

Ocean Telegraphs—the course of events in China, Japan, Africa and India—all furnish scope enough for wide remark, but we forbear. These events transpiring in our day are big with meaning. Fields for missionary enterprise are opening; and they are white to the harvest. The year of the redeemed is hastening on.

The position we occupy is solemn and responsible. Surrounding circumstances, future prospects, and present time with its duties, all affect the interests of ourselves and others. Time is short, eternity is near. Steer on life's ocean by the star of eternity. Be on the outlook for "yonder side." Make no false calculation as to your bearing. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. "And knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Ending the old year and beginning the new, should it be given us, with this divine motto, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, AND HIS CHURCH.

Who has not heard of HENRY WARD BEECHER—the most popular preacher in America, addressing more persons in the course of a year than any other man on this Continent, to some the very incarnation of nineteenth-century Christianity, and to others a wild and dangerous heretic? Whether he is in the right or the wrong, no one can deny that he is a great power in the land, and a phenomenon, therefore, well worthy of careful observation. We have no doubt that the readers of *the Canadian Independent* will be interested by an attempt to describe and characterise this remarkable man, whose career we have watched pretty closely for some years past; and we hope that something more than amusement will result from our attempt to convey to them an impression of what Henry Ward Beecher really is, and is doing.

Crossing over from New York to Brooklyn by the Fulton Ferry on a Sunday morning, and going about a quarter of a mile up the main street from the landing, you turn off a few steps into Orange (or Cranberry) Street, and come to PLYMOUTH CHURCH, a red brick building, without spire or tower, large, but perfectly plain. Crowds of people are pressing in, but the regular congregation are evidently "not forgetful to entertain strangers," for as you linger about the door, you are accosted by one of a band of gentlemen—perhaps a leading New York merchant—with an offer of a seat. You enter a building 76 by 92 feet, with sittings in the pews for 2000 persons, as plain as plain can be, though commodious and cheerful. The pulpit is—not a pulpit, you may say—nothing but a platform with a table and desk in front, and a large easy chair with a small table beside it, at the back. Behind this a part of the gallery is set apart for the numerous choir, led by a powerful organ. You notice that the floor inclines rapidly towards the platform, and that the seats are arranged in semi-circular form, so that every one faces the preacher without turning his head. A deep gallery runs round the whole house, above which, opposite the pulpit, is another, and another still. At the end of every pew, (there are no doors,) in every aisle, is a chair; and while you are making these observations, the multitude pours in, till every seat is occupied. Go