

by way of the Elevated and Fulton Ferry, and made for Mr. Beecher's church. It is a large building very much like Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, but smaller. When we entered it was crowded, and during the service there were some two or three thousand people present. Mr. Beecher is a stoutish, elderly-looking gentleman, with a bald head and a few grey hairs; he was dressed in black. He sat on a raised platform beneath the organ gallery, all alone, and conducted the service by himself.

His full name is Henry Ward Beecher. He read the lessons in a low, clear voice, which could be heard in all parts of the building. In the extemporary prayers and sermon he pitches his voice higher, and at times, when excited, shouts at the congregation. During his sermon he stood by his chair, occasionally walking to the edge of the platform, or leaning over the rail.

The service consisted of hymns, solo and choral, by members of the choir, extemporary prayers by Mr. Beecher, with lessons from the Bible, and the sermon.

This lasted forty-five minutes, and was more like a lecture than a sermon. At times the congregation—or rather audience, for the whole affair had a theatrical aspect—openly applauded their minister, or noisily murmured their assent.

I must confess I rather enjoyed it; the time seemed