COURT CALENDAR—THIS DAY.

[CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE.]

b rge J. Belknap; John C. Giles vs. D. T. Arguimbau; A. D. Sidervacudi vs. G. Mapes; James Farwell vs. steamboat J. H. Starin; George A. Thorndike vs. steamboat J. H. Starin; John Collins vs. John Scully et al.; Charles Grum vs. W. T. Frost; J. G. Unnevehr vs. steamship Hindoo; Traders' Insurance Company of Albany vs. steamtug U. S. Grant and John L. Parker; Robert H. Powell et al. vs. steamboat Willie; D. H. Manwaring vs. bark Carrie Delap; James Crossan et al. vs. steamtug E. A. Packer; Kittaning Coal Company vs. steamship Secret; John Duffy vs. R. H. Williams; Charles Gibson vs. canal boat F. W. Tripp.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

POSITIVE IDENTIFICATIONS THAT NEARLY COMMITTED TWO MEN—AN ALLEGED PISTOL SHOT WOUND THAT DEFIED MEDICAL INQUIRY.

An alleged shooting affray in a Greene street resort, which yesterday was made the subject of an examination in the Jefferson Market Police Court, led to a curious complication of evidence, the Gordian knot of which was ultimately cut by a rather unprepossessing clasp knife. From the statements of the inmates of the place in question it would appear that a person who had been carousing there for some time on Saturday night waxed quite indignant when he was asked to settle his score, and, announcing himself as a Blackwell's Island keeper, stalked up to the bar and avowed the modest purpose of closing up the premises. There was a consequent wrangle with the drink dispenser, a call for police and both men went off to the Eighth precinct police station in Policeman McGowan's custody. They adjusted their differences, however, eschewed mutual complaint and the bartender had returned to his place among the bottles when the assumed island keeper entered again. He had a pair of companions with him this time, who posted themselves at the door while he walked up to his former antagonist, and, as is alleged, s ying, "If I can't have satisfaction I will have revenge," struck him over the head and felled him to the floor. There was a stir and hubbub among the onlookers, which, as was further stated in court, was checked by one of the assailant's associates announcing, pistol in hand, that he would blow the head off any one who attempted to stir, while the other one, with a white handled knife flashing in his fingers, declared that a movement to the door was synonymous with instant dissection. These manifestoes rather disconcerted the *habitués* of the places, but William Osborne, the night bartender, ventured to advance, when the pistol wielder, as was sworn, pulled trigger and the bullet struck him in the mouth. The originators of the *mêlée* took themselves off at this point, and were lost in the crowd, which, summoned by the screams for the police of a girl named Josie Benson, almost immediately covered the sidewalk. Policeman McGowan came running down in answer to the call, and by the girl his attention was called to a figure on the other side of the way. He was across the street in a moment, with his hand upon a young man, who seemed quite taken aback at his appearance and wanted to know what the meaning of it was. He was told when Josie Benson came over and identified him as the man who fired the shot. Remonstrance was in vain, as the recognition was declared complete, so off the young man went to the Eighth precinct station house, where he was found to be Philip McGinty, of No. 15 First street, an attaché of the Theatre Comique. Brought before Justice Flammer, in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning, he protested his innocence again and brought a friend to corroborate him, who stated that both were bound on a mission of charity which they had in part carried out when the assemblage on the walk caused them to cross the street. As they turned to look around the officer appeared behind him, and, directed by the girl, took McGinty into custody.

OSBORNE'S WOUND.

Then Josie Benson was put on the stand and she extended her identification not only to the prisoner but to his witness, who, she averred, was the companion who had drawn the knife. Another inmate of the house bore her out in this, and Osborne himself readily confirmed them. The pair were now in danger of committal, when the injured man's unwitting admission that he could show his wound gave a new turn to the affair. He removed a bandage about his head ample enough to suggest a hurt of the most dreadful character, and exposed a lip spotted with blood indeed, but with no more apparent wound than an abrasion slightly jagged on the upper side. The mustache seemed blood-soaked; and His Honor, thinking the spot might be concealed, asked where the bullet had passed.

"Into my mouth," said Osborne.

"And where did it go then?"

"Oh, I spat it out," calmly rejoined the sufferer.

At this counsel for the defence insisted that the injury was not a pistol shot wound at all, and a medical expert was sent for, who left the matter almost as much involved by saying it was possible, as there was a slight abrasion on the gum, as if it had impeded the passage of some hard object, but looked more like the blow of a hard instrument, such as no knife, but a knife handle, might make. At this Policeman McGowan produced a knife he had picked up in the gutter after the *melée*. It corresponded to the one the girl described as being used by the prisoner's companion.

"Does it belong to you?" the Court asked him.

"It does not," was the reply.

"Come, you carry one, don't you?"

"Yes, I need one in my business."

They searched him then and found a knife on him, but it was a slim, old fashioned one and the handle was deep black. This turn to the affair was followed by the revelation that the house, stoop, sidewalks and gutter had been searched in vain for the pistol; and at the moment of McGinty's arrest McGowan had ascertained beyond doubt that he had none upon him. So His Honor decided to discharge both prisoners and leave the prosecution to reconcile their positive identifications and the putative pistol wound with the developments as best they could.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Peter Moynihan was a sight to see yesterday morning as he tiptoed to the witness stand of the Jefferson Market Police Court. He had a larger expanse of brain surface than any moderate drinker could hope to become possessed of on a light salary, and to the naked eye it was augmented by sundry bandages and plasters of a picturesque but not an improving character. His story was a grievous one, too, and was recited with apparent pain. On Saturday night he had some misunderstanding with the latchkey, which he successfully overcame, and was just combating certain incongruities in the staircase when Mrs. Margaret McKeon, who lives on the first floor, sallied out, as he said, and did him the bodily injury which the Court could witness. The Court did not want to, though, and after inducing Peter to leave his bandages alone Mrs. McKeon was appealed to for an explanation.

"I'm innocent, Yer 'Aner," she said, solemnly raising her hand. "I'm innocent as shure as yer sittin' there. Is it me do the loikes av batin a gintleman I've not passed wurds with?"

Moynihan persisted in his statement and His Honor asked the prisoner:—"What do you know about this, then? Were you home when the complainant came in last night?"

"And where else shud I be?" was the counter query.

"Did you see him come up the stairs?"

"Indade I did, and a bad job he med av it."

"Did you come out on the landing?"

"I did."

"Now, tell the truth, didn't you attack him with your fists and pummel him about?"

"I gev him a welt or two, Yer 'Aner."

"You did, eh? and knocked him down stairs, too, I'll be bound."

"I'll not deny it, sor."

"And still you say you're innocent?"

"Av course, Yer 'Aner. Shure 'twas me husband I thought I had.

NO ONE TO LOVE HIM.

John Brady, a lanky youth, seventeen years old, was intoxicated in the Bowery on Saturday night. Yesterday when arraigned in Essex Market Court he blubbered like a baby. The magistrate sternly asked him, "What do you mean by getting drunk? Why don't you stay home?"

"I hain't got none."

"Where's your mother?"

"On the Island."

"Your father?"

"In the Workhouse."

"Sister or brother?"

"Sister's run off wid an Italian fiddler. Brother's in Sing Sing."

"Your aunt?"

"In the Insane Asylum."

"Your other relatives?"

"Dead broke."

"Friends?"

"Never had none."

"Your employer?"

"I haven't none."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowheres in particklar."

"How do you manage for food?"

"Grub or sponge it."

"Have you no feeling?"

"No, sir."

"Where has it gone, then?"

"Been kicked out of me."

"Do you want to go to the Island?"

"Don't mind if I do."

"Six months."

MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

The Voice of Teachers and Preachers Yesterday.

DR. NEWMAN DENOUNCES HANGING.

Mr. Beecher Criticises the Pulpit, the Press and the Politicians.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THE PERSECUTING SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH, IN JOURNALISM AND IN POLITICS—SERMON BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached at Plymouth Church yesterday to a crowded congregation, taking as his text Matthew, xx., 20-28—"Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children, with her sons, worshipping him and desiring a certain thing of him. And he said unto her, 'What wilt thou?' She saith unto him, 'Grant that these, my two sons, may sit, the one on thy right hand and the other on the left, in thy kingdom.'" After an eloquent explanation of the text and the lesson to be learned from it, Mr. Beecher described the pride and intolerance of the Pharisees and pointed out how the same spirit exists to-day and can only be counteracted by imitating the humility of Christ. "Whosoever shall be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever shall be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." If the base of the brain, he said, be depraved, and men indulge in dissipation and the grosser vices, how much worse is it when the top of it—the intellect—is turned to the service of sin; when intelligence, education and religious culture are used solely for the gratification of sordid ambition and envy for the distortion of the truth and the overcoming of our fellow men? What a criminal waste of God's noblest gifts to turn them to the persecution of those who differ with us. Is there not as much persecution and intolerance in modern times among Christians, irrespective of sect, as among the Jewish Pharisees? What could be more terrible than the spirit of hatred and persecution indulged in by the Church of Rome in past times? What could be more intolerant and inquisitorial than the spirit which prevailed among the Calvinists in various countries? Were not the Methodists and the Baptists animated by a spirit of bitterness and hatred? Even among the Congregationalists the spirit of intolerance and repression could be found. Mr. Beecher's own father was regarded as a heresiarch, and he cited instances to show the intensity of the persecuting spirit when he was a young man.

SPICY PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

Look at the religious press of to-day. It will never correct a mistake, will never take back an injurious statement, the editor never has the Christian humility to say, "I committed an error and I am sorry for it." He will write some explanation flattering to his own pride and calculated to make the injury done tenfold worse than before. In this the secular press is no worse. There might be some difference between them; he would not undertake to decide. Mr. Beecher then went into an elaborate description of the power and influence, for good or evil, of the press, and deprecated the growing spirit of sensationalism and personality that was making itself felt wherever the English language was spoken. Something spicy, pungent and personal was demanded by the public and the personal column was the first thing looked at in a newspaper. The human hash had to be served up first, no matter who had to be sacrificed, and it was not relished except highly seasoned with pepper. A simple citizen was almost as helpless against the press as the man at the foot of Mount Sinai with the thunder and lightning of God above him. It could spread the truth or make a lie, and could crush the individual with its all powerful influence. The growth of this personality and sensationalism was to be deprecated.

In political contests how the same persecuting spirit manifests itself! What abuse is heaped on the individual! What a raking up there is of his hidden sins! What slanders are circulated to his detriment! Sometimes it takes the shape of spicy ridicule, not passing the bounds of propriety; sometimes it is a necessary exposure of actual delinquencies, unfitting the man for positions of public trust, but generally it is reckless abuse, having the mere object of gratifying envy or satisfying ambition. This tends to lessen respect for the magistracy, to lower all men holding responsible public positions in the public estimation. It blasts reputations and develops a spirit of hatred and uncharitableness. These evils can only be remedied by studying the spirit of Christ, by teaching charity and endeavoring to soften the spirit of persecution. Excessive zeal may be itself a grievous sin if it take the form of persecution. The excessively zealous man should take care lest at the judgment day the Lord may rise up and say, "Your anger against sin is itself a sin; your hatred against sinners is worse than the sins they commit."

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—SERMON BY REV. DR. J. P. NEWMAN.

The sixth of his series of sermons on the supremacy of law was delivered by Dr. Newman, and on this occasion he based his argument on the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." This, said the Doctor, is the highest legislative expression of the true value and dignity of the life of man. It commands a profound respect for the preservation of his life. Why is man segregated from plants and animals and protected in his existence? He is inferior to the deer in swiftness, the eagle in vision and the horse in strength; yet he has a patent right and the charter of authority, a supreme control over all animal life on the globe. There must be a grand reason for his own exemption. He was created in the likeness of God, he is God in miniature. Is deicide wrong? so is homicide. The State protects useful animals against the cruelty of man, not as a right, but as a policy, for the convenience of society. Man is born for immortality. It is a fearful thing to abruptly terminate the mortal life of an immortal being. He who does so usurps the prerogative of the Almighty. Murder is the highest of crimes. Health, wealth and reputation may be retrieved, but life once gone is gone forever, and heaven may be lost. The premature destruction of life is robbing society of its just rights. Life is valuable to the State in proportion to its usefulness. The life of an emperor is of more value than that of the peasant, and the cowardly attempt on the life of the noble Czar of Russia deserves the scorn of earth and the contempt of heaven. There may be murder where there is no death. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." This strikes at the root of the matter. It is barely possible that a murderer may repent, but in ninety cases out of the hundred the professed repentance on the gallows is a sham, and no credit to the clergyman whose sympathies get the better of his judgment. This law condemns refusal to aid the helpless when life is in peril. It demands the advance of those sciences which prolong human existence, and the founding of dispensaries and hospitals in the interest of health. This is the glory of Christianity.

ABOLISH HANGING.

There is a strong public tendency to abolish the death penalty, but the divine law is "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man." Let us abolish death by hanging, but execute the death penalty in a more decent manner. This commandment condemns all excess whereby life is shortened. Suicide is self-murder. How vast the army of suicides, headed by Hannibal, Cato and Brutus. How terrible when death welcomes the victim to the silence and rest of the grave. When the heart is broken and hope is fled may not a man go to his Maker? Never! The Bible gives account of no saint who was a suicide.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

THE HUMILITY OF CHRIST—SERMON BY BISHOP SPALDING, OF PEORIA.

At the Cathedral high mass was celebrated at half-past ten by Rev. Father Reardon, assisted by Father Lavelle as deacon, Father Donovan sub-deacon and Father McDonnell master of ceremonies. His Eminence the Cardinal was present at the services. Right Rev. Bishop J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., preached an eloquent discourse, taking his text from the gospel of the day, which describes the imprisonment of John the Baptist, who, upon hearing of the mighty works of Christ, sent and asked of the Saviour, "Art thou he that art to come or do we look for another?" Bishop Spalding said that the hope of a redeemer had for ages been the dominant point in the history of Israel. For upward of two thousand years His coming had been prophesied, but when He did make His advent it was not with that pomp and circumstance which surrounds an earthly monarch, but He came giving sight to the blind, healing the sick, causing the lame to walk and preaching the Gospel to the poor. These mighty works were pointed out to John as a proof that the Messiah had indeed come upon the earth, and what to him was a sign is to us also the proof that the Redeemer liveth. Nearly two thousand years have passed since Jesus appeared in the flesh and in whose person the prophecies had been fulfilled; and yet even at this late day there are many who have the same doubt and ask, "Art thou de that art to come, or do we look for another?" Bishop Spalding dwelt especially upon the humility of the Saviour and pointed out the meek and lowly way in which He went about performing His mission of mercy and redemption. He referred also to the stability of the religion of Christ. All other systems save only the religion of Jesus have in them the germs of despair. The hope of a glorious immortality is in itself a wonderfully elevating thought, while the tendency of atheism is grovelling and brutish. There have been many wise and good men since the days when Christ was on earth, but not one of them has taught with the same spirit or authority. No hope in Christ means death—moral and physical death—for without hope of future reward or fear of future punishment the gratification of the animal passions becomes the chief end of life. Bishop Spalding concluded by exhorting his hearers to live so that when the hour arrived when they would have to walk through the valley of the shadow of death they would fear no evil.

JERRY M'AULEY'S MISSION.

ITS EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED BY REFORMED SINNERS AND PROMINENT CITIZENS—HANDSOME CONTRIBUTIONS.

The eighth anniversary of Jerry McAuley's Water Street Mission was celebrated yesterday, and the meetings, both in the afternoon and evening, were very largely attended. When the services commenced, at half-past two in the afternoon, there were present Mr. William E. Dodge, Jr.; Mr. F. A. Palmer, Mr. James Talcott and Mr. S. E. Hiscox; and within the following hour Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. S. O. Livingston, Mr. W. B. Cutting and Mr. A. S. Hatch entered the room. All these gentlemen occupied seats on the platform and seemed to take a genuine interest in all appertaining to the mission. The services opened with the singing of a hymn in which most of those present joined, and then Jerry made a short address on the mission and offered up thanks to God for its great success. He said that he felt confident it would continue to be a success, for he believed God had heard the prayers of those who had implored Him in that building. He then called upon all those who had been converted in the Water Street Mission and who were present to stand up and testify for Jesus. One after another, men and women, got on the floor and told how they had been saved and brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the influences of the mission. One man said that he had spent thirty-five years in prisons and penitentiaries, but now happily, through Jerry McAuley's exhortation, he had become an honest man and was restored to society. He was followed by a woman who said she had been a drunkard and lived among the vilest of the vile; yet she had been brought back to Jesus through the Water Street Mission. About fifteen in all stood up and gave similar testimony.

MONEY MATTERS DISCUSSED.

After the singing of another hymn the regular business of the meeting was commenced, which was to collect sufficient money to put up an extension to the building. It was stated that the building and the ground on which it stood together with the lot adjoining (18 by 75 feet) cost just $14,995, and that the property was now perfectly clear of encumbrance. The expenses of the mission last year were $2,625 39 and the receipts from all sources $2,647 03, leaving a balance in the treasury of $21 64. The subscriptions to the fund for the extension were quite liberal, yesterday, and over $2,500 was raised within half an hour. Among the largest subscribers were Messrs. W. E. Dodge, Jr.; F. A. Palmer, James Talcott and S. E. Hiscox, who gave $250 each; Mr. W. B. Cutting and Mrs. E. Bayard, who gave $150 each, and Messrs. Thurlow Weed and S. O. Livingston, who subscribed $100 each. When the subscription list was closed with such gratifying success Jerry announced the hymn, "Hallelujah! It is Done," which the assemblage sang with much vigor, ex-negro minstrel "Senator" Bob Hart leading in the chorus. The hymn being concluded Mr. A. S. Hatch arose. He said that many among his hearers did not possibly understand what this anniversary was to a great portion of the people around them. Their conversion meant to these people not only the hope of heaven and the feeling of peace with God, but it meant reconciliation to human law and human society. It meant no more fear of policemen or the detective's quick glance—no more dark weeks spent in the Tombs or on Blackwell's Island. It meant decent clothes, self-respect and respect for others. Mr. Hatch called upon all his hearers to support the mission to the best of their ability.

"AWFUL" GARDNER DENOUNCES JERSEYMEN.

There was another hymn and then Mr. McAuley said that he wished to announce that the statement that "Awful" Gardner had fallen from grace and opened a saloon was false. "Awful" Gardner was in the room and would speak for himself. Mr. Gardner immediately stood up on the chair upon which he had been sitting and shouted:—

"I want you all to see me, and I want you all to hear me. I am on the road that leads to kingdom come and I mean to stay on that road. The report that I was off the road originated in Newark. The people there did not use me well, and I think that Jerseymen are the meanest set of people on God's footstool. However, though I have had troubles and trials without number I have always placed my faith in Jesus, and I believe that Jesus will pull me through."

One of the gentlemen on the platform said:—"Do you forgive the Jerseymen now, Brother Gardner?" To which Brother Gardner replied, "They have not asked my pardon yet."

Mr. W. E. Dodge, Jr., made a short address on the benefits of the mission, and after the singing of the Doxology the services and meeting came to an end.

THE CONFESSIONAL DENOUNCED.

SERMON BY REV. FATHER QUIN IN THE FORSYTH STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

The afternoon service at the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church was attended by a large number of people, incited in a great measure by curiosity to hear what Father Quin, of the American Independent Catholic Church, had to say about "Confession in the Roman Church." Father Quin has a good delivery and an American accent, and uses no very violent language in treating of the faith he abondoned. He laid particular stress on the necessity of the congregation subscribing liberally to sustain the movement for evangelizing the benighted Catholics of the metropolis. In his discourse he held that the people made the Church in the beginning but that in the Catholic Church the people count for nothing and have no voice in its management. The priests say it is a mortal sin not to go to confession and a mortal sin sends a soul to hell, and to avoid that the commandment of the Church must be obeyed. One must go to confession at least once a year. Confession is to accuse one's self of sins to a priest and receive absolution. He insisted that Christ never taught the necessity of confession as a means of salvation and that it was a scheme on the part of the priest. God made salvation free, and if priests and bishops were ever so far away God would ever be ready to forgive the poor sinner. This doctrine of confession should be analyzed, the heart plucked out of it and presented in all its naked deformity and deception to the people who are deluded by it. The father quoted from St. Matthew of how the multitude went out to the banks of the Jordan and were baptized, confessing their sins. This, the Catholics claimed, was a justification of confession, but he, the preacher, wished to ask if there was any resemblance between such confession and that practised in the Roman Church. These people who went out from Jerusalem told their sins to God, not to a priest in a confessional box.

On the passage, "Verily I say unto you whatever you shall bind upon earth I shall bind in heaven, and whatever you shall loose upon earth I shall loose in heaven," the speaker commented and asked if Christ could be construed as giving power to the Catholic Church, which was not then established to grant absolution for sins committed. Why did not Christ and the apostles say distinctly that without confession there was no hope of salvation? The institution was never designed by Christ, but was the work of men who were sinners themselves. By means of confession the priests of this city could at any time get at the secrets of every Protestant family which has a Catholic servant girl. Extreme unction was another sacrament that held great control over the Catholic mind, but it was one in which Protestants did not believe, for it is clearly to be seen by the words of St. James that it was not the anointing and confessing of a dying man's sins that will save him, but "the prayer of faith," for which the Lord will lift him up, "and if he be in sins the Lord will forgive him."

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

CHARACTERISTIC LECTURE BY THE SPIRITUALIST, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the veteran spiritual apostle, delivered a discourse yesterday in Stock Hall, East Fourteenth street. His subject, "A New Heaven and a New Earth," was treated in a characteristic manner. Everybody, said the speaker, supposes the kingdom of heaven to be a beautiful place, with fine carpets, enchanting landscapes, rapturous melodies, translucent streams, trees clothed in gorgeous foliage, and all that is lovely in a celestial realm. This is generally the dream of youth, and of men of riper years who live on this sublunary sphere. There is a place deep in the bowels of the earth where men go to find brightness, gold and silver. It is under the mountains. But it is best to go up on the mountain, above snow and frost, like Puritanical virtue. Go up on the spiritual Alps to behold the expansive beauties of the universe. The new heaven begins in the spirit, the spirit within you with the golden image that lies there. Everything is vague until demonstrated. The iron road and fiery chariots of the ancient prophets are realized in the railroad and locomotive of the present day. The time is coming when we can foretell things that are to come to pass in this country. America is the Promised Land. Science here is advanced as it never has been in any other country. I expect to see the time when we shall cross rivers and oceans in the air; when going down from New York to New Orleans for supper will be an ordinary thing; when rapid transit through the air with a "fiery chariot" will be a common affair. A man may be considered a little "luny" to conceive these things, but I believe they will surely come to pass.

THE MILLENNIUM.

The lecturer referred to the prospective expansion of science, art, literature; to the establishment of an equilibrium between labor and capital, when a man's thousands of hours of work will be equal to a capitalist's thousands of dollars of money; when there will be equality for woman; when she will stand equal in political rights to her brother; when she will be proprietor of herself, whether married or single. (Applause.) It is quite enough for us men to say that we are the equals of women. He believed in the coming of a harmonial dispensation when people will move according to the laws of physical health; when there will be no more necessity for doctors or lawyers; when one hundred years will be considered only the medium period of human life; when there will be abundance where there is now sterility; when nations will begin to see that they are only members of a common family, in which peace, wisdom, charity, love and mutual forbearance will prevail. This is the new heaven upon earth.

There's a good time coming, boys—
Wait a little longer.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE EUCHARIST—SERMON BY REV. DR. M'GLYNN.

The Church of St. John the Baptist, Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, which has been undergoing some extensive repairs and alterations, was opened for divine service. Rev. Father Meyer, of the Lazarist Fathers, officiated as celebrant at the high mass. The choir, under the direction of the organist, Miss Helen Ryan, sang Haydn's "Imperial Mass" in magnificent style, the soloists being Mrs. McDonnell, soprano; Miss Kate Russell, contralto; Mr. Dietrich, tenor; Mr. Goldsberry, basso. Mr. Wernig, leader of the Twenty-third regiment band, together with his son, played Reissiger's "Abend Standchen" and Schumann's "Traumerei," as duets for cornet and violin. Rev. Dr. McGlynn preached at the gospel on the institution of the blessed sacrament of the eucharist, taking his text from the sixth chapter of St. John. He alluded to the forty hours' adoration which commenced after the high mass. The institution of the eucharist was foreshadowed by a long line of types and prophecies, which speak of a pure, a clean offering, an unbloody altar. They allude to the bread from heaven which should commemorate the wondrous work of the redemption. The immolation of the Lamb of God on a bloody altar was prefigured by the paschal lamb, commemorating the redemption of the people of Israel from the bondage of Egypt. Long before the paschal lamb was the unbloody sacrifice of Melchisedek, which David and St. Paul say was a figure of the Saviour. It was a fit type of Him, offered by one who was king and priest. The pure, clean offering of the eucharist was also foretold by the prophet Malachi, who said that it should be offered up not in one chosen spot, but in every part of the world. St. John the Baptist hailed his Master with the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." The day before the awful tragedy of Calvary our Saviour gave as a legacy to His Church Himself. Not even Divine omnipotence could conceive a grander gift. There could not be a more intimate union with the children of men. The manna fed only the body, but in this holy sacrament there is food and nourishment. Even the disciples, when they heard His words, murmured and left Him. They could not understand the infinite depth of such love. "I am the bread of life," were the words repeatedly addressed to them. It was a legacy worthy of a God's love. The preacher then exhorted his hearers to approach the altar with feelings of awe and gratitude, and to remember the greatness of the love which prompted the Divine Giver.

Bishop Loughlin gave benediction in the evening, and there was a procession of the orphan children of St. Joseph's Asylum, under the direction of the good Sisters. The church has been handsomely painted and decorated, and a large and valuable painting of the "Holy Family" has been placed in the sanctuary.

THE BROOKLYN RINK.

REV. DR. JUSTIN D. FULTON PREACHES ON HOOKER, CHANDLER AND BUDINGTON.

The audience at the Brooklyn Rink in the evening was exceptionally large, Rev. Dr. Fulton having announced as his subject:—"True heroism as revealed in the lives of General Hooker, Senator Chandler and Rev. Dr. Budington. He took for his text Galatians vi., 9, "And let us not weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The future of every man is assured, said the speaker. Determination makes the result; choice determines the action and decides the condition, the result inevitably following. The three great men whose lives I will take as illustrations are all from New England, that section of our country that has done more to mould the character of our nation than any other. Hooker, born in poor circumstances, decided to rise, and when he died had accomplished his purpose. But he would have achieved more and won a higher place in the heart of the people if he had possessed Christ in his heart. No mistakes would then have clouded his career. All that is grand and beautiful in life is lost without Christ, for He is the life and light of men, and will put you in the place God wants you to fill. Without Him you must look on a man as a beautiful palace without any inhabitants. Hooker had a fearless way of estimating his own value; but why did he lose his prestige and why was he relieved from command of the grand old army he so gallantly commanded? Because he had not God with him. As a commander of the army he was gallant and admirable; as a commander of himself he was a dead failure. The hearts of the people were with him till on his forward movement, when he was ready, with all his troops in position to throw down the gage of battle, he said:—"God himself cannot keep us from victory now." Then the heart of the nation throbbed with pain, for this is a God-loving people. When that army fell back the people saw His hand in the battle, and as the army neared Gettysburg there was no hope till Hooker was relieved and Meade, a God-fearing man, was put in his place. The beautiful point in Hooker's life then came out. He did not sulk and retire fretting over his defeat, but in a humbler position and in a wiser spirit went West, still the gallant and grand old "Fighting Joe."

A CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

Chandler, a man who never threw away a moment of time, was taken by his father to Detroit at the age of twenty-two years, and was first known as an honest, fearless merchant of that town. He, too, had determined to rise, and he did. But the grandest deed in his life was neglected—he did not give Christ his heart, and he was never the man he might have been. He was a champion of liberty and a great man, but God alone could give him the necessary strength to curb the animal and build up the man. He, too, was retired, and in retirement he acted grandly. Chandler eschewed his cups and Hooker silenced his tongue. But it is too bad we can only hope they made their peace with God before it was too late. Rewards of well-doing came to both these men, but only of the world—nothing to take across the river.

How different with the beloved pastor, Budington, who for nearly twenty-five years had been coming in and going out before us—true, pious and devoted—passing unscathed through all the perils and temptations of the ministry (for there are perils both within and without), a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, gaining a chaplet woven by God that far transcends the glory of the General or the wealth of the Senator. Each reached the goal for which he strove; yet the rewards—how different!

A CANDIDATE FOR THE GALLOWS.

William Burke, who is also known by the alias of Stacy, quarrelled with Alice Strickland, in the saloon corner of Rivington and Forsyth streets, on the night of the 10th of June, 1877, and, during the altercation, buried his knife in her body. Burke fled and the wounded woman was taken to her apartments, at No. 73 Delancey street, where she was found two days later by the police. The Coroner was notified and in her ante-mortem deposition she said that Burke was jealous of her. Search was made for the assassin, but the police failed to find him. Twelve days after the stabbing the woman died. An inquest was held on her body and the jury brought in a verdict inculpating Burke. The case was brought to the notice of the Grand Jury, who indicted the fugitive. Nothing was heard of Burke, however, until about three weeks ago, when the San Francisco authorities telegraphed to Superintendent Walling that they had apprehended a suspicious character who proved to be the murderer. Detectives Rodgers and O'Connor procured the necessary requisition papers and proceeded to San Francisco. Burke was delivered over to them and yesterday was brought to this city. He was taken to the Mulberry street station and locked up. The story of the tragedy, together with a history of the parties concerned in it, was published in the HERALD not long ago. Superintendent Walling refuses to allow any one to speak to the prisoner until he is arraigned before the District Attorney this morning.

DR. WOLFF'S INFANT PATIENT.

Deputy Coroner MacWhinnie yesterday made an autopsy at the Morgue on the body of the child whose mother is said to be Anna Nestell. He found that the primary cause of the babe's death was induration of the fauces, resulting from inflammation caused by some irritant, with inanition following it. The remains were viewed by the jury, who will be present at the inquest. By the post-mortem damaging evidence has, it is alleged, been obtained against Dr. Wolff.

THREE THOUSAND MILES ASTRAY.

Two letters arrived at the post office in Elizabeth, N. J., on Saturday, under very singular circumstances. They were discovered in the wrapper of a newspaper sent from Lissa, in Prussia, to the Rev. John Rudolph, of Elizabeth. One of the letters was addressed to a person living in a town on the Rhine, and the other to a soldier in the Prussian army. It is supposed that at Lissa they were thrown into the mail bag with a great quantity of other letters and papers and that while the bag was tossed about in its transit they accidentally slipped into the wrapper of the Rev. John Rudolph's paper, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and arrived at the Post Office in Elizabeth before they were discovered. The letters have been returned to Prussia.

TALMAGE STAYS IN.

Relations with the Presbytery Still Unbroken by the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

"IF THEY WANT US THEY CAN HAVE US."

"But if They Don't We Will All Go Together."

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday morning the immense congregation was on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting Dr. Talmage's answer to the communication from the Board of Trustees requesting the pastor to consider the advisability of withdrawing from the Brooklyn Presbytery. Dr. Talmage on Friday night had intimated that he would reply to the letter of the trustees yesterday. All sorts of opinions prevailed as to what would be the decision. The majority, however, appeared to think that Dr. Talmage would end all trouble by the short and decisive method of withdrawing from the Brooklyn Presbytery. But those who were better acquainted with him, knowing his orthodoxy and conservatism, confidently asserted that he would remain in the Presbyterian communion in spite of all temptation to leave it and would only go out when forced out. Every one felt uncertain, and it was not until he publicly declared that he would still try to maintain his connection with the Presbytery that the anxiety in the minds of his congregation was dispelled.

A MANIFESTO.

The services proceeded as usual until after the usual Sunday collection had been taken, when Dr. Talmage stepped to the front of the platform and said:—"I have an announcement to make of much importance. I hope it may be received in silence." Then he read from the manuscript his reply to the trustees. It was as follows:—

"At the beginning of last week the trustees of this church passed a resolution asking me, in consequence of what they style 'the wanton and persistent pursuit and persecution' of their pastor, that I initiate a movement for the taking of this church out of the Presbyterian denomination. This resolution, coming from my warm and long tried personal friends, whose sacrifices and services for this church have brought me under strongest obligation—a resolution expressing, as I believe, the feeling of the whole church—absorbs my serious attention, especially when these brethren assure me that they will cheerfully join me either in going or staying. I now reply to their letter by saying that no persons so well as the trustees of this church can understand the outrages committed by those clergymen who have the idea that there is not room enough in Brooklyn for this church and theirs. I defy any gentlemen in the profession of law or medicine to find any such strange intensity of pursuit as has been demonstrated in my case. The chief agents in starting this trial declared in the outset that they wished my acquittal, yet within fifteen minutes after my acquittal they appeal to the Synod for reversal of that decision. The opinion currently expressed in the community may be true that our enemies, left in a sinking condition by the decision of the Presbytery, are now struggling to get ashore. It is not De Witt Talmage on trial, but his defeated pursuers. These enemies have not been content with assaulting me, but have tried to damage the financial credit of our church by sending to religious newspapers letters packed with financial falsehood.

HOW COULD THEY EVER DO IT?

"Self-appointed detectives have tried to microscopize every imperfection. Our reception of members has been belied; spies have been sent out, one of whom was found on the window ledge at night listening to a conference between myself and church officers. The sanctity of the domestic relation has been invaded by an emissary sent to a branch of my family to see if seventeen years ago there was not a misunderstanding out of which something could be manufactured for Presbyterial effect, who, finding nothing, apologized for the act on the ground that I had given the Presbytery permission to investigate my entire life. This I have in affidavit taken before a notary public. A misunderstanding between me and a gentleman was exhumed from the place where it was buried three years previously, and made a specification against me, though all the misunderstanding arose from a false and impertinent letter written by one of my assailants in a religious paper damnatory of my church. This pursuer made the trouble first, and then, affronted at the fact that it had been settled three years before, put in the spade of the midnight resurrectionist. I do not wonder at the outburst of righteous indignation of my board of trustees against these ecclesiastics who have taken so much of our precious time and expended thousands of dollars, which they assess upon the churches, incensed because my own church will not help pay for the stilettos with which they have been stabbing us. When Boothsshot Mr. Lincoln he did not send to Mr. Lincoln's administrators a bill for pistol and shot. (Sensation.)

"But what shall we do? The question is whether, with the vast majority of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church on our side, we shall, to get rid of this group of troublesome men, leave our beloved denomination? To leave the Presbyterian Church would be a difficult step for me. I was born in the Presbyterial family, the Reformed Church being a part of that family. My father and grandfather and great grandfather served as elders at her altars. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, and there I was born again. She is my mother. I have preached the Gospel twenty-three years in her pulpits. I have taught my children to revere her. I love her ministry, and a more cultivated and consecrated body of men are not to be found in any denomination. She has shown her determination to vindicate my rights. The majority of the members of the Brooklyn Presbytery are noble hearted men, and when my case was before them they gave me triumph over my enemies. My Presbyterial friends stood firmly though every conceivable influence was brought to bear on them to make them antagonistic to myself, one of my friends being offered by one of my assailants an elaborate speech against me, saying in effect:—"You take this speech against Dr. Talmage and deliver it, and you shall have the credit of its being yours." The plagiaristic bribe was rejected because that brother had an abler speech of his own on my side. We must not as a church do anything that would imply want of confidence in those clergymen who have so manfully battled on my behalf, or do anything that would look like ingratitude for their magnificent service.

A DECLARATION OF FAITH.

"I believe in the Brooklyn Presbytery and in the Long Island Synod, and in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and in God the Father Almighty, and the Holy Catholic Church. It is only a question how much annoyance and nagging the great Presbyterian denomination will allow my enemies to carry on toward me without official condemnation. Sometimes I have thought I would expose the moral rottenness of some of my pursuers and show by return of assault how very thin walled is the glass house of some who are pelting me. Gentlemen thinking I ought to fight fire with fire, have put in my hands material enough to make a bouquet for scandal mongers for the next year. But I have no spirit for such work. I never pursued anybody and I don't mean to begin now. (Applause.) All I ask is that the Synod of Long Island or the General Assembly of the United States call off these pursuers and let me go on in the glorious work of proclaiming a sympathetic Christ to a suffering world. (Applause.) Brethren, our wisdom is to stand still and see the salvation of God. If the Presbyterian Church want us they can have us. If they do not, let them say so, and we will all go together. (Applause.) This church is made up of personal friends. With such men as this Board of Trustees and those whom they represent I could be happy anywhere. If the bad treatment goes on I will say to the Board of Trustees and Session, 'Where thou goest I will go, where thou dwellest I will dwell, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.' This church was built for me to preach in and here I shall preach till God in whose hand our breath is shall tell me to stop. (Applause). From letters received from various parts of the land since the