

tegrity; we deprecate the rule of a lawless crowd. The authorities, having virtually said to Mr. O'Brien, "speak out," should have prevented the mobs from gathering by the simple means used in clearing a footpath, a policeman's authoritative "move on." Mr. O'Brien's sore side will do more to carry sympathy to him than his most violent harangues. We regret much that he was not in silence and loneliness allowed to "pass on."

DR. WILLIAMS, of Chicago, has been writing to the Boston *Congregationalist* of his experience and impressions of a Sunday spent in Boston. His morning visit was to the Park Street Church, of which Dr. Bethune was pastor for many years; he heard Mr. Gregg, who has recently accepted the call there. Dr. Williams says that:

As with some Western congregations, a good many people were rather late coming in, not a few being fully a quarter of an hour behind. The church was substantially full at last. So that when the pastor stood up to preach he had an audience to greet him of which any man might be proud. The singing was excellent, and not over-prominent. A part of the Scripture lesson was read responsively, and read well. The prayers were tender, devout, uplifting. The opening services were full of the spirit of worship, such as to prepare the mind for the rich, instructive and impressive sermon on regeneration which followed; a doctrinal sermon, announced as such in its first sentences, yet it was so clear in its statements, so logical in its arrangements, so simple and natural in its language, so felicitous in its illustrations, so evidently from the heart as to rivet the attention of the hearer from the first word to the last. The sermon was read with an ease and grace which gave it the charm almost of extempore address, and yet preserved for it the dignity of a written discourse. The afternoon service at the Central Church, conducted by Dr. Duryea, in the opinion of Dr. Williams, is one of the best in the country. It began at three o'clock with a Bible class, in reality a Bible lecture on the Sunday school lesson. The doctor sits in his chair, and talks. He does not have even a Bible in his hand. His first sentence is striking. As sentence follows sentence, and the rich lessons of the passage under consideration are brought out one after another, it is impossible not to ask why it is that only thirty or forty people are present. Why is it that Boston, so swift in recognition of merit, does not crowd this church to hear the words of this wise and gifted teacher? Of the preaching service, which began at four o'clock, it is perhaps enough to say of the sermon that, while a little more stately in style, it was largely in the line of the lecture just given. It was delivered without the aid of a note was conversational and familiar, and, although profound in its philosophy, was yet so simple and plain in its language as to be comprehended even by a child. The form of worship was rich and varied, quite in keeping with the cathedral-like character of the building in

which we were gathered. The singing, too, by a well trained chorus choir, was exquisite. Yet there were few people present to enjoy it, or to profit from a discourse which only one of the most thoughtful and scholarly men among us can deliver. There still remains the evening service at the Mount Vernon Church, where the sainted Kirk preached so long. Dr. Herrick, the pastor, is absent, in his place stands Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York. A characteristic sermon on the words, Judge Not—keen, clear, impressive, eloquent, Emersonian in its form of expression, yet saturated with the spirit of Christ. Here, too, the audience was comparatively small, though strangers were made welcome, and were evidently put in the best seats. Here, too, the singing was excellent and everything about the house attractive. Within easy reach of it are people enough to fill a dozen edifices of its size, and people who would be shocked to be classed among the non-church-goers. That this Church and the Central are not full at any service is certainly not on account of any lack of ability in the men who occupy the pulpits.

Dr. Williams also notes:

That in none of the prayers, either in the morning, afternoon or evening, was there a single specific petition for the President of the United States, for the country at large, or for our missionary work abroad. The prayers were such prayers as one might offer who had no knowledge of the great outside world, and no sympathy with its crying needs.

This is strange, and yet it may be far from common. Why is it?

WHEN speaking a word for "Gospel Hymns" in our last issue, we by no means intended to endorse every hymn in the book, or indeed every portion of some hymns that on the whole are helpful and inspiring. Singing one of these in our prayer meeting gathering a few evenings ago, "Our Master has taken His journey," with the grand chorus—

There's a work for me, and a work for you;
Something for each of us now to do,

we come to the third verse—

There's only one thing that concerns us—
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to do it
With all our God-given powers.

The idea of any one ready for Christian work going about to find "just the task," and then with each experiment weighing the matter, and concluding, as generally would be the case, "that is not my work"—distributing tracts, the people don't care about them, and don't read them, that's not my work; teaching a class in Sunday school, the children are inattentive and restless, that's not my work; leading the prayer meeting, I am too nervous, that is not my work, and so on, and so on. No! we have a better guide in Scripture