



A THIRTY YEARS . . .
* PASTORATE *

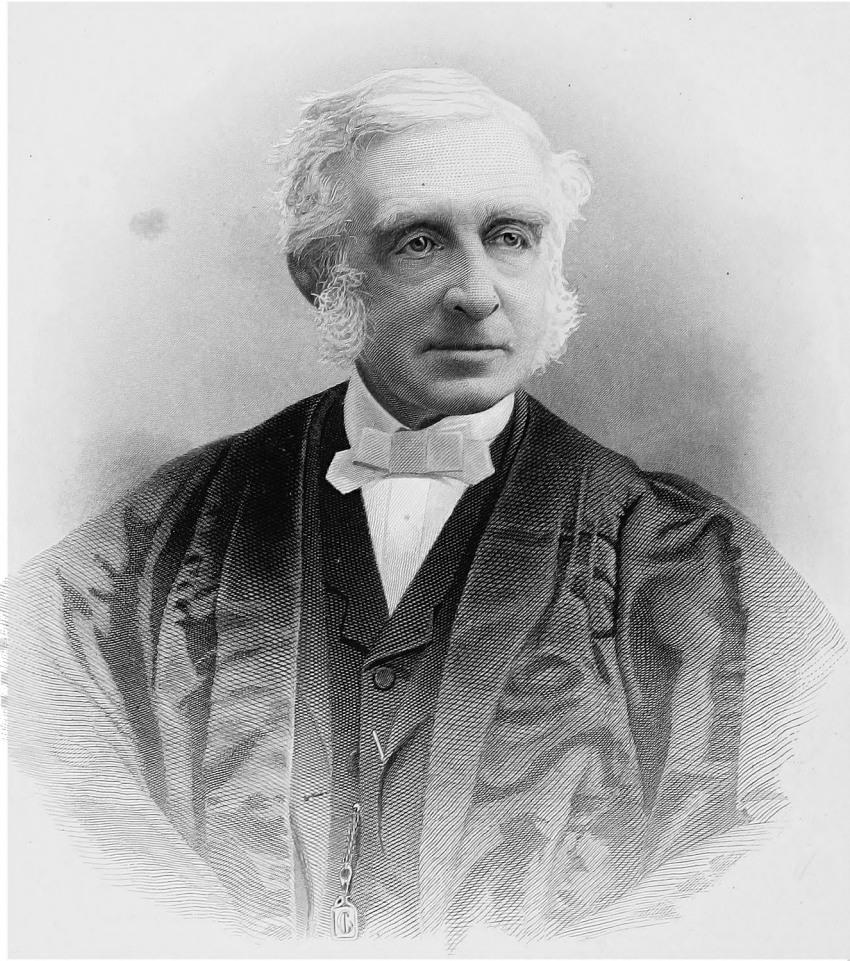
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A

THIRTY YEARS' PASTORATE

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE PULPIT, THE PREACHER, AND THE PEOPLE,

AS COMPILED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS CONNECTED
WITH THE RESIGNATION OF

REV. THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, D.D.

Late Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

PRINTED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

BROOKLYN, 1890.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—The Resignation Announced. - - - -	5
CHAPTER II.—The Regular Annual Meeting of Congregation. -	20
CHAPTER III.—The Valedictory Sermon. - - - -	26
CHAPTER IV.—The Letter of Resignation, and Special Meeting of Congregation called to consider the same. - -	41
CHAPTER V.—The Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler. - - - -	49
CHAPTER VI.—Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler “At Home.” - - - -	115

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A THIRTY YEARS' PASTORATE.

CHAPTER I.

The Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, was founded in 1860, and its first and only regular pastor during its existence as a church organization, has been the Rev. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D. Dr. Cuyler's face and figure and history are so familiar to his congregation, to the community and, indeed, to the country, that it seems almost superfluous to give here, any, even the slightest, account of his remarkable career; and yet the Committee entrusted with the preparation of this little volume (intended only to relate some of the incidents connected with the closing days of his pastorate), think it would be incomplete without some reference to the private life of one whose public services have been so prominent in religious literature and especially in the later history of the Presbyterian Church in America. There is an abundance of material from which to compile a most interesting memoir; the difficulty is to select from the mass and compress into the small limits allowable in this publication, the many important facts concerning Dr. Cuyler.

Many of the most interesting features in his history are embodied in the preface of a volume, entitled "Right to the Point" (the title itself being a very exact description of Dr. Cuyler), by Mary Storrs Haynes, and published in the "Spare Minute Series," by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. It consists of pithy paragraphs "from the writings of Dr. Cuyler," and contains a graceful introduction from the pen of his dear and distinguished friend, Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, LL.B., of London, who alludes to him as the intimate friend who welcomed him to his home and pulpit, on his first visit to America—"with whom I have rambled among the ruins of Rome, and the historic scenes of rural England—beside whom I have sat at many religious meetings, and sometimes with those who vindicated the cause of American unity and freedom in the dark days of the civil conflict." "No Clergyman," Mr. Hall continues, "from the United States has been more cordially received in the pulpit of London or on the platform of Exeter Hall; and none has reached a wider circle of readers in Great Britain during the last five-and-twenty years. His face greets me every morning in my study, with its honest, eager look, and his letters, so vivid and picturesque, have bridged the Atlantic for me almost every week."

This is pleasant reading to Dr. Cuyler's friends in America, and all who know him, or have received one of his characteristic letters, can appreciate the appropriateness of Dr. Hall's words. It would be delightful to quote further from the "Introduction," but we proceed to cull from Mrs. Haynes preface the more personal and practical allusions to our friend and late Pastor.

"Theodore Ledyard Cuyler," writes Mrs. Haynes, "was born at Aurora, on the Cayuga Lake, N. Y., January 10, 1822. His father, B. Ledyard Cuyler, was a lawyer of brilliant promise, who died when his only son was four years old; the venerable mother died in 1887. His ancestry were from Holland on the one side, and from the Huguenots on the other. Young Cuyler graduated at Princeton College at the age of nineteen, and spent several months in Great Britain, visiting favorite authors and seeking out historic haunts. Rejecting strong temptations, both to the bar and to the pursuits of literature, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and was licensed to preach in April, 1846. After three years of service at Burlington, N. J., he became the first pastor of a new Presbyterian Church at Trenton, which proved very successful. Called to New York City in 1853—immediately after his marriage to Miss Annie E. Mathiot, of Ohio—he was installed over the Market Street

Reformed Dutch Church, and soon became one of the most popular preachers to young men in the great metropolis. Every week he appeared on the platform of public meetings in the advocacy of various enterprises and moral reforms. His favorite movement, for the promotion of temperance, he defended before legislative bodies and popular assemblies, and has always given to it the aid of his vigorous pen. Doctor Cuyler has one of the indispensable elements for success—a great faculty for hard work. Few men are as unwearied and as unweariable as he. In 1860, a newly organized Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn invited him to become its first pastor. He accepted the invitation, and the spacious Lafayette Avenue Church edifice was reared—which has been the scene of his pulpit labors for thirty years. He soon built up, by his untiring zeal, one of the largest and most powerful churches in his denomination. Incessant pastoral visitation during the week has never prevented him from studious and careful preparation for his pulpit; he once informed the writer that he had ‘lost but two Sabbaths from sickness during his whole life.’

“A small, spare man, with dark hair (growing gray now) and eyes, and a full oratorical mouth—attired in a pulpit robe—he stands before his audience, with no attempts at the ‘sensational’ in style or delivery. His

voice is versatile and commanding; sometimes low and melodious as a flute, it often swells into a volume which sweeps and sways the largest assemblies. On this flexible instrument his feelings have full play. Striking, but simple declarations of Bible-truth—lucid statements as the strongest form of argument—a rare art of putting things, a heartfelt tone of sympathy, delicate felicities of expression, all are infused with a solemn sincerity which is the evident atmosphere in which his soul lives, moves, and has its being. ‘I *believe*, therefore have I spoken,’ is written on every feature and every tone.

“No shadow of doubt as to the plenary inspiration of God’s word, or as to the truth of evangelical doctrines has ever disturbed him; the positiveness of his faith and utterances has ever been an element of his power as a religious teacher. The gospel of Jesus Christ is to him always and everywhere not only much, but everything. Yet this staunch orthodoxy has never interfered with a wide Christian Catholicity. ‘Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness,’ when an ‘Old School’ Presbyterian Seminary gave its pulpit commission to Theodore L. Cuyler.

“Although so indefatigably devoted to the interests of his own flock, he has become most widely known by his immensely numerous contributions to the leading relig-

ious journals. The late Bishop Haven pronounced him 'the most popular writer on experimental religion in America.'

"His fixed rule has been for over thirty years never to allow a week to pass without the preparation of one or more articles for the press. He has contributed over one thousand articles to the NEW YORK EVANGELIST, four hundred and eighty to the INDEPENDENT, and many hundreds more have been scattered through the columns of the PRESBYTERIAN, the CONGREGATIONALIST, the CHRISTIAN AT WORK, the CHICAGO ADVANCE, the CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES, NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE and several other influential journals. Many of these contributions have been republished in London and Edinburgh, and thence have passed by translation into various languages over the continent. A handsome volume of selections has appeared in Dutch and five volumes in Swedish.

"Doctor Cuyler has achieved that difficult newspaper feat, a thoroughly readable religious article, achieved by a full heart, a full hand, and a *Je ne sais quoi*, that certain something which—call it talent or genius—enables its possessor to say with an aptness of expression that gives enjoyment and edification to every reader.

"President Lincoln once said to him, 'I used to keep up with you every week in the INDEPENDENT.' And in

frontier settlements his pithy pieces are read aloud at devotional meetings. This happy faculty of adaptation with tongue or pen to all sorts and conditions of men, received a good illustration when the venerable Washington Irving, after hearing him address a company of children, came up and whispered in his ear, 'My friend, I would like to be one of your parishioners.'

"During the heats of midsummer no object is more familiar to the visitors in Congress Park, Saratoga, than the slight, wiry figure of the Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church; the same man who is read by sailors and frontier settlers, has preached over one hundred of his practical discourses to thronged auditories in that cosmopolitan centre of Summer resort.

"The principal volumes which Doctor Cuyler has published are his *HEART LIFE*, the *EMPTY CRIB*, the *CEDAR CHRISTIAN*, *POINTED PAPERS FOR THE CHRISTIAN LIFE*, *THOUGHT HIVES*, *GOD'S LIGHT ON DARK CLOUDS*, *WAYSIDE SPRINGS* and *NEWLY ENLISTED*. These have all been printed in England. He has also published a sketch book of travel, *FROM THE NILE TO NORWAY*, and a great number of tracts on various topics."

Those who know Dr. Cuyler will at once recognize the truthfulness of the above portraiture by Mrs. Haynes, and those who do not have that pleasure—if any such there

be in this community—may, by reading it, easily discover “what manner of man” he is. “Tact,” it has been said, “is better than talent;” Dr. Cuyler, in an eminent degree, possesses both, as well as a great genius for work and organization. Some of his characteristic traits are admirably set forth by the Rev. T. Chalmers Potter, now of Cedar Falls, Iowa, but once a member of Lafayette Avenue Church and an active worker in the Young People’s Association. He was ordained, and preached his first sermon in that Church, and is, therefore, as he says in his letter to the PRESBYTERIAN “qualified to speak of some things at least which we know.”

“First of all,” Mr. Potter writes, “if any man’s heart was ever in his work of preaching and pastorship, it seems to me his is. From morning to night he gives himself to it, and sees everything only as it may be used by the gospel of our Saviour. He has avoided the scholastic method of preaching ‘smart’ sermons, and striven to present a direct and simply pointed gospel. After sufficient study upon the setting of the truth, that he may get the pith of a subject intellectually, he then brings all his energies to the practical bearing of it upon character.

“Again: he has the faculty of getting his people at work. By faculty we do not mean occult power. He is a worker, and soon interests them in what must be done.

He was always present at the Monday evening meeting of his Young People's Association. The first one we ever attended gave us the key to his hold upon young disciples. At the close, introducing us to some of the officers and others, he said, 'Now put him to work this very week.' We never forgot that, and can almost hear his voice now. A better than the phonograph is here.

"Again: he gets the praying members to take the burden of the prayer meeting. He never led it himself, and the large number always present did not come 'to hear Dr. Cuyler.' It was the spirit and work of a bee hive. He enforced three minute prayers and remarks. We have seen a dozen on foot at once to speak or pray. Never shall we forget how he would not allow a windy visitor to kill the meeting.

"After having requested the leader to ring the bell, and again having asked him to call the brother to order but without success, he gave out a hymn while the verbose old fellow was waxing eloquent; the organ began, and the whole audience joining in the song, the visitor was compelled to sit down in disgust.

"Dr. Cuyler has made a study of adaptability. You never can talk with him, even in a crowd, without feeling that he has studied your case and had you specially on his mind. It is a shrewd concession to the vanity of even

the average Christian. But as no harm results, and as he does good to himself in this way, he uses this means also of doing good to you. It may be the smallest thing of joy or sorrow, but he will mention it. And yet, he has two thousand other church members to look after and think about, beside many others whom parents and friends are continually bringing and laying upon his heart. You will go home saying to yourself, 'He remembers all about that and knows just how I feel. How much he has helped me by those words dropped in the nick of time! How kind to think of me so particularly when he has so many others. I cannot help loving him for it.'

"Dr. Cuyler has always been a fearless preacher. No one man, nor any number of men, can deter him from saying what he knows is right. He will come out squarely upon those questions that trouble every town or city pastor. We heard him say once from the pulpit, 'You ask me whether it is wrong to attend the theatre. I tell you plainly that the only safe side of a theatre is the outside.'

"Moreover: Dr. Cuyler has cultivated the ability to edify people through the press. For these many years now, he has had thousands of weekly readers and thousands more who read whatever they see reprinted.

The distinguishing feature of his preaching, as well as writing, is his pointed mode of address. Every sentence counts and one cannot keep him out of his heart. Old truths are dressed so that you think they were never as handsome before.

“ His gift comes not of greater ability than many others possess. But there is not an idle pound in his little body. It is work, and steadily keeping at it, that has enabled him to remain at the front. More and more are we satisfied that there is a way of putting things in religious print which makes them read. He has striven for this gift so well that every brief paragraph (his articles are uniformly short) speaks of more to follow, and you read on, being convinced and led willingly and admiringly toward good things.

“ We will mention one more trait of character in Dr. Cuyler, which should cause every minister to love him even if he never saw him. It is, that he holds the calling and office of a preacher of the Lord Jesus to be that to which nothing else in this world is comparable. He received this from his honored and now sainted mother, as all who ever knew her will agree. She thought so, and took him to Princeton that he might be made a minister. But like most other candid men who have had God-fearing mothers, he does not fail to acknowledge his

debt, and honor all good womankind for their beneficent influence in religious things. At the fifteenth anniversary of his installation, fifteen years ago, he turned, when speaking of his labors, to his wife, who stood beside him on the platform, and said, looking her full in the face, 'Wife of my heart, many daughters have done nobly, but thou hast excelled them all.' "

Dr. Cuyler, in his valedictory sermon, included in this volume, alludes to the embarrassment he experienced in choosing a profession, and states that "a single hour in a village prayer-meeting turned the scales." The prayers of "his honored and now sainted mother" may also have influenced his decision; from his birth her prayer had been that he might become a preacher of the everlasting gospel. In her heart she dedicated her infant to the Lord, desiring for him the honor of being a faithful minister in Christ in however humble a sphere, rather than of occupying any other position, however lucrative and distinguished. Her first gift to him was a pocket Bible, which he was able to read at four years of age. Certainly these prayers and this untiring devotion on her part must have had in the end, the desired effect; but the immediate cause of his decision was the "five minutes in a prayer-meeting." "How came I to be a minister?" Dr. Cuyler asks, and he himself answers the question: the

answer is worth repeating. "All my ancestors," as he relates the story, "were lawyers. My grandfather was a lawyer, my father was a lawyer, and my father-in-law, that was to be, was a lawyer. I had about made up my mind to enter the office of William M. Meredith, in Philadelphia. Soon after I came back from Europe, where I went when a young man, I went to Ludlowville, on Lake Cayuga, to visit an uncle. While there I was asked to go to a prayer meeting. While abroad I had gotten out of the spiritual atmosphere, but I was glad to go to this meeting. It was at the house of Benjamin Joy, where about thirty persons were gathered. Presently, Captain Joy said, 'Theodore, you had better say something!' I spoke about five minutes. Afterwards one young lady came up and thanked me for what I had said; and a young man also came, and I talked to him about Christ, and he told me I had done him some good. As I drove home that afternoon along the lake, when I got to a certain point, this thought flashed across my mind: 'If five minutes did a little good, why not preach all the time?' That five minutes changed my whole life! They turned me from the bar into the pulpit, and started me in the path where I stand to-day, and I thank God for it!"

And to this all the congregation will say Amen! But with him, they, wonderingly, ask "*Why not preach all*

the time?" Doubtless, Dr. Cuyler will continue to preach as long as he lives, but not regularly and stately, and, alas! not for us! On Sunday, February 2d, Dr. Cuyler preached as usual, in his usual impressive and attractive way, to his usual large and attentive audience. There was nothing in the text, nothing in the sermon, nothing in his manner to indicate the blow he was about to inflict upon his people. At the conclusion of the sermon, he stood silent in the pulpit for a few moments, and then, with a perceptible quaver in his voice, said :

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since I assumed the pastoral charge of Lafayette Avenue Church. In April, 1860, it was a small band of 140 members. By the continual blessings of heaven upon us that little flock has grown into one of the largest and most useful and powerful churches in the Presbyterian denomination. This church now has 2,330 members ; it is the third in point of numbers in the United States. It maintains two mission chapels, has 1,600 in its Sunday schools, and is now paying the salaries of three ministers in this city and of two missionaries in the South. For several years it has led all the churches of Brooklyn in its contributions to foreign, home, and city missions ; and it is surpassed by no other in wide and varied Christian work. Every sitting in this spacious house has its occupant ; our morning congregations have never been larger than they are this Winter. This church has always been to me like a beloved child. I have given to it thirty years of hard and happy labor ; and it is now my foremost desire that its harmony may remain undisturbed and its prosperity may remain unbroken.

For a long time I have intended that my thirtieth anniversary should be the terminal point of my present pastorate. I shall then have served this beloved flock for an ordinary human generation, and the time has now come

for me to transfer this most sacred trust to some one who (in God's good providence) may have thirty years of vigorous work before him and not behind him. If God spares my life to the first Sabbath of April it is my purpose to surrender this pulpit back into your hands. And I shall endeavor to co-operate with you in the search and the selection of the right man to stand in it.

I will not trust myself to-day to speak of the pang it will cost me to sever a connection that has been to me one of unalloyed harmony and happiness. When the proper time comes we can speak of all such things; and in the meanwhile let us continue on at the blessed Master's work and leave our future entirely to His all-wise and ever-loving care. On the walls of this dear church the eyes of the angels have always seen it written: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

It only remains for me to say, that, after forty-four years of uninterrupted ministerial labors, it is but reasonable to ask for some relief from a strain that may soon become too heavy for me to bear.

The announcement was sudden, unexpected! The entire congregation were astonished, nay, astounded! Some wept, others were incredulous; others again, lingered around the pulpit to inquire if it could possibly be true; all went away sad and sorrowful!

CHAPTER II.

No formal action was taken by the Congregation on the announcement made by Dr. Cuyler on Sunday, February 2d, inasmuch as the regular Annual Meeting was to be held on the twelfth day of that month. Accordingly, pursuant to the call read from the pulpit on the three preceding Sabbaths, the Lecture Room was crowded with an anxious throng on the evening of that day.

The meeting was called to order by the clerk of the last Annual Meeting; and, on motion, Elders W. W. Wickes and A. G. Van Cleve were elected to preside, and Dr. William Jarvie was elected clerk.

Mr. C. B. Pearson led the meeting in prayer, after which the minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and approved.

Mr. W. W. Goodrich, President of the Board of Trustees presented the Annual Report of that body. The report called attention to the anticipated resignation of the pastor, and urged the desirability of raising a sum of money as a testimonial of our appreciation, esteem, and love, to be given to Dr. Cuyler upon the termination of his pastorate.

The short address delivered by Dr. Cuyler, after the conclusion of his sermon on July 2d, as recorded in the previous chapter, was then read by the clerk.

Notwithstanding the positive character of Dr. Cuyler's notice of withdrawal, there were many, within and outside of the Church, who doubted its genuineness. Neither the community nor the congregation could realize the fact; but all doubts were dispelled when Mr. J. N. Beach read the following communication from Dr. Cuyler:

February 12, 1890.

TO MY BELOVED PEOPLE CONVENEED IN ANNUAL MEETING :

There are two or three things which I ought—with all candor and affection—to say to you this evening.

FIRSTLY : The announcement which I made to you on Sabbath morning, February 2d, was the result of careful deliberation. While the surrender of yonder beloved pulpit and the severance of my pastoral relation will cost me tenfold more suffering than it can cost any of you, yet I feel sure that the step I am taking is right. Every day confirms me in this assurance. It is best for me. In the end, it will be best for the church, if, with united hearts, you all stand true and faithful to her sacred interests.

SECONDLY : Let me say that I am most deeply touched by the tender and loving expressions of your attachment to your spiritual shepherd for nearly thirty years. But the best proof you can give of your love for me is to love Lafayette Avenue Church all the more. If any of my dearest friends should (from a mistaken idea of loyalty) desert their posts of duty here, it would cause me the intensest pain and would embitter all the remaining days of my life. I entreat you all, therefore, to do what I am trying to do—and that is to subordinate all personal feeling to the best interests of our church.

THIRDLY : I would suggest that you should appoint a large and carefully selected committee, who shall take into immediate consideration the provision for the pulpit at the termination of my pastorate in April. I shall be happy to confer and co-operate with such a committee in their efforts to secure another pastor at the earliest possible day.

My heartfelt prayer is that the Divine Spirit may shed upon you both his light and his love—so that the harmony of our beloved church may remain undisturbed and its prosperity may remain unbroken.

God bless you all. I remain in the love and service of the Lord Jesus Christ,

Your affectionate pastor,

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Mr. Beach then made the following remarks :

All who heard this announcement made from the pulpit will readily recall the shock it occasioned us. Dr. Cuyler knew it would be so. The dear, blessed man would have spared us this had it been practicable. He loves us, he knows we love him ; he never has, and he never will intentionally cause any one of us a single moment's unnecessary pain or anxiety. For obvious reasons he had to decide this question for himself. He could not invite us into his counsels. Had he have gone for advice to any of us in this room to-night, while I speak for myself, I am sure I but reflect the sentiments of this entire church when I say, we could not have given him the calm, unselfish, unimpassioned judgment, which he himself had exercised. We would simply have thrown our arms around him and exclaimed, it cannot, it must not be ! In the sanctity of his own happy home, surrounded by those who know him best and who love him with a love to which ours is but an approximation, he, in the decision of this question, passed through an experience, a strain of mind and

heart which we can scarcely comprehend, and one through which I trust he may never again be called to pass. Seeking the direction of the Divine Spirit, hand in hand and heart in heart with that gentle loving one who has all these years been his safe counsellor, who has been the joy of his heart and home, and who has made that home such an one to him that it has helped him to be all that he now is to us, he there reached the unalterable decision which has convened us here to-night. And now, just at this juncture, we have a plain duty, a simple act of justice to perform toward this dearly beloved pastor of ours. He having declared it to be his purpose to "make the thirtieth anniversary of his settlement here, the terminal point of his present pastorate," and, in addition to his announcement made from the pulpit on Sunday morning, February 2d, having reiterated the same in the public press, and again in the letter just read in your hearing, thus assuring us we "must not mistake the finality of his decision."

In view of this fact and in token of our appreciation of thirty years of faithful, loving service, on the part of such a pastor as has rarely been given to any people—a service rendered with an eye single to the glory of God and the welfare of this church ;

In further token of our recognition of the fact that Dr. Cuyler has declined our repeated offers of increased salary and has ever turned a deaf ear to loud and persistent calls to enter the popular lecture field, and to engage in purely intellectual pursuits, which would have secured to him worldly renown and pecuniary emoluments, he, with rare fidelity, preferring to have it written of him simply, Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, founder, faithful and beloved pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church, than to be the possessor of untold wealth or fame ; therefore be it

RESOLVED : That in order to relieve Dr. Cuyler of all anxiety as to his future income, and to secure to him the immunity from care in that direction to which he is justly entitled, it is the bounden duty and coveted privilege of this church and congregation to present to him a substantial sum of money,

and that ample opportunity be given to every person connected with the congregation to take part in this labor of love. It is the least we can do, and let us do it in a manner worthy of Lafayette Avenue Church and of this noble object.

RESOLVED : That a committee be here appointed, representing the three official boards of the Church, the Sunday-Schools, the Young People's Association, and the Congregation at large, whose duty it shall be to arrange the details for securing this fund, and to fix upon the time and mode of presentation.

RESOLVED : That this committee shall be notified by the clerk of this meeting of their appointment, and be requested to organize for work at the earliest possible date.

The resolutions were received with applause.

Mr. Daniel W. McWilliams spoke in support of the resolutions, saying that Dr. Cuyler had shown great discretion in the method of his decision. "If he had come to us for advice," said Mr. McWilliams, "the scenes would have been simply heart-rending. Dr. Cuyler has shown great wisdom. Later, we shall doubtless meet and adopt resolutions expressing in fitting terms our appreciation of our pastor's qualities ; but before that time there is something still more pressing that we ought to do and shall love to do. We should put a downy pillow under his head for the comfort of his coming years."

Mr. Michael Snow said he never knew a man who found his way so readily to the hearts of all ages and conditions of men as Dr. Cuyler. He indorsed Mr. Beach's resolutions and offered, as an additional resolution, the following :

RESOLVED : That a Committee of five, consisting of Joseph Fahys, G. H. White, Ira E. Thurber, C. B. Pearson, and William Jarvie be appointed to nominate two committees—one to seek a new pastor, and another, the one provided for in Mr. Beach's resolution.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The committee provided for in the last resolution retired and reported the following named persons to serve upon the committees :

Committee to Seek a new Pastor.

D. W. McWILLIAMS,	COLL J. TURNER,
W. W. GOODRICH,	J. N. BEACH,
MICHAEL SNOW,	WILLIAM MUMFORD,
GRENVILLE PERRIN,	JACOB L. GOSSLER,
SYLVESTER E. BERGEN,	EDGAR FORMAN,
A. G. VAN CLEVE.	

Committee on Fund for Dr. Cuyler.

JOHN N. BEACH.	D. N. HOUGHTALING,
T. T. BARR,	R. W. PATTERSON,
G. L. PEASE,	A. H. PORTER,
E. C. PATTERSON,	A. B. CHANDLER,
N. P. COLLIN,	J. H. HART,
W. H. H. CHILDS,	C. V. SMITH,
WILLIAM JARVIE.	W. S. SILLCOCKS,
JOSEPH FAHYS,	C. W. HAND,
J. T. UNDERWOOD.	

Both committees were authorized to fill vacancies and to add to their number, if deemed by them desirable.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

VALEDICTORY SERMON,

BY

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

APRIL 6, 1890.

The Congregation of Lafayette Avenue Church will long remember the EASTER SUNDAY of 1890, when Dr. Cuyler delivered the closing sermon of his long pastorate. The day was bright and beautiful; the Church was crowded; pews and chairs, even the standing room, were fully occupied, while many would-be auditors were turned away. Over the pulpit the floral figures "1860—1890," marked the period of the pastor's service there, and a profusion of flowers adorned pulpit and platform. Dr. Cuyler spoke with unusual fervor and emotion; his sermon was the story of his life-work for the Master. He said:

Let me invite your attention this morning to the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the second chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians:

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?

"For ye are my glory and joy."

These words were written by the most remarkable man in the annals of the Christian Church. Fresh interest is attached to them from the fact that they are part of the first inspired epistle that Paul ever wrote. Nay, more. The letter to the Church of Thessalonica is probably the earliest as to date of all the books of the New Testament. Paul was then at Corinth, about fifty-two years old, in the full vigor of his splendid prime. His spiritual son Timothy brings him tidings from the infant church at Thessalonica that awakens his solicitude. He yearns to go and see them, but he cannot ; so he determines to write to them ; and one day he lays aside his tent-needle, seizes his pen, and when that pen touches the papyrus sheet, the New Testament begins ! The apostle's great, warm heart kindles and blazes as he goes on, and at length bursts out in this impassioned utterance : "Ye are my glory and joy." Paul, I thank thee for a thousand things, but for nothing do I thank thee more than for that golden sentence. In these thrilling words, the greatest of christian pastors,—rising above the poverty, homelessness and scorn that surrounded him, reaches forth his hand and grasps his royal diadem. No man shall rob the aged hero of his crown. No chaplet worn by a Roman conqueror in the hour of his proudest triumph rivals the coronal that Pastor Paul sees flashing before his eyes. It is a crown blazing with stars—every star an immortal soul plucked from the darkness of sin into the light and liberty of a child of God. Poor is he ? He is making many rich. Despised is he ? He wouldn't change places with Cæsar. Homeless is he ? His citizenship is in Heaven, where he will find myriads whom he can meet and say to them : "Ye, ye are my glory and joy."

Sixteen centuries after the tent-maker of Tarsus uttered these words, John Bunyan, the brazier of Bedford, re-echoed them when he said : "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in the places where my spiritual children were born. My heart has been so wrapt up in this excellent work that I accounted myself more honored of God than if He had made me emperor of all the world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth, without it. He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways doth save a soul from death ; and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

Now, the great apostle expressed what every faithful ambassador of Christ constantly enjoys, when in the thick of the Master's work. His are the joys of acquisition. His purse may be scanty, his dwelling may be humble, the field of his labor may be so obscure that no bulletins of his achievements are ever proclaimed to an admiring world; difficulties may beset him, and discouragement bring him to his knees; but I tell you that obscure, toiling man of God has joys vouchsafed to him that a Frederick or a Marlborough never knew on the field of bloody triumph, or a Rothschild never dreams of in his mansions of splendor, nor an Astor amid his coffers of gold. Every nugget of fresh truth discovered makes him happy as one that has found great spoil; every attentive auditor is a delight; every look of interest on a human countenance flashes back to illuminate his own. Above all, when the tears of penitence course down a hearer's cheek, and a returning soul is led by him to the feet of Jesus, there is joy in Heaven over a repentant wanderer, but there is also a joy in that minister's heart too exquisite to utter. Then he is repaid in full measure, pressed down, running over into his bosom. Converted souls are the jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers and pastors. They shall flash in the diadem which the Righteous Judge shall give them in that great day. Ah, it is when an ambassador of Christ sees an army of young converts and listens to the first utterances of their new-born love, and when he presides at a communion table and sees his spiritual offspring gathered around him,

“ More true joy that faithful pastor feels,
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.”

Samuel Rutherford, of Scotland, only voiced the yearnings of every true pastor's heart when he exclaimed, “Oh, how rich were I if I could obtain of my Lord the salvation of you all. What a prey had I gotten to have you all caught in Christ's net. My witness is above that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations unto me.” Yet, my beloved people, when I recall the joys of my forty-four years of public ministry, I often shudder at the thought of how near I came to losing them. During many months my mind was balancing between the pulpit and the

attractions of a legal and political career. A single hour in a village prayer meeting turned the scale. But perhaps behind it all a beloved mother's prayers were moving the mysterious hand that touched the poised balance and made souls outweigh silver and eternity outweigh time. Would that I could lift up my voice this morning and reach every academy, college and university on this broad continent. I would say to every gifted Christian youth: "God and humanity have need of you—have need of you. He who redeemed you by His precious blood has a sovereign right to the best brains and the most persuasive tongues and the highest culture. Why crowd into the already overcrowded professions?" The only occupation in America that is not overdone is the occupation of serving Jesus Christ and saving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian cannot serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the gospel ministry; but I do affirm that the ambition for worldly gain and worldly honors is sluicing the very heart of God's Church and drawing out too much of the Church's best blood into their greedy outlet; and I fearlessly declare that when the most splendid talents have reached the loftiest round on the ladder of promotion, that round is many leagues lower than a pulpit in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world. What Lord Eldon from the bar, what Webster from the Senate Chamber, what Walter Scott from the realms of romance, what Darwin from the fields of science, what monarch of Wall street or Lombard street can carry his laurels or his gold up to the judgment seat and say, "These are my joy and crown"? The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if ever so humble a servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor can point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the Celestial Throne, then he may say, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?"

Good friends, I have told you what aspirations led me to the pulpit as the place in which to serve my Master. I thank Christ, the Lord, for putting me into the ministry. The forty-four years I have spent in that office have been unspeakably happy. Many a far better man has not been as happy, from causes beyond control. He may have had to contend with feeble health, as I never have; or a despondent temperament, as I never have; or have struggled

to maintain a large household on a slender purse ; he may have been placed in a stubborn field, where the gospel-plow was shattered to pieces on flinty hearts. From all such trials a kind Providence has delivered your pastor. My ministry began in a very small church. For that I am thankful. Let no young minister covet a large parish at the outset. The clock that is not content to strike one will never strike twelve. In that little parish at Burlington, N. J., I had opportunity for the two most valuable studies for any minister, God's book and individual hearts. My next call was to organize and serve an infant church in Trenton, N. J., and for that I am thankful. Laying the foundation of a new church affords capital tuition in spiritual masonry, and the walls of that fold have stood firm and solid for forty years. The crowning mercy of my Trenton ministry was this, that one Sabbath, while I was watering the flock, a goodlier vision than that of Rebecca appeared at the well's mouth, and the sweet sunshine of that presence has never departed from the pathway of my life. To this hour the prosaic old capital of New Jersey has a halo of poetry floating over it, and I never go through it without waving a benediction from the passing train. The next stage in my life journey was a seven years' pastorate in the Market Street Church in the City of New York. To those seven years of hard and happy labor I look back with grateful joy. The congregation swarmed with young men, many of whom have risen to prominence in the commercial and religious life of the great Metropolis. The name of Market Street is graven indelibly on my heart. I rejoice that the quaint old edifice still stands and welcomes every Sabbath a congregation of landmen and of sailors. During the year 1858 occurred the great revival, when a mighty wind from Heaven filled every house where the people of God were sitting, and the glorious work of that revival kept many of us busy for six months, night and day.

Early in the year 1860 a signal was made to me from this side of the East River. It came from a brave little band, then known as the Park Presbyterian Church, who had never had any installed pastor. The signal at first was unheeded, but a higher than human hand seemed to be behind it, and I had only to obey. That little flock stood like the man of Macedonia,

saying, "Come over and help us," and after I had seen the vision, immediately I decided to come, assuredly concluding that God had called me to preach the Gospel unto them. This morning my memory goes back to that chilly, stormy April Sabbath when my labors began as your first pastor. About two hundred and fifty people, full of grace and grit, gathered on that Easter morning to see how God could roll away stones that for two years had blocked their path with discouragement. My first message many of you remember. It was, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Of that little company a large majority have departed. Many of them are among the white-robed that now behold their risen Lord in glory. Of the seventeen church officers, elders, deacons and trustees then in office, who greeted me that day, only four are living, and of that number only one, Mr. Albion P. Higgins, is now a member of this congregation. I wonder how many there are here this morning that gathered before my pulpit on that Easter Sunday thirty years ago. As many of you as there are present that were at that service thirty years ago will do me a favor if you will rise in your pews.

(About fourteen persons rose.)

God bless you! If it hadn't been for you this army would never have been here. Ah! we had happy days in that low-roofed, modest chapel, when this old love was young! Outdoors, the tempest of civil war was raging, with Lincoln's steady hand at the helm. We got our share of the gale; but we set our storm-sails, and every one that could handle a rope stood at his or her post. Just think of the money contributions that small church made during the first year of my pastorate—\$20,000, not in paper, but in gold!

That little band in that chapel were not only generous in gifts, but fervent in spirit, and it was under the gracious shower of a revival blessing that we removed into this edifice on the sixteenth of March, 1862. The subsequent history of the church was published so fully at the notable anniversary, five years ago, that I need only recapitulate the chief head-lands in a very few sentences. In 1861, Mr. William Wickes started a mission school, which afterward grew into the present Cumberland Street Church. In 1866 occurred

that wonderful work of grace that resulted in the addition of three hundred and twenty souls to our membership, one hundred of them heads of families. As a thank-offering to God for that rich blessing the Memorial Mission School was established, which was soon organized into the Memorial Presbyterian Church, now on Seventh Avenue, under the excellent pastorate of my Brother Nelson. During the winter of 1867, a conference of gentlemen was held in yonder study, which set on foot the present Classon Avenue Church, where my Brother Chamberlain ministers with equal effectiveness. Our own Olivet Mission was organized in 1874. It will always be fragrant with the memory of Horace B. Griffing, its first superintendent. The Cuyler Chapel was opened on Atlantic Avenue in March, 1886, by our Young People's Association, who are maintaining it most vigorously. The little Corwin Mission on Myrtle Avenue was established by a member of this church. It perpetuates his name, and is largely sustained by members of this church. Of all the efficient, successful labors of the Lafayette Avenue Temperance Society, The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, the Benevolent Society, the Cuyler Mission Band, the Daughters of the Temple, and other kindred organizations, I have not time or space to speak this morning. But I must repeat now what I have said in years past, that the two strong arms of this church are its Sabbath School and its Young People's Association. The former has been kept well up to the ideal of such an institution, which is that of a training school of young hearts for this life and a life to come. God's blessing has descended upon it like the morning dew. Of the large number of children and teachers who have been enrolled in its classes, seven hundred and thirty have been received into membership with this church alone, on confession of faith in Christ, to say nothing of those who have joined elsewhere. Warmly do I thank and heartily do I congratulate our beloved brother, Daniel W. McWilliams, and his faithful corps of teachers, and the Superintendent of the primary department and her corps of assistants, on the seals which God has set upon their loving work. As they contemplate the army of children whom they have guided to Jesus, they, too, can exclaim, "What is our joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the Lord?"

If the Sabbath School has wrought good service, so has the well-drilled, well-weaponed Young People's Association. The fires of devotion have never gone out on the altar of their Monday evening gathering. For length of date and numbers of membership combined, probably it surpasses all similar Young People's Associations in our country. About three thousand names have been on its muster-roll, and of this number twelve have set their faces toward the gospel ministry. Oh, what a source of joy to me that I leave that Association in such a high condition of vigor and prosperity. No church can languish, no church can die, while it has plenty of young blood in its veins.

What has been the outcome of these thirty years of happy pastorate? As far as the results can be tabulated, the following is a brief summary. During my pastorate here I have preached about two thousand seven hundred and fifty discourses; have delivered a very large number of public addresses in behalf of Sunday-Schools, Young People's Associations, the Temperance Reform and kindred enterprises for advancing human welfare. I have officiated at six hundred and eighty-two marriages. I have baptized nine hundred and sixty-two children. The total number received into the membership of this church during this time has been four thousand two hundred and three. Of this number, one thousand nine hundred and twenty have united by a confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. An army, you see, an army of nearly two thousand souls, have enlisted under the banner of King Jesus and taken their *sacramentum* or vow of loyalty before this pulpit. What is our crown of rejoicing? Are not even they in the presence of Christ at His coming?

It is due to you that I should commend your liberality in gifts to God's treasury. During these thirty years, about \$640,000 have been contributed for ecclesiastical and benevolent purposes, and about \$700,000 for the maintenance of the sanctuary, its worship and its work. Over a million and a quarter of dollars have passed through these two channels. The successive Boards of Trustees have managed our financial affairs carefully and efficiently. The architecture of this noble edifice is not disfigured by any mortgage. I hope it never will be.

There is one department of ministerial labor that has had a peculiar attraction to me and afforded some peculiar joys. Pastoral work has always been my passion. It has been my rule to know everybody in this congregation, if possible, and seldom have I allowed a day to pass without a visit to some of your homes. I fancied that you cared more to have a warm-hearted pastor than a cold-blooded preacher. To carry out thoroughly a system of personal oversight, to visit every family, to stand by sick and dying beds, to put one's self into sympathy with aching hearts and bereaved households, is a process that has swallowed up time, and I tell you it has strained the nerves prodigiously. Costly as the process has been, it has paid. If I have given sermons to you, I have got sermons from you. The closest tie that binds us together is that sacred tie that has been wound around the cribs in your nurseries, the couches of your sick chambers, the chairs at your fireside, and even the coffins that have borne away your precious dead. My fondest hope is that, however much you may honor or love my successor in this pulpit, you may evermore keep a warm place in the chimney-corner of your hearts for the man that gave the best thirty years of his life to your service.

Here let me bespeak for my successor the most kind and reasonable allowance as to pastoral labor. Do not expect too much from him. Very few ministers have the peculiar passion for pastoral service that I have had; and if Christ's ambassador, who shall occupy this pulpit, proclaims faithfully the whole counsel of God, and brings a sympathetic heart to your houses, don't criticize him unjustly because he may not attempt to make twenty-five thousand pastoral visits in thirty years.

House to house visitation has only been one hemisphere of a pastor's work. I have accordingly endeavored to guard the door of yonder study so that I might give undivided attention to the preparation for this pulpit. You know, my dear people, how I have preached and what I have preached. Amid many interruptions, I have honestly handled each topic as best I could. The minister that foolishly runs races with himself is doomed to an early suicide. All that I claim for my sermons is that they have been true to God's book and the cross of Jesus Christ, have been generally simple enough for a child to

understand, and have been preached in full view of the judgment seat. I have aimed to keep this pulpit abreast of all great moral reforms and human progress, and the majestic marchings of the kingdom of King Jesus. The preparation of my sermons has been an unspeakable delight. The manna fell fresh every morning, and it had to me the sweetness of angel's food. Ah, there are many sharp pangs before me! None will be sharper than the hour that bids farewell to yonder blessed and beloved study. For twenty-eight years it has been my daily home—one of the dearest spots this side of Heaven. From its walls have looked down upon me the inspiring faces of Chalmers, Charles Wesley, Spurgeon, Lincoln, and Gladstone, Adams, Storrs, Guthrie, Newman Hall, and my beloved teachers, Charles Hodge and the Alexanders of Princeton. Thither your infant children have been brought on Sabbath mornings, awaiting their baptism. Thither your older children have come by hundreds to converse with me about the welfare of their souls. Thither have come all the candidates for admission to the fellowship of this church, and have made there their confession of faith and their espousals to Christ. Oh, what blessed interviews with inquirers have been held there! What sweet and happy fellowship with my successive bands of elders, some of whom have joined the general assembly of the redeemed in glory. That hallowed study has been to me sometimes a Bochim of tears, sometimes a little Patmos, and sometimes a Hermon, when the vision was of "no man save Jesus only." And the work right there has been a far wider one, for a far wider multitude than these walls contain this morning. I have written there nearly all the hundreds of articles which have gone out through the religious press, over this country, over Great Britain, over Europe, over Australia, Canada, India and New Zealand. During my ministry I have published about three thousand two hundred of these articles. Many of them have been gathered into books; many of them translated into Swedish, Spanish, Dutch and other foreign tongues. They have made the scratch of a very humble pen audible through Christendom. A consecrated type may be more powerful than a consecrated tongue. I devoutly thank God for having condescended to use my humble pen for the spread of His gospel, and I purpose with His help to spend much

of the brief remainder of my life in preaching His glorious gospel through the Press.

I am sincerely sorry that the necessities of this hour seem to require so personal a discourse this morning ; but I must hide behind the example of the great apostle that gave me my text. For, as he reviewed his ministry among his spiritual children of Thessalonica, I may be allowed to review mine among you, standing here this morning under such peculiar circumstances. For these thirty years have been to me years of unbounded joy. Sorrows I have had, when death paid four visits to my house ; but the sorrow taught me sympathy with the griefs of others. Sins I have committed—too many of them ; your patient love has never cast a stone to wound me. The faults of my ministry have been my own. The successes of my ministry have been largely due, unto God, to your co-operation : above all, to the amazing goodness of our Heavenly Father.

Looking at my long pastorate squarely in the face, I think I can honestly say that I have been no man's man. I have never courted the rich or wilfully neglected the poor. I have never blunted the sword of the spirit lest it should cut your consciences, or concealed a truth that might save a soul.

In no large church is there perfect unanimity of tastes as to preaching. I do not doubt there are some here that are quite ready for the experiment of a new voice in this pulpit, and perhaps there may be some who are lusting after the fat quails of elaborate or philosophic discourse ; for during thirty years I have tried to feed you on "nothing but manna." Whatever the difference of taste, you have always stood by me, true as steel. This has been your spiritual home, and you have loved your home. You have drank every Sabbath from your own well ; and though the water of life has not always been passed up to you in a richly embossed silver cup, it has drawn up the undiluted gospel from the inspired fountain-head. To hear the truth, heed the truth, to back up the truth with prayer and toil, has been the delight of the staunchest members of this church. Oh, the children of this church are inexpressibly dear to me. There are hundreds here to-day that never had any other home or ever knew any other pastor. I think I can say that "every baptism has baptised us into

closer fellowship, every marriage has married us into closer union, every funeral that bore away your beloved dead only bound us more strongly to the living." Every invitation from another church—and I have had some very attractive ones that I never told you about—every invitation from another church has always been promptly declined ; for I long ago determined never to be pastor of any other than Lafayette Avenue Church. What is my joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye—ye—in the presence of Christ at His coming?

Why, then, sunder a tie that is bound to every fibre of my inmost heart? I will tell you. I will answer it frankly. There must be no concealments or false pretexts between us. In the first place, as I told you two months ago, I had determined to make my thirtieth anniversary the terminal point of my present pastorate. I determined not to outstay my fullest capacity for the enormous work demanded here. The extent of that demanded work increases every twelve month. The requirements of preaching twice every Sabbath, visiting a vast number of families directly or indirectly connected with this church, attending funeral services, conferring with committees about Christian work of various kinds, and numberless other duties—all these requirements are prodigious. Thus far, by the Divine help, I have carried that load. My health to-day is as firm as usual, and I thank God that such forces of heart and brain as He has given to me are unabated. The chronic catarrh that long ago muffled my ears to many a strain of sweet music, has never made me too deaf to hear the sweet accents of your love. But I understand my constitution well enough to know that I could not carry the undivided load of this great church a great while longer without the risk of breaking down, and there must be no risks run with you or with myself.

I also desire to assist you in transferring this magnificent vessel to the next pilot whom God shall appoint ; and I wish to transfer it while it is well-manned, well-equipped and on the clear sea—the clear sea of an unbroken financial and spiritual prosperity. No man shall ever say that I so far presumed on the generous kindness of this dear church as to linger here until I had outlived my usefulness. For these reasons I present to-day my resignation of

this sacred, precious charge. It is my honest desire and purpose that this day must terminate my present pastorate. For presenting this resignation I am alone responsible before God, before this church, and before the world. When you shall have accepted my resignation, the whole responsibility for the welfare of this beloved church will rest on your shoulders entirely—not on mine. My earnest prayer is that you may soon be directed to the right man to be your minister, to one who shall unite all hearts and all hands in carrying forward the high and holy mission to which God has called you. He will find in me, not a jealous critic, but a hearty ally in everything that he may regard for the welfare of this church. As for myself, I do not propose to sit down on the veranda and watch the sun of life wheel downward in the west. The labors of the pen and of a ministry at large will afford me no lack of employment. The welfare of this church is inexpressibly dear to me—nothing is dearer this side of Heaven. If, therefore, while this flock remains shepherdless and in search of my successor I can be of actual service to you in supplying at any time this pulpit or performing pastoral labor, that service, beloved, shall be performed cheerfully. Thank God, the only thought with all of us, is this church, *this church*, THIS CHURCH! I call no man my friend; you shall call no man your friend, that does not stand by the interests of Lafayette Avenue Church. It is now called to meet a great emergency. For the first time in twenty-eight years this church is subjected to a severe strain. During all these years you have had very smooth sailing. You have never been crippled by debt; you have never been distracted with quarrels; and you have never been without a pastor in your pulpit or in your home when you needed him. And I suppose no church in Brooklyn has ever been subjected to less strain than this one.

Now you are called upon to face a new condition of things, perhaps a new danger—certainly a new duty. The duty overrides the danger. To meet that duty you are strong in numbers. There are two thousand three hundred and fifty names on your church register. Of these, many are young children, many are non-residents who have never asked a dismissal to other churches: but a great army of church members, three Sabbaths ago, rose up before that

sacramental table. You are strong in a holy harmony. Let no man, no woman break the ranks! You are strong in the protection of that great Shepherd who never resigns and never groweth old. "Lo! I am with you always," "Lo! I am with you always," "Lo! I am with you always," seems to greet me this morning from every wall of this sanctuary. I confidently expect to see Lafayette Avenue Church move steadily forward with unbroken column, led by the Captain of our salvation. All eyes are upon you. That eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over you. If you are all true to conscience, true to your covenant, true to Christ, the future of this dear church may be as glorious as its past. And when another thirty years have rolled away it may still be "*Ein feste burg*,"—a strong-built tower of the truth, on which the smile of God shall rest like the light of the morning. By as much as you love me, I entreat you not to sadden my life or break my heart by ever deserting these walls or letting the fire of devotion burn down on these sacred altars.

Yonder clock warns me to close. This is one of the most trying hours of my whole life. It is an hour when tears are only endurable by being rain-bowed with the memory of tender mercies and holy joys. When my feet descend those steps to-day this will no longer be my pulpit. I surrender it back, before God, into your hands.

One of my chiefest sorrows is that I leave some of my beloved hearers out of Christ. Oh, you have been faithfully warned here; you have been lovingly invited here, and once more, as though God did beseech you by me, I implore you in Christ's name, be ye reconciled to God! This dear pulpit—whose teachings are based on the Rock of Ages—will stand long after the lips that now address you have turned to dust. It will be visible from the judgment seat; and its witness will be that I determined to know not anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. To-day I write the last page in the record of thirty bright, happy, heaven-blest years among you. What is written is written. I shall fold up the book and lay it away with all its many faults, and it will not lose its fragrance while between its leaves are the pressed flowers of your love. When my closing eyes shall look on that record

for the last time I hope to discover there only one name—the name that is above every name—the name of HIM whose glory crowns this Easter morn with radiant splendors—the name Jesus Christ, King of kings, and Lord of lords. And the last words I utter in this sacred spot are,—Unto Him that loved and loosed us from our sin with His precious blood, and can make us a kingdom and priesthood unto God ; and unto God, the Father, be all the praise and thanks and dominion and glory, forever and ever, Amen.

At the conclusion of the service the people thronged about the pulpit, and when Dr. Cuyler came down the steps, his old parishioners and friends pressed forward to grasp his hand. The Doctor repeatedly declared he would not say good-bye, as he expected to be with them for a long time to come. But for some time it was impossible to restrain the feelings of those present. Many of the men gave way more completely than the women, sobbing and burying their faces in their hands. Some of the oldest veterans, recognized as men of granite, were among those to give most forcible demonstration to their grief. The scene became so impressive, that the Doctor, feeling the severity of the strain, hastened from the church to his study.

CHAPTER IV.

A special meeting of the Congregation was held in the Sunday-School Hall, on Friday evening, April 11, 1890, pursuant to a call read from the pulpit the previous Sabbath.

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock and organized by the election of Elders W. W. Wickes and Edgar C. Patterson to preside, and William Jarvie as clerk.

Mr. D. W. McWilliams led in prayer, after which the following communication from Dr. Cuyler, resigning the Pastorate of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, was read:

BROOKLYN, April 9, 1890.

TO THE LAFAYETTE AVENUE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS :—On the first Sabbath of February, I announced my intention to terminate my long and happy pastorate on the first Sabbath of April, and I accordingly now lay before you my resignation of the sacred trust committed to me thirty years ago.

The spectacle of a Pastor in the full possession of vigorous health resigning the charge of a great, prosperous and loving church is almost without precedent. But the reasons which have led me to this decision were presented to you last Sabbath morning with entire and unreserved candor.

They doubtless approve themselves to your heads as they do to mine—although our hearts may rebel against the sundering of a tie so sweet, so sacred and so strong.

But you will be only fulfilling my most conscientious wishes if you will accept this resignation in the same spirit in which it is sent. Having done this, I fervently pray that you may be soon guided by the Divine direction to the choice of my successor.

It is most desirable that you should not be driven to any precipitate action in a matter of such deep and vital importance. Therefore, in order to relieve you of anxiety and to afford opportunity for wide search and full deliberation, I shall be happy to do all that is in my power to supply such pulpit or pastoral service as you may desire. The first consideration—yes, the only consideration with you and with me must be the welfare of our beloved Church. To the sacred and precious interests of this church let us consecrate ourselves afresh—and our Blessed Master will not leave us without His all-wise guidance and His grace.

Allow me to suggest that you appoint a Committee who shall go with me before our Brooklyn Presbytery at the proper time and ask their formal dissolution of the pastoral relation. But this act, my beloved people, will not disturb the indissoluble bond of heart-affection which shall outlast even this life, and be perpetuated in heaven.

May the sweet sunshine of Christ's love fill all our hearts, and may His "everlasting arm" ever sustain us!

Commending you to God and to the word of His grace which is able to build you up more and more and to give you an inheritance among those who are sanctified,

I remain, with love unquenchable,

Your fellow-servant of the Lord Jesus Christ

THEODORE L. CUYLER

Elder W. W. Wickes then read the following address:

DEAR FRIENDS, MEMBERS AND PEW HOLDERS OF THE LAFAYETTE AVENUE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

It was my privilege and honor to be chosen one of the Committee to present "the call" to Dr. Cuyler more than thirty years ago, to the (then) Park Presbyterian Church.

I well remember his first sermon to us; his text was, "I determine to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." How faithful he has been to that declaration of Paul, you can testify.

I was also chosen one of the Building Committee of our beautiful church edifice, then legally named the "Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church," which we occupied for the first time March 16, 1862.

During all these years I have been happy in my church duties, but to-night, because of my senior eldership, and because I have for thirty years worked side by side with my dear Pastor, I am called upon to preside at this meeting, which has been called to listen to and act upon his resignation.

These thirty years have occasionally seen differences of opinion between us, but, after passing through the study-doors, they were forgotten and never referred to again. The heart ache that this hour gives to me you may imagine, the void can never be filled.

As a Pastor, how can we express to him our admiration? Is there a family among us, that has had any great joy or sorrow, that he has not shared? He knew all the congregation, as also their children, and could call them all by name, and was ever ready to take them by the hand with a cheery word and pleasant smile. He was always seeking new church work that would take hold of the hearts and minds of his people; he leading them with such earnestness and zeal, that his people could not but follow, which has always placed this church in the van of working churches. It has been as "a city set upon a hill," not only in this community, but it has been as a light and example for all other churches in our land.

The contributions for benevolent objects, \$640,000.00, show that he has been faithful in securing for the different Boards of our church a noble sum to

enlarge Christ's kingdom in our own and foreign lands, comforting and relieving many poor, sorrowing hearts.

He has incited us to the organization and support of Sunday-Schools as well as new Churches, in our own community, and the preaching to the poor through our City Mission and Tract Society by large contributions from our people.

Our Sunday-School has been a nursery of the Lord, from which multitudes of children have been transferred to the gardens of the Church, there to bear fruit unto Eternal Life.

The Young People's Association, which he planned, started, watched over and cared for so constantly, has been the right arm of the church. The young men and women among us have taken a special and active interest in the work, and very many through its instrumentality have been brought to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been a training school for church work and activity, and continues in a remarkable manner to hold the young people together in christian life.

How many parents there are among us, that have reason to bless God that their children have been brought up under his instruction and his Godly example and life, and surrounded with such religious privileges as we have had under his pastorate.

Brethren, did not our hearts burn within us, as we listened the last Sabbath to his parting words, so grandly, yet modestly recounting the work that had been accomplished through his efforts, and, as he said, of that of his people, did we not all feel the greater sorrow, that he must leave us. I have seen this Church's growth as others of you have, and we are still growing, as shown by the large additions at our late Communion Service. But he feels that it is best for him, and also especially for the future good and welfare of this Church, now while it is in the height of its prosperity, that he should leave us this great work to carry on with another. He has not decided it hastily, but after much thought and prayer. If we love him, we must do as he wishes, asking God's guidance in selecting the man who can be intrusted with such a gift.

Mr. Jacob L. Gossler, in presenting the following Minute and Resolutions, said :—

MR. MODERATOR.—It is not true—the old proverb that “few die and none resign” is not true. There are exceptions to the rule; and in the letter of resignation just read, there is “no uncertain sound.” Resignations are rare because it requires more than common courage to resign. It was a brave, a courageous thing in Dr. Cuyler to write the letter to which we have listened; it was a braver thing to preach the wonderful sermon he delivered last Sabbath; and bravest of all was the first and unexpected announcement of his resignation! And I am sure you will accord to me some measure of courage if I succeed, without faltering, in reading what—although hastily prepared, and, therefore, totally inadequate as an expression of your feelings on this occasion—I trust may meet with the unanimous approval of the people here assembled. I beg to submit the following

MINUTE AND RESOLUTIONS.

If it is hard for ordinary friends to separate after years of intimacy, it is still more trying to sever the tender ties that have existed for thirty years between a devoted Pastor and a loving People. Dr. Cuyler has stood up before us for that long period, and has faithfully, earnestly and eloquently preached “the word,” and nothing else—nothing

“ But Christ’s lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught; but first he followed it himself—”

He has gone “in and out among us,” and his kindly presence has been welcome in all our homes and hearts; even the sound of his feet that have trod these streets on so many errands of mercy and love is familiar to our ears; he has visited us in sickness; he has comforted us in sorrow; he has rejoiced in our rejoicings. He has baptized our children, and joined in wedlock our sons and daughters; and, more than that, he has been instrumental in bringing into the Church thousands who shall “rise up and call him blessed.”

We believe there is no modern instance on record of a more untiring ministry—a more successful church. Commencing with less than two hundred members, this church has expanded into a congregation of more than two thousand souls. The little tree, planted by him, in a sparsely settled portion of the city a generation ago, has broadened into a mighty oak, whose roots and branches penetrate and extend far beyond the “Hill.” Other congregations have grown out of it, and the voices of its members have been heard afar off—not only in distant localities within our own country, but in foreign lands and in the “islands of the sea.” But his work does not end here ; while entirely faithful and devoted to his own people, his facile pen has ever been active and efficient in the service of the Master, and his writings, like the golden leaves of Autumn, have fluttered sunshine and gladness over all the world.

And now, in the fulness of his powers, “his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated,” surrounded by a loving people and an admiring community, he decides to descend from the pulpit he has so long adorned and withdraw from a congregation he has so faithfully served ! Can we blame—can we condemn him for seeking rest after a continuous service of more than forty years ! It would be selfish in us to do so. Rather let us “accept the inevitable,” and strive to yield, if not a cheerful, at least a graceful acquiescence in his request.

It is a comfort to think that, although our Pastor resigns from the pulpit, he cannot tear himself out of our hearts. It is still more consoling to know that he, with his sweet, brave wife—beloved by all our people—will remain in Brooklyn, and near to what will always be *his* “Church on the Hill.” May they live long in sight of its tapering spire, and recline for many years under the shade of the well-known and wide-spreading “Catalpa Tree ;” and, while he continues to scatter its healing leaves through the Press to the world, may he, as of old, still give comfort and sweet counsel to his hosts of friends.

The above expression of our sincere love is only more formally and briefly expressed in the following resolutions :

RESOLVED, That after the previous utterances of Dr. Cuyler, and the epistle just read, this Congregation receives with regret and accepts with sorrow, the resignation of our dear, devoted—our always beloved and never-to-be-forgotten Pastor.

RESOLVED, That we are profoundly grateful for the kind offer of Dr. Cuyler to “Supply our Pulpit and perform Pastoral services,” as suggested in his loving letter, and that the matter be referred to the Session with full power.

RESOLVED, That the proceedings of this meeting be entered on the Records of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church and that a copy of the same, “writ large,” by his old and dear friend, the Clerk of the Session, “Elder” White, be forwarded to Dr. Cuyler.

Mr. Wm. Mumford, in a few pertinent and impressive remarks, advocated the adoption of the Minute and Resolutions—after which there was a prolonged pause, broken at last by the voice of the Moderator requesting those of the Congregation who favored their passage to signify their assent by raising the right hand. The hands went falteringly up, as if to show their sorrow; but unanimously, as if to manifest their sincere desire to comply with this the latest and the only hard requirement of their spiritual leader.

And so Dr. Cuyler ceased to be the Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church! But never, during the prolonged ministry, did he reign more supremely and

securely in the hearts of his people than in the hour of his retirement!

The following resolution was then offered and, upon motion, adopted:

RESOLVED, That a committee of three Elders be appointed to appear before the Presbytery with Dr. Cuyler, and request that the pastoral relations between this church and Dr. Cuyler be dissolved.

The chair appointed Elders Wickes, Patterson and Morse as such Committee.

CHAPTER V.

But the "Farewell Sermon" was not a farewell; nor was the subsequent action on and acceptance of Dr. Cuyler's resignation by the Congregation a final good-bye. Like the actors in the play—if such a comparison is permissible—the principal performers were, in response to the hearty solicitations and imperative demands of the Congregation, obliged to come again to the front. And when the curtain rose, on Wednesday evening, April 16, a beautiful and animated scene was presented. The entire first floor of Lafayette Avenue Church—auditorium, lecture-room and parlors—was thrown open to the invited guests. The rooms were profusely decorated; there were banks of flowers and pyramids of palms; the music of mandolins, and brilliant lights, and wonderful combinations of Japanese fans and oriental hangings, and a multitude of fair women and brave men. There was all the paraphernalia of a party, and yet, in that respect, there was something lacking. There was, to be sure, a certain kind of joyousness, a Presbyterian hilarity—a subdued gayety, as if occasioned by the recollection of a past affliction or the premonition

of some coming calamity. The "halls" were not deserted nor had the "lights fled," but there prevailed an air of desolateness until Dr. Cuyler, with his cheery voice, and Mrs. Cuyler, with her sweet smile, made their appearance, and were conducted by two of the Church Elders to a central position, where, standing beneath a bower of plants and flowers and fantastic fans, they received, for more than an hour, the devoted friends who filed past them in procession—the present members of the Church, parishioners who had long been absent or had elsewhere found new homes, old men and women who had long listened to his voice, young people recently brought into the Church, and little children—for all of whom the Doctor had a word of kindness and his wife a smile of love.

But all too short was the allotted time, for when the hour arrived for assembling in the Church, the procession, still, apparently, unending, was broken, and many failed to secure the much coveted hand-shake, as also a position of any kind in the auditorium, already crowded to excess. The organ, under the skillful fingers of Mr. John Hyatt Brewer, thundered its welcome, as Dr. Cuyler ascended the platform, which, densely encompassed with shrubbery and entirely concealing his beloved old pulpit, was scarcely sufficient to accommodate the distinguished personages who were to participate in the ceremonies of

the evening. If there was any previous lack of enthusiasm, the pent-up feelings of the people found vent now, for the audience rose *en masse*, and the shouting was only slightly restrained by the sanctity of the place; hats were waved, and handkerchiefs, some of them wet with tears, fluttered from every pew! It was such an ovation as would have moved colder hearts than that of Dr. Cuyler, who could not conceal and did not care to hide his emotion. Such scenes scarcely occur more than once in a life time; not to many is such sweet incense offered; and this, so far as public demonstrations are concerned, must have been to him the supreme moment in his life! It must to him have been a little glimpse—a slight foretaste—of the Heaven to which the good God will certainly, sooner or later, take him. Let it, we pray, be later—not now, we trust; nor do we think that he himself, however well he may be prepared for it, desires to be immediately translated thither! On the contrary, we are inclined to believe that he is in that respect like the late and good Father Taylor, of Boston, who once, when very sick, and about, as it was thought, to take his departure, was visited by one of his most solemn Elders, who said: “Father Taylor, don’t worry—don’t fear; you will soon be among the Angels in Heaven!” To which Father Taylor, with some asperity, it is said, replied: “I don’t want to be among the Angels;

I'd rather stay here among folks!" It is one of our consolations to think that our old friend and pastor may prefer to remain—as long as he can—"among folks," among the unfledged angels, the saints, and even the "sweet sinners"* of Brooklyn. All of these classes were doubtless included in the intelligent audience—to which Dr. Cuyler bowed low—as well as a plentiful sprinkling of distinguished public men and noted clergymen of both cities—assembled to honor our late Pastor and to listen to the addresses of the evening, from which we have too long detained the reader.

After the sound of the organ had ceased, Miss Van and Miss Wilkinson, members of the Church Choir, sang a beautiful duet; and then Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, D.D., Pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, in impressive tones, offered the following prayer.

PRAYER.

Let us unite in Prayer : Almighty and everlasting God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost : Thou art our Dwelling place in all generations : In Thee we live, and move, and have our being : From Thee cometh every good and perfect gift. Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves. We are the sheep of Thy pasture, and the work of Thine hand. We adore Thee for Thine excellencies ; we praise Thee for Thy works of power, wisdom, and grace. We thank Thee that Thou hast made Thyself known to the children of men. Thou who didst

* "Is your intended son-in-law a Christian?" asked one of his flock of Father Taylor "No!" was the reply ; "but he is a *very* sweet sinner!"

in time past speak unto the Father's people by the prophets, hast in these last days spoken to us by Thy Son whom Thou hast appointed heir to all things, and who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the very image of his person. We bless Thee, O Lord, that Thou didst give Thine only begotten and well-beloved Son to suffer and die that we might live ; that He came into our world and linked himself with our humanity and took up into his own very heart and life the woe and weariness of sinful men ; and that at length he died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God. We thank Thee that when he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, Thou didst highly exalt him, and didst give him a name which is above every name ; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and the things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father, and didst set him at Thy hand far above all principalities and powers and every name that is named, and didst make him head over all things to the church.

We bless Thee that when our Redeemer ascended it was not that he might vanish but that he might pervade ; that when he went up into his glory it was not that he might go away, but that he might be more and more present with his people. We bless Thee, Oh our Divine Redeemer, that Thou art here present with Thy people in the earth, dwelling among them, living in them, thinking in them, working through them, glorifying Thyself in their suffering and their service. We thank Thee for Thy church, Oh God. Thou hast preserved a people in the earth to praise Thee, and to witness concerning Thee to a lost world. We thank Thee that thy church through all affliction, and suffering, and persecution has been preserved by Thy grace, and that it has been made, by Thy divine spirit, mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and of Satan. The things that were despised, the things that were not in the eyes of the world have brought to nought things that are, that no flesh might glory in Thy presence. To Thee, Oh God, be all the greatness, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty ; for everything that is in Heaven or in earth is Thine.

Now we have gathered here to-night, a portion of Thy spiritual kingdom, to rejoice before Thee and to give thanks unto Thee for Thy manifold mercies and loving kindness unto this people. Thou hast led this flock by a way that they knew not ; sometimes it seemed to them a circuitous way ; a way of perplexity ; a way beset with difficulties ; but the Lord has gone before them, and the God of Israel has been their rearward. Thou hast been unto them a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day. Not one word of all that Thou didst promise has failed. Thou has multiplied the flock and given it increase of joy ; so that it has rejoiced before Thee according to the joy of harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. We thank Thee for all that this people has been enabled to accomplish in the name and to the glory of Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church. We thank Thee for the harmony that has prevailed among them ; instead of bitterness, envy, emulation, strife, and evil speaking, they have been kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another, so that their peace has been as a river, and their righteousness like the waves of the sea.

We thank Thee for the multitudes that have come up here to the sanctuary during these long years and have heard and learned and received the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some of them are scattered over the land ; some of them are in distant parts of the earth ; some of them have joined the general assembly of the first-born in glory. But they look back to this place and say "we were born there." We thank Thee for all that this people have been enabled to do in spreading the knowledge of the grace and glory of God throughout the earth. We thank Thee for the loving ministry of him who has long and laboriously, but joyously and bravely, upheld the cause of Christ in this place. We thank Thee for his fidelity to truth ; for his earnest proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity ; for his unwavering adherence to the thing that was right and true ; for his untiring zeal, for his patience, for his prayers and his generous sympathy. We thank Thee for all that he has been to this people ; for all that he has been to this community, for all that he has been to the Christian world. We pray now, Oh Lord, that Thou wilt follow him during the remainder of his life with Thy rich blessing,

and, as he retires into quietude, do Thou be with him, strengthen his heart and comfort him in all the days to come. Be with this people, we beseech Thee ; bring to them a pastor who under the great Shepherd, Jesus Christ, shall go in and out and feed this flock, breaking to them the bread of life.

May the services of this evening be for our profit, and for the honor and glory of God ; we ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

The Hon. W. W. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, who presided and happily introduced the several speakers, delivered the opening address.

REMARKS OF MR. GOODRICH.

We meet to-night with saddened hearts to express our regard for the beloved pastor, who, for the space of a human generation, has been the spiritual leader of this church, its founder, fosterer and friend.

Our hearts are burdened with the sorrow of these breaking ties ; our eyes are heavy with tears as we recall the faithful years of labor in his study, in his pulpit, in our homes, in his joy with our joys, in his sorrow with our sorrows. We remember that he has baptised our children, united our lovers in marriage, buried our dead, that many of us have never known another as pastor ; we wonderingly ask ourselves whether any other man will ever fill the place which he leaves vacant, until we remember that this church is engraven on the hands of The Lord and precious in His sight ; and that while to-night our sun may set in clouds, it will rise on the morrow in renewed beauty and strength.

Yet our sadness is tempered with the thought that where the pastoral relation ends, the fraternal begins ; that the leader who now modestly takes his place in the ranks, in the communion and fellowship of the Church will be still our brother and friend.

Dr. Cuyler surrenders his charge while in the full possession of his intellectual powers, with his natural forces unabated ; he resigns because he

loves this church more than he loves himself ; he becomes to us a regret, not a burden.

In St. Paul's Cathedral a tablet is erected to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, with the inscription : " If you would see his monument, look about you." That edifice was the aim and end of Wren's ambition. Its marble walls and columns, its splendid dome swinging in the upper air, a dream of beauty, appeal simply to the æsthetic and intellectual side of our nature. We, too, shall some day erect upon the walls of this church our memorial to the memory of Dr. Cuyler as its pastor ; we shall record the fact that it was built by his labor, but we shall not stop with that ; we shall add that this edifice was to him simply the means to the end ; that it was but a trifling part of his real work ; that from study and pulpit as from a pure fountain head, there flowed continuous and broadening streams of moral and religious influence which not only shed their beneficent forces upon his city and his country, but also fertilized and fructified the remotest lands.

Who shall tell the silent power of such a church and such a life upon the world ? It is like some great beacon light which, in its steady shining, safely guides many a ship that sails past it, unseen by its keeper.

When Dr. Cuyler was delivering his farewell sermon to this congregation, he said, as I thought, with dramatic effect, that when he walked down from the pulpit at the end of the service on that memorable Sunday, he should lay down forever his public duties as our pastor. As the Congregation was dispersing, he stood for an instant sadly regarding the pulpit which should be his no more ; and then tenderly, as a mother kisses the dead infant which she lays out of her bosom, he stooped and kissed the pulpit ; paused for an instant, while the lips quivered, the eyes filled with tears ; the strong face weakened ; then, turning away, Dr. Cuyler slowly and sadly left the place which should know him as Pastor no more forever.

It is the duty of others to review Dr. Cuyler's life-work. It only remains for me as one of his people to welcome our friends and the members of this Congregation, who have gathered here to express their profound admiration and regard for the faithful pastor whose loving care and influence are

epitomized in the history of this Church. It is not necessary for me to tell you that there has not been a ripple of discord in his flock in all these thirty years, or to speak of his shining christian character with no smirch or taint upon it ; or to tell him that as long as life and memory last we shall never forget his tender ministration in our homes, his faithful admonitions in this pulpit, his steady and tireless labor for the good of this church.

“ It is fitting,” continued Mr. Goodrich, “ that at the inception of these ceremonies Princeton College, which was the cradle of Dr. Cuyler’s theology, should be represented. Therefore, the Committee have desired me to introduce to you Rev. Dr. William M. Paxton, Professor in Princeton Seminary.”

ADDRESS OF REV. WM. M. PAXTON, D.D.

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends : I have accepted this invitation with great pleasure ; but I now realize how difficult it is to speak upon an occasion which is fraught with so much interest, and yet with so much delicacy. It should be a cheerful and happy occasion ; and yet not a time of congratulation. We could scarcely be expected to congratulate our brother Cuyler upon being relieved from his congregation, for that would be very much like congratulating a man who had just been divorced from his wife. Nor, upon the other hand, is this to be a time of sadness, because Dr. Cuyler yet lives, with a spirit as fresh and vigorous and buoyant as that of many of his younger brethren. He is still capable, and he certainly will be expected to send out his messages of love and wisdom yet, from under the shade of his vine and fig tree. No, no, this is not Dr. Cuyler’s funeral ; we do not intend to anticipate the fine things we shall say of him when the Master shall have called him to the reward which is above all human praise. But while it is not a time either for congratulation or for sadness, it is, as I understand it, a testimonial occasion. It is designed to testify the warm love and unabated devotion of this people to the Pastor whose effective and untiring exertions have built up this great church of Christ to its present stalwart proportions ; whose fervent eloquence has constantly drawn to this place admiring audiences, and whose earnest evangelism has been the means of leading so many souls to Christ ; whose tender and sympathetic

pastorate has ministered to the sick and the dying, comforted the mourning, and secured for him a warm place in the affections of so many hearts ; whose tender love for children has opened to him the homes of the people, and gathered around him such a throng of young people who now cleave to him with fond affection even to the borders of old age.

This occasion is a testimonial from all this congregation of every class and of every age ; a testimonial to memories that can never be forgotten, and to a love that will never grow cold. But this occasion in its meaning extends far beyond the limits of this single congregation ; it is a testimony on the part of his brothers in the ministry, many of whom are here to-night, and of others who are not able to be here ; a testimony of their admiring regard for one who has been so cordial, so generous in every office of kindness towards his Christian brethren ; whose marvellous powers of conversation have enlivened and inspired so many ministerial circles ; whose letters and communications in the public press have been the means of giving hope and strong courage to so many of his brethren, far and wide over the whole land. This occasion is also a testimonial from this whole community, of their appreciation of the man who has walked in their midst for thirty years without spot and blameless ; and whose spirit, voice, and action have been an inspiration in every religious, benevolent and philanthropic movement. In one word, this occasion is the utterance at the end of a long ministry, from those who have known him well, of the commendation, so far as the voice of man can utter it, the utterance of the commendation "Well done, good and faithful servant."

But I have been asked to speak especially for Princeton. I take great pleasure in bringing to this congregation the salutation of the old mother institution, who gave development—I might almost say who gave birth to the genius of your pastor—and who gave also that education and culture and preparation which equipped him for his whole life-work. I bring also, with great pleasure to Dr. Cuyler, the assurance from his Alma Mater of the warmest remembrances ; assurances from the Alma Mater in which he was born again, under the religious and spiritual influence of which he has grown to be a man of God, and has the useful fruitage which you see around you.

It is a well-known fact that Dr. Cuyler has been a favorite son of Princeton ; and I believe that it is equally true that no son ever reciprocated with greater warmth the affection of a mother. He came to Princeton when he was a mere lad ; he grew up there under the shadow of the college. His obvious precocity attracted the attention of the professors, introduced him to their acquaintance and to their friendship. He early formed a very strong and devoted attachment to Professor Henry, great in Philosophy ; to Professor Dod, the remarkable mathematician and splendid orator ; to Dr. Addison Alexander, the unrivalled linguist ; to Dr. Hodge, the great theologian and simple childlike christian. It was under their friendship and their influence that he grew up ; and this, together with the influence of the two institutions with which he was connected, the religious, scientific, literary and theological influences by which he was there surrounded, it was these influences that formed the mold in which his life's character was finally cast.

Dr. Cuyler and I were fellow students of the theological school ; he finished his college course two years before me ; he graduated from the seminary two years in advance of me ; and now he retires from public life at a time when it has never entered my head to begin to think about being an old man. It has troubled me somewhat to find an anecdote or a joke which I could tell at this time at Dr. Cuyler's expense. I applied to one of our professors who was a classmate of his in former years ; but he could recollect nothing. He tried to think of something, but he finally said, "Well, Dr. Cuyler's record has been too good and too clean to have any joke left about it." That greatly disappointed me, because I wanted to punish Dr. Cuyler ; I wanted to punish him for the way in which he recently turned the laugh on me, when he was making a temperance speech in Princeton. The house was crowded with students of the seminary and students of the college ; he was saying that it was not necessary to sell liquor in order to support the existence of a first-class hotel. He quoted the hotel that Brother Smiley kept at Lake Mohonk, which he said was one of the very best hotels in the United States, and yet not one drop of liquor was sold there. "No one there," he said, "for love or money could get anything to drink, as *Brother Paxton can*

testify!” You can imagine the shout and roar that went up from those students, that they had such a joke at my expense. So you understand my disappointment on the present occasion, in not being able to find some anecdote to tell at his expense.

Speaking of Dr. Cuyler’s visit to Princeton reminds me of the cordiality with which he has always been received there. He is known by every person; the students know him, the people know him and love him; no man who ever comes to Princeton to speak at that town can gather so many people to hear him, no matter on what subject he attempts to speak. It is this that impresses me with the multifariousness of the man. He can do many things and do them well. He is not a large man, but he is what you might call a, *multum in parvo*, man. When he was scarcely out of his teens he left Princeton on a visit to London, and formed the acquaintance of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Wordsworth, and appeared on the London platform upon the subject of temperance; and before he left he established for himself a fine European reputation as the young American orator. He is an orator; but that is not all. Dr. Cuyler has been a General, a Major General in the great temperance army, and his name has received honorable mention upon many a battle field. Yet, notwithstanding his reputation for temperance, it is very well known that Dr. Cuyler is a hard drinker—of Saratoga water. He takes his drink in sprees; summer sprees; he gets to Saratoga, and then he goes it strong!

The Doctor is also a statesman; he goes over to London as a private citizen, holds conferences with his friend Mr. Gladstone, and there they settle the policy of English and American politics. I have sometimes suspected that he was something of a Pope; but his Elders can speak on that subject better than I can. I do not believe that he is Irishman enough to utter papal bulls; but we all know that he can talk *ex cathedra*. But to speak seriously, Dr. Cuyler was born to be a leader; for this he has the highest qualifications; he has an enthusiasm and buoyancy that never know discouragement. A discouraged pastor is simply a useless pastor. The time comes in the experience of every minister, when that temptation comes to him; and it all depends on the way he meets it. If he yields he becomes a weakling; if he

rises above it he becomes a man of power. Now it has seemed to me that Dr. Cuyler never knew what that temptation was, for he has the buoyancy and hopefulness and enthusiasm and energy which carry him above such a temptation, and inspire with enthusiasm all those who are around him. There was, perhaps, something significant in the fact that when the Israelites were journeying through the wilderness, Moses led the van ; and it has always been so in the history of the church, that happy, joyous, buoyant men have always led the advance of the church's progress.

In conclusion, let me say that there is an aspect of this subject which requires congratulation. Princeton, the old mother of us all, Princeton, the mother of ministers, congratulates you, my dear brother, because you have done your work so well ; and we who are here congratulate you because your Alma Mater loves you and because she is proud of your character and your record. We congratulate you that you have lived through such a long ministry in an age of so much worldliness and temptation, without a blot upon your name and without a blur upon your record. We congratulate you that it has been your privilege to work so long to win souls to Jesus Christ. When Dr. Lyman Beecher had reached his old age and was near his end, some one asked him what was the greatest work in this world. And he said that he was not mistaken about that point ; "the greatest work is not to rule a kingdom ; it is not political power ; it is not philosophy, nor science, nor even theology ; the greatest work," said he, "that a man is ever called upon to do upon this earth is to lead a soul to Jesus Christ." We congratulate you, my dear brother, that that has been your work, and that God has given you success in it ; and that you may now look forward to the fulfilment of the promise : "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever."

The Solo, "Be thou Faithful unto Death," was then sung by Mr. William R. Williams.

Introducing Dr. John Hall, of New York, the Chairman said :

Americans generally know what they want ; they want the best. They are getting a good deal of Ireland in America ; they manage our politics, they manage our prisons, and, rumor says, they fill them. And when America is in need of a good pastor and is seeking for that which is to satisfy her, no small western continent confines us ; in this case we looked to Ireland, and there we found a man whose voice is always heard with pleasure ; you all know Dr. John Hall.

ADDRESS OF DR. JOHN HALL.

My dear christian friends : I have listened with very great interest to the address that has been given us by my friend Dr. Paxton ; and I should like to endorse every word of it. It will not, therefore, be necessary for me to travel over the ground along which he has conducted you ; I agree with all the statements that he has made regarding the versatility, the consecration, the signal virtue, the varied usefulness that God has given our brother, in connection with whose retirement from the active duties of the ministry we are here gathered together. I hope that you do not expect me to make what is called a speech on this occasion. It is not my *forte* to make speeches. I can truly and sincerely say that I am a mere preacher ; and it is especially upon the side of Dr. Cuyler's life in which preaching is prominent, that my mind rests upon this occasion. The impression is sometimes given out that the pulpit has lost its power in the community. In one of the most respectable papers of the city from which I come, some weeks ago there was a very unusual article (it was in the type in which editorials are commonly printed, so I presume it was an editorial) upon the decline of the pulpit as a power in the community. Among the interesting statements it contained was this one ; that when the time for the sermon had been reached in a church, if the minister should stand up and say " Brethren, I regret that I have forgotten my

manuscript, so there will be no sermon ; but the services will conclude with the doxology and benediction," there would be a smile of pleasure and satisfaction upon the faces of all of the congregation. I do not know upon whose ministry the writer of that article attends, therefore I can make no guess as to the personal grounds upon which the statement rests. But I wished a few days after, that the editor had been along with me. I was with a very cultured, intelligent gentleman, whose opinion upon that matter I wished to obtain. "Did you see the article, editorial apparently, in such and such a paper, on the subject of the pulpit?" I asked him. "No," said he, "I never read editorials in the newspapers." So I could not get the information from him upon the matter.

I had the pleasure some time ago of attending a meeting like this in some respects, in Richmond, where a minister whose name is known to many of you, Rev. Dr. Hoge, was, with his people, celebrating the forty-fifth anniversary of his settlement among them as their pastor. Every Protestant denomination was represented on the platform. I have never been present myself at a meeting which was so representative ; even the Jewish Rabbi had a place beside us. But there was one thing which struck me very much ; a gentleman representing the Baptist denomination who, I presume, was a layman, as he was introduced as "Honorable" by the presiding officer, made this very natural statement : "Isn't it strange that we should be told that the pulpit is going down ; that it has lost its power ? Where is there any other class of teachers in the community that could hold the attention of a people five and forty years as has been done in this particular case, and as is being done in so many other ministries ? Where is the power of literature, where is the power of æsthetics, where is the man who is backed by any of these, who would be able to retain the attention and affection of a people for so many years as has been done in this instance ?" It did seem to me that that fact is one of a class that we should take into account in future, by which we are constrained to say that through the blessing of God the pulpit has not gone down and retrograded, but still retains its power as a benediction to the community.

The work of the preacher is peculiar to Christianity. There are a great many systems of false religion, like Mohammedanism, Hindooism, and the like. They have their priests, their teachers, their leaders, their institutions ; but it is Christianity that is distinguished by the preacher ; and it is to Christianity that this distinction belongs, that men stand up and in the name of Christ interpret God's word to the people, and so constitute the power by which the truth is to find lodgment in the understanding, and the conscience, and dwell in the lives of the people. So the Christian pulpit has been God's instrument for producing a people, that for intelligent capacity are without a rival in the population of the globe that we inhabit. No one who thinks a moment on the matter will say that the preacher develops any but the highest faculties ; he makes his appeal to the understanding ; he addresses the affections, he directs the will, he speaks the grandest truths that man can hear and comprehend ; he brings them into contact, week after week, with the minds of his people ; he does this in seriousness, in intense earnestness, with the highest purposes before his mind. How can it but be that the intelligence of his people will be fostered and promoted by the faithful and earnest preaching of the truth ? What is the result ? A hundred years ago in many places, aye, fifty years ago in some places, you could find large populations which had few of the opportunities and advantages enjoyed to-day ; for example, in the greatest cities in our time. They had very little opportunity, perhaps no opportunities for travel, very few educational advantages, very little contact with their fellow men ; and yet the steady, regular study and preaching of the gospel which appealed to them from week to week with messages from God's word, made them intelligent and prepared them to be forces for good among their fellow men. That is one of the distinctions of a ministry like that of Dr. Cuyler ; that it develops the mental powers and intelligence of the people to whom it is addressed. The same thing is true in relation to the conscience. Who does not know what a powerful factor in life the conscience is ? It is that thing which detects the difference between right and wrong. But men will make mistakes in relation to conscience ; they are often speaking of it as if it were God's vicegerent ; as if in following it you were following an infallible

representative of God's spirit. It does represent His spirit in some things ; but it is not infallible ; it has need to be instructed aright ; it needs the faithful preaching of God's word for its guidance, and thus it prepares men for being clearer, more discriminating and faithful, as they go about the duties of their daily and ordinary life.

Now, Dr. Cuyler has done this throughout all his ministry ; in his preaching from his pulpit, in his preaching through the press, a preaching that has made its appeal to multitudes not only over this continent, but over English-speaking Europe. He has been doing this noble, blessed work, training and educating the conscience, teaching men to set the highest ideals before them, and to serve God Almighty. So it comes to pass that the pulpit does a great deal to shape public opinion. There are matters which affect human life very intimately, with which the press has to do ; but there are other matters which are peculiarly for the pulpit to deal with and shape and form public opinion regarding them. I need not dwell upon matters like temperance, upon matters like personal purity, upon matters like the sacredness of the married life and the home life, and others of that kind. It is the distinction of the pulpit that it makes a sound and healthy public opinion. And not the least of the services that my brother has rendered has been on this line ; the line of public spirit, the line of benevolence, the line of truth enlightening the community, the line along which only christian men who have energy and zeal prove a blessing to their generation to the glory of Christ our Lord.

But these are only what might be called incidental elements that come from the pulpit. When he was seeking the salvation of the drunkard he was incidentally doing good to the community ; in the degree in which he succeeds he saves the community expense and he saves the family wretchedness and misery ; but the main thing that he has gained is the rescue of the soul of the poor drunkard. So it is that while brethren like Dr. Cuyler are following these duties—God bless them !—they are incidentally doing great good on the line that I have indicated to you. But the main thing, the highest thing that we have to do is to bring the living Christ to dead souls, that receiving Him

and believing in Him, they may have everlasting life. It will be in itself the glory of the history of my brother that during these thirty years he has been lifting up Christ and seeking to draw people to an intelligent faith in him. Men are starving—we are to bring them the bread of life ; men are thirsting—we are to bring them the water of life ; men are naked—we are to bring them robes of righteousness ; men are wandering—we are to set their feet in the right way ; men are transgressing—we are to bring them to a sense of their condition and persuade them to go with penitence to their Father. My brother has been doing this. I am speaking to men and women here who could say “yes, God used him to lead me to Christ ; yes, God used him to awaken me to my real condition and show me where safety was to be found. I shall bless his memory so long as I live, and I shall think of the joy and felicity of meeting him again when he and I, in God’s time, are gathered together in the congregation of the redeemed.” This is the distinctive kind of work of my brother. I rejoice in the blessing that God has given him on these lines ; and I congratulate you, his hearers, his beloved people, his fellow-worshippers—for we ministers are just fellow-worshippers with you while obeying the Divine Teacher in preaching the word. I congratulate you upon the harmony, the unity, the brotherly kindness, the appreciative gratitude, shall I say the magnanimity, with which you say to him “if it is your will to go down from this pulpit, you will go down carrying with you our gratitude and our affectionate appreciation ; you will go down, but you will not go down in our love, in our confidence, in our tenderness, in our regard ; we shall love you and cherish you as long as it pleases you to live among us ; and when you go hence, we shall bless our Father for the memory that you leave behind you ”

There is one other thing of which I shall speak. It is the distinctive privilege of the minister to feed the living, to cheer, to comfort and strengthen them. I am speaking to-night to men and women, gray haired men and aged women, who I know could say “Yes, many a time I went to our church cast down and discouraged, and I came away cheered and gladdened ; yes, many a time I went not knowing just what I should do about this or that, and the light flashed into my mind ; many a time I went with the cares of life pressing

upon my spirit, and I learned there to cast my cares upon the Lord. So I have run without weariness, I have walked without fainting." You love him now, dear friends, and you will love him as long as he is here, and you will bless God for sending you such a pastor. You will do this further ; you will make your earnest prayer that his successor may be like unto him, and when the responsibility is laid upon you of choosing the one who is to take this place, you will look for a man like him who steps down from this pulpit ; who may be described as a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, through whom God will add much people to the multitude of the saved ; may God give you such a pastor !

At the close of Dr. Hall's address the congregation arose and sang the 329th Hymn : " All hail the power of Jesus' name." After which the Chairman said :

There is one gentleman on this platform who during the remarks of Dr. Paxton, in his speaking of Princeton as the great mother of ministers, was very uneasy. That I suppose was because he graduated at another Theological Seminary, Andover ; it is very fit and pleasant that the next address should be delivered by a brother and neighbor of Dr. Cuyler, representing as he does a church which, several years ago, went out from this church. I have pleasure in introducing Dr. Chamberlain.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. T. CHAMBERLAIN, D.D.

As I have listened to the friendly, glowing, felicitous words which have already been spoken, I have half wondered why any statement from me should be deemed either needful or desirable. Yet I still count myself happy in the part which is mine. For, as both fellow-citizen and fellow-pastor, I am privileged to refer to what has not yet been fully set forth.

The close of one form of a life-time's honorable service, gives fit occasion for a review, in outline, of what the total service has thus far been. From this height of observation, we are permitted to look back to-night upon both

rewards and struggles, harvest-fields and battle-fields alike ; as they tell us, that on the old post-road over the Jura, there is the point where, at a single sweeping glance, the eye may see the sweet vineyards of Burgundian France, and the eternal snow-clad peaks of Switzerland's Alps.

Yet I own my sorrow that this hour has come. No doubt I speak the feeling of each one in this vast assembly, and the feeling of an incomparably greater number in the world without and beyond, when I say that could my fond wish have been fulfilled, the dispensation of ancient days should have been renewed. Not only should the dial's hand have gone backward, but there should have been the assurance that even when six-score years had been lived, neither should the eye be dimmed or the natural force be abated ! I am touched with reverent sadness as this scene moves forward, never to be renewed.

My very sadness, however, is akin to exultation, as when sunbeams cause the misty vapors to yield prismatic glories, or tearful eyes behold the rainbow round about the throne. Let us chant no merely lamenting strains to-night. As Milton writes :

“ Nothing is here for tears ; nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair.”

The King of Israel was wholly right when he said to the vaunting Syrian, “ Let not him that girdeth on his armor, boast himself as he that putteth it off.”

It is true that neither now nor ever may mortals refuse to acknowledge their imperfections, their mistakes. Neither here nor elsewhere may they omit to invoke God's pitying compassion, in view of their short-comings and sins. Yet, in truth, what a life—to God's own praise be it said,—has been that life in whose path we now set up this “ stone of remembrance ! ” The life of a faithful minister, one of Christ's true under-shepherds for more than forty years ! Accumulating, garnering the rich accretions of a single pastorate of nearly a third of a century ! Surely, though that were all, it were more than enough to engage to the full this hour's grateful thought, and to inspire this occasion's grateful tribute.

But, in fact, the life-work we celebrate, has moved in still other of the "correspondencies of greatness." By its steadfast, devoted, powerful support of Christian missions both far and near, it has touched directly, beneficently, the very ends of the earth. In its attracting the love and admiration of noble hearts on both sides the ocean, it has been part of the international bond. In the sending forth, through book and newspaper press, of thousands of articles whose winged words have gone every whither bearing light and love, it has made millions of homes its debtors. In the waging of many a contest against specific, monstrous evils, it has earned the thanks of every well-wisher of either our land or our race. Indeed, with reference to the strenuous, contending side, I am reminded of the inscription to *Æschylus*, at Gela :

"How brave in battle was Euphorion's son,
The long-haired Mede can tell, who fell at Marathon."

Suppose it were possible to gather hitherward to-night, in even incorporeal state, the representatives of the wrong-doers assailed, and the outraged, suffering ones to whom, at last, release was brought ! Even as in the battle-scene of one great painter, the hosts of evil and good are beheld at strife in the upper realms, or, in the worship-scene of another almost matchless artist, the very air of the room is thronged by a suggested presence, transparent clouds, drifts, of spirit faces and spirit forms.

Call to mind, then, the great anti-slavery struggle which was beginning to grow fierce, when this pastorate, now closed, first took its place among the important verities. Consider that those were times when allegiance to the dictates of humanity and the teachings of Christ, might not be kept, save by paying the costly price. Yet, all the while, this pulpit was fearlessly, fervently, on the side of the oppressed. No friend of the slave trod martyrdom's crimson path ; the lips of no advocate of inalienable rights, were silenced in the prison's dungeon ; the feet of no fugitive from bondage, went, torn and bleeding, toward the free land over which the pole-star seemed to rest ; no sigh, no tear, fell from the heart or eye of one of God's degraded, dusky children, but this friend of humanity and servant of Christ, was moved to quick, sympathetic response. He spoke the martyr's praise. A double portion of the advocate's spirit seemed

to fall on him. The poor fugitive's woes were as his own. The bondman's sigh, the bondman's tear, was as if from the bitter anguish of his gentle, dauntless soul. Let us not forget the heroic past. Let us pay deserved honor to him who ceased not to warn and plead, to toil and pray, until he saw the slave set free, four millions of bondmen invested with citizenship and armed with the franchise, and the Constitution itself made, on this soil, the pledge and palladium of equal, universal rights!

Take, again, the life-long battle against intoxicating drink and the saloon. To the inspiring recollections of this hour, belong the deeds of pioneer and perilous times in that great crusade as well. The now retired pastor of this church helped to make the history of those early days. Recurring to those momentous events, he may say, in humble truth, "Of which I was distinctive part." Are we sometimes half dismayed and altogether sorrowful, as we see what evil results intemperance still works? Do we set in array the other gravest woes:—the disregard of human life, with its crowding assaults and suicides and murders; the corruption of political parties, with its consequent defamation and falsehood; licentiousness, with its foul besom sweeping on us like the fire upon the cities of the plain; commercial dishonesty, violating sacred trusts, and robbing the widow and orphan;—do we summon to view all that imminent, cumulative jeopardy, and then find ourselves forced to admit that intemperance out-tops each of them, and well nigh outweighs them all? Do we still set down to the account of strong drink, homes blasted, minds maddened, demented, hearts polluted, the moral sense depraved, the inmost being given over to sin and despair,—a desolation, both present and to come, compared with which the poet's "City dolent and the eternal dole" is only a sign, a symbol? Yet it is ours to remember, as well, that had it not been for the early and unremitting labors of such men as our loved friend, the picture would have become still more ghastly, the woe would have grown to be still more appalling. As it now is, these are manifest tokens of promise. The evil that so comes in like a flood, is finding that there are barriers firmly set. There are blessed counter-tides. The watchword, "God and Home and Native Land," signals the ultimate union of temperance forces, and their onward march to a predestined, God-given

triumph ! The forecast, therefore, no less than the retrospect, bears witness to what our comrade and leader has helped to accomplish. We may assure him that when the longed-for consummation has been attained ; when the radiance of universal sobriety has kissed the hills and illumined the valleys, lying "like a shaft of light across the land" ; then also shall his influence be felt and his good work be crowned.

And in the war for the preservation of the Union, for the maintenance of the one flag and the one domain ! Where, in those years, was there a more patriotic citizen than he who preached the Gospel from the pulpit of this church ? Was there a certain magnanimity in even his contending ? Did he clearly recognize the sincerity, the valor, of many who fought for separation ? Did he delight in having the ministries of relief cover all the battle-field, without distinction of friend or foe ? That also was like him ! It was an earnest of the conciliatory attitude which he since has taken. It foretold his later efforts to make mutual respect and love the bond of the restored and indissoluble union. He has been constantly right and consistent in his patriotic course. Well may we follow his example. The national chord which he now seeks to touch, possesses healing, harmonizing power. As when, in the spring of 1863, Federal and Confederate armies confronted each other on the Rappahannock, while the bands played at eventide. On the one side, it was "The Star Spangled Banner," on the other side, "Dixie." On the one side, it was "Columbia," on the other side, "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Presently one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home." The other joined, and, at the close, there ascended a united shout, in which not even the listening angels could tell whether the acclaim was from those who wore the blue or the gray !

Indeed, it is but characteristic of the man who, for the major part of half a century, has thus lived and wrought, that he should still enroll himself on the side of each current and righteous reform ; that he should favor true "civil service" ; put personal conviction above "machine" dictation ; seek the complete divorce of national politics from municipal administration ; and stand shoulder to shoulder with those who desire the success of a political party only so far as that party deserves to succeed.

And have I thus sought, think you, to magnify these extra-ministerial services, to the implied disparagement of the distinctive life of preacher and pastor? No! not for a moment! Indeed, I have recounted all these virtues, I have named all these valors, that I might gain meaning and momentum for my assertion of the pre-eminent worth of the long and faithful Gospel ministry. That ministry has been the vantage ground for the accomplishing of all the other good. It has been, in itself, the absolute blessing, the absolute delight. The rest might fade, and there be the clear shining still. All else might disappear, and the utmost value still remain. The intrinsic, ever augmenting, power of such a continuous pastorate, has already and fittingly been set forth. I have spoken in conscious, most cordial assent to all that has been declared. There can be no dispute. To have been, for a lifetime, the direct, accredited ambassador of heaven; to have impressed human thought and choice with the very truths of God; to have comforted the afflicted and healed the broken in spirit; to have given help to the perplexed and groping; to have lightened the burdens of those heavy-laden in both body and mind; to have laid the gentle, baptizing hand on tender childhood's head; to have sealed in sacred marriage-bonds, the covenant of truly loving hearts; and, above all, to have won multitudes of the impenitent to contrition, and of the spiritually dying to a new life in Christ,—thus building up this noble church, and planting other churches on the right hand and the left, which will continue the holy work for generations yet to come,—that is the labor, the result, to which all else before us to-night pays willing tribute, even as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren paid obeisance to the sheaf of Joseph. The chief gladness among the angels of God has been over such achievements. The deepest, holiest, gratitude of souls here below has been, and ever will be, in view of such unselfish, spiritual, Christ-like ministrations. Of a truth, the supreme power and pathos of this memorial scene, centres not in the man, the reformer, the patriot, the friend, but in that higher relation which, having rightfully claimed all other splendors, makes offering of its own self at the feet of the once dying, but now risen, Redeemer.

My prayer of prayers is that on the brethren in the ministry, on the churches in their membership, on the communities in their perils, on the world

in its sore need, there may come more and more of that divine Spirit which has inspired the faithful pastorate now laid down.

Nor in all this have I, for an instant, forgotten the dual nature of that ministry which has been so richly blest. I recall that in the prophet's symbolic act, he took to himself two staves, and one was Beauty while the other was Bands. In the kingdom of grace, as in the kingdom of nature, loveliness is ever the fit complement of strength. Accordingly, to her who has been the enthroned one in the heart, the light-giver in the home, the beloved of the church, we wish most fervent good wishes. For her also we lift on high our thankful, tender intercession. To each, to both, we give the renewed assurance of our abiding affection. May the laying aside of certain toils, admit the entrance of even new delights. God grant that life's shadows may lengthen gently, slowly. *Seri in coelum redeatis ; diuque laeti intersitis nobis !* Late may you ascend to heaven ; long and happily may you abide with us !

When Dr. Chamberlain touched upon the work accomplished by the venerable pastor in the upbuilding of the church, tears sprang to Dr. Cuyler's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He covered his face with his handkerchief and silently wept for a few moments, while several in the congregation who witnessed his emotion, were similarly affected. Then, when the speaker referred to the dual character of Dr. Cuyler's ministry and paid a tribute to Mrs. Cuyler, the pastor was again overcome. Mastering his emotion, however, he impulsively jumped to his feet and, seizing Dr. Chamberlain's hand, said, "I thank you for that." The assembly's applause revealed its heartfelt sympathy.

Miss Van and Miss Wilkinson then sang a duet—"Then Thou Art Nearest"—and the Chairman called the Superintendent of the Lafayette Avenue Sunday School to his feet. "No family circle," he said, "is complete with out the children; let us hear from them through our brother McWilliams."

ADDRESS OF MR. D. W. MCWILLIAMS.

Dr. Cuyler—Our dear Pastor : On the last day of last July, one of the most precious men, and one of the busiest, in dear old Scotland, passed into the skies—Dr. Horatius Bonar. In describing his work, one said, "He was always writing"; another said, "he was always preaching"; and a third said, "he was always praying"; and a fourth said, "he was always visiting."

We know such a man as that. We recognize his portrait in that delineation. He has lived among us thirty years, until now he lives *in us*.

And in all your writing and preaching and praying and visiting the children were included; they were always in view in every ministry of love. It is not enough to say that they were recognized or reached in a merely professional point of view—they were of the family; all that interested them interested you. We often marvelled at your rare gift of remembering names and locating individuals. You often astonished the officers in the school by the information you gave us concerning the individual children in this large flock. You would tell us their names, where they lived, and oftentimes in whose class in the school they were.

Jean Paul Richter said, "I love God and little children"; but our Pastor says, "I love God and every little child." Every child in this church knows that you love God and him or her, too. They were not patronized as by a superior—the individual child felt, instinctively, that you were one with him or her. There was a pleasant, familiar approach; some apt word which revealed knowledge of the person or of the family, and which revealed interest also.

On first coming to this church, twenty-four years ago, and taking a class in the chapel. I was impressed the first time I heard you speak to that school. You said that the children at the church school were your own children, and that the children at the chapel were your grand-children. How pleased they were! It was evident that your great heart took them all in!

You won their hearts by first giving your own heart. When the child first came under your observation, whether at home or in the school, the process began: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." You first taught the children what Christian *faith* was, and then what Christian *life* was, and then what Christian *work* was and how to do it, and then what a grand, uplifting, comprehensive thing the Christian *hope* was, and then what a blessed destiny a Christian's *destiny* was; and many of these children, as they grew, became impressed that the greatest thing in the world was to save souls.

Your passion for souls has been contagious. There are business men who have grown up in this school, practical men of affairs, who would abandon their secularities and spend their lives in Christian work, if they were convinced that such was their Master's will. A number have already done so. They have breathed the fragrance of the life of their dear Pastor.

A large number of the teachers in the church school and at Olivet and Cuyler Chapels, and many other teachers in other schools were led to Christ under your pleading. We may say that of the present one hundred and ninety teachers and officers of the three schools for which the church is responsible, a majority are the fruits of this unexcelled pastorate. For several years your missionary and benevolent spirit for the poor and those destitute of the Gospel, has increasingly pervaded the school, and mission bands have grown in number and increased in spirit and in results. Last Sabbath, notices were given in the Sabbath School of meetings to be held this week of three of these mission bands.

The notice given so often from the Sabbath School desk, that our dear Pastor would be in his study on the next Friday afternoon, between four and six o'clock and that he would be glad to see any of the school who wanted to talk with him about their souls, was never a forbidding or repellant thought

to them, but rather the drawing, winning invitation of a loving friend. During these years hundreds have gone there in acceptance of that loving invitation, who will be grateful to God and to their Pastor through all eternity. They were met in a spirit of love and helpfulness. They were won, not frightened away.

How glad every one in the school always was to see you enter the door, ascend the steps of the platform, and take your place to give your stimulating love-message! What expectation there was (never disappointed) that you had something to say which must not be missed, on the lesson or on personal religion and daily duty. You never put the food here or there, too high for the lambs to reach up to, and it was cut small enough for their mental and spiritual assimilation. You always seemed to have the children in view.

A Pastor who comes to our homes, and calls even grandfathers and grandmothers by their first names, just as they were called in childhood, cannot overlook childrens' simplicity, nor be lightly esteemed by children.

Having been absent from the desk since May, 1874, but one year, (during which the school was so ably conducted by our dear brother Van Cleve) we have been brought into very close fellowship in the work. Many have the Sabbaths been that it was my privilege, when the session was over, to tell you that this one or that one was seeking the pearl of great price, or had already made the great decision. And it was a very energetic, wide-awake teacher who outran you in having an interview with that scholar! Your celerity in doing the Father's business was in blessed imitation of the Master when in human form He was here among men.

Our dear Pastor, is it all to end now? Ah! no; it can never end. Many children and youth whom you have led to Jesus are grown now and scattered abroad, or are here at home. Some are pastors, missionaries, teachers, Godly parents. Others, who are younger, are already won, and their eyes are on the cross of the crucified Jesus. A host will come along all down through the ages, because you loved God and every child among us. Were they, and are they, "inexpressibly dear" to you, as you said in your Easter sermon, so you are inexpressibly dear to them.

Mr. McWilliams here produced a package of about one hundred and fifty letters, and thus continued:

And now my dear Pastor I have received these letters from members of the Sunday School, giving texts, from which you have preached sermons which have been blessed to the writers, and in which they speak of the good you have done them; half of these letters came in one mail the day after you preached your farewell sermon. Shall I tell you what some of them say?

A young lady writes: "His whole life has been one beautiful lesson. He is inexpressibly dear to me. I have known no other pastor. I would specially mention the following sermons: Gal. vi. 7, 'For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap' The Sermon preached on the Sabbath I united with our church: Mark vi. 37, 'How many loaves have ye?' and Malachi iii. 17, 'And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels.' How many happy remembrances come to me; his loving sympathy, bright disposition, ever ready words of encouragement."

A gentleman writes: "Thirty-three years ago I heard Dr. Cuyler preach a sermon in Portland, Maine: the most glorious sermon, the most inspiring, energetic sermon to young men that I ever listened to. It was like the lightning flashes in the heaven. It stands out in my memory like a column in the clear sky. The head light of his words to me are those often quoted by him and lived by him all the time. Luke vi. 38, 'Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom; for the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.'"

Another gentleman writes: "He has made me dissatisfied with self. The result has been a new impulse to my work for the Master and a desire to extend it to the full extent of my ability."

A lady writes: "Language fails to express to express my gratitude that I have been permitted to be one of the fold fed by Dr. Cuyler. My faith has

been strengthened, my hopes brightened, and my anxious, sad heart made glad by his kindly teachings. His prayers have spoken peace to my soul so many times when lonely and sad."

A gentleman writes: "I feel very grateful for the faithful advice Dr. Cuyler gave me a short time ago. It will be a great help to me all through life."

Another gentlemen writes: "My pastor's life has taught me how true it is that 'the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

This is what a young lady writes: "Seven years ago Dr. Cuyler said in one of the meetings, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' That text and thought convinced me I was not too young to be converted, although some people thought I was. I united with the church, and it comforted my mother, who soon afterward passed away."

From another young lady: "He has made heaven and things pertaining to heaven seem very near. Four years ago he used the expression in a meeting, 'When we get home to Father's house,' and it seemed to make heaven very near."

And still another writes: "About a year ago, seeing no fruit in my class, and thinking a change of teachers might be for their good, I determined to give up my class, and was just on the point of doing so, when Dr. Cuyler preached a sermon in which he said 'God never disgraces effort with failure.' That settled the question. I decided to remain, and five have since united with the church."

A teacher writes: "I had often felt the power of his loving tender words both at home and from the pulpit, but the words spoken to me when in great affliction, 'I have prayed that this cup might pass from you,' sank deep into my heart and stands out to-day as the most Christ-like act of all. How could I but drop my burden at His feet and bear a song away!"

A young lady writes this : " I shall never forget the sermon Dr. Cuyler preached with the three texts about bearing burdens. It was most helpful to me."

Another scholar writes : " Dr. Cuyler convinced me that there is nothing that can make us good and true but the religion of Jesus Christ, and that the only man worthy our imitation, is the Man who died on the Cross."

This is what a boy writes : " I will always remember what Dr. Cuyler told me the other day in the hall of the church : Always to obey my parents."

This was written by a young lady : " One deep impression made by Dr. Cuyler upon me has been his exhortation to be a cheerful Christian, to let God's love shine forth in the heart and life."

A gentleman writes : " His text, ' Jesus only,' and the sermon impressed me greatly. My life has been made better and purer by seeing how Dr. Cuyler has faithfully preached for ' Jesus only.'"

Another gentleman writes : " Of all the many things which Dr. Cuyler has impressed upon my heart and mind none is stronger than this : ' The Bible is true.'"

And another gentleman writes : " Dr. Cuyler led me to the Cross of Jesus. Through his influence I have been kept in the shadow of that cross ever since, and now my only desire is to live for and preach Jesus."

And still another writes : " Before I joined the church, I went to Dr. Cuyler to have the Creed explained. He said : ' Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' That settled all my doubts and fears."

This was written by a young lady : " When I do wrong I think of what Dr. Cuyler said to me a few weeks after I became a Christian, ' Try and keep from sin,' and it helps me greatly."

Another young lady wrote this : " I wrote out nearly a whole sermon of his one Sabbath on how to read the Bible. It made a great impression on me, because while reading philosophy and other things I was trying to read my

Bible in that way and I became discouraged. I wrote one sentence in my Bible from his sermon preached Easter Sabbath, 1885. I cannot thank him enough for that one sentence: 'The brightest evidence of Christianity is a Christian.'

A teacher writes: "The only pastor I have ever known. Words cannot express the depth of love I have for him. The full power of his life and sermons will not be realized this side of heaven."

Another teacher writes: "When listening to his ringing calls to duty it seems I could do and endure anything to help others to Jesus. The one sentence that has helped me most in home life is: 'Don't let your light smoke at home.' When in trouble, how comforting were his gentle words of love and sympathy. I wish I could express the gratitude I feel for all he has done for me—a 'chimney corner for him in my heart.' I shall always love him with my whole heart."

Written by a young woman: "Many things in Dr. Cuyler's ministry have inspired me. One deeply affected me. It was the sincere, pathetic prayer he offered up by the side of the death bed of my beloved mother, four years ago, when he asked God to stay and comfort those who were left. I did not then think of such a thing as an answer to that prayer, for I felt no visible friend could console me, much less an invisible being; but a still, small voice came to me. That loving prayer was answered. God did help us to become reconciled. More than that, he spared her precious life long enough to see us three children united to Christ and the Lafayette Avenue Church."

Another writes: "I cannot recall a sermon that was not a real help toward a higher life. Two or three sermons were especially helpful—Joel ii. 13, 'Rend your hearts and not your garments.' Matthew xvii. 'The Transfiguration of Christ'; the sermon pointed chiefly to the mountain top experience of life. Song of Solomon, ii. 15, 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.'"

Another member of the school writes : " I was hesitating about uniting with the church, and could not make up my mind to do so, knowing how weak I was. My dear pastor called on me and said : " You know when Christ called Phillip and Andrew, He just told them to follow Him. They did not question about it ; they left all and followed Him. He strengthened and sustained them, which He will do for you, if you will only let him.' Those words decided the question for me."

From Mr. Ira D. Sankey, a teacher in the school : " I wish to express the gratitude I feel toward Dr. Cuyler for all the helpful words and sermons I have heard since I came to live in Brooklyn. I have always felt the stronger after hearing him. The predominant thought has been, after listening to him, loyalty, splendid loyalty to Jesus Christ and to His word. Thank God for such a man ! He has been a tower of strength and a shelter in the time of storm. He will ever have a snug corner in our hearts."

From a member : " I love Dr. Cuyler, because he taught me how to love Jesus and how to live for Jesus.

Written by another member : " He taught me to love my Bible and prayer."

A teacher writes this : " He led me to Jesus, and, encouraged by him to go to work, I took a class in Sabbath School and the entire class has been converted."

The following was written by a young lady : " Fourteen years ago our dear pastor preached a sermon : ' Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God,' which settled the question for me. I had been waiting to become a Christian a long time. My brother, who is now with his risen Lord, united with the church at the same time I did. His last words were ' God is above me, beneath me, about me.'"

Another young woman writes : " I don't think I ever heard Dr. Cuyler close a sermon until he had given to the unconverted a special invitation to come to Christ."

A little girl writes : “ Dr. Cuyler’s punctuality has taught me always to be on time. I have been in his church since I was four years old. I am always trying to remember what he said several times to me, ‘ Set a good example to those around you.’ ”

A young woman writes : “ My conscience had been telling me again and again that I should confess Christ, when I heard his sermon, about a year ago, about the woman who touched the hem of His garment, and immediately confessed Him before men.”

Another young lady writes : “ One address of Dr. Cuyler’s has been specially helpful to me, it was this : ‘ Be careful of nothing, be prayerful for everything, be thankful for anything.’ ”

A gentleman wrote this : “ The great spirit of love which has always pervaded his teachings and life have kept alive in me a strong desire to follow his example and bless my fellow men.”

Another young man writes : “ He has been my only pastor. I owe all my spiritual blessings to him. I am deeply grateful for his kindness to my mother in time of sickness and that he took such an interest in me as to secure for me a business position.”

Still another writes : “ He is a steam engine in shoes. He tells the story of a Scotch lad who had not learned his catechism, and being asked, ‘ What is the chief end of man ? ’ replied, ‘ Well, master, I may be wrong, but I’m thinking it should be his head.’ Of course, the boy was wrong, for do we not all know that in Lafayette Avenue Church the heart is the chief end ? Certainly our dear pastor fires our hearts and keeps us constantly ‘ on the go ’ in some good or benevolent mission ; and are we not aware that the proverbial leanness of the officers of our beloved church is attributable to his frequent and peremptory command to ‘ step lively ’ ? I am greatly the debtor of Dr. Cuyler, for I was not only brought into the church under his ministry, but immediately set to

work. The day after I was admitted to the church he called upon me and said : ‘Now, you must go to work. You must do something. You must go into the Sabbath School.’ He was irresistible and so I went into the Sabbath School, more than twenty years ago, and, thanks to his importunity, have been there ever since. I bless him and thank him. As long as I live I shall remember his services and keep his memory green.”

Written by a scholar : “A sermon preached years ago will help me all through life : Luke vi. 37, 38 ; ‘Judge not and ye shall not be judged.’ ‘Give and it shall be given unto you.’”

A young lady writes this : “Three years ago Dr. Cuyler had this text : ‘The summer is ended, the harvest is past, and my soul is not saved.’ It touched my heart, and when I thought how happy those were who loved Christ I decided to enter his army ; and his sermon on ‘Therefore choose life,’ helped me to become a better Christian.”

Written by a young woman : “The following texts will always be associated in my mind with Dr. Cuyler ; I Peter i. 8 ; ‘Whom having not seen ye love.’ Acts xx. 24 ; ‘But none of these things move me.’ Ruth ii. 19 ; ‘Where hast thou gleaned to-day?’”

Another young woman wrote : “For fourteen years he has given me food for new life. With tenderness I open my dear mother’s Bible and find passages marked here and there, and many of them with Dr. Cuyler’s name and a little note in the margin telling us that the marked promises came to her in special times of need. My sorrowing heart has been comforted through his words of love and sympathy ; my heart has been touched and my lips loosed through his oft-repeated plea for witness-bearing for our dear Redeemer.”

A gentleman writes as follows : “I first heard him preach to the Princeton students on the day of prayer for colleges in 1869 or 1870. He recited a poem in a masterly manner, ‘An ivy in a dungeon grew,’ telling the story of the plant creeping toward a sunbeam that had reached that gloomy place, then grew and

climbed until it got into the light and air of the outside world. He applied the thought to our lives."

Another gentleman writes : " I was skeptical—no sermon of any description would make an impression on me. But one thing moved me as I listened to his preaching, and this was his great sincerity. As I saw more of his life, and realized the depth of his hearty love for the uplifting of others, an indelible mark was made on my life. WE CAN NEVER DUPLICATE DR. CUYLER."

(The reading of other letters was omitted from lack of time.)

Mr. McWilliams was followed by the President of the Young Peoples' Association, in introducing whom the Chairman said :

With the associate organizations of our church, Olivet, Cumberland Street Church, the Cuyler Chapel, and a dozen others, this mother church is very much in the position of the old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do. Unfortunately, we have omitted one feature from our programme to-night, but which I will introduce here. Where are the Young people?

REMARKS OF MR. J. T. UNDERWOOD.

On behalf of our Young People's Association, I would say, our members, one and all, sincerely regret the fact that you are retiring as Pastor from our midst ; we fully appreciate how hearty has been your support and how deep the interest you have taken in our Association and its work during all the years of its existence. As a testimonial of our feeling, I beg to present to you this bound volume, containing an engrossed and illuminated copy of the Preamble and Resolutions unanimously adopted at the Annual Meeting of our Association, held March 5th, 1890.

WHEREAS, our beloved pastor, REV. DR. THEO. L. CUYLER, has signified his intention to relinquish the charge to which he has ministered so faithfully and successfully for THIRTY YEARS, and

WHEREAS, this Association has always been near to his heart, and the success of which has been largely due to his inspiration, sympathy and counsel, be it

RESOLVED, that the Association recognizes that the change of relation which is of deep interest to the whole Church, will in no department be more universally regretted than among the members of this organization.

RESOLVED, that from the infancy of the Association, when such methods of Christian effort were comparatively little known, through every season of perplexity and during all its years of growth and prosperity, it has been immeasurably indebted to him for his presentation of its claims upon the Church, for his interest and co-operation in its various lines of work, and his wise judgment concerning the administration of its affairs; while his warm heart and his peculiar power in personal, friendly intercourse among the members, have endeared him to all.

RESOLVED, that we extend to our retiring pastor our grateful acknowledgement of his unflagging sympathy and cheering helpfulness, assuring him of our continued affection, and trusting that he will retain a loving interest in our welfare during the long period that, we pray, he may be spared, to bless the world by tongue and pen, until called up higher to his eternal reward.

RESOLVED, that an engrossed copy of these preambles and resolutions be presented to Dr. Cuyler.

ALEX. G. VAN CLEVE,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
FRANK W. HILL,		
CLINTON L. ROSSITER.		

SYLVESTER E. BERGEN, *President.*

FRANCIS S. WAY, *Secretary.*

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The president of the evening here made way for Mr. John N. Beach, who had in charge the fund raised in view of this occasion, and now to be presented to Dr. Cuyler. This part of the affair, he would have it understood, was but an episode. He did not believe that the thought of mere money had entered into the mind of any one present.

It was very fitting that Mr. Beach, the near neighbor and close friend of Dr. Cuyler, should have been selected to perform this service—a service most eloquently discharged.

ADDRESS OF MR. J. N. BEACH.

Since the morning of Sunday, February 2, we as a church and congregation—pastor and people—have been living very, very largely in the past. You, sir, our dearly beloved and revered pastor, have been recounting the experiences of these eventful years now gone. You have found yourself thoughtfully repeating the words “1860—1890—thirty years.” You say how quickly have they sped, yet what volumes of history have they recorded in your personal experience and in that of this church. When, on Easter morning, 1860, you in the full vigor and buoyancy of your early manhood, assumed the pastorate of this church, it was but a feeble band. You were not then permitted a prophetic glance of even its possible future, but its foundations were well laid, founded upon a rock. Under your faithful and efficient pastorate, which had for its keynote, “I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” this church has grown into one of the largest and most prominent of its denomination and is known throughout the world. A London journalist has been pleased to say of us: “It is the best Presbyterian Church in America.” We believe him, and heartily commend his

sound judgment. How could it have been otherwise with the very best pastor God has ever given to any people? During this pastorate, comprising an average lifetime, a generation of people have come and gone. How many there are among us who have never known any other pastor, and what a marvelous formative, molding influence has it been your privilege to exert. There are heads of families before you here to-night, fathers and mothers whom in infancy you held in your arms and invoked blessings upon them in baptism. As they grew in stature it was your delight to see them develop into men and women in Christ Jesus. Assembled as we are in this family gathering, how many and varied are the remembrances which at this hour come rushing in upon us. Day by day, month after month, year after year, during all this time, you have mingled with this people, sharing their joys and their sorrows. I cannot so well express this as by quoting your own words addressed to us on a former occasion, when you said, "Into your dwellings you have welcomed me when the wedding torch was lighted and often when the candle was gone out and the atmosphere was shadowed by the death angel's wing; when the cradle had given place to the coffin, or the arm-chair of dear old father or mother became vacant. Then we went into the cloud together and saw no man, save Jesus only." Such a pastorate as this has been, continuous, untiring, ever faithful, tender and loving, has cemented a bond of union between pastor and people which will outlast all time and reach into eternity. Is it at all strange, then, that the severance of this relation is to us like taking from us our very life's blood, and that our eyes are too full of tears to clearly discern the blessings which yet remain? Are we to be too harshly censured if we at times find ourselves experiencing a sort of jealous shrinking from seeing another occupy this sacred desk? Yet we would have but poorly learned the lessons which you have so faithfully taught us if we did not rise above this and render devout thanks for the blessings which we have so richly enjoyed, and then ever bear in mind that we honor you most when we accord to him, who, in the good providence of God, may in due time be called to succeed you, all the love and cordial support which you have already so earnestly bespoken him. Your precepts and example will abide and be a precious legacy

to us and to our children. Although you have asked for a formal dissolution of the pastoral relation existing between yourself and this people, we find great comfort in the thought that we are not to be separated from you. This is in no sense a farewell reception, else we would have no heart to engage in it. We rejoice that we shall continue to be cheered by your genial presence in our midst, in our public gatherings, in our homes and upon our streets. Brooklyn would no longer seem like home to us were you to take up your residence elsewhere. If we must submit to the inevitable in the matter of your resignation, we will not let you go out from us. "Whither thou goest we will go; where thou abidest there will we abide." While we have been constrained to speak to you these simple words of honest commendation, and however imperfectly and feebly expressed they may have been, we all realize how richly merited on your part they are. We now deem it to be eminently fitting that we should present to you some more tangible expression of our appreciation and love. We, therefore, tender you this purse, not as a charity, else you might justly fling it down and trample it beneath your feet; neither do we beg your acceptance of this merely for its literal, intrinsic value as computed in paltry shillings and pence; we would present you this as a token, a very slight token though it be, of the lasting obligations we bear toward you and yours, and of the warm-hearted love we bestow upon you. If, perchance, this may in any measure prove to be the means of relieving you of care and anxiety, if it may afford additional comfort to those whom you love, and secure to you better opportunities to gratify your tastes for literary pursuits, than your very, very busy life has hitherto rendered possible, then will we be thankful indeed that it was within our power to be of some little service to you in recognition of all you have done for us. I take great pleasure in referring to the cordiality and entire unanimity with which this testimonial fund has been placed in my hands to present to you. It is our free-will offering; it is a heart tribute we would pay you and will you now accept it, sir, bearing with it, as I do, the sincere love and well wishes of its many grateful donors.

The book handed by Mr. Beach, at the close of his address, to Dr. Cuyler, contained a check for \$30,000, "being," as the Chairman, in reply to an inquiry from some one in the audience, said, "\$1,000 for each year of his pastorate." Gratifying as this evidence of the loyalty and love of his people must have been to Dr. Cuyler, it must also have given him additional pleasure to know that the offering was entirely voluntary on the part of the Congregation. "Fine as the financial testimonial was," gracefully and truthfully writes the editor of the *BROOKLYN EAGLE*, "the manner of getting it was even finer. No one was taxed, assessed or assailed for it. It came as freely and spontaneously as the sunshine. The smallest contribution to it was as significant as the largest. The representative character of every dollar was as charming as the delicacy of the proceeding of obtaining and giving the whole. The gratefulness of the act was as distinct as the gratefulness of it. The incident was an education in manners as well as a sermon in money. The method was as exquisite as the act itself was exemplary."

Dr. Cuyler needed no introduction to that audience; a great wave of applause, repeated again and again, greeted him as he rose to reply, and it was with visible effort that he recovered his voice and composure enough

to proceed with this the closing speech of a grand and ever memorable occasion.

DR. CUYLER'S RESPONSE.

Beloved friends, neighbors, and fellow-Christians of all denominations! My words to-night must be few. In the first place, there is a big lump in my throat that makes articulation difficult. And then the hour is so late, that I must not weary the courtesies of our many guests. I need not review to-night the story of my long and supremely happy pastorate of this glorious church; that simple story I told you on Easter Sabbath morning, and I put windows enough in my heart to let you see that its throbbings of love to this people were as strong as a Cunarder's engine.

This evening fresh fuel has been added to the flame by this princely and munificent gift, which has just been handed me by my dear neighbor and brother Beach. God bless him! With all my heart I *thank* you for it, not only as a sweet testimonial of affection, but as a relief during the remainder of my life from the corrosions of pecuniary care. I gratefully accept my share of this generous gift, but a large part of it belongs to my better part—to yonder noble, unselfish, and beloved wife (great applause), who is the joy and crown of my heart and home (renewed applause). The Great Apostle wrote to his Philippian brethren from Rome, "I rejoice in the Lord that now at the last your care of me has *blossomed out afresh*." So I translate that verse literally, and to-night Lafayette-avenue Church stands like a peach-orchard in the beautiful full bloom of a loving bounty.

But what am I that I should be loaded with such kindness? When I think of many a hard-toiling and self-denying missionary on the frontier or in foreign fields, who has received no ovations of applause, and no such provision for his declining years; when I think of HIM who bore the sins and sorrows of the world, and yet had to work a miracle in order to pay a paltry tax to Cæsar,

and had not where to lay His holy head—then I feel humbled to the dust !
Truly may I adopt the language of Wordsworth, and say

“ I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas, the *gratitude* of men
Has oftener left me mourning ! ”

Among all the kind messages sent me, none have touched me more than the letters from my venerated and beloved friends, John G. Whittier and Mr. A. A. Low : for while we differ in some points of our written creed, they prove that Christian love lays principles deeper down than sectarianism lays parchments.

Two things more I must say before I bid you “ good-night. ” The first is that I do not intend to stop preaching. Many years ago I was in the Adirondacks—before they had been profaned by Brussels carpets, or lace curtains, or electric lights. I was staying at a rustic inn on the shore of Lake Placid. One day I saw an old deer-hound lying on the porch asleep—*with one eye open*. The inn-keeper took down his rifle from the ceiling of the porch, and as soon as the hound saw it, he leaped to his feet, and bounded off towards the woods. The hunter put back the rifle, and said “ It’s too bad to fool the old dog ; he thought he was going for the game. ” So on every Sabbath morning I shall feel like the old Adirondack hound : I shall want to be *after the game*. That pulpit is no longer mine ; it is now yours. But when your Supply Committee said to me “ will you preach for us next Sunday morning ? ” I most cheerfully consented. On Easter Sunday morning I went down those pulpit steps with a tear ; next Sunday I shall ascend them with a smile.

We need not bid each other farewell to-night. I expect—God willing—to live still among you in yonder house which I own, as the tax-collector’s receipts can testify. The latch-string of that house will always hang out for you, and for all our old friends, rich or poor, old or young, black or white. Come and let us make love together, as in days gone by. My fervent prayer for you all is, that this beloved and sacred sanctuary may be a spiritual home for you and for your children’s children ! May He who shed the brightness of

His presence over the household of Bethany, ever fill yours with the light of His countenance and the joys of His grace! And may we all so live, that after we have listened to the sunset-guns, the next sound may be the morning-trumpets of Heaven's hallelujahs! Good-night! Good-night! God bless you all!

At the close of his address and during its delivery Dr. Cuyler was deeply affected, as, indeed, was the entire congregation; and after the Benediction, pronounced by the Rev. C. L. Thompson, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, many lingered, while the organ sounded out a "Triumphal March," to again salute and shake by the hand the retiring—the self-retired Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church.

During the evening, the Chairman announced that numerous letters had been evoked by the announcement of Dr. Cuyler's resignation, many more in commendation of his Farewell Sermon, and a great number in reply to invitations to attend the Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler. Letters had been received from a great many fellow ministers and other friends of Dr. Cuyler, among them being the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Abbott E. Kittredge of New York; G. T. Shedd, of New York; William M. Taylor, of New York; A. S. Hunt, J. M. Hopkins, of Auburn; Edward Kempshall, George L. Prentiss, of Union Theological Seminary; Postmaster General John Wanamaker, Peter Carter, the publisher; William H. Seward,

of Auburn; A. A. Low, John Greenleaf Whittier, Bishop H. C. Potter, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, and many others.

One or two of these were read after Prof. Paxton's address, but the Committee have deemed it advisable to insert them, with a few more from the vast number received, in this place, and according to their dates :

FROM HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POST MASTER GENERAL, U. S. A.

WASHINGTON D. C. Feb. 3, 1890.

BELOVED BROTHER :

To the left of me Dr. Scott—ninety years old ! To the front of me Mrs. Wanamaker—still young. To the front of Mrs. W., Brother John ! We are all talking about the little man who stood up yesterday in his pulpit and bravely and wisely said—let your old minister help to organize the dear old Church that it may go on as well with a new pastor as with the old one ; and even go the better because of the counsels and guiding hand of the man who for thirty years has loved and served the flock. I feel sure that it is no mistake. The example to others is also good to step out, and adjust the church wheels to run on smoothly and safely under new circumstances.

Much love from us all, and a welcome both in Philadelphia and Washington !

Yours, long and strong,

JOHN WANAMAKER.

FROM HON. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, U. S. MINISTER TO GERMANY.

Legation of the United States of America.

DEAR DR. CUYLER :

BERLIN, FEB. 18, 1890

What is the meaning of this startling news that I read in my *Tribune* ? Do you mean that you would, in cold blood, thus disappoint the thousands who

belong to you in your church, and the tens of thousands of your friends, who like myself outside of it, rejoice to think that they can imagine you there every Sunday, busy, hopeful, helpful, eloquent, and happy?

Why, Dr. Cuyler, from the time that I listened to you when you spoke at the opening of our Crystal Palace, down through all the summers at Saratoga and in all the columns of the *Evangelist*, you have been one of the notes in the great harmony of my life; and that you should propose voluntarily to take it out of my life and the lives of thousands of others just because of a whim and because you used to think the number of years, which you now carry, made an old man—is absurd and cruel. I insist that you shall not selfishly follow this whim; and that you shall, for twelve years yet to come, as I have always expected, preach to me Sundays at Saratoga, preach and lecture and write in winters.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

FROM DR. S. S. STRONG.

THE SANITARIUM, SARATOGA SPRINGS, Feb. 24, 1890.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

The announcement of your resignation was a great surprise to us as well as to your church and other friends. The wisdom of your purpose to provide for a larger future usefulness by the preservation of your vital forces is apparent. None but a constitution of unusual vigor—surcharged with vitality, wisely cared for and providentially preserved—could have endured the strain of such long service. The success of your labors has been such that the lovers of Christ exclaim, as did John Wesley, “What hath God wrought!” The voice of the press and the pulsations of Christian love beating against you at every turn, will be a grateful balm to your heart—as it must be profoundly stirred in surrendering to another the care of your spiritual children, and of a church made large and glorious by your ministry of thirty years.

All along your pathway, in future, you will be greeted by those who will bless you for your labors of love through the press, on the platform, in the

pulpit and in the house of sorrow. Thousands will pray that your life may be spared many years to send forth from your unique pen "leaves for the healing of the nations." Amen and Amen!

My family join with me in fullness of love to you and Mrs. Cuyler.

Ever yours in Christ,

S. S. STRONG.

FROM POET JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the poet Whittier came the subjoined letter, of which, Mr. Goodrich said, Dr. Cuyler was prouder than of anything he had received:

AMESBURY, MASS., Fourth Month, 12th, 1890.

To the Officers of Lafayette Avenue Church:

It would give me very great pleasure to accept the invitation to the reception of my dear friend, Theodore L. Cuyler, did not age and illness confine me at home. I know of no one whose life-work as a Christian minister, and as an advocate of everything calculated to promote the welfare of suffering humanity, has been more faithfully and successfully done than Dr. Cuyler's. He has well earned a season of rest, and if he retires from the pastorate, I am sure that his facile pen will not be idle. That God may grant him many more useful and happy years, is the prayer of his old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FROM REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

To the Session and Members of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church:

DEAR BRETHREN:

It is a source of great regret to me that I cannot accept your kind invitation to attend the reception tendered by you to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler. My own weekly lecture will prevent my coming. But permit me to take this opportunity of expressing my love and esteem for your faithful and devoted

pastor. In a friendship of nearly forty years, he has been to me at the same time an affectionate brother and a magnanimous opponent. We have differed widely on matters of public interest, and have resolutely maintained our positions against one another, but in it all we have only cemented our Christian fellowship. My love for Dr. Cuyler has grown constantly with our advancing years, and my heart is with him in this touching event of his history. Your church loses one of the most exemplary pastors and brilliant preachers of our day, and it will be a difficult task to find a worthy successor. May you be guided by the Spirit of God in your choice, and may dear Dr. Cuyler long remain in the Church on earth, if not in the pulpit, to give wise counsel and wield his gifted pen for the good of the Church and the welfare of men's souls.

Please present to Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler my respectful and affectionate regards. I am,

Yours in the Gospel,

HOWARD CROSBY.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1890.

FROM REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D.

1070 N. HALSTED ST., CHICAGO, April 13, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. CUYLER :

A great occasion, a great career, and a great man ! From my inmost soul I thank God for your life of love and toil. Full of years and full of honor, dear, brave old heart, you have come to the close of your official life. I cannot let the occasion quite pass out of sight in these swift-crowding days, without telling you how deeply I sympathize with the host of loving hearts that think of you with tenderness and tears.

Our palms have touched often, our hearts have been knit together. Your well-known plume could always be seen on the battle-fields where truth was fought for. Your clarion notes have been an inspiration to multitudes. Your keen blade has cut through many a sham. But chief of all, dear brother

Cuyler, you have loved souls and won them. And I think of you with affectionate and reverent admiration, for this sign and seal of God upon you. Who shall hazard a guess of what God will bring out of His infinite stores for you, for having turned so many unto righteousness! Is it selfish for us to pray that these mellow, golden days of your life may be lengthened, and that it will be some time yet before the dear Lord lets you know what it is to be transferred from the trust of "ten pounds" to "ten cities"? "K. H. J." and I unite in congratulations and thanksgivings, and in invocations of God's blessings on your heart and home and kindred and people.

In the old bonds,

HERRICK JOHNSON.

FROM A. A. LOW, ESQ.

BROOKLYN, April 14, 1890.

DEAR SIR :

As one of the many admirers of Dr. Cuyler out of his parish, I ask to be permitted to contribute the enclosed to the fund which is being raised as a testimonial to the worth and beauty of his Christian life.

Very respectfully yours,

A. A. LOW.

To Elder W. W. Wickes.

[The amount inclosed was \$500.]

FROM HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

AUBURN, N. Y., April 14, 1890.

DEAR SIRS :

I acknowledge with pleasure the invitation to be present at the reception and services to be given in honor of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler on the 16th inst. But circumstances beyond my control will, I regret, prevent its acceptance.

The event marks a period in Dr. Cuyler's brilliant career, which may well be the occasion of honoring him and recognizing his good services to mankind.

Allow me to join with Dr. Cuyler's many friends in admiration for his past work, and the hope for a long continuation of his useful life.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

To the Officers of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

FROM DR. RICHARD S. STORRS, 80 PIERREPONT ST., BROOKLYN.

APRIL 15, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. CUYLER :

I am very sorry to be unable to be with you and your people to-morrow evening, but you know, for I have already told you, how heartily and unreservedly I rejoice in that thirty years of faithful and noble service in Brooklyn which is to you, and to us all, henceforth, "a possession forever;" and you know, too, how glad I am that you are still to remain with us, to help forward as heretofore every good cause, and to be heard in our always welcoming pulpits. You have not yet "finished your course;" it will, I trust, be many years before you do so—but you "have fought a good fight, and have kept the faith;" and I affectionately congratulate you on the happy and bright retrospect which is yours, now and henceforth. I congratulate you, too, on having reached that opportunity of leisure, and of self-regulated liberty in work, which always haunts, and always eludes the anticipation of a Pastor in active service. To an indolent man such an opportunity might be the final catastrophe of his intellectual life. But to one as active and indefatigable as you are, in every fibre of your nature, I can think of nothing pleasanter than to be still surrounded by the love of those to whom he long has ministered while able to work or rest as he likes, to walk, talk, think, read, write, or do nothing, at his own immediate and unhindered impulse. Some of us are not good enough to have reached yet that pre-Paradisaic condition, even after more years than

yours in the same parish. But we look with admiring emulation on your earlier attainment of it, and hope that your enjoyment of it under the Catalpa "will be long and sweet."

Ever faithfully, with the affectionate regard of more than thirty years—

Yours, in work and hope,

R. S. STORRS.

FROM BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER.

DIOCESAN HOUSE, 29 LAFAYETTE PL., NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. CUYLER :

In the early Church it was a rule, "Do nothing without the bishop," and as you have not consulted me in the matter of your retirement, I am disposed simply to write a line expressing my disapproval of it. Doubtless you will say with that Presbyterian perverseness, which I fear is inherent in you, that the only bishop you have felt called upon to consult, was bishop Theodore L. Cuyler, and as this would instantly raise a controversy as to orders, and awaken the ghosts of the Potts-Wainwright debate, I shall waive the question for the present, having indeed but faint hope that at this late day you will see the error of your ways. All the same, I don't quite see why you are retiring! You are as clever as ever you were—and that is saying a good deal—your church is as prosperous, your sermons as edifying, your people are as united, your voice is as vigorous, and your heart is as young as when in my boyhood I first knew you. But you have certainly earned rest—rest with honor—and the troops of friends who in both hemispheres know and love you, will wish that you may richly enjoy it. I am sorry that I may not present my greetings in person, but I pray with all my heart that God may abundantly bless you and yours, and give you yet *multos annos*.

H. C. POTTER.

FROM MRS. E. THROOP MARTIN.

WILLOWBROOK, AUBURN, N. Y., April 15th, 1890.

DEAR DR. AND MRS. CUYLER :

It gratifies me more than I can tell you to be included with the privileged friends invited to the reception on Wednesday evening.

In my heart I honor the occasion and earnestly unite with all who pay their tribute of affection to their and our beloved friends.

It all seems to me a foretaste of that blessed moment when the soul will be thrilled with the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" It is a great regret to me that I cannot in person, offer my meed of praise on an occasion when I am sure language will fail to express the feelings which will swell the hearts of those who meet to take their beloved Pastor and his no less beloved wife, once more by the hand, ere their present relation shall be severed. Blessed be God that Pastor and People are among those who "live forever"—whose names are written in the Book of Life!

With warmest wishes that your onward path may be "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—believe me always your attached friend and sister,

CORNELIA W. MARTIN.

FROM REV. CHARLES J. YOUNG.

ELBERON, April 16, 1890.

DEAR DR. CUYLER :

Showers are made up of drops. Amid the showers of benediction falling upon you now from unnumbered lips throughout Christendom, may I add my little drop in fervent prayer for the richest blessing of the Master to crown all your future as he has the blessed past. It is a great grief to me that circumstances prevent my being present to-night to mingle with the "many thousands of Israel" in taking your hand once more in that dear old Church. But I shall forever bless God that I was once a member of it and that from it I entered the ministry.

The inspirations from your tongue and pen and work have thrilled me as nothing else. What I owe to them I can never tell.

May the good Lord long, long permit your Bow to abide in strength that the whole Church Militant may still listen to the clarion ring of the same glorious Gospel.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHAS. J. YOUNG.

THE RECEPTION.

101

FROM REV. DR. LEONARD, BISHOP OF OHIO.

655 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND, O., April 25th, 1890.

DEAR OLD FRIEND :

No one has a better right than I, to send you a loving greeting at this golden hour in your life experience. From my earliest childhood with the recollections and associations of many members of my family and home in Southport, Conn., along through the years of my Brooklyn and Washington ministry, and now in my work in this more distant field of service, you have been to me an object of affectionate regard, and I have ever realized your paternal friendship. So I come to lay a simple tribute of veneration and esteem at your feet, and to thank you for all the good you have done, and the many wise and righteous sayings you have uttered, and the rich treasure of help and advice you have put into strong and forceful writing.

Accept my gratitude and my evidence of appreciation—and also accept assurance of my earnest prayer and desire that your life may be prolonged through mellowing years of love and tenderness—and that God will crown you with the continued manifestations of His Divine approval, I am, dear Dr. Cuyler, your attached friend,

WILLIAM A. LEONARD,
Bishop of Ohio.

FROM REV. DR. WILLIAM C. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF LAKE FOREST
UNIVERSITY, AND MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

PRESIDENT'S STUDY, LAKE FOREST, ILL., April 27, 1890.

MY DEAR BROTHER CUYLER :

I was busily engaged about University matters away from home, when the cards of invitation to your farewell reception came. It makes me sad to think of your resignation. I have been in the habit of looking upon you and the Lafayette Avenue Church as "one flesh"—one and inseparable. Under God's blessing you have made it the grand church it is ; and no man in America has a better monument. Your monuments are everywhere at home and abroad—in educational matters, in the Temperance Reform, in revival work, and among

the homes of thousands. To most men God has been sparing of his gifts, but to you He has given them unsparingly. Most of us are thankful for one or two strong points; you are permitted to rejoice in fifty. He has made you a master in many directions, and you have used your noble powers for the glory of God and the welfare of souls; you have strengthened thousands in the conflict of life, have comforted many in their dying hours, and have led them to the gates of the Celestial City.

May God bless you with many, many years of usefulness yet; by your personal influence and your facile pen you may still bless your country and the world. You are one of the brightest jewels of Princeton, and one of the foremost preachers of our Presbyterian Church. You belong, indeed, to no one institution and no one church, but to the world and the church of Jesus Christ at large. You are cosmopolitan. My wife and daughter unite with me in sending congratulations, not only to you, but to your beloved wife of many years.

Ever yours fraternally,

WM. C. ROBERTS.

FROM REV. DR. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

39 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C., May 3d, 1890.

MY DEAREST DR. CUYLER :

Just returning from the "Eternal City," I learn of your resignation, and the beautiful fashion in which your congregation have acknowledged the faithful service of so many years.

You have done many wise things; I am not sure that your wisdom has ever been more conspicuous than in this step. You give up the pastoral staff while as yet the flock has felt no lack of your ability and capacity to be their shepherd, and you leave the flock and fold, in my opinion, in the best condition of any it is my privilege to know. I think the Lafayette Avenue Church is the best church, on the whole, in my acquaintance, for every genuine element of real power.

You know I am not a man of soft speeches, but I think I may properly tell you of a tribute that must gratify you. My dear old friend, Dr. J. C. Atterbury, now in heaven, told me that after hearing repeatedly every minister of note in New York and Brooklyn, he had come to the conclusion that in all that goes to make up the best and most uniform gospel preaching, the pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church had no superior. I have watched your career closely, and I unhesitatingly subscribe to that same sentiment.

Whom your congregation will find to succeed, or even *follow* you, I know not; I have been cut off for a month from all letters and papers: but you are not an easy man to follow, and especially to *succeed*. Your pastoral gifts are simply transcendent. Your faculty of remembering faces and even of recalling names, reminds one of Themistocles. I fear you have spoiled your people for any other man. But I do pray that, in the choice, they may be guided to one who in spirit and gifts and graces may at least worthily walk in the evangelical and evangelistic career you have made illustrious.

There are times when sincere tributes are not to be withheld—and this is one of them. Your days of service are by no means over—I hope they may be more abundant than ever. Especially do I hope you may be led to give to the world a volume of “Personalia” as to the men you have met and the events of your life.

Give my love to Mrs. Cuyler. I hope to sail May 31, in the *Servia*. I have spoken over 200 times in England and Scotland since November 16, and after one more month in Scotland and Ireland, hope to see America and *you*.

Faithfully thine,

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

FROM REV. DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

MANCHESTER ENG. May 16, 1890

MY DEAR DR. CUYLER :

I ought long since to have joined the chorus of congratulation—or condolence?—which has been sounding round you. I feel something like Ralph Erskine when his brother Ebenezer died. His remark was—“ Ah Eben, Eben,

you've won to heaven afore me, but I'll na be lang ahint ye, lad !” So say I, thinking of you as set free from the pressure of the pastorate, whilst I grind on in the grim and grimy spot where it has pleased God to set me.

I have read, with keen appreciation, your sermon and the report of the meeting which you were so kind as to send me ; and would gladly have had a say among your friends to tell them how many there are over here who have received messages from your pen and lips—for which they thank God and you. Long may you be spared to work for HIM ! Your leisure will, I trust, be not less fruitful than your long day of toil has been.

I am working away here, as usual. I am thankful to say that, at last, I have found an assistant ; his coming will lighten my load and I hope that he may prove the right man for a successor. I expect—please God—to go to the Highlands in August, and rest my tongue at any rate, if not my heart. With best wishes and hearty friendship, dear Dr. Cuyler,

Yours always,

ALEX. MACLAREN.

FROM REV. NEWMAN HALL, L.L.B.,

CHRIST CHURCH, LONDON, June 2d, 1890.

BELOVED BROTHER :

Although some outsiders may regret the step you have taken—of which you must be the best judge—yet all must contemplate with admiration and gratitude a Pastorate of such long continuance, so laborious, and so honored of God with abundant usefulness. It is closed in the height of its prosperity ! You have been a “wonder unto many”—combining three lives in one, Preacher, Pastor and Writer ; attracting crowds to listen, binding hearts by pastoral sympathy and controlling untold multitudes in both hemispheres by your pithy, pointed, practical papers issued through the press. I know with what joy you will welcome a successor—if such can be found—under whom the Church may be as prosperous as ever. Your evangelistic work will be more extensive than ever ; by the pen your usefulness will be world-wide ; and many prayers will ascend that your life may be spared for many

years to proclaim the old and ever new Gospel of Salvation by the Atoning Christ and Sanctifying Spirit. Our spheres of service are wide apart, but we serve the same Master, and hope ere long to meet where we shall serve HIM perfectly, and join in the song of Heaven, which was the theme of our Ministry on earth, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us!" Believe me, ever with admiring affection, thankfulness and prayer,

Your brother of thirty years,

NEWMAN HALL.

Besides the letters, the Religious and Secular Press teemed with kind and complimentary notices. If collected they would form a large and interesting volume; we should like to include many of them in this little publication, but are obliged, for want of room, to be content with a few. We select one from the veteran editor of the N. Y. EVANGELIST, another from the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE (the organ of the Methodist Denomination), the editor of which, Dr. James M. Buckley, "was a schoolboy not yet in his teens in Trenton, when Dr. Cuyler settled there in his early ministry; the acquaintance begun then has continued without interruption ever since." A third article is taken from the venerable PRESBYTERIAN, of Philadelphia, and a fourth, and a very appreciative one, from the BROOKLYN EAGLE:

FROM THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

It is hard to adjust ourselves to the idea that Dr. Cuyler, the beloved pastor of one of the largest churches in the United States—a church gathered and built up to such proportions by his indefatigable labors—has withdrawn from that position of influence and of power. We could not be reconciled to it were it not for our hope and confidence that he has still before him many years of activity, and perhaps of widened usefulness, since he will be more free in his movements when he has no longer to carry on his shoulders the double burden of pastor and preacher, with all their cares and responsibilities. The announcement gave us at first a keen pang, as it did to his own people; but as we look upon it a second time, with the reasons which he states so frankly, we yield to his better judgment, and think he has acted wisely. He has ministered in that church thirty years—the lifetime of a generation; and *how* he has ministered, Brooklyn and New York well know. It is no disparagement to others to say that in these two cities there has not been one whose labors have been more abundant, or have yielded richer fruit. The seasons have come round as regularly as seed-time and harvest, in which he has sown the seed and gathered in the ripened sheaves.

Indeed, so remarkable has been this constant labor and this uniform result, that it may be profitable to those who are younger in the ministry to note some of the elements of usefulness in one of the most successful ministers of our time.

First of all, he has been from the beginning devoted to his work. He has never wrought in a half-hearted way, with a sidelong glance at some other position which he might prefer. He has counted it the greatest honor to preach the Gospel, and he has preached it with a fidelity, and at the same time with a tenderness, that could not but prick the consciences and touch the hearts of those who listened to him.

But he has not been content to preach eloquent sermons in the pulpit. His success has been almost equally due to the unwearied regularity with which

he has followed up the services of the Sabbath in the pastoral labor of the week. The Sabbath-school has been as perfectly organized as the best school in Brooklyn ; and the weekly meeting has been as large as the congregation to which most pastors preach ; and has been conducted with such skill as to call out the gifts of the brethren, so that the hearts of all have been knit together by the word of mutual exhortation and fervent prayer. Thus the machinery of the church has been kept in perfect "running order."

To keep all these instrumentalities going, has of course required marvellous activity. But Dr. Cuyler has never known an idle day. He has been a miracle of industry. Indeed he has worked with such intensity in season and out of season, that we, as well as all intimate with him, have often been in fear of his breaking down, from which he has been saved only by his Summer vacations at Saratoga or Mohunk, or his tours abroad, from which he has always come back refreshed, with renewed vigor, to plunge anew into the work which he so much loved.

Another peculiar gift of the Brooklyn pastor is that of a popular writer—a gift which does not always go with eloquence in the pulpit. Some famous preachers are positively disqualified for this by what may be called their pulpit style, which is too rhetorical for the newspaper. Dr. Cuyler is master of a simple, direct style, using plain, Saxon words ; while the thought is lighted up with a variety of illustration which contributes both to the interest of what is written and to the understanding of the truth.

It is nearly thirty years since Dr. Cuyler began to write regularly for *The Evangelist*. During all these years he has seldom failed of his weekly contribution, so that our readers are accustomed to look for them as a fixed feature of the paper. The late Robert Carter, during his months of illness, always welcomed the day of the week that brought *The Evangelist*, out of which he desired some one at his bedside to read immediately "the article from Dr. Cuyler." These articles have had an extraordinary popularity both at home and abroad. They have been copied in other religious papers, not only in this country, but in England, in Canada, and in Australia. By this means he has addressed, not only the thousands from the pulpit, but tens and hundreds of thousands all

over the world. What a joy it must be to him to think into how many homes his words have gone; how they have quickened those who were negligent; relieved the doubts of the perplexed; comforted the sorrowing; and guided the wanderer into the way of peace!

Of course, in this constant intercourse of thirty years, he has become very dear to us. Not once in all these years has there been a word of difference or disagreement. The confidence and the affection have been mutual and perfect. We do not like to think that one with whom we have been in such close intimacy, is getting along towards the end of his journey. But if we have been "keeping step" with him, we too have journeyed on as fast and as far. May this dear brother be spared to us and to the Church for many years to come, so that at the last, if it be God's will, we may together pass through the gates into the city!

FROM THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE—(METHODIST).

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who announced some weeks ago that he had determined to resign his pastorate at the expiration of his thirtieth year in the ministry of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., carried that resignation into effect on Easter Sunday, and signalized it by the delivery of a sermon probably unsurpassed by himself in the course of his ministry, or by any one else upon such an occasion. It is so rare as to be almost unknown for a man in good health, with a church packed to the doors, and every pew rented, beloved by his people, and without any ulterior object, to resign his position, influenced solely by the determination not to survive himself, and to be able to transfer to his successor an enterprise thoroughly organized at its zenith and not in its decline.

The discourse is biographical, historical, prophetic, practical, spiritual, logical, poetical, pathetic, clear, deep, and strong. If there be in it the spirit of self-complacency, it is more than sustained by the facts, and purified, as

David's was, by the humble ascription of glory to God and by the paternal love displayed for the church.

Why should a man capable of such a sermon resign his pulpit? One of the English papers, speaking of it when it was first cabled across the Atlantic, said: "If there is nothing behind this, it is unparalleled;" and the next week announced: "It appears there is nothing behind it." Dr. Cuyler's health is perfect, nor has he any infirmity except a deafness which has for some years embarrassed rather than impeded him. His nervous energy is astonishing. At all times and in all places he seems a battery of life, and in an ordinary conversation evolves force and vivacity enough to give interest to any public address.

The sermon, which we do our readers the great service of publishing in full, relieves us of the necessity of sketching his career. Here we need say but this: that having been familiar with the church for twenty-four years, we have known no such church of any Denomination which for the same period of time on this side of the Atlantic has more completely filled the ideal Christian church. It has never been a concourse gathered about an orator, with no sympathy with the church as such; but an organized body of Christian workers, ready equally with spiritual and temporal gifts to promote the cause of Christ. The pastor from the beginning has been first in every good word and work; an opponent of slavery when it was unpopular to be such; an advocate of total abstinence when it had not yet become fashionable in the Presbyterian Church; a vigorous advocate of Prohibition; an enthusiastic supporter of Missions, home and foreign; a defender of the free schools; but ever subordinating all these to the faithful work of the Christian pastor.

Accustomed to vast crowds in various periods of his ministry, admitted to the society of the great on both sides of the Atlantic, a frequent traveler in many countries, he was as ready to climb to the top floor of a tenement-house to comfort a laundress as to sit down with the merchant prince at his sumptuous table.

Having without an assistant built up and crowded the Lafayette Avenue Church until from two hundred it has increased to two thousand three hundred

members, he now sees that, according to the course of nature, in a few years he must decline, and that he may, if he perpetuates the strain, break suddenly. He is also aware that his power of determining when to resign might imperceptibly diminish, until at last, when it became necessary to remove him, he might go out with a broken heart, leaving the church divided into factions. Therefore he resigns, not to spend his remaining days in idleness, which would be a contradiction to his whole life ; but with that pen which has already furnished a larger amount of wholesome religious reading for the press than any of his contemporaries still at his command, with his voice still sonorous, his own pulpit and every other open to him for special occasions, he will work, if not "till Jesus comes," until he shall hear His voice saying to him, "Friend, come up higher."

We agree with the *Brooklyn Eagle* that "if a purpose to show that his intellect was at his ripest estate at the time when he lays aside the harness as a formally enlisted man had entered into the sermon, it could not have been more signally indicated and vindicated as a fact than it is by this discourse."

May it be many years before we shall cease to hear those hearty salutations with which the Editor of this paper has been familiar since his childhood, or those stirring addresses, or to read those burning appeals to the better nature which every religious paper in the land counts it both an honor and a religious service to its readers to publish !

FROM "THE PRESBYTERIAN," PHILADELPHIA.

Short pastorates may have some advantages, but long ones make undying histories for those who have been successful. The honored men while living, and those who are mourned for when dead, are those whose names are associated with the cities and churches in which their good work has been wrought. There is a class who ought to move ; it is better for the church ; they are those who can bring their whole influence to a focus quickly, and so soon have all

that they can reach in hand. But there are men, like the illustrious retiring pastor in Brooklyn, who are as fertile in all their efforts at good as the great Delta of the Nile, which will bear five crops a year. Such men are happily adjusted in disposition to their fellows, and usually change readily from the serious to the mirthful, or conversely, without any loss of sanctity in their mirth, or tenderness in sorrow.

Dr. Cuyler is all of this in disposition, and more. God's grace has made him a master worker in his vineyard. He is the best balanced pastor, and attractive on more sides of his intellectual and moral character than any living man of whom we know anything. He works well anywhere. He has never yet halted for lack of either ability or facility. He can always take an honorable part in any movement for the help of his fellow-men. He is never caught unable to make a respectable presentation of any subject. He is master over the wills and passions of men, and can lead them up-hill; anybody could lead them down. But that which will make his pastoral life unending in its influences is his constant adherence to the apostle's words:—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

His convictions, his attainments and the passion of life were for the ministry. This was the hopper into which all the fruit of his endeavors ran, and the end of his pastoral career shows the sincerity of his devotion and his wisdom, and his reward is in the honor in which he is held by his brethren, the Church and the world. He lays aside his pastorate in its broadest disk of usefulness and success, and like a glorious sunset it is brightest in its last hour. We love to think of such a pastoral sunset, to be inspired by it, and reconciled to the thought of laying our armor down, if only it could be done as his has been.

His pastoral work was not limited to Brooklyn, though its fullest outflow has been there. He is remembered, blest and loved by those surviving in Burlington and Trenton, and by many who have heard him only occasionally. It does the soul of an honest man good to put garlands on the faithful as they retire from the fiercer conflicts of the battles with sin and misery. His ministry included wonderful preaching powers with success as a pastor, so

seldom united, pathos in the tender themes of the gospel in the pulpit and out of it, fiery indignation expressed in red hot invective when there was an occasion for it, and obliviousness to personalities, forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrongs; a cheerful way of meeting men and women which won them and disarmed them, and won them to Christ as well.

He is most attractive to the young, and charming is his tender adaptations to the aged, not forgetting the names or faces of those he knew, even in the frosts of years, which made him everybody's friend. He is a model for those coming after him, and happy are they who can reproduce his good qualities rather than imitate his manner. His retirement from the pastorate does not mean from the theatre of the active duties of life, for he was never fresher or more attractive to the reader; only his partial loss of hearing and failing voice impel him to leave the pulpit in which he has been a power and honor as a pastor so long. He leaves his church second in numbers and influence in the denomination. We think it will be lifted by its average Christian work and contributions to the highest plane.

FROM THE BROOKLYN EAGLE.

The Eagle's announcement of the intended resignation by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler of the pastorate of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church will notify the public of the nearing rupture of a long and tender tie between a representative organization and a representative man of American Christianity. The cause of the severance is the desire of the gentleman to stop his active labor at a period when his strength of body and faculty are unimpaired, and when rest can conserve them, while too long sustained work might render their continuance hazardous.

A preacher for over forty years, the pastor of one church, which he founded, for three decades, Theodore Ledyard Cuyler has been potent as a pulpiteer, effective on the platform, indefatigable in the social duties of his

office, a constant contributor to the literature and journalism of evangelical religion, a staunch upholder of moral and political reforms, a lover of humanity, an apostle of temperance and freedom, an advocate of the Union, a man devoted to the honor of the State, and a citizen alive to the needs, rights, welfare, and good fame of Brooklyn. No Presbyterian clergyman ranks higher as an organizer and a pastor. Very many fail to equal his reputation as a pungent and picturesque preacher of righteousness. His life has attested the reality and sincerity of his faith. His consistency of conduct and of view has been admirable. The power of his parish as a centre of influence has been felt in Brooklyn and as far beyond it as the remotest Home and Foreign Mission field in the world.

He has magnified rare personal qualities, and as a presbyter should, he has been given to hospitality. His policy has been evangelical and not sectarian. Every servant of the Cross has been his colleague. Every believer in the Nazarene has been his brother. The culture of study has been joined in him with the higher culture of prayer. Travel to Bible and other lands has made his sympathies as broad as his observation. He has been a remarkable man in a century, remarkable for liberty, progress, and the brotherhood of nations and of men. Of his labors and special gifts and special achievements much might be written, but shall not now, for he is only intending to rest, not to go, and in the youth of age he will doubtless make enduring in authorship what would have been transient in discourse.

From the homes and love of the people of the great congregation he has served he will never be separated. As long as he is spared the children of his ministry here will revere him as a father and a friend. When he goes hence, thousands who have preceded him will welcome him up the way which he pointed out to them. The stars in his crown in either world are neither few nor wanting in splendor. He has been a good man, and in history, as now in the affection of Christianity, he will be regarded in many respects as a great man. A preacher of Christ, a pleader for temperance, the friend of the slave, the inspirer of better thoughts in human lives, a power in the pulpit, a prince of the pen, a solace and heart strengthener in the homes of poor and rich.

Theodore L. Cuyler throughout his magnificent service in Burlington, Trenton, New York, and Brooklyn, has won a claim on the generation in which he has lived to be honored for his fidelity, admired for his force, and everywhere respected for his faith as a minister of the everlasting Gospel which is the hope of the world.

CHAPTER VI.

Other letters, "thick as Autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa," letters and tokens of a more private, but not less flattering character came fluttering in at the open doors and windows of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler, in South Oxford Street, the fragrance of which will, for years, emit a pleasant perfume, and more than compensate for the occasional and inevitable annoyances incident to the existence of public characters. Publicity—not always agreeable to modest people—is one of the penalties paid to popularity. Famous personages must, necessarily, live in glass houses; and in this house the windows are *very* transparent and the "doors swing on golden hinges." Theirs is a pleasant, a charming abode. The large, double-house stands well back from the street, and is approached by terraced steps. A broad veranda—filled with hospitable seats—extends along the entire front; creeping vines twine round the supporting columns, and over it projects the crooked branches and broad leaves of the now famous and befriending "Catalpa tree." The lot in the rear—much more extensive than those vouchsafed to most city-folk—

is just now green with velvety grass, on which an occasional robin, in red or russet vest, struts proudly, while other and more modest birds sing in the branches of the few apple or cherry trees. Grape vines cling to the fences, and sundry beds of flowers afford a pleasant contrast to the greener grass. Sometimes, the buds and blossoms, the fruits and flowers, furnish the Doctor a simile for a sermon; but other than that they do not greatly benefit the occupants, for the neighboring boys, "the little foxes," "spoil the vines," the bees (and there are "busy bees" outside as well as within the home), suck the sweets from the flowers, and the birds fly away with the cherries! But Mrs. Cuyler "careth for none of these things"; they do not disturb her equanimity, for she perceiveth that "her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the Elders of the land." Besides, "strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." And even if the good man desired to do otherwise, he would not dare, for "all the people" love her, as was abundantly manifested, on the evening of the Reception, when Dr. Chamberlain, with knightly courtesy and classic diction, so eloquently

alluded to the "dual nature of that ministry which had been so richly blessed," and added (we make no apology for repeating the passage) "I recall that in the prophet's symbolic act he took to himself two staves, and one was Beauty, while the other was Bands. In the kingdom of grace, as in the kingdom of nature, loveliness is ever the fit complement of strength. Accordingly, to her who has been the enthroned one in the heart, the light-giver in the home, the beloved of the church, we wish most fervent good wishes. For her also we lift on high our thankful, tender intercession. To each, to both, we give the renewed assurance of our abiding affection."

Not only did Dr. Cuyler hear that sentence, but the entire audience recognized its beautiful appropriateness and responded with a shout and an Amen!

Nor were they content with this manifestation of their high regard, for at the May meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, one of the most useful of the church organizations, an unusual number attended, and the young ladies of the CUYLER MISSION BAND (may its members, as the years glide by, be prepared to take their places in the senior society) were invited to participate. If the men were dominant at the Reception, there was a "redundancy of women" on this interesting occasion. Indeed, there was

but one man—Dr. Cuyler—present, and of him the ladies had exclusive and delightful possession.

A lunch is customary at these festivals : but more than customary care and time was given to the preparation of this feast. It was an orthodox lunch ! The table (we learn from one of the ladies present) was decorated in true, Presbyterian blue, and the guests were greeted by Mrs. L. C. Hill, the *poet laureate* of the Association, in the following fashion :

Good friends, we welcome all to join our festal board,
With social cheer and creature comforts stored;
Not "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
But orthodox, in Heaven's azure hue ;
When golden sunshine shimmers softly through,
We'll eat and drink, and "have a word to say,"
Then part to meet again another day.

But while the lunch was appreciated, those assembled were eager to listen to the poem—the "word to say"—promised in the welcoming lines. The poem was appropriately bound and charmingly decorated with the blue of forget-me-nots ; and the lines, so refined, affectionate and beautiful, and, withal, so characteristic of the authoress, Mrs. L. C. Hill, were rendered additionally delightful by their touching recital by Mrs. H.

POEM BY MRS. L. C. HILL.

Greetings we give to these young friends to-day,
Greetings and welcome, such as a mother may
When children homeward come to love's embrace,
And joyfully she looks in each dear face,
And notes how strong, how beautiful have grown
The children she delights to call her own.
So with full heart, and eager clasping hand,
We welcome here, to-day, dear "Cuyler Band";
Our daughters, sisters, friends—co-workers too,
With Him who has for each some work to do:
We need your presence to renew our youth,
We need your help to battle for the truth.
We need your hope, your brightness, and your cheer,
Your strength to lift the burdens of the year.
Your ear is keen to cry of sore distress,
Your eye is quick to seek the comfortless.
With helpful sympathy your heart o'erflows,
And generous aid your ready hand bestows.
We glory in your virtues, yet we claim
A share in all your labors, "in His name;"
For one in purpose, one in faith and love,
May we abide on earth, and heaven above.
We welcome you, dear daughters, sisters, friends,
Your presence, beauty, joy and brightness lends.

And our beloved Pastor, Teacher, Friend,
Our Guide and Shepherd,—sacred memories blend
With heart-felt greetings which we bring to thee.
Thy faithful service, loving, tender, free;
Thy words of counsel, comfort, words of grace,
Thy prayers, thy purpose, consecrate this place;
And evermore their incense shall arise
To bring down blessings from the waiting skies.

Thy silver speech, thy golden deeds are crowned,
 And ripening harvests many-fold abound ;
 To "help these women" was thy kind intent,
 And to that end were time and labor spent
 So cheerfully, it seemed thou didst regard
 A noble action as its own reward.
 But unto us, to "grow in grace of giving,"
 Thou preachedst a sermon by thy daily living.
 In boxes, barrels, letters bearing cheer
 To needy, worthy neighbors, far and near,
 So strength goes out to comfort and to bless ;
 Thy sympathy responds to each distress.
 Throughout our own, and e'en in foreign lands,
 Thy name a synonym for goodness stands.
 We greet thee, honored Pastor, as we bring
 To thee and thine, sincerest offering.

And gentle Shepherdess, as good, as true,
 Our hearts' best love to thee is also due.
 A faithful helper at our Pastor's side,
 A noble woman, e'er his joy and pride,
 The "complement which roundeth out his life,"
 His fair ideal, realized in wife.
 And yet to us, a sister, tender, kind,
 Constant and loving, virtues all combined.
 What art to us? Words have no power to tell ;
 Thy gracious presence holds us in its spell.
 But oh, dear friends, how changed becomes this place,
 Should any evil day remove a face.
 But in our memory locked you both shall be
 Forever safe, since "you shall keep the key ;"
 And sitting by the fireside of our hearth
 As honored guests who never shall depart,
 We'll cheer the passing years, recounting o'er
 By memory's light, the golden days of yore ;

And better learn, how blest the tie that binds
In christian love, our fellowship of minds,
As precious souvenir of happy hours
We've plucked for you, a little bunch of flowers,
Which fragrant grew, in these dear hallowed spots,
A little bunch of blue forget-me-nots.
They have a speech which to your hearts shall say
What words can never half so well convey.
Each petal hath a voice for listening ears,
Each calyx, as in urn, holds joys and tears ;
And songs and gladness every flower receives,
And sacred memories hide beneath the leaves.
And, if you closely look, there shall be found
A heart of love with them securely bound.

Dr. Cuyler, never so happy in speech as in an emergency, responded with much feeling and eloquence; and after the bountiful luncheon, he and Mrs. Cuyler departed—she with the poem and a royal bunch of forget-me-nots, he, as we learn from a lady reporter, “adorned with a smaller one, suitable to the limited field a man offers for ornamentation,”—departed to their own “sweet home,” where, notwithstanding the disclaimer contained in his farewell sermon, we dare to hope that he and she may often “sit on the veranda and watch the sun of life whirl downward in the west.”

It is, however, quite absurd to think of our irrepressible Doctor Cuyler as reclining for any length of time, on the

veranda. He has lived such a busy, active life that continued quietude would quickly kill him. "He *will* be," as was said of the late Dr. Horatius Bonner, of Scotland, and most felicitously applied to Doctor Cuyler by one of the speakers on the evening of the Reception, "always writing, or always preaching, or always praying, or always visiting." It would be a great misfortune if he should entirely cease from any or all of these pursuits. We should miss his pointed and crisp sentences in the EVANGELIST and INDEPENDENT, and the sparkling and characteristic epistles to his friends; we should be more than sorry not to listen, from time to time, to his voice from the old pulpit; we should despond and despair if we were never more to hear him pleading in prayer; and we should be sad indeed if we failed to hear his peremptory ring at our door-bells and be deprived of his words of comfort and of cheer.

But whatever they do, wherever they go, may the blessing of God and the benison of good people ever and always attend and follow them.

And *The Church*—THE CHURCH ON THE HILL?
ESTO PERPETUA!

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Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church

