

right; the highest and best, because we *love* to; the next, because it is our *duty*; the lowest, because people will talk if we don't. He asked, *should* we do it, if we had only the lower? "Certainly, do right, anyhow! though if you get no farther than that, you are a mean fellow, a poor thing." After he had illustrated these thoughts in his own manner, he enquired if any one wished to ask any question on the subject. One man arose to do so, who seemed to have the higher style of religious experience, but was sometimes troubled that there was not more sense of duty rather than enjoyment in his religion. Mr. Beecher replied, that near his house was a tree in which a robin sang most delicious music, seemingly without being ever weary; that he had lately had a friend visiting him who had a new piece of music, and, being a poor player and a poor singer, was spelling it out with difficulty at the piano. Suppose the robin said, "I don't know so much as that man. I am but a poor bird; ought I not to stop this singing, and go down to learn music as he does?" So Mr. Beecher answered that question. No other was asked, and a hymn and the benediction closed the service, after which I had a moment's conversation with the famous preacher, whom I greatly admire and love, though I often quarrel with his theology, if he can be called a theologian. Some one told me that when his brother Edward spoke to him on any theological point, Henry Ward would smile, but make no reply! Of this I am sure, that he loves Christ with all the fervour of a heart of rare largeness, and while that anchor holds, a man will find it hard to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

A MISSION SERVICE.

Another Mission School, with a series of other services, was under charge of the church which I supplied, one of the elders paying the salary of a devoted missionary, who visits among the people indefatigably. Sunday-School Teachers are provided by the church. The ladies conduct an industrial school through the week. A reading-room is open every evening. I attended one of the Sabbath evening services. The Mission Hall is a large room over a saloon. It was well filled with a class of people that would hardly have gone to the stylish churches. Young men were waiting to accommodate strangers. Every one had a hymn-book. The singing was led by a melodeon and a choir of young girls, who sang most powerfully. The order and attention were admirable. The service was conducted as usual. Before preaching, the Missionary said, "Boys, it is very hot to-night (so it was), and if you feel sleepy, why, go to sleep, I want you to be comfortable. But they did not sleep. His sermon was on "saying No," from Daniel 1:16, "We are not careful to answer thee," homely, pointed and suitable. Half-way through the preacher stopped, as his manner is, and the people sang. Meanwhile, he turned to me, to ask me to finish the sermon, after he had spoken five minutes more! This I did as best I could.

There are a great many of these mission-schools and churches, and they do great good. The larger churches support them generously, as to means and personal co-operation. But what a field it is, with that teeming population!

NEW HAVEN—YALE COLLEGE.

By exchange with Rev. H. D. Northrop, since called to 23rd Street, I spent a Sabbath at New Haven, and as the following week was that of Yale College commencement, I remained to witness the ceremonies of such a season for the first time, being made very welcome to do so at one of the most hospitable