statement of a solemn fact, and if we will have faith in it it will change the color of our life, and instead of being dull and leaden it will be sapphire like the atmosphere above us, and the earth will sink hence at our feet deeper and deeper, and we shall find heaven coming nearer and closer to us, till at last, in the dim distance behind, the globe is swinging in space while we are living in the presence of the Almighty. It seems to me there is a realm unexplored. No man knows the power of prayer; no man knows the power of the Holy Ghost. Once in a while we see an example of it that stirs us to our depths. We are apt to think that the only forces that exist are those that can be measured. Not so. Go into one of our woolen mills and there is magic from roof to earth, and seek the source of that power and find it in the boiler and engine, and, in obedience to that iron wheel that keeps its circuit, every pulley, every shaft and every loom works in its own mission. And there I see an illustration of power. I can see it with my eyes and measure it. Is it

THE ONLY POWER THE EARTH KNOWS?

Nay, brethren, I saw a man in England years ago looking with pity upon the ordinance of his nation. What could he do? He had no money; he goes down on his knees and a man knocks at his door and leaves him £10 to pursue his work. The next day he is on his knees again. "O God! care for these my little ones and send me wherewith to give them bread." In this the weakest force? Nay, brethren, it is ten thousand times more powerful than those which can be measured. Where is the power that swings the ocean to its high water mark? We look to the pale moon and say "it is there!" but how? "By gravitation." But what is gravitation? Man does not know that; but yet it is a power to which the power in our mills is nothing. Lowell with its dozen mills is as the snap of a finger to the power of the moon that swings the ocean; and that power is but the moving of a finger to the power of a man's prayer. I see this poor man of England with his £10. The 10 grew to £100, the £100 to £1,000, and still he prayed, and last year that man received £250,000 in English gold in answer to prayer, and the work goes on. It is not coincidence. Oh, no! It is the practical proof that when man prays with his heart God hears with His ears, that what a man asks he shall receive.

ONCE MORE A PROPHET.

(I must hasten; I always get intensely interested and I can only speak briefly of the topics remaining.) A prophet must not only live with God, but exemplify that communion in his life. His life must be perfect. I know that we have rules of politeness. We put into the hands of our boys and girls the letters of Lord Chesterfield; but by the side of the New Testament as a book of politeness

LORD CHESTERFIELD IS A MANIKIN,

the semblance, not the real thing. There is no courtesy but the courtesy of a true gentleman, and no one can be a gentleman unless he is a Christian at heart. In the Bible you have the order to love, not fear—to love your neighbors—and if I want to make a perfect gentleman I should convert his soul and bring him in humility to the foot of the cross. There is no courtesy like Christian courtesy, and the only impulse to true courtesy is the impulse that comes from the love inculcated in the sermon on the Mount. The true prophet must not only commune with God constantly and show it in his life, but he must be an authority to you and to me. We ought not to be left to ourselves to find out what duty is. We ought to know it and measure it by

A DIVINELY ORDAINED STANDARD.

If you are right by the book then you are safe here and hereafter; and if you dare not measure yourself by the book you are doomed. God is merciful, but not weak. Justice and mercy are intertwined so that each shall be satisfied. So, brethren, in order to understand the duties of a prophetic character, it is necessary not only to stand outside but inside. Oh, that I might appeal to you in such wise that not one would turn his back on that table. It is the

SYMBOL OF LOVE,

it is the type of Calvary. O brethren! not outside can one know what the church is; not only when he stands within the temple can he appreciate its glory. The world's people look at christianity, but know nothing of the meaning of it; but when a human heart, baptized by its tears, knocks at the door of heaven and asks for faith, I believe that angels open the door, and the soul will be led into the immediate presence of Jehovah. Oh, that I had the power—I have it not—to speak to you in such a persuasive way that you would all come and receive the benefit of God's truth! Oh, that you would not stand on the hill tops! Oh, that, with God's help and inspiration, we might all enter into the holy of holies! We may do it now, since the veil was rent from top to bottom, and enter in such sweet and beautiful communion with God that Death himself will be robbed of his victory. And now, brethren, I invite you all who love the Lord Jesus Christ—all who feel that it would be a privilege to commune with God—I invite you in the name of Calvary, in the name of the sprinkled blood, men, women and children, all to stay with us and eat of the body and drink of the blood of the living Christ, our Saviour.

MASONIC HALL.

FIGHTING WITH SHADOWS—SERMON BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham preached yesterday morning on "Fighting with Shadows." He based his discourse for once on a Scriptural text, quoting that part of the Epistle to the Ephesians which alludes to human battling with evil spirits.

This doctrine of evil spirits living in the air is a very old one. We find it among the Hesrews, long before Christ, who believed in evil spirits dwelling in the chambers of the air. They were supposed to dwell in dark places; they haunted graveyards, tombs, &c. They are related to have been so thick that if mortals had only seen them they would have been afraid to move for fear that they would tread upon them. These are the evil spirits referred to by the writer of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Whoever reads the early Christian works meets these spirits of evil and darkness at almost every step. The stained windows in catnedrals were wrought as spells to keep these haunting ghosts out, the church bells were rung to purge the chambers of the air from them, the holy water, the telling of the beads of the rosary, the sign of the cross, were all devices to battle against these shades of the night.

REALITIES MERGING INTO SHADOWS.

As time wears on, however, this old superstition becomes exceedingly shadowy. There are people now who believe that what are called spirits are simply the lingering associations—impressions made upon the mind while the mind has not yet cleared off—as the man, for instance, who has lost a limb still continues to fancy the sensations which he once felt in it, because the muscles and nerves still continue to report them. Suppose the people who die do not live again. Still they do not die—do not die for the living. Your friend, while living, comes and goes, but when dead his presence is perpetual; there is no seat at the table which he does not occupy; you cannot divest yourself of the sense that he is with you wherever you go. All houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses. Through the open door the impalpable presences come and go as long as you live, think, breathe and work. These spirits live, think, breathe, work with you and in you. How remarkable in the impressions are the shades of great men! The ghost of Napoleon still continues to control the destinies of a great nation; the ghost of Luther is still unlaid. Institutions do not die when they are so far obsolete that they cannot be understood.

THE SHADOWS OF RELIGION.

Take the altar of sacrifice, for instance, which stood in the Jewish temple as it stands in the Christian temple to-day. As it was once for the actual spreading of blood it is now for the mystical shedding of blood by the incarnate Christ. Then look now, the altar passes into the communion table and that into a purple vase of flowers. The Roman Catholic cathedral was supposed to be literally a patch of land rescued from the devil, walled, buttressed, blessed and consecrated and guarded at every portal. On the gorgeous windows were painted the images of saints, to throw upon the floor where the worshippers knelt the reflex of those holy figures. It was a very refuge from the sinful world. Go now into the Protestant church on Fifth avenue. No holy water, no priest, no ritual—only the shadow of these things. The church is no longer a refuge of the world, but simply a comfortable place, where rich people can hear the best music and near the most popular preacher on Sunday. And then the church, this shadow of the cathedral, is transformed into the meeting house, the shadow of the church. In the ancient times prayer meant the cry of the famished soul, offered in the belief that God was overfaced and would send down the literal hand of relief; prayer is now, perhaps, only praise and aspiration.

SPECTRES OF ANCIENT BELIEFS.

During the past week this building was dedicated to an order of remote antiquity. The bronze pillars outside the door were copied from those which Solomon placed at his own temple; they were once probably emblems of the columns of cloudes fire which marched before the Jews on their historical procession. At that time every emolem was charged within living duty of protection. Now it is simply a shadow retained for its beautiful associations. We see the same things in dogmas. There were times when men were ashamed of their bodies, when they were ashamed of looking at their bodies; they would rear no statues, enjoy no pleasures, simply because they were engaged in the all-absorbing pursuit of getting rid of their lives. Where is this dogma now? Perhaps in the entire civilized world there are fifty people who believe it. It is so remote that it is only by an effort of the imagination that we can recall it. And yet here it is. Even now we see every now and then some rich or great man who retires from the world because he believes himself a sinner. Victor Hugo says that no life seems to be sweet and holy unless it has a perfume of the tomb about it. We have still reminiscences of old ideas. We blush for the servitude imposed upon the past by despots, and when we read the accounts in the papers of to-day of how a general's daughter was married we only blush for the servitude which humanity imposes upon itself. The desire which people feel to read about the marriage of a general's daughter has a pale reflex of the adulation with which in past times the lowly worshipped the great.

FIGHTING WITH SHADOWS.

There was a proposition in a place in the West that the school children should be paid for killing grasshoppers twenty cents a quart—(laughter)—and a gust of wind swept them all away in a moment. It would be equally impossible to destroy the spirits and shadows of life by fighting against them. Battle against men and not against spectres. In fighting with men you preserve the heroism, as the men who are now the noblest champions of brotherhood between the North and South are those who fought hardest. But when you fight with shadows the blows fall always upon your own hearts. A man once came to Luther and asked him how to get rid of a deadly fear that was mastering him. Luther, when at his wits' end, said, "Go and get dead drunk." This advice is not worth imitation, but the modern man can say, "Plunge into work; plunge into society; put yourself into contact with real things." A single hour of duty is worth a century of exorcism, of prayer and of praise. It is well for us to remember in our worship that it is the real things which will bring us in real contact with the Father of our spirits.

BAPTIST MARINERS' TEMPLE.

"BUILDING ON CHRIST"—SERMON BY REV. J. D. FULTON.

The Baptist Mariners' Temple in Oliver street was well filled yesterday afternoon by a congregation eager to hear a sermon on the above subject by the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn. The divine took his text from Ephesians, ii., 19, 20—"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." We must, said the minister, all build upon Jesus Christ. He was the Saviour of mankind, and we must look to Him. We cannot enter the Kingdom of God without coming through Him. Christ also built upon mankind. The ministers of the Gospel He made pillars and corner stones. He built upon them and through them on all others; but He built differently upon different men. No man was modelled exactly like another man either in body or mind. We were as different as the fashions. They come to us from other countries and we change them, and yet every man and woman made another change, so that no two ever dressed alike, and so no two men

BUILD ALIKE ON CHRIST,

because no two men were exactly alike in their belief. Yet we must all build on Him. Christ is the chief corner stone, and if we do not recognize this fact Christianity is emptied of its glory and robbed of its power. All men who talk to us of Christ Jesus are our friends, and when they talk to us we forget their nationality and at once make them citizens. We should understand that we are the plants and that Christ is the great Gardener, and He alone can transplant us into the garden of the kingdom of heaven. We must build on Christ with all our will, for He is a sure foundation, and no man's building will ever be shaken by storms whose faith is firm in the foundation of the blessed words that God has spoken to us through the Lord Jesus Christ. But it was not alone to build on Christ, we must keep the structure firm by constant prayer, and try and do as Christ did, follow His example as nearly as possible. Pray to Him and ask for strength to do this, and He would send His Holy Spirit down among us and help us, and He would build on us and give us that life eternal that He has promised to those who do His holy will. And if He found us worthy He would build on us, and trust us, and it was a great thing to be trusted by God, and when a man felt an inward conviction that his sins were taken away by the blood of Christ, and that God was trusting him, he should never betray that trust, never go astray, but should have a firm reliance on God, and pray to Him for strength to continue in the right path.

The preacher spoke at some length about his travels in foreign parts, and what wonders the missionaries abroad were doing, and hoped to see the day when more preachers than ever would be sent among our mining districts, for he believed they alone could stop the evils now existing; and he also believed that if the Word of God were preached regularly to the miners, such things as strikes would be unheard of.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

MR. BEECHER ON THE CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT FOR SIN.

Long before Mr. Beecher threw his new light colored soft hat upon the Plymouth church platform yesterday morning every seat in the great plain barn-like edifice was filled, the doorways were packed, and a dense throng stood in the street vainly regretting that they had not been a few minutes earlier even at the expense of a curtailed breakfast. In deference to the heat the pastor had put on a white vest, though it was plainly apparent that he was suffering from the early stages of his usual summer infliction of hay fever. After the usual organ voluntary by the veteran John Zundel the services were opened by the Portuguese Hymn, Miss Lasar singing the first lines as soprano solo with very fine effect, the other portions being arranged for duets, trios and quartets, with Miss Holbrook as contralto, Mr. Hill, tenor and Mr. Camp, baritone, the full Plymouth choir joining in the chorus, under the admirable leadership of Mr. Camp. Though everybody was crowded and hot, and fresh air was scarce in spite of open doors and raised windows, this beautiful old anthem induced a thoroughly devotional spirit in the vast throng of worshippers and inclined all to join heartily with the pastor in a fervent invocation to the God of all Grace for His blessing on the services of the day. Judge Porter occupied a prominent seat in the front row of the gallery, and listened through the sermon with rapt attention and evident relish to the telling illustrations and strong positions assumed by his client. Among the usual notices read was one that the pulpit would be filled in the evening by a Baptist pastor whose church in Brooklyn had been "disfellowshipped" by a vote of its sister churches for liberal views and practice in reference to admission to the Lord's Supper of those who have not been baptized by immersion. This gave Mr. Beecher an opportunity to say that no Christian church

COULD BE PUT OUT

by an ecclesiastical vote; that the light of a true Christian, of an earnest church, could not be extinguished by any or all men's endeavors, and that he was glad to know that the church over which his "disfellowshipped" Baptist brother presided was, for all the vote of exclusion, a live church, and its members beloved by all.

Mr. Beecher took his text from the second chapter of Romans, the assertion that "God will render unto every man according to his deeds—to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life. But unto them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first and also to the Greek." He deduced from this text the simple announcement which, put in the philosophic language of this day, would stand that, in moral as well as physical affairs, every cause produces its proper and necessary effect. An evil life must invariably produce its consequent of suffering. Punishment is but another term for effect. No one can escape the natural result of broken law. This holds good in reference to moral conduct as well as to all other parts of our life. No matter how prosperous a man may appear, how successful he may be in regard to special portions of his life, if he breaks any of the fundamental laws of his being he is

SURE TO REAP THE PENALTY

of that broken law. No life built upon fraud, deceit, cunning, avarice, selfishness, can be a truly successful life. A man may amass a fortune, yet live shunned of all, hated, detested. He has incurred and must suffer the penalty or effect of social injustice. He cannot escape. From this theme Mr. Beecher drew one of his most powerful appeals to all, especially the young, to mould their lives upon the divine law and to aim at a life in the sphere of those affections which will go with us after we shall have dropped the mortal and enter into the realm beyond the bonds of earth.

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. BENJAMIN N. MARTIN—THE COST OF WORMWOOD OUT OUR SALVATION.

When any man excels, said Professor Martin, yesterday morning, in a particular field at a particular calling, he is put forward by men and made much of because he has this peculiar ability. We have pleasure in honoring such talent and exhibiting it to the world. So it is with the truth of God. Truth is a divine power. It makes those who practice it excel before God. Vice degrades man, and is worse in proportion as his passions begin to govern him instead of his governing them. He then welcomes the service of superstition, and the more he goes the more he comes under the influence of a priesthood which governs with an iron will. Passion is the bondage of the soul. It has no control, nor any idea of control. It struggles selfishly against others. If such a man is not miserable it is because he is so miserable that he is content. We are no longer the servants of a priesthood who teach us that through them we can purchase divine favors. We know that if we submit to that spiritual word we are delivered from sin and from the control of sin. Our actions of benevolence become the leading thoughts of our mind. God's goodness is the reason of this pleasant bondage. It bears its fruit through the support which God's truth gives it. Its loss would be to be cut off from the tree, and so with the soul. It is absolutely necessary it should be near God. If it is cut off from the fountain of truth it will die. Thus we may see sometimes a branch of a tree taken from the trunk and stuck into the ground. For a short time it seems as if it might live and be good for something. But it soon droops and dies away and is no more good; "As a branch cannot bear fruit unless it abideth with the vine." Secondly, I will touch upon the methods by which we have freedom in God. It is asked how all the care and time we expend on this praying to God and doing His work are consistent with freedom or the idea of liberty. Yet it is simple enough if we will give the matter a thought. The sailor that finds his path on the broad waters—how did he gain that marvellous control and that

POWER OVER THE FORCES OF NATURE?

Did it come at once? No. Many a storm did that man risk his life in; many a day of hard learning; many a laborious night watch, constant work and application, and the result is that when he has done all this and become proficient he is comparatively a free man and has outgrown the period of servitude. Patient study and diligent appreciation of truth give one a confidence, a mastery of one's self and one's passion, which is freedom; it is not without labor, not without a thousand exposures of life. But good habits are like bad ones in this, that once learned they are easy to do. It is always easier to observe a habit, no matter how difficult it was at first, than to break away from it. Thus when the movements of the soul are in consonance with God they are instinctively so. Thus, singular as it may seem, ease is the result of labor and freedom the result of constraint. We meet obstacles and achieve objects with ease. In temptations and allurements the sole work of man on earth must be to go on through the course of life where the rules which have been once most burdensome have become easy. It is a spiritual action which becomes as familiar to our souls as the contrary would have been so.

The third point is the degree of freedom we thus attain through our knowledge of the truth. There are some countries whose music is spontaneous. In China we have that of the gongs, but one can become accomplished at it in one day. But this cannot compare with the music which it takes years of study and practice to become proficient in by patient study and assiduous application. There was a time when the movements of your lips were an unnatural exertion, slow, painful and almost impossible. Now it has become a second nature, and it would be difficult not to make these motions. It is Christ who reveals the truth that is able to teach us. He is the model and type of our efforts, and if we follow Him we can be left to our weakness when Satan can do his utmost. We have strong encouragements to persevere in the sacred life. Our first attempts are awkward and ungraceful, but we improve as we go on. Thus you see the eagle ungainly and heavy, unsteady near the earth, soar up aloft on his pinions, poised at immense heights, seemingly immovable on his wings and passing from zone to zone. So with the soul—the first movements are awkward, but the difficulties are soon overcome and we laugh at those trials which frightened us at first. This is the error of those who find the work of God a burden. They are rash, heedless, given to self indulgence. Do not resign yourselves to these false prophets, against whom God has thundered His threats.

ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH.

THE PRODIGAL SON—SERMON BY THE REV. FATHER FLATTERY.

This beautiful church was yesterday thronged to its fullest capacity. Situated in a neighborhood wretched, barren and unprofitable, and, to boot, with all the villanous surroundings of the Harlem flats, it becomes a marvel that the space of the edifice was not at all commensurate with the demands of the faithful in the vicinity. The services at St. Cecilia's church were conducted with usual solemnity. The mass selected for the day was one of Gerenall's, and under the direction of Signor Mora it was splendidly interpreted. Miss Louise Denison sota during the "Credo" and at the offertory sung with considerable taste and feeling. She possesses a mellow voice, full of expression. It may be as well to mention that the Church of St. Cecilia boasts of having the best choir in the city, and if one might judge from the performance of a very ordinary mass yesterday there are assuredly reasons for believing the report. It may be borne in mind that the eloquent pastor, Rev. Dr. Flattery, has been suffering from malarial fever for some time past, owing to the horrible surroundings of the church; yet he preached an able sermon from the text, "Amen, I say unto you, there shall be joy in heaven for one sinner doing penance more than for ninety-nine just ones who doth not penance." The preacher dilated with great tenderness upon the touching details of the prodigal and upon the mercy of the true Father of the wanderer. The sermon was replete with eloquence and beautiful imagery.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE ON THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Yesterday morning, as usual, this edifice was filled to its utmost capacity by the followers of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. He selected for his text part of the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans—"Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." In opening his discourse the preacher said that he was aware that there were several interpretations of this text, but, without going into the merits of each, he preferred to select the most natural. The spirit of Christ was one of gentleness. He became angry at times, as when He purged the Temple and when He showed His anger with the Pharisees, but in most instances His nature was inoffensive, gentle and pleasant. His gentle disposition is the most apparent when we think that, possessing a power with which He might tear His antagonists to pieces, He bore all His trials as He did. His gentle disposition was recognized by the poor and afflicted. Invalids came to Him and asked that He might put His hands on their wounds. No mother had a babe too delicate that she would hesitate to lay upon His breast. A rude mob assailed and tumbled a fallen woman to the ground, and He, with gentleness streaming from His eyes, looked at them and said, "He that is without sin among ye let him cast the first stone." A blind man crossed His path and with a gentle hand He annointed his eyes, and, behold, he was cured! Gentleness of hand, of foot, of speech, we all appreciate, although we have it not. The most rugged of us admire it, as the bluff headlands, towering above the ocean, look down on the calm at their feet. Few of us have that spirit. How many of us try to emulate it? The world sours the milk of human kindness. The treachery and ignobleness of everyday life takes the gentleness out of our natures. Harshness comes to the voice, rudeness to the touch, and such a complete lack of Christ's spirit comes upon us that we are unfit to talk to the poor, encourage the weak or to minister to the afflicted.

The spirit of Christ, the preacher said, was also a spirit of self-sacrifice. No young man had ever before him brighter opportunities if he had sought worldly ambition; no orator ever won such plaudit as he might have won from the voices of those assembled in the synagogue, in the public places and on the sea shore; no physician could have received such reward as he would if he had performed his cures in the midst of the Roman aristocracy; no human power could have thrust Christ into the hands of his enemies if he had not willed it; no satanic power could have put him upon the cross unless he liked. All his self-sacrifice was to save you and me from

THE PENALTY OF SIN.

Christ chose hardships, toil, sorrow, bitterness, a cruel death to all worldly ambition. Two little children are coming along. It is a wintry day. The wind is blowing keenly and the snow is driving upon them. The girl says to the boy "Come under my cloak," but he answers it is too short. Then the girl takes it from her shoulders and wraps it about the boy, leaving her exposed to the angry winds. That is self-sacrifice. When the plague was raging in Marseilles, and the people were dying by the scores and hundreds every day, the physicians decided that a post-mortem examination must be made in order to ascertain how to meet the disease; but they knew that it was certain death to any one who made the dissection. No one would volunteer. Finally an old physician arose and said, "I know that it is death to dissect a body, but I will do it." He went home, made his will, dissected the body and was dead in twelve hours. That was Christian self-sacrifice. Christ walked from Capernaum to Bethany, from Jerusalem to Calvary for us. His head ached, His feet ached, His heart ached, and how much have we ached for Him? The preacher asked his hearers to look back over all their paltry self-sacrifices and they would find, in comparison with those made by Christ, not one deed or act worthy of the name

CHRIST'S HUMILITY.

The next point considered was the spirit of Christ's humility. Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, who held in His hands the waters of the world, stood at the well begging a drink; He, whose chariots are borne by the wind, walked with weary feet; scoffed at in life, nicknamed, struck at, spat at; hushing the tempest on the sea; passing on His journey in a countryman's garb and walking in common sandals; seated among the publicans and sinners—everywhere His humility was conspicuous. Ah, how little of that it is to be found among us. We gather a few more dollars in our hand and how we strut and crow and want people to know their place, and cry out, "Look at the Babylon we have raised in honor of our king." Prayer was another conspicuous element in the spirit of Christ. On the mountain, on the lake, on the seashore, among the rich, with the poor and on the cross you see this before you. You cannot mention the name of Christ without thinking of prayer. Prayer for His friends, "Father, I will that they be with me where I am;" prayer for his enemies, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do;" prayer for all nations, "Thy kingdom come." How little of that spirit you and I have. How soon our knees get tired. Who for ten minutes can keep his mind from the store and his books and pray exclusively? We want more prayer in the store, in the nursery, in the parlor, in the legislative halls; more prayer among the young, among the old. He alone can teach us to pray, and until we learn from Him we cannot test its power.

A SPIRIT OF WORK.

But there was another feature in the spirit of Christ to be considered—the spirit of work. There was not a lazy movement in His life. Whether He was teaching the sailors on the beach, the dwellers in the cities or the rustics in the villages; whether He was helping the poor, healing the sick, this spirit of activity prevails. From the day on which He stepped out of Bethlehem to the day He set His cross upon the bloody mount it was work, work all the way. Not so with us; not so with you or me. We want the burden to be light, very light; the church pew made soft with cushions if we are to sit in it; the membership must be a brilliant sphere if we are to move in it; the church service short if we are to listen to it. We want to be delicately handled, tenderly touched with kid gloves. To the old martyrs who toiled and bled for Christ we shout, "Stand out of the way till the tender flock of Brooklyn saints step up and take their crown." If we want the reward we must emulate their spirit of work in Christ—be busy in private circles, in the Sabbath schools, in the church—everywhere, for God and Christ and heaven.

The preacher concluded by urging upon the consideration of, and the emulation by, his congregation these distinctive traits in the spirit of Christ—gentleness, self-sacrifice, humility, a spirit of prayer and of works.

THE FREE TABERNACLE.

A DISCOURSE UPON LILIES—SERMON BY REV. J. JOHNS.

A rather small congregation listened yesterday morning to an eloquent sermon by the Rev. J. Johns, in the Free Tabernacle of the Methodist Episcopal church, Thirty-fourth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The text was from the Song of Solomon, seventh chapter and third verse. In the course of his sermon the preacher said that after man's fall his ways were knotty, crooked, poisonous. When at one time of life we see a man knotty, crooked, poisonous, and at another gentle, kind, good, so remarkable a change must be attributed to the power of the word of the Gospel. The days of miracles are not yet past; we see them frequently around us in the wonderful works of God in the conversion of sinners. Christ looks upon himself as a lily of the valley, tender, delicate, pure, fragrant, and says, "so, too, should my people grow up around me." The bad man is metamorphosed, by the power of Christ's word he is changed from the hateful thorn of sin to the beautiful lily of godliness; he passes from the condition of the sinner to that of the saint; from the aspect of a demon to the form of an angel. As companion lilies in the Church, how much do we not desire the conversion of our neighbors? See the sinful condition of society; behold how

THE WICKEDNESS OF MAN

compels the use of locks, safes, and conservators of the peace to defend us from each other. If all mankind were lilies in the valley of Christ's Church, how great a fragrance would go up to the nostrils of God! But the lilies of His garden are allowed to remain here below, because God cannot afford to take away the beauty and fragrance of their works. The thorns of abuse that are directed against pastors, preachers, teachers and fellow members of God's Church, pierce all the members of it. The lily that is cultivated in the garden obliges us to admire its splendid beauty and rich aroma; but that which is found blooming in the wastes and solitudes of dreary forests, attracts a thousand-fold our sympathy, admiration, love. We take it up tenderly and place it in our bosom, saving the fragile flower from "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." So, too, is the tender infant lily that has strayed from Christ's flock taken up from this wilderness of sin by the great Transplanter and made to bloom in heaven.

The seeker of Christ is like unto the traveller who in the desert sighs for the shade of an apple tree, with its ripe, rich fruit. And when this tree is found the sweet fruit falls into the weary traveller's thirst-parched mouth—

RIPE APPLES ALWAYS FALL.

May the Lord preserve us all the sweet apples, for we like these apples. Let us sit down and take the apple as God gives it—even the apple of affliction, sorrow and death, with all its hardness and bitterness. Take it, dear brethren, as God shakes it into your laps; and let patience be abundant among us, while we pray that God may make us all lilies in the valley of Christ's Church.

MADISON AVENUE REFORMED CHURCH.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD—SERMON BY REV. H. T. GANSE.

Summer's opening Sabbath showed a comparatively slim attendance yesterday morning at the Madison avenue Reformed church, corner of Madison avenue and Fifty-seventh street. But then this is a large church, and what would seem a slim attendance here would be a large congregation elsewhere. The pastor, Rev. Dr. H. T. Ganse, preached a forcible discourse, his text being Isaiah viii., 13:—"Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread." After stating the circumstances under which the words of the text were uttered he showed that the lesson enforced was a reliance on God and not on other help. Isaiah taught that God was the Lord of Hosts, and that in their arms of weakness he could infuse omnipotent strength. The meaning was to fear God and there would be nothing else to fear. Very different views are taken of the

FEAR OF GOD.

Some insist that there is nothing terrible in God; that the idea of God should be one of fatherhood. Others teach that He is terrible, a God of terrific threatenings. Such go with anxiety all their days. It was proper that they should disabuse themselves of either of these extreme theories. The first word of the text was the pivot of the whole matter. A proper understanding of the word sanctify made it perfectly clear. Man may be sanctified, or, in other words, made holy. A place may be sanctified. How, it is asked, can we sanctify the God of Hosts, a being who is holy? There is a breadth of meaning in the word as here used that does not seem apparent at first view. Sanctify the Lord of Hosts; make Him holy in your thoughts, in your love, in all your demeanor. It is the holiness of God that makes and sustains His terribleness. The holiness of God—the Scriptures are full of the expression. How does the holiness of God bear on the terribleness of God? In the first place it limits it. Where would nature, reason and

PRETENTIOUS MODERN SCIENCE

lead us? There is no principle at the bottom, no anchor. Holiness also sustains the terribleness of God. A holy God cannot be regardless of unholiness. There is that in us which holiness condemns. There is sin. Just as large as sin is the terribleness of God. It is not in his power that God is terrible. It is not in His truth that He is terrible, and certainly it is not in His love. The holiness of God! A torrent of destruction if it flows in the way of justice, is, through the grace of God's redemption, benign and saving. We are His workmanship, erected for His good works. The holiness of God operating through the medium of Christ makes us pure and good and perfect. Holiness brings happiness. There is no happiness without holiness. We get but glimpses of the holiness here. In

THE GREAT HEREAFTER

we shall see it in all its vast and immeasurable glory. Fill your thoughts, your prayers, your motives, your lives with this holiness. God's terribleness is only to be regarded with reverence. Belief in a holy God carries with it great moral restraint. Shall moral feeling be made only responsive to selfish interest? A belief in a holy God keeps from yielding to temptation, keeps from sin, makes greater the moral stature. The holiness of God is His choicest mercy. It reinstitutes and restores the sinful heart. It relieves of all other fears. There is one king, one centre, one throne, one power. Men's sins and men's hindrances do not describe the harmonious orbits of the system of worlds. There is the same harmony in those believing and trusting in God. Sanctify the Lord of Hosts Himself. Sanctify not His instruments. Sanctify the personal presence. By His spirit Jehovah is with those that love Him. We are marching on to another world. If we believe in God's holiness here and act out rightly such belief we shall be the participants in His holiness hereafter.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"—SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM HAYNE LEAWELL.

At the Central Baptist church, Forty-second street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, yesterday morning, Rev. William Hayne Leawell, of South Carolina, preached to a large congregation. The text was taken from Matthew xxii., 42—"What think ye of Christ?" Among the most frequent topics of ordinary conversation is that of great heroes. The reason is obvious. Those great men have filled a large space in the eyes of the world, have occupied a prominent place in the mighty events of time; their actions and influence have changed the destiny of nations and they have filled the earth with the glory of their achievements. One often says what one thinks of great men; not because his opinions will alter the state of affairs, not that his voice of condemnation or of praise will poison the repose or make glad music in the hearts of these buried chieftains, but because they have made the history of the world. It cannot, therefore, be otherwise than interesting to ask after the life and character of Him who changed the era of time and planted a kingdom within, and not antagonistic to other kingdoms, which knows no limitation as to time, territory or subjects. If no other good could be received from such an investigation but a determination of

CHRIST'S EXACT INFLUENCE

in framing his character, still I should pronounce for close study of His life. But when we remember His was a life spent for the redemption of mankind, and that He has hung the destiny of our race upon a correct belief in Him, the question assumes an importance paramount to all others and momentous to the soul of every living man. Christ has a claim upon our faith. He not only commands that we believe in Him, but gives us ample reason for so doing without stultifying ourselves, without binding our judgments to follow the tendency of our warm sympathy, or without compromising ourselves in the smallest particular. Again, He has a claim upon our confidence, based upon His personal resurrection. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is capable of clear demonstration, the doubts of infidels to the contrary notwithstanding. He was crucified, as profane history tells us; He was laid in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and He was not found on the morning of the third day. His disciples believed Him to have risen. Are they mistaken, who left all and followed Him; who were with Him in days of darkness and nights of sorrow, who knew His person, yea, the very