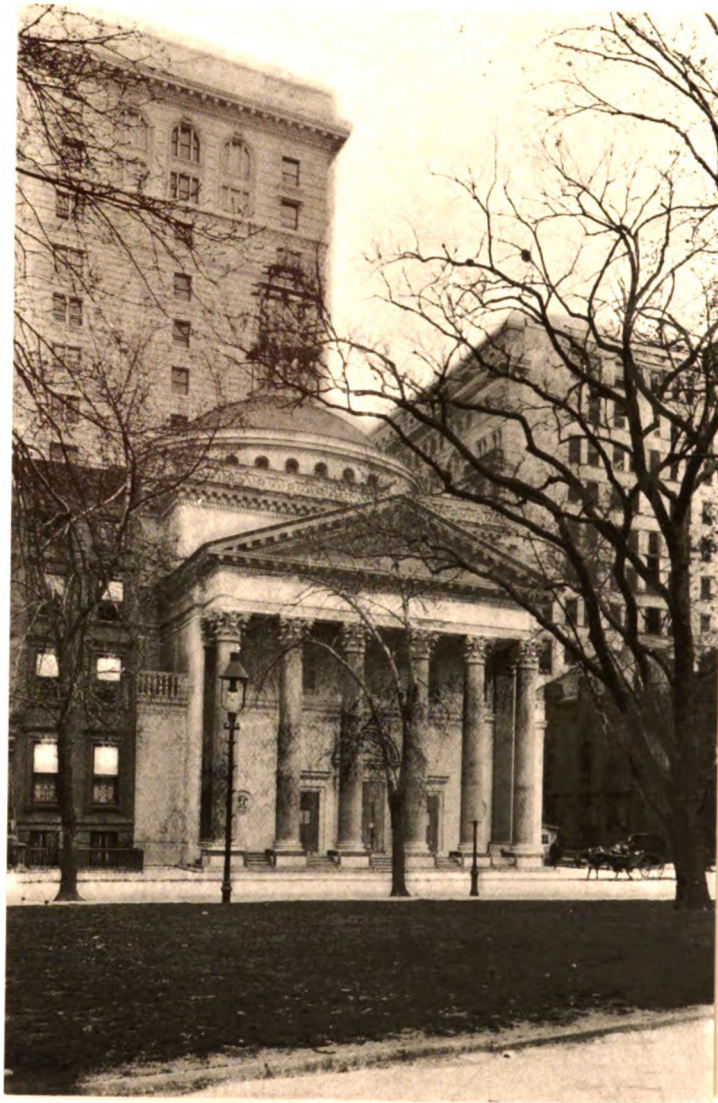


**Madison Square  
Presbyterian Church**





DEDICATION

OF THE

*Madison Square Presbyterian Church*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER FOURTEENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

*Morning and Evening Service*

REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL.D.  
PASTOR

REV. GEORGE R. MONTGOMERY  
ASSISTANT MINISTER

NEW YORK

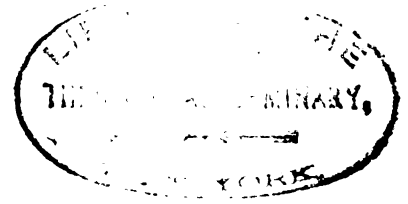
1906

IRVING PRESS  
NEW YORK

LIBRARY OF THE  
Union Theological Seminary  
NEW YORK CITY  
PRESENTED BY  
*William Adams Brown*  
MAY 25 1911

MI 73  
M18y

5000m



## Morning Service

Eleven o'clock

**Organ—Dedication Prelude,** - - - - *Parkhurst.*

**Call to Worship:** Psalm xcv.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For He is our God: and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

**Doxology.**

**Invocation.**

O holy God, before whom we stand, accept Thou the offering of our affection, and receive Thou this Sanctuary into which we are entered, this beautiful gift of our hands and of our hearts. Forbid that we should worship this outer tabernacle, but let the tabernacle become to us merely the beautiful gateway through which we shall come into Thy presence. Let that Presence be felt by us, sweet and holy and strengthening, and in the light of it may we walk and our entire service be controlled, our thoughts and our aspirations inspired, by it, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. AMEN.

**Hymn 101.**

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!

God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty! [sea;

God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

**Responsive Reading.**

Verses printed in Roman type will be read by the minister, and  
in *Italic* type by the congregation.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall  
stand in His holy place?

*He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted  
up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteous-  
ness from the God of his Salvation.

*I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise Thy name for  
Thy lovingkindness and for Thy truth;*

Oh bless our Lord, ye people, and make the voice of His  
praise to be heard;

*Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be  
moved.*

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.

*The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.*

I will go into Thy house with burnt offerings; I will pay  
Thee my vows,

*Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I  
was in trouble.*

Oh come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before  
the Lord our maker.

*For He is our God and we are the people of His pasture and the  
sheep of His hand.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in  
trouble.

*Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and  
though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;*

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the  
mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

*There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of  
God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.*

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;  
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my  
life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His  
temple.

*For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in  
the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up  
upon a rock.*

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the  
God of Jacob defend thee;

*Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of  
Zion.*

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers  
shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father  
seeketh such to worship Him.

*God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in  
spirit and in truth.*

Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory unto  
their children.

*And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish*



*Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea the work of our hands  
establish Thou it.*

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that  
love Thee.

*Peace be within Thy walls and prosperity within Thy palaces.*

**Chorus,** - (From "The Redemption") - *Gounod.*

Unfold, ye portals everlasting, with welcome to receive Him  
ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts  
up through the sky, back to the heavenly mansions hasting.  
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh. But Who is He, the  
King of Glory? He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle  
mighty. But Who is He, the King of Glory? Of hosts He is  
the Lord, of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the  
King of the Saints.

**Old Testament Scripture, I. Kings viii.**

And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in the pres-  
ence of the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands  
toward heaven:

And he said, Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee,  
in heaven above or on earth beneath, who keepest covenant  
and mercy with Thy servants that walk before Thee with all  
their heart:

Who hast kept with Thy servant David my father that Thou  
promisedst him; Thou spakest also with Thy mouth, and hast  
fulfilled it with Thine hand, as it is this day.

Therefore now, Lord God of Israel, keep with Thy servant  
David my father that Thou promisedst him, saying, There shall  
not fail thee a man in my sight to sit on the throne of Israel;  
so that thy children take heed to their way, that they walk be-  
fore Me as thou hast walked before Me.

And now, O God of Israel, let Thy word, I pray Thee, be  
verified, which Thou spakest unto Thy servant David my  
father.

But will God indeed dwell upon the earth? Behold the heaven

and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded?

Yet have Thou respect unto the prayer of Thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God, to hearken unto the cry and to the prayer, which Thy servant prayeth before Thee to-day:

That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which Thou hast said, My name shall be there: that Thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which Thy servant shall make toward this place.....

Moreover concerning a stranger that is not of Thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for Thy name's sake;

(For they shall hear of Thy great name, and of Thy strong hand, and of Thy stretched out arm); when he shall come and pray toward this house;

Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to Thee for: that all people of the earth may know Thy name, to fear Thee, as do Thy people Israel; and that they may know that this house, which I have builded, is called by Thy name.

If Thy people go out to battle against their enemy, whithersoever Thou shalt send them, and shall pray unto the Lord toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name:

Then hear Thou in heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause.

If they sin against Thee (for there is no man that sinneth not), and Thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives unto the land of the enemy, far or near;

Yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they were carried captives, and repent, and make supplication unto Thee in the land of them that carried them captives, saying, We have sinned, and have done perversely, we have committed wickedness;

And so return unto Thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, in the land of their enemies, which led them away captive, and pray unto Thee toward their land, which Thou

gavest unto their fathers, the city which Thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for Thy name.

Then hear Thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and maintain their cause.

**Festival Hymn,** - - - - - *Abt.*

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, Thou God of Hosts!  
When heaven and earth from out of darkness at Thy word  
Issued into glorious birth, all Thy works before Thee stood,  
And Thine eye beheld them good;  
While they sang with one accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy, Thee, one Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son and Spirit, we poor mortals would adore,  
Lightly by the world esteemed, from that world by Thee  
redeemed,  
Sing we here, with glad accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy, all heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
When the ransomed nations fall at the footstool of their King,  
Then shall saints and seraphim, hearts and voices swell one  
hymn,  
Round the throne with full accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

**New Testament Scripture,** John x: 1-10; xiv: 15-23.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door of the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them. Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.....

If ye love Me keep My commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me: because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Judas saith unto Him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

**Offering for New Work of the Church.**

**Offertory**—Anthem, - - - - *Saint-Saëns.*

Bring costly offerings, come and adore Him; bow the knee and praise the Lord in His holy courts. Glad be, O heavens, and exult, all ye nations now before the face of the Lord, for He cometh. Alleluia!

**Prayer—By the Pastor.**

O Lord, our Father, we are very conscious of Thy Presence with us in the sanctuary that we to-day dedicate. We are grateful unto Thee that this is not the beginning of our church life, but that the life of this particular church dates a long way back and that we are able thus to remember gladly and gratefully all Thy conscious leading in the time past. Thou hast enriched this Thy Church by so many sweet and strong lives that have been lived prayerfully and faithfully, a prayerfulness and fidelity that have found rich expression in outward demonstration of service. We remember thankfully those dear old lives, some of them the lives that have passed out from our midst long ago, and some of them passed from the aisles into the arches only recently; and we love to imagine that they to-day have inaudible and invisible part in this service of dedication. It seems to us, dear Father, that those who have loved this church in the many years gone by, must enter into some kind of spiritual participation with us in this act of offering which we make in this dedicatory service; at any rate, we know that Thou art here; Thou, God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and in Thy Holy Presence we stand and rejoice.

Thou hast led us forward, step by step, to this pleasant moment,—a moment tinged, it is true, with a shade of regret, as we remember the dear sanctuary out from which we have moved, and which was to us memorial of so much that was joyous, tender and sad; but at the same time a moment that is brightened by hope, and that looks out toward a wide, though dimly beholden, prospect. As we have, in years past, so often committed ourselves to Thy guidance, and believe that our leadership has been from Thee, so do we now, with hearts that are tender and glad, look to Thee for direction, and plead with Thee to go before us and guide us along the way.

We have earnestly and prayerfully anticipated this hour, and ask from Thee the grace that shall enable us to appreciate all that it imports. While our eyes rest in glad contentment upon that which lies about us and above us here, we would realize that it is the Lord that constitutes the true glory and the real splendor

of the Lord's house. And not only in time to come, but in particular now, may the sense of the Lord be borne in upon us, even as at the completion of the olden temple of Israel the cloud filled the house of the Lord so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.

This sanctuary, this beautiful object of our thought, labor and prayer, we do now bring to Thee, and lay it upon the altar of our devotion to be Thy sanctuary, set apart from everything that is common; consecrated to the uses of the soul, meeting-place between heaven and earth, between the Spirit of God and the spirit in man, and all of this in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray: "Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

At this point the congregation rose and joined in the following prayer:

**Prayer.**

Almighty and Everlasting God, the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house that we have builded; yet hast Thou in olden time appointed fixed places for Thy worship and hast testified Thy regard for them by visiting them with the evident and visible tokens of Thy presence. Wilt Thou not then be pleased to accept this house which our hands have wrought, which we reverently set apart from all common and worldly uses, and which we dedicate to Thee as a sanctuary to Thy praise, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. *We* dedicate it; wilt *Thou* consecrate it, and make it holy to the service of prayer and of the devout study of Thy Word, and for celebrating Thy holy Sacraments. Be pleased to put Thy name in this place. Let Thine eyes be open toward it, that Thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which Thy servants shall make in this place. And hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling place; and when Thou hearest, forgive. Graciously make of this beautiful little tabernacle Thine abiding-place, so filling it with the gentle influence of Thy presence that the hearts of us,

Thy worshippers, shall say,—“The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.” Under the influence of that presence, and by its blessed baptism, may our hearts be alway drawn out in affectionate obedience to Him who so loved the world as to give His Only Begotten Son, and our sympathy become like the sympathy of Christ for all the sin-sick and the sorrowing. Accept, then, our offering, dear Father, as in lowly reverence and trustful affection we dedicate this house to Thee. Bless us in it; glorify Thyself through it; and unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, forever and ever. AMEN.

**Hymn.**

Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,  
Thy Holy Spirit, meet  
With those who here in worship bend  
Before Thy mercy-seat.

May they who err be guided here  
To find the better way;  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm and love grow warm,  
And hallowed wishes rise,  
While round these peaceful walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies. AMEN.

**Sermon**—By the Pastor.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,  
The Source of Its Power and the Exercise of that Power  
in Moral Leadership.

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.”

HEBREWS i : 1, 2.

A great occasion, whether in the individual or the general life, tends to intensify consciousness, stimulate the mind and create heat in those chambers of the soul where are generated our feelings and passions: it sets people at their best: puts them in touch with their own inward containings,—a kind of champagne that quickens thought and feeling to a stimulated pace, and fructifies in fresh disclosures to mind and heart.

There is therefore great virtue in an occasion. Occasions are the best orators. In dull times and on ordinary days the platform or the pulpit has to break in upon the dreams of people, let in the morning upon them, and limber their stiffened thoughts to a state of motion. For people are not stirred by thoughts till they have become *their* thoughts, so that nothing is done till one's own mental machinery has begun to hum, and one's own heart has commenced to throb; and to set it humming and beating is what a crisis will do, is what a great occasion will do, so that the eloquence of the occasion obviates substantially the need for any other eloquence, and a great day outside can be pretty confidently counted upon to create a great inside day in the midst of the soul's experiences, purposes and hopes.

It is upon the occasion, therefore, in considerable measure that I am relying for the effectiveness of this day's pulpit work. The inner attitude of those that I face this morning is such that almost anything that is spoken here, if only spoken with reasonable distinctness and force, is bound to be seized by the intelligence and go home to the conscience and heart. It is to-day like the condition of a musical instrument with its strings all glistening and taut, and that say to the player: “Here we are, full of music



already, and waiting to hum and sing if only you will touch the keys and let the music out."

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son"—words which we have selected not as a yoke to harness ourselves under but as a broad, green Gospel pasture to browse around in.

The circumstances under which we are met seem fitted to crowd us back upon the great fundamentals, and to set us asking what this is all about, what is the meaning of our being here, of our having a church, of our being a church; what is that vital stalk of reality from which church organization, church architecture, worship and endeavor all bud forth into beauteous and fragrant blossom? For even the most earnestly cherished convictions of our minds and most warmly cherished purposes of our hearts easily slip out of the light of distinct consciousness and require, on occasion, to be called back into the full daytime of living thought and impassioned sentiment.

And not only in our *own* interest does such rehabilitation of Christian persuasion and intention become a frequent necessity, but just as much does it concern the world at large to have its inspection of us, and its estimate of us, aided by the sharp drawing of lines by which our meaning and aims can be interpreted. For while the public has for three years been giving a good deal of interested attention to what we stand for architecturally, and has at this date no further doubt upon the matter, it behooves us that there should be no more ambiguity in their minds regarding the construction to be put upon what we denote on the immaterial side, that is to say, what our religion means and what we have in mind to do with it.

When it is a question as to what a church stands for, the first impulse of people will be to expect a spacious exhibit of doctrinal position. Well, there are not a great many things that as a church we are prepared to put down in black and white and say we believe them. It is a tremendous thing to believe as we here understand belief. Nothing languid, nothing amateurish about it. To be genuine it is a draft upon the soul in all the complex of its splendid energies, whether of thought or passion. Belief as we interpret it, is something that sucks into itself everything that there is in a man.

You can write a theological essay and sign your name to it. That is easy. And so it is easy to keep on your shelf a volume of ecclesiastical opinions and christen it, confession of faith; but to *believe* all that, understanding by belief what we here understand by it, means such seizure upon the realities your confession of faith undertakes to tell, as kindles your whole being into a kind of combustion of assured experience. That is the only kind of belief that tells back upon the life or that speaks itself forth into active effects.

It takes a great quantity of nerve to believe a doctrine in that kind of way, and *prostration* of nerve is a form of ecclesiastical paralysis induced by loading too much upon it, and distributing religious energy over a field of idea too wide for it. A man will get along better and do finer work, if he believes concentratedly in the one shining sun than if he tries to distribute the same amount of belief between the sun, its satellites, sub-satellites, and all the comets and constellations. Breadth is a very dear luxury when it is purchased at the expense of thinness.

So as we here are none of us large enough to be convinced of *everything*, we limit ourselves mostly to the attempt to be *structurally* orthodox, without spending much time or worry upon the detailed and decorative. A man in his religion is in this respect much like a tree, which if only it has roots, and its roots are well down, and it stands where the sun shines most of the time and it rains off and on, it will be pretty certain to grow nearer and nearer to the sky and to hang upon its branches fruit that will be "pleasant to the eye and good for food."

Everything hinges therefore on having a religion that is large and solid in its beginnings and that even in its initial movements gives token of a long reach. The music of our Christian thought never rises higher than its first note. It must be great in its earliest foreshadowing or it will always continue little. It is characteristic of our Scriptures whether in the first verse of Genesis or in the first verse of St. John's Gospel,—which is a kind of spiritual echo of Genesis,—that their first tone is a transcendent one, and their overture wrought out in terms of God, simple, distinct and personal. In the plain of Shinar, and ever since Shinar, trying to find heaven and God at the end of one's tower-building instead

of starting with him at the first stone, has always ended in the confusion of Babel. We are not going to forget on this earnest Sabbath the things that are immediate and matters that are common and lie close to the ground, but the only true way to gather in the geography of the valleys and the lowlands is to survey them from the tops of the mountains, and no man ever truly grasps the topography of the earthly life, save as he surveys it from supernal grounds, and arrives at terrestrial things along the track of a celestial itinerary.

We have no interest here, then, in any religion that does not start with God as its fundamental fact,—personal, wise, righteous and affectionate,—major premise to all after conclusions. We can have our admiration for any amount of skilled disquisition upon theological themes if it is handsomely done; we can heartily applaud ethical culture and the whole catalogue of moral proprieties, even though such proprieties vegetate on infidel or even godless ground. But that is not the sphere in which our experience here essays to maintain itself. We realize the difference there is between virtue that has become a genius and virtue that is worked as an affectation. Trying to make corn is not the same thing as helping to grow corn. The farmer plants the kernels in the furrows and will take care to keep the rows carefully hoed, but the impulse by which the seedling grows into the maturity of yellow and tasseled beauty is not a quotation from the hoe, but from the air, the dropping rain, the caressing sunshine; laboriously tilled, but celestially baptized. We are here in the interests of the celestial baptism: not denying the moral toilsomeness of everyday living, but urging always the steadfast relation of life to the open heavens and to the downflow of irrigating supplies from a divine fountain. That is religion as we here understand it, not a style of behavior, not a form of philosophy, but a mode of life, vital impulse imported from foreign ground.

But while in so speaking, I have cut a sharp line between philosophy and ethics on the one side, and religion on the other, we are not even yet come on to ground that is distinctively Christian. I do not want to weary you nor to worry you by abstractions, but there are no matters that so richly as these deserve a measure of definite thinking, a matter though in regard to which most people are thinking more indefinitely and indifferently than about almost

everything else. It is a disgrace to intelligent manhood and womanhood that it allows the great questions that are here confronting us to go by default, without being prepared to dispose of them with a certain amount of pronounced affirmation. Our young people in particular are swamped in a bog of religious negations and it is working indeterminateness of life and rottenness of character. Better be a bony Buddhist than a cartilaginous Christian.

While then we have made the doctrine of a personal God the basis of religion, yet even so we are not here to preach or to practice any system of mere theism. We thank the Lord for Moses and Isaiah, and even for Confucius and Zoroaster, and there are kind things worth being said even about Mahomet, but that is not the level at which we here are seeking to live and do our work. This is a Church of Christ, and it is the Christ,—God become human,—that constitutes the true note of our ministry and the genuine content of our religious consciousness.

We are not in this to be understood as going about with a chip on our shoulders; we are not out for game. We respect religion under any form so far as it is religion. We do not blaspheme the Jew nor blackguard the Unitarians. But while agreeing with them so far as they go, we think we go farther and have something still better, and that better we stand by. Our faith and life centralizes itself in Christ, not in God simply, but in God as He has revealed and expounded Himself in his Son. Everything with us is viewed in the light of its personal reference to God, but to God Incarnate. The easy habit of calling everything Christian that looks more or less morally nice we are a standing protest against. Wax flowers are pretty but they are not botany; marble statues are beautiful but they are not humanity.

It lies in close relation with what precedes and with what follows to say that this church is rather seriously committed to the doctrine that it is wrong to do wrong; that depravity is not explicable by environment nor by heredity, nor by any constitutional twist; that after all discounts, required by these contingencies, have been made, there is a bad balance chargeable to the man, lying inside the scope of voluntary action. It is a handsome thing to make allowances for other people's sins, but we are off from the foundation laid by Scripture and incorporated into the constitution

of this church when we begin to whiten our *own* sins with a wash of palliation, and to interpret iniquity in general as a mistaken or eccentric form of virtue.

And we allude to this matter here only for the reason that a sense of sin and the disposition to believe in a divine Redeemer, come and go together. People who think they are well enough as they are *want* no Saviour. Disbelief in Christ is self-complacency stumbled into the arena of theology. A man will ridicule physicians till he knows that he is sick. It is easy believing in what we know we have somehow or other got to have.

And yet in this I am not so much thinking of Christ as a divine scapegoat. His commercial value considered as an offering for sin does not touch the deepest and finest function of Incarnation. We here are not slow to confess to the need we are all under of having our moral indebtedness divinely cancelled, and the efficiency of Christ's sacrifice is one element in a complete Gospel; at the same time, meeting an insolvent's obligations for him does not strike to the root of his insolvency. In the ordinary relations of business, such transaction will be quite as likely to confirm one in the habit of insolvency as to correct it. We thank God for the serenity that comes from believing that Christ's blood somehow washes away sins, but serenity may be merely the product of an opiate, and an opiate is rather a means of insensibility than a means of convalescence.

And it is a fair question to ask whether the sort of serene content so induced is not quite as likely to foster depraved methods of living as to replace them by habits of virtue. Any doctrine, even though bedded in the subsoil of the Gospel, is a dangerous doctrine to preach, if preached in a way to put men at their ease about past sins, if there is not something in the case to guarantee them against more of the same to come. It seems as though God must get terribly tired of forgiving us, if forgiveness means simply a sufficient advance on his part to leave us with a credit balance, so enabling us to go on pursuing the same line of business.

Clearly such a truth, unless seconded by some other, having in it more virility, is poorly suited to the work of human reconstruction, individual, social and political. And all this matter of forgiveness, which, taken alone, is a very tiresome matter, we have spent a

couple of minutes upon, only that we may realize how tiresome it is, and so be ready for a grip upon something that means something more positive. And the only thing that yields results of that order, in the range of activity that we are to-day interested in, is such capitalization of ourselves as will make us transcendently a match for what we have to be and do; and when I say *transcendently* a match, my thought is upon that feature of the Gospel which this church stands for, that it ought to stand for a great deal more evidently than it does, the feature that has made Christianity to be not a doctrine but a power,—such an entrance into man of the life of God as shall make of common man a divine man,—in the truest sense of the term a facsimile of the God-man, Jesus the Christ.

There is no need of stopping to apologize for the audacity of such an expression. Audacity is just what the average Christian has not enough of. Our respect for human nature lags a long way behind the respect that God has for it. Say what we will about the awfulness of sin, man is the only creature we know of that is superb enough to be able to sin. A magnificent edifice is the only sort of building that is capable of crumbling away into splendid ruins. It is far finer to be a wicked man than to be an innocent dog. Human nature has a long gamut running all the way up and down from heaven to hell and back again so that no instrument made can yield such variety of music.

And that there should have been one man who was able at the same time to be God shows what humanity is capable of. That is the point at which lodges the chief significance of our doctrine of the divinity of Christ. As sheer doctrine we care nothing about it here, any more than about the nebular hypothesis or the mutual convertibility of forces, but as historic fact it is the whole thing to us; it is what we stake ourselves upon and our preaching and our church; it is God's advertisement of the fact that humanity and deity are so far of a piece that they can mix inside of one personality so completely that there will be no telling where one leaves off and the other begins. It is like the crowning excellence of a superb musical instrument, which does not lie in the fact that it is constructed of rosewood or that it is full of cunning mechanism, but that there is such a mystic relation established between the instru-

ment and the pianist that he can embody himself in it, and his soul and the soul of the strings sing one song.

So that people who stumble at the doctrine of the Divine man of the Gospel scarcely realize what they are cutting themselves off from, the commonness to which they are condemning themselves. One trouble with us is that we do not travel around enough on the outer rim of our possibilities, that we have made up our minds that we are exceedingly ordinary, and drop into the habit of continuing so, keeping our mouths glued to the short grass that we have worn out by long browsing, and in wanton unspiritedness neglecting the richer green easily accessible where there is heart and moral enterprise to feel for it. This is all written down in the Gospel, in forms too distinct to be intelligently misunderstood; genuine preaching proceeds upon the basis of it, all true praying is inlaid with the presentiment of it, and what St. Peter calls "partakers of the divine nature" is one of numerous Scripture endorsements of it.

There is *light* enough, the world's crying need is of *power*. There is not a wretched, depravity-soaked man on these streets but knows better than to be what he is, but knowing is of no use to him: knowing never does anything. It is more convenient to work with a lantern, but lanterns do not drive machinery. Mere humanness, no matter how enlightened, is no match for environment. Christ, it is safe to presume, would have gone bad as quickly as anybody, if there had not at the same time been God enough in him to hold him up and to down the devil.

We are not arguing the matter but stating it. In all this we are acting very much as men do that engineer the mechanical enterprises of the day. They belt on to cosmic forces, tie their ships to the wind, harness their machinery to the lightning, run the earth at the impulse of the sky and the spaces. *We* do the same thing and work the ground by the heavens, and belt humanity on to deity. Very much alike, you see; both rather transcendental but both tremendously practical. People who sniff at a religion that runs over with God and celestial energy are as slow and as far in the rear of their opportunities as would be the man who should transport freight from New York to Chicago on a donkey-cart, or carry American tourists to Europe in a row-boat. We do not apologize, then, for treating God as essential to a man in order to his complete

outfit, and dealing with God not as a luxury but as a utility. That is what saves our preaching from being a system of philosophy, and our church from being a convention of scholastics.

When then we, in this church, ask a man to come to Christ there is nothing sentimental or maudlin in our invitation. It is an invitation to him, not to shed a shower of unfertilizing tears, but to get in under the great Uplift, and become that absolutely all-around man that is never possible except as one becomes what Christ became, a divine man, that is to say, a God-man, master of himself, therefore, because *God-mastered*.

And this which we are saying is true to the very line of Christ's own method of working. In disciplining his disciples he put the matter of getting them divinely alive before everything. Duties were a matter that he discussed with them only at odd moments. A God-kindled and God-empowered soul can be trusted to take care of duties. Get the tree to living and it will look after its own apples.

No more did he, except at odd moments, lecture his disciples on theology. Orthodoxy has no fundamental relation to Christianity. The kind of Christianity we are delineating will make a man orthodox, but no amount of orthodoxy will make him a Christian. Orthodoxy is mere ritual up to the moment when it commences to become the impassioned phrasing of the soul's own divine experience. It is not necessary that all people should think alike: they will not if they think. Setting out trees in a row does not make peaches and pomegranates. Rows are an artificiality that nature knows nothing about,—nor Gospel.

And now what I want to go on and say is that it is by the possession of this superior life, this divine impulse descended into the souls of men from God, that the Church has secured to itself its distinguished prerogative of moral leadership. A church, so far as it is made up of men and women that are divinely electrified, is something to talk about. That is all that ever constitutes a company of people to be a church in the sacred sense of that great word. A church if it be a church, and not merely a club, or a mutual admiration society, is an earthly located reservoir of moral supremacy and divine omnipotence. It is some of heaven's spiritual dynamics let loose on terrestrial ground. I plead for the solemn



dignity of the church, for its responsibilities and incalculable possibilities, for there is no calculating the reach of any object material or personal, physical or spiritual, that God holds the heavenly end of, and that is inflated with some of God's original breath.

Now and again there is borne in upon us an overwhelming conviction that no influence, that has not in it a dash of the Almighty, can be any match for the energies of evil that are working for individual, social and political disintegration. It is worth an entire mint to have such a conviction. The first step towards getting hold of God's power is to realize that without such power we are gone. And we have been realizing just this year, with very exceptional distinctness, how terrific is the war that is on; how defiled are some of the streams that combine to compose the life of the world;—not that the world is deteriorating, but that those streams have, some of them, been flowing so near the surface as to come within the reach of common observation, and people have looked at themselves, and society has been looking at itself and been staggered by its own aspect.

It is a good thing, once in a while, to have hell on earth gape open and give people the chance to lean over the brink and get a scent of the mephitic odors. Monstrous sinners, if there are not too many of them all at once, are a great boon: they are apocalyptic: they show how much of original grip there is still in the devil's clutch, and there grows in us, in consequence, a big belief in divine instrumentality, for that divine instrumentality is something we have got to have in order to find our way through and work our way out.

And church is the name we give to that instrumentality, understanding by church the more or less closely organized body of those,—men and women,—who are possessed of divine life, and administered by a divine impulse, and therefore made more than equal to any mere human resistance that they may be called upon to face. It is to this divine endowment that the church is indebted for authority to assume moral leadership and for power to exercise that leadership with effect.

And to no other institution does that leadership or power pertain. Other devices may bother the devil a little, but only the church can discourage him and block him. A whipped devil is the

product only of a divine scourge. The schools are not doing it. Our schools are practically godless, except in a surreptitious way, and surreptitious godliness is practically overt devilness. Our schools make the children bright, but brightness is not constituent of moral character. Intellectual discipline may elevate the grade of a man's vices, but will not convert those vices into virtues. Civilization does not mean sanctification, it means swapping off coarse ways of committing sin for ways that are less repulsive and more aesthetic. And not only that, but the more an unregenerate man knows, the wider the swath of mischief that he can cut. Discipline is in that respect like fire, which is an admirable commodity so long as it is kept within the grate, but which unrestrained is liable to snap out on to the carpet and burn down the house.

No more is the function of world-regeneration one that pertains to the press, for after all necessary exceptions have been made, for there are some that can be made, it is still true in general of the press that it is as definitely and as consciously a money-making scheme as is brokerage or manufacture, and you can register it as an eternal principle that no man ever does a great thing while computing its cash value, or while standing with his fingers in the till, with one ear to the ground, the other ear open to the cries of stockholders screaming for dividends. I have no contention with brokerage because it does not redeem the world, nor any more am I bringing it as an indictment against journalism that it does not redeem the world, that it does not serve as electric line of communication between any dynamo of divine impulse and the moral nervelessness of the reading constituency of the press. I am only stating the facts as you and I know them, and as nobody knows them better than men who print papers, edit them and stand behind them as business managers or as incorporators.

Now the fact that there is an institution specifically ordained of God for the redemption of the individual, for the reconstruction of society and for the raising from the dead the rotting body of society and of municipal and state politics, and that that institution is the church of Jesus Christ, should load with a burden of keenly-felt opportunity and responsibility the hearts of our clergy, first of all, and of our Christian laity, men and women. We of course want to see foreign pagans converted, Madagascans and Hottentots

chanting the Psalms of David and Mongolians streaming through the pearly gates into the realms celestial; but there is no such plea that the American church can at the present time make in behalf of the church and in behalf of the Christianity it is supposed to incarnate, as to become a channel, direct from the fulness of God, to convey heaven-begotten impulse to the irresolute virtue of undecisive men, and as to become the right arm of God's power dealing blows quick and heavy upon whomsoever, whether by his money, or by his corrupt methods or hangers-on, attempts to win preferment for himself and succeeds in postponing the better destiny of his city, or his state, or the commonwealth of all the states.

And the thing to be pled for is no merely spasmodic influence that shall be felt only in some season of special crisis, but a great reserve of holy power, a kind of grip upon the situation that never lets go, elevation of thought, exaltedness, sanctity and vigor of purpose, that is perennially in stock; and all of that interfused with the administrative and executive Spirit of Almighty God, so that through us the very Eternal shall become a present factor, a direct manipulator, a registered voter in all the concerns of society and of state; a church, in a word, that is no side-show, a mere contingent and negligible element of the times, but a great part of the determinative life of the times, asserting itself fearlessly, recognizing the whole field of moral conduct, individual and associate, as properly falling under its purview, possessed of a prophetic consciousness that, as in the old days of Israel, crowds it into the forefront of event, with all of its prophetic insight into things and situations and destinies inwrought with that spiritual supremacy that is the possession of every man that is a divine man and of every church that is part of the church of the living God.

Now the foregoing is a hastily-sketched picture of our conception of Christian Church, both as regards its power, the divine origin of its power, and the relativity of that power to the universal field of moral conduct, individual, social and political. And this beautiful edifice which we are dedicating, is simply a sort of headquarters of our church life and activity. It is a sanctuary in which we are going to assemble from time to time for the double purpose of getting renewedly into touch with the divine source of our life and of our holy and prophetic imperialism, and for the purpose of

realizing our power in its relation not simply to ourselves, and not so much to ourselves, as to the people individually in whose midst we are placed and to the community at large in the grand totality of its high interests.

We have the right in a humble way to be proud of this splendidly architected home in which we are to meet, some of us for a good many years, some of us for not so many years, but I hope for a good while. God, who was the first architect and decorator, has, of course, an architectural sense of proportion and of beauty, and must like nice things with an infinite liking, and so I believe is particularly pleased with this new building on the Square. He is too careful in his own production of beautiful objects not to be appreciative of beauty—and of such beauty—and not to be inclined interestedly toward those who have wrought here with affectionate skill to the gratification of the human eye, and of the divine eye, and to the promotion of the splendid solemnity of his temple of worship.

Those who have wrought here these three years past, but who are still with us, it would be indelicate to mention by name, but they should know that the church, which they have in this way served, has a heart full of warm recognition of the scrupulous and painstaking service which they have rendered and of the amount not only of taste but of affection which they have wrought into timbered shapes and into tones of color,—a joy to the eye and a stimulus to worship.

We cannot refrain from saying, how deeply we lament the absence of one to whose big heart of artistic inspiration the creation of this edifice is primarily due. Stanford White has impressed himself in deep lines upon the regards of those of us with whom, in the work, he has been most closely associated. With all the many responsible undertakings with which he was charged, it was to this church that he seemed particularly to dedicate himself and to make of it the idol of his thought and effort. The present occasion is a little less bright that he is no longer with us to share its fruition, and to contemplate this final outcome of his splendid genius.

This then, members of this church and congregation, is my message. The past of our history as a church is a long and beautiful one. "Thus far the Lord hath led us on." By-gone years have

been rich in holy men and women and in saintly devotion. The old building is gone but the old life, human and divine, fostered in it, is ineffaceable; it has entered into the structure of the world and is part of God's great to-day. Into the inheritance of those old years are we entered and unto the grace and strength of the God who made those years beautiful and holy do we commit ourselves, facing the unknown but difficult future bravely and trustfully, wondering with a strange curiosity what that future will be, but believing that through the years this church, now newly tabernacled, will be found playing its appropriate part and with a strong and prophetic hand helping to lead the times onward towards their ultimate and blessed destiny.

**Chorus,** - - - - - *Beethoven.*

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;  
How sweet the truth these blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
Jubilate! Amen.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Jubilate! Amen.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.  
Hark! hark, my soul!  
Jubilate! Amen.

**Hymn.**

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God:  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.  
For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows  
Her hymns of love and praise.  
Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.  
Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

**Benediction.**

**Organ Postlude.**



# Evening Service

Eight o'clock

**Organ Prelude,** - - - - - *Merkel.*

## **Scripture Lesson.**

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even thirsteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to mine eyelids;

Until I find out a place for the Lord, a tabernacle for the mighty One of Jacob.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion, He hath desired it for His habitation.

This is my resting place forever: here will I dwell, for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

Her priests also will I clothe with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

**Prayer,** - - - - - *Rev. Geo. R. Montgomery.*

O Lord God, in the gladness of our hearts we bless Thee. As we rejoice in the success Thou hast granted our efforts, we turn to Thee in gratitude for the brightness and the beauty that Thou hast put into our lives,—for the yearning and for the aspirations that Thou hast put into our hearts, and for the accomplishments and the attainments that cheer us on. And blessing Thee we ask Thee to bless us and to bless this house which we have offered unto Thee. Wilt Thou be with us who work here and worship here; may we learn what is Thy will;



may we be guided by Thy Spirit, and may we be able to transmit Thy blessing to others. We thank Thee that though the future is hidden before us, it is not a future of darkness but of light, so that we can walk confidently, trusting that as we increase in our knowledge of Thee we shall gain insight into Thy wonderful purposes. We thank Thee for the years of service to which we can look forward;—work which will be done with joy because done for Thee. And we thank Thee for the years of service to which we can look back; for the memories of devotion and of achievement. Wilt Thou help us as we carry on this work which has been so nobly begun; and may this church be in the community a centre for earnestness, for honesty, for helpfulness, for spirituality, and for searching into the deeper meanings of life.

Our heart goes out to the absent members of this church who are bearing us in mind on this day, and to all those who love this place. We would remember before Thee those two organizations that are so closely related to this mother institution: the daughter church and the mission house; and we are glad that their requests for blessings are being added to ours today.

In this day of rejoicing we would remember before Thee the other groups of men and women who are banded together for work in Thy name. May the good will and co-operation here expressed fill us with warmth toward all others who are working for Thee, so that the sympathetic spirit of Christ may gain more and more upon the earth and in human relations, and so that our interests shall not be bounded by creeds or by national lines, but shall reach out even to those who are working in the uttermost parts of the earth. Wilt thou forgive us that so often we have forgotten Thee in what we do and that we have forgotten what Thy desires are. As we go from this place may we carry away the resolution to walk more constantly with Thee and to make greater personal sacrifices for the work of Christ. Hear us as we join with the Church Universal in that prayer which Christ Himself has taught us: "Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily

bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

**Chorus, Sanctus** (from "Messe Solennelle") - - *Gounod.*

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High.  
AMEN.

**Dr. Parkhurst's Introduction.**

I had my own way almost altogether here this morning, and I will ask your attention only for a moment.

In the first place, an apology is due to the congregation for there being such a limited supply of programmes. Programmes were scattered through the pews this morning in large abundance, but almost all were carried off, so that we are left quite destitute; and I am very sorry.

One word to my good brothers who have kindly consented to come—some of them from a considerable distance—to participate with us in this service of joy and of devout gratitude, bringing with them kind greetings from the several bodies they represent, but particularly bringing to us their own kind greeting and making it all the stronger for the consciousness that they give us of their fellowship with us in our work. \*

I want to read a letter, very short and very pleasing, which I found lying on my study table this morning, just as I came into the church. It is written by my good friend, Dr. Mottet, of the Church of the Holy Communion:

"MY DEAR DR. PARKHURST:

"In the name of the Church of the Holy Communion I congratulate you and your people upon the noble forward step your church takes to-day. May your imposing new sanctuary, to-day dedicated to God for humanity, stand as long as the metropolis stands, witnessing in the future as in the past, for that uprightness both in private and civic life, which alone makes us worthy of our divine kinship.

"Believe me, affectionately yours,

"HENRY MOTTET.

"October 14, 1906."

Now that touches me very tenderly. There have been three of us who have sympathized very warmly and intensely in our antagonism to the idea of the uptown church movement. Those three were Brother Mottet, our dear friend Dr. Rainsford and myself. More than a year ago, when I was forecasting the programme to be followed to-night, the first name that suggested itself to me was that of Dr. Rainsford. I knew how warmly he sympathized with us in our purpose to stand fast and firm in this portion of the city, a principle which he has illustrated so finely, so emphatically and eloquently in his own devotion for so many years to St. George's; and I feel, friends, that we ought to speak a kind word of Dr. Rainsford to-night, and I think we ought to remember more faithfully than we sometimes do those whose work has, in a way, been terminated; we are too apt to lose out of sight and out of memory and love those who have labored faithfully and long, to lose them out of sight and love as soon as they happen to fall by the way. It is right for us to keep the grass green over the bodies of the loved ones that are gone; it is right for us to keep fresh in memory and in love the services of those who may still be upon earth, but who, by some inscrutable Providence, have been prevented from carrying on any longer the glorious work which they have so successfully prosecuted as dear Dr. Rainsford has. With this very brief introduction, I take great pleasure in presenting Mr. John Crosby Brown, who is to act as Chairman.

**Introductory Remarks** of John Crosby Brown, Esq., presiding.

As one of the oldest members of the Session of the Madison Square Church, I have been asked to preside this evening, and to extend a cordial welcome, not only to those in the pews, but also to the distinguished speakers who have come to rejoice with us on our entrance into our new building and into the new work which lies before us, for which the years behind and the spirit of the old church ought to be both preparation and inspiration.

I take special pleasure in welcoming here to-night the representatives of sister communions. I would remind the audience that from its earliest days the Madison Square Church, under the leadership of Dr. Adams and his successors, while loyal to its own

communion, has always advocated by word and act the broadest inter-denominational comity and emphasized the essential unity of the Christian Church. Who of us, who can recall the past, can ever forget that memorable communion service held in the old church in 1873, on the occasion of the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city? Presided over by Dr. Adams, he was assisted in the distribution of the elements by the Very Rev. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury. Though not a member of the Alliance, Dr. Smith was present at the meeting by special request of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to convey the cordial greetings of his church to that great gathering of Christians. Dr. Adams was also assisted in the same service by Dr. Angus of London, a representative of the Baptist Church; by Bishop de Schweinitz, of the Moravian Church; by Pastor Prochet of Switzerland, and by a distinguished representative of the churches of India. Who that was present can ever forget the venerable appearance and saint-like face of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, when he preached from the pulpit of the old church? Dr. Adams used to say he always reminded him of the beloved disciple, the Apostle John. As in the past, so in the future, the Madison Square Church stands for the broadest type of Christianity, and welcomes to its services all who love our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

But enough of the past. We are facing the future and cannot, if we would, go back to the old days. We must let the spirit of the past help us to solve the problems of the present and the future. In the adjacent building covering a part of the site of the old church there are, I am told, two thousand five hundred employes—one thousand five hundred women and young girls and a thousand men. Within a radius of a few hundred yards there must be nearly ten thousand persons earning their daily bread. Has the Madison Square Church no message of love and sympathy for these toiling masses? Probably most of them live out of the city, and we can do little for them on Sunday; but they have their noon hour, and I trust the church will open wide its doors for a short mid-day service, affording a quiet retreat for a few moments of rest and prayer, and by its very presence in the midst of this busy community speak of the Friend and Master of us all. For this let us work and pray.

### **Introducing Dr. Alexander.**

Every individual church has its ecclesiastical connection if it is to be of any real service in the work of the world. And it is, therefore, very right and proper that we should, as our first speaker this evening, call upon the Rev. Dr. Alexander, who has come to us with greetings from the Presbytery of New York.

**Address** by Rev. Geo. Alexander, D.D., representing the New York Presbytery.

Mr. Chairman, Dr. Parkhurst, Members and Friends of the Madison Square Church:

The privilege of participating in this service is accorded to me in part by reason of propinquity—for I am a neighbor—and in part by reason of longevity. So many good things come to a man if he only lives long enough and tries to behave himself! I count it a double honour that I am here to-night, not only by invitation, but by appointment, commissioned to convey to this congregation and its Pastor the salutations of the Presbyterian Church of New York city; and in so doing, to voice the sentiment of that great Communion to which we belong. Madison Square Church has never been suspected of excessive denominationalism—neither, Mr. Chairman, has Madison Square ever been chargeable with lack of loyalty. No one contributed more to making the Presbyterian Church what it is to-day than the superb leader who, thirty-six years ago, presided over this congregation. The fruition of his labours has been long in arriving, but it is here. The Church long dismembered, and at times distracted, is at peace; sensible of its solidarity, conscious of a high calling and instinct with vitality. Never was it more closely articulated, never more responsive to the divine voice summoning to world-wide evangelism. It is at the same time more sympathetic and fraternal toward all who love our Lord, and more ready to welcome that larger comprehension for which I trust we all hope and for which, with our Master, we may pray.

The Presbyterian Church in Manhattan and the Bronx is just now in the midst of an era of church building. One commodious structure was dedicated last Sunday; two others earlier in the year; a fifth is to be dedicated in the course of a few weeks, and three

more are under construction. Her activity in this department of Christian endeavor is a testimony to the purpose of the Church not to abandon the field, but to do her part toward the fulfilment of that task which, Bishop Greer, is engaging so much of your thought and energy, the task of meeting with religious privileges the spiritual craving and spiritual need of our motley population.

In the name, then, of the Presbytery of New York, I bring cordial and affectionate salutation: first, to the Pastor of this Church, who, after more than a quarter of a century of arduous service, has had the audacity to lead his flock into such pastures new. His varied gifts and knightly spirit command the admiration of his brethren. Very few have been able to accompany him in his vigorous campaigns for civic righteousness. Most of us are constitutionally inhibited from following him, even afar off; but dauntless courage in battling for a good cause always commands homage.

However, as years increase, a man is to be counted happy not in accordance with the measure of the honours which he has achieved nor the works which he has accomplished, but according to the property interest which he has acquired in the hearts of men. Dr. Parkhurst, I wish to assure you that you have won not only the admiration and approval of your brethren, but what counts for far more, their confidence and their deep affection. They rejoice with you in the consummation of this great undertaking; their wish for you is that you may have many years of joyous ministry in this temple of beauty, and they beg of you to take plenty of time to grow old.

To the congregation also I bring heartiest greeting from your sister churches. We rejoice that you have found a solution for your problem which guarantees that the Madison Square Church shall be Madison Square Church for generations to come. This transition which you are making is a momentous one. A church whose very stones were endeared to many hearts has vanished; memories and associations tender and precious have been sacrificed. It is a big price to pay for life insurance, but the position is held; the traditions of the church are preserved and its corporate life—that strange, elusive, pervasive, commanding thing—the corporate life of a Church of God, is perpetuated. There is not a congregation of our communion, certainly not a downtown congre-

gation, that is not enheartened by the erection of a new church, and a costly church, right in the path of commercial progress, where the glacial movement of peoples, alien in race, in language and religion, is crowding out the natural constituency of the church. It is a courageous step which you have taken; yet this site, selected fifty odd years ago on the outer rim of the advancing city, is just about as near as you can get to the nerve centre of the Western Continent. Think of the institutions domiciled within half a mile of this spot that are generating the moral forces destined increasingly to dominate the minds and lives and countries of all peoples, and nations and kindreds and tongues! You are, too, just about as near to the geographical centre of what is soon to be the mightiest aggregation of humanity on the face of the earth!

For a church thus located and with such traditions there must always be a place and a mission. New occasions will doubtless teach new duties; there will be change of personnel and modifications of method; but the Madison Square Church will continue to be what it has been in the past, a centre of attraction for those who appreciate high thinking, vigorous and graceful speech, freedom of enquiry, broad charity, a wide horizon, and above all, unfaltering loyalty to Christ our King.

The dedication of the former house was followed very shortly by a religious revival which shook this city as it has never been shaken since, and introduced into Christian service multitudes of men who during the last half century have been shaping and inspiring its religious life. During the half century that has intervened the world has not grown wickeder, but it has grown vaster, and through multiplying avenues it is appealing to the hearts of men. Would that the cloud of the Divine Presence might descend and fill this latter house, to awaken in us all a deeper God-consciousness to match the world-consciousness which is so insinuating, so insistent, and so hasten the coming of that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy of the Holy Ghost.

**Hymn.**

O, where are kings and empire's now  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world,  
Thy holy Church, O God!  
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,  
And tempests are abroad,

Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

**Introducing Professor Brown.**

The Madison Square Church might be said to be almost the child of the Union Theological Seminary. At any rate, it is certainly true that from the earliest days of the Madison Square Church and from the earliest years of the Seminary, there has been the closest association. The first pastor of this church was not only during all of his pastorate a member of its Board of Directors, but also occasionally a lecturer and teacher; and when he left the Madison Square Church, it was to take the Presidency of the Seminary. Since that day the pastors of this church have been members of that Board, and it has drawn a larger number of its Directors from the membership and officers of this church than from any other church in this city.

It is, therefore, very fitting that we should have a word of greeting from that Seminary this evening, and it is a felicitous circumstance, that we have that word not only from a member of the Faculty, but from a child of the Madison Square Church, and from the grandson of its first pastor.



**Address** by Rev. William Adams Brown, of Union Theological Seminary.

The occasion which brings us together is typical of the age in which we live. Little more than half a century ago a congregation of Christian people moved from the old quarters—which had grown too narrow for their enlarging work—to a new, and as they fondly believed, a permanent church home. To-day the old church is a pile of ruins, and we meet to-night, as our predecessors fifty-two years ago, to dedicate a new church home.

It is what is going on all around us. Go where you will in the city, and you will find evidence of similar change. One by one the buildings that made old New York are being torn down, and their places taken by new structures better adapted to the needs of our modern life. Passing one morning some months ago by the great excavation which marks the site of the new depot on Lexington Avenue, I noticed a single brownstone house standing alone amid the surrounding desolation, like a great rock raising its solitary head above the oncoming sea. When I returned that same evening the house had vanished. Not one stone remained upon another. So the old landmarks disappear one by one, swept away by the advancing tide of our modern life.

The physical change is the expression of an inner transformation no less striking. With the outer form the inner spirit of our civilization is changing. The great office buildings towering toward heaven speak to us of the new ideals and the enlarged horizon of our business life. The new churches, with their more varied equipment for philanthropic and social work, are the expression of similar changes in the ideals and horizon of our religious life.

It is of these inner changes that I would speak—this readjustment of thought and life—of which the outward change is typical. What is the meaning of this readjustment, and what may we expect will be its effect upon the work to which the Christian Church stands committed?

It means for one thing an enlarged sense of unity. Everywhere the barriers which in the past separated men into groups are being broken down. Our commerce reaches out beyond the narrow boundaries of state or nation, and tries to make its own the market

of the world. Our universities—no longer content with the interchange of students—are sending their professors across the sea, and welcoming in return the distinguished scholars of Germany and France, who have come for a time to make their home with us. Even our statesmen are beginning to realize that there are other points of view than that of national advantage. Already the formation of an International Parliament, which shall have for its concern the common interest of the civilized world, is seriously proposed as an end toward which men may hopefully labor.

In the Christian life this enlarged horizon shows itself in a more Catholic spirit. We are broader in sympathy than our fathers, more tolerant of difference of opinion, quicker to perceive, and more eager to respond to the underlying unities of sentiment and ideal in which all Christians are one. We have come to feel that the task to which we have set our hands is too great for any single denomination to handle alone. We must co-operate, if we are to succeed; and practical co-operation has bred—as it always will—a deeper sympathy. We Presbyterians like to feel that we have some part in that great cathedral on the heights, in whose progress you, Bishop Greer, are so deeply interested. And we are sure that the effort which we have been making to save the Old First Church as a permanent memorial for our American Christianity has not been without sympathy from the other Christian bodies of the city.

But this sympathy of which I speak has a still wider range. It reaches beyond the limits of historic Christianity, to grasp hands of fellowship with good men everywhere. We are coming to believe as never before that God is everywhere at work in the world, and that all life has a spiritual meaning. This spiritual meaning we are trying to recover and to express. We are not content to confine religion within the limits of the ecclesiastical in any form. We are no longer willing to remain entrenched behind the old ramparts of the inerrant book or the infallible church. We want to go out into all the world, and bring our message to bear upon every corner of human life and every phase of human experience. We want to recover for spiritual uses those great realms of nature and society which earlier ages were so ready to abandon as undivine. We look upon this world of ours, that our men of science find so fascinating with its beauty and its mystery, its golden sunsets and its silent

forest glades, but also its tornadoes and its earthquakes, its devouring fires and its relentless tidal waves, and we see in it all the workmanship of our Father, the home which He has made for the disciples and the delight of man, his child; we look upon human life with its rivalries and its cruelties, its selfishness and its ambition, but at the same time with its undying ideals and passionate desires, its insistent cry after the noble and the true, its confession of faith in the right which somehow it never seems able fully to achieve, and we see in this same company of imperfect struggling men and women the children whom God has made in His own image and whom He is training for fellowship with Himself. We are trying to make earnest with Jesus' message of the divine Father, with Paul's message of the self-imparting God—with that great Gospel of the incarnation which we heard so movingly presented in this morning's sermon. We believe in the day—and we are laboring to hasten its coming—when all those who are working for a better social order, but who have been alienated from the Church by what seems to them her narrowness and bigotry, shall hear again from the Christian pulpit a gospel so simple, so human, so ethical and so sincere, that all barriers of misunderstanding and prejudice shall be broken down, and men shall find in the Church of the Son of Man—who is at the same time the Son of God—the leadership for which they long.

It would be strange indeed if in this hour of transition some thoughts of regret should not turn back to the old church about which so many and such tender memories cluster. That tapering spire is gone that seemed so manifest a symbol of the prayer and faith that mounted heavenward from the pews below, and with it one outward mark of that separation between church and the world which made the path of righteousness so much simpler in the old days than in the new. Let us remember for our comfort that it is only the outward form which has changed—the inward spirit remains and, please God, ever shall remain the same. From the first this pulpit has stood for a broad and a catholic faith, a religion for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come. From the first it has taken the lead in the movements of thought and activity by which the way for the new age was prepared. It was to the impulse given by a sermon preached by the pastor of this church that

the Young Men's Christian Association owes its origin. When the Presbyterians of the new school, weary of their long alienation from their brethren of the old, sought a man wise and tactful enough to guide them through the delicate negotiations which were to issue at last in a reunited church, it was to the pastor of this church that they turned. When the Directors of the Union Theological Seminary—which I have the honor to represent on this occasion, and whose hearty greetings, Dr. Parkhurst, to you and to your people on this happy occasion it is my pleasure and privilege to bring—when the Directors of Union Seminary sought some one to lead them into that new era of theological education whose coming they had been among the first to perceive, it was in this church again that they found the man. Here was the scene of that memorable communion to which our chairman has so fittingly referred, when in 1873, on the occasion of the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, a great congregation of Christians of all the different communions bowed side by side to partake of the emblems of their Saviour's sacrifice at the hands of a Presbyterian minister and an Anglican dean. And in years more recent still, whose memory is fresh in all our minds, when New York city lay in the grasp of a group of corrupt and tyrannous politicians who were plundering it for their own gain, it was from this pulpit that there sounded the clarion call which awakened the slumbering civic spirit of the city and which ushered in the new and better day in which we now live.

It is in the light of this history that we must understand the change which we meet to-night to consummate. It is no new spirit which seeks expression in the new home. Rather is it loyalty to the spirit of the past which is the explanation of the transformation. The old church might have served well enough for the personal needs of the congregation who were accustomed to worship there; but for the exacting demands of Christian service in the new age it was no longer adequate. So the same spirit that raised the old home has re clothed itself in this new form. In these improved quarters, and with this more modern equipment a more varied and efficient work can be done than was possible before; but from the new walls as from the old, we may be sure, will still echo the words of the old Gospel, now as then, brought home with constraining power to the hearts of men.

### **Introducing Dr. Faunce.**

In the midst of a little community on Orange Mountain, there stands a little church where Dr. Adams, in the later years of his life, was wont to worship, and which owes its existence in a great measure to his presence and his effort. As a visitor to that community there came occasionally one of his dearest friends and co-workers in the American Tract Society, the Rev. Dr. Anderson, at one time pastor of the Baptist Church on Park Avenue; and I am sure that it is very fitting for us to remember the old days, and the cordial relations of the old times, and therefore with great pleasure I have the honor to present to you the Rev. Dr. Faunce as a representative of the Baptist Church and President of Brown University.

### **Address** by President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University.

It is a privilege to take any part in the significant and memorable services of this day; and yet, I confess, I feel as if I were almost an outsider, intruding myself into a family festival. Indeed, I think Dr. Parkhurst had a little of this feeling; for in his very kind and courteous letter of invitation, he said: "Will you come? It is true you are a Baptist; but then you may be a good man." We are perhaps nearer, however, than even the pastor of the church suspects. I am sure that I believe in the Westminster Confession, in every sentence and clause, in every jot and tittle—just as much as Dr. Parkhurst does; and I think that he believes in close communion—just as much as I do. But I am always glad to take part in any service that symbolizes and promotes the union of all those who believe in Christ as Lord, and thus to help forward that time of which William Watson has sung, if I may change one word:

The advent of that morn divine  
When churches shall as forests grow,  
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,  
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe;  
But all, in their unlikeness, blend  
Confederate to one golden end.

That end is the coming of the kingdom of God, and in that all Christians of every name and faith find their fundamental unity.

This is a noble temple, but the ministry is greater than the temple, the message is greater than the architecture. I cannot refrain from saying to-night that I believe no ministry in the metropolis has surpassed this ministry in the last twenty-five years in moral energy, spiritual insight and vigorous Saxon speech. It has been a ministry of genuine religion, and that is about the hardest thing to find in adequate expression in the modern world. I well remember when, seventeen years ago, I first came as a young and inexperienced minister to this city, I passed in some sense under the tuition of my older brother and teacher, Dr. Parkhurst. I had gotten hold of a sermon that some of you will remember, on "The Trees of the Garden and the Lord of the Garden"; and I said, "I must go down to the old Madison Square Church and listen for myself." I came, one Good Friday evening, when the sky was chill and drear. The pastor had then become hardly known in the city outside of his own parish and congregation. He said that evening: "There are only two points in my sermon; first, sin is just the same thing to-day as when Jesus Christ hung upon the cross; second, the love of God is just the same to-day as when Jesus Christ hung upon the cross. Do you doubt," he said, "that sin is just the same to-day in spite of our civilization and refinement? If any man doubts it, let him go forth from this church and attempt to close up the gambling dens and houses of evil repute, and sin will rise and fasten its fangs in his breast, and he shall know its power to-day is the same as when it attacked our Lord." Subsequent events were the best commentary on the preacher's message; and as long as I live I shall never forget what came to me on that Good Friday evening.

During all the anxious and troubled years that must come to any minister in this city, when the work outside was fully enough to absorb his energy, the minister went forth, calmly and serenely, as though there were no cloud in any sky; and the pulpit has been sacred to the religion of our Lord. It has not been a lecture platform; it has not been a platform for sociology, economics or purely political reform; it has been kept sacred to the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If you want oratory, I can show you twenty places in the city where you can get it; if you want exquisite music, you can find it at every corner; if you want stained glass,

vestments and candles, you can find them in a hundred churches. But religion—the overmastering sense of the Presence of God in His world, the all-embracing sense of the nearness of God in the lowliest tasks, of our responsibility to God in every duty, of the help that comes from God in every emergency and the prospect of standing some day at His right hand—that is always the most precious and rarest thing that the city has to offer, and this church has steadily offered it through all these years.

This church has also given this city a ministry of virility and courage that has peculiarly appealed to men of vigor, ambition and action. I thank God for the feminine side of religion. I thank God for all that has come into the life of man through mother, sister, wife or daughter. But I also know that the religion of Jesus Christ is in peculiar danger in our modern civilization of ceasing to appeal to our young manhood; of becoming so timid, so cautious and so conservative, that it shall lose the power of leadership; and this church has never promoted that modern notion.

I went into another church once in this city, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a church that I knew was losing its grip upon the population; and the venerable and lovable pastor had chosen for his subject that day, “The Message of Christianity to Tired Women”; and I counted nineteen of them, and two men, in the congregation. This church has appealed not only to weary and exhausted humanity, but to eager, aspiring and ambitious humanity, and has offered leadership. What we are speaks louder than what we say; and the leadership of the modern prophet is the best part of the prophet's message.

Since I came in this house to-night, I have heard that the sermon of the morning was on what I gladly would have spoken of, but surely need not now, on a ministry that shall mean continuance of the incarnation of God in the life of the membership. In no other city of the world is it so hard to preach as in this city. The multitudes that constitute our shifting population do not live upon this island, and as the darkness falls all trains are crowded, all ferry-boats are filled with people moving to their homes in the suburbs,—the natural constituency of the Christian Church,—and the population left is so motley and so heterogeneous that we hardly know what language to speak. And yet that is the fascination of the city; who wants to be where everything is easy? Who

wants to be laid upon the shelf before his time? The place for the leaven is in the centre of the meal, and where the fight is hottest there every true soldier of the Cross wants to stay.

That the "Holy Supper is kept indeed in whatso we share with another's need," that an active philanthropic enthusiasm for humanity is no mere appendage of the Christian faith, but lies at its very core and heart: this is part of the primitive Gospel that fell from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth. If we count His recorded miracles as thirty-two in number, we find that twenty-six were for the healing of the body and two for supplying bodily food. The Church cannot retire into itself; cannot regard itself as an organization for holding divine services. We sometimes see in the papers: "Divine services will be held at eleven o'clock." Is that divine service, the reading of Scripture, the hymn, the voice of friend speaking to friend? To me that is the preparation for divine service; the real service of God and man comes when the congregation passes out, when it goes into all the marts of trade and homes of the city; there the service comes for which the worship of God is the preparation.

So to-night from one branch of the Church of our Lord I bring you sincerest congratulations and heartiest good wishes. May the better equipment mean a deeper life; may more apparatus mean more devotion and consecration of spirit. Is it Victor Hugo who says somewhere that at a certain time in life every man passes out of the old age of youth into the youth of old age? This church in the last years of the old building was perhaps in the old age of its youth; may it, in this new sanctuary, enter into the vigor and vision of the youth of its mature age.

**Chorale,**                    -                    -                    -                    -                    -                    -                    *Parkhurst.*

Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,  
Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,  
Enter this temple, now Thine own,  
And let Thy glory fill the place.

We praise Thee that to-day we see  
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;  
'Tis Thine for us, 'tis ours for Thee,  
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.



Oft as returns the day of rest,  
Let heartfelt worship here ascend,  
With Thine own joy fill every breast,  
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep,  
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold,  
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,  
Till Thy full glory we behold. AMEN.

**Introducing Dr. Greer.**

Many years ago, in a house then standing just across the street, there was gathered together for a mid-day meal a goodly company of representative men of various professions in this city, one condition being that they should all be over eighty years of age. As they assembled, one of the guests turned to the host, Dr. Adams, and asked if he might say grace; and I have in my hands Dr. Muhlenberg's words:

“Solemn thanks be our grace for the years that are passed,  
With their blessings untold; and, though this be our last  
Yet joyful our trust that through Christ 'twill be given  
All here meet again at His table in heaven.”

After that meeting that dear, good old man, the Apostle John of the modern Church, was taken to his heavenly home, and all those in that little group are gathered there now. The petty divisions of the Christian Church, how small they seem to us when we think of the home above and the gathering there! I now have the great pleasure of welcoming here, and introducing to you, the Associate Bishop of the Diocese of New York, a friend in spirit, if not in actual acquaintance of dear old Dr. Muhlenberg.

**Address** by Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor of the  
Diocese of New York.

Neighbors and Friends of the Madison Square Presbyterian  
Church:

It is a pleasure and a privilege to be here to-night, although my brethren who have preceded me have scarcely left anything for me to say. I asked some of them to be good enough to do so, but when they got into the pulpit here and looked into your faces, they forgot all about their promise to me. But I am here as your fellow-citizen and fellow-Christian and fellow-worker in the vineyard of the Lord, to add my brief word of congratulation to that of others upon the completion of this your House of Worship, and to extend to you my best wishes for your future prosperity and usefulness in connection with it. From time immemorial it has been the way of men, moved or impelled by the strong religious instinct in them, to build religious shrines and temples on the earth in which to worship God. This instinct in them has been at times stronger than the impulse to build houses or shelters for themselves. As the Psalmist has said in the words which your Pastor read to-night, "I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house; nor climb up into my bed; I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber; neither the temples of my head to take any rest; until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord; an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob."

And not only then, but since, all down through the ages, have men been moved to give to the performance of this task their sacrificial labor, their time, their strength and skill, their silver and their gold, their costliest form of treasure, in the effort to make their tabernacles or their Christian churches worthy of the God whom they worship in them. I do not forget that God may be acceptably worshipped in the plainest kind of building. Some there are perhaps who would be disposed to ask of such a building as this in which to-night we gather, with its costly ornamentation, To what purpose is this waste? Neither do I forget when that question first was asked, the memorable reply of Him who not only sanctioned that expression of reverent affection but incorporated it forever into the story of Himself. Neither do I forget that little

upper chamber in Jerusalem long ago, apparently so barren and so poor, where the first disciples gathered, and where the worship, as in so many places like it since, was so fervent and so pure. But what of that little upper room where the first disciples gathered? As Dr. Martineau has said, in commenting on the incident, it was the best they had; and no more is asked of us; and less than that no real and true devotion will be disposed to give. And, as he remarks further, it is ever a fatal sign of art decaying into luxury and religion into contempt, when men permit the House of God to be meaner than their own, or when they allow to their domestic pleasures what they refuse to their collective worship.

That however as a rule has not been the case, and is not now the case. Inspired by a feeling instinctive and spontaneous, which needs no vindication, Christian art is moved to give, in the building of the House of God, the best it has to offer. But the Christian Church to-day is something more than that, something more than the expression of a devout and reverent affection, as you have heard to-night so eloquently told. The Christian Church has a work to do, a very important work; and, in this very practical and utilitarian age, a hard and needed work; that is to try to put a *soul* into the body of this age, and a quickened conscience into it, so that it may be an age which is not only physically rich but morally and spiritually rich; an age in which it will more and more be seen and felt that without the rich soul or without the rich heart, wealth, as has been aptly and truly said, is but an ugly beggar, vulgar and enslaved.

It is the work of the Christian Church in this generation to try to make it an age not only great in its material environments, endowments and enlargements; its great mechanical inventions, giving a greater physical gain and a steadily increasing physical profit to it. No, not merely that; but an age which, while doing that, supplying more and more our physical needs and wants, should more and more supply our spiritual needs and wants and our moral needs and wants; an age which, while ministering unto the body, shall strengthen and quicken the conscience and minister unto the soul, enlarging the dominion of the soul; an age which shall make men feel and find their souls and the rich and abundant harvest and fruitage of their souls; an age which shall stand for something else

and more, among the rich and poor alike, among all, than a grasping physical greed with its blighting entail curse of social strife and envy, discord and display; but an age which shall have, to inspire and refine it, as well as to preserve it, those high ideals, purposes and aims, and faiths and hopes and loves, which shall tend to make our modern civilization not only pure and high and righteous, but a permanent civilization, which prosperity cannot corrupt nor adversity destroy.

That is the mission, the task, of the Christian Church to-day, and it needs no justification for the task. It is the work which this church during all these years, whose story in part has been recounted to you this evening, has been trying to do. It is the work for which it stands and has stood; whose searching, ringing pulpit utterances, for righteousness and truth, have been heard throughout the length and breadth of this metropolitan city. For that I hope and believe it will continue to stand, and, as has been said by several of the speakers to-night, to stand *here*. I am glad in moving that you did not move uptown, but that you are virtually in the same locality where you were born. Here, in the midst of a growing business centre, with large business interests gathering more and more about you, *here* is the place for a Christian church to stand, to teach and to preach, by its very presence, the lesson which we of this generation and of this city need so much to learn,—That our human life in order to be human, its human wealth and worth to reach, its human greatness have, must be not only materially but morally and spiritually developed; must become itself like a temple on earth of God, His altar and His shrine, His sanctuary on the earth, with strength and beauty in it!

**Hymn.**

The Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word:  
From heaven He came and bought her  
To be His holy bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation,  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till, with the vision glorious,  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

**Benediction.**

**Response,** - - - - - *Barnby.*

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.

Jesu, grant the weary calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing may our eyelids close.

Through the long night watches may Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me, watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens, then may I arise,  
Pure and fresh and sinless in Thy holy eyes. AMEN.

**Organ Postlude.**





# The Last Sermon

preached by

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

in the Old Madison Square Presbyterian Church

Sabbath Morning, May 27th, 1906



*"But many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy."—Ezra iii: 12.*

THERE is no scene in old Hebrew history that appeals to the heart more tenderly than the return of the stricken Hebrews, after fifty years, from the land of their captivity, and their gathering together amid the ruins of their dismantled city and among the pathetic memorials of their shattered temple. Even now, after twenty-five hundred years, we can still see them brooding tearfully over the broken columns and crumbled splendor of their magnificent sanctuary, that for five centuries had been the scene of a nation's worship, and the foundation of a nation's hopes.

Their temple had been to them their religion. It was to them deity localized, Jehovah framed in stone and cedar. As the very walls had become fragrant with the sweet incense that for centuries had been burned at its altar, so the place itself, the very stones, had become holy, had become divine, with the presence of God that for half a millennium had tabernacled itself there.

There may have been a certain amount of illusion in all this, but the soul is sometimes nourished even by its illusions. The temple, even after five hundred years of splendid ritual and solemn sacrifice, may still have been only rock and timber, and even the ark of the covenant, the mercy-seat and the hovering cherubim have been at the end of it all only wood and metal, but it is not what things *are* that signifies, but what they *denote*, what they spell out to the hearts of the people, what they have gathered into themselves by the slow process of the years, and what they have overlaid themselves with by the subtile touch of chastened association.

So that when the returning captives viewed once more through their tears the plaintive remains of the demolished sanctuary, it was

not crumbled walls, torn curtains and shattered timbers that they looked upon. Rather was their vision a longer, wider and tenderer one. What their hearts communed with were the hopes, the fellowships, the disappointments that lay back in the years that were foregone. The ruins that lay around them in such attitude of hopeless appeal represented to them everything that in their own years or in the years of their people had in any way been linked with this hallowed center of personal and national life. To the sensitive eye of saddened imagination the triumphs and the humiliations of their nation were all portrayed there. The very stones spoke to them also of the honored names by which their history had been dignified and illuminated, and it spoke to them also of the dishonored ones by whom the national hopes had been frustrated and its splendid ambitions defeated.

But to the older ones from among the returning captives,—what our text calls “the ancient men that had themselves seen the first house,”—and to whom therefore the mute remains lying about were the symbol of something more than a national bereavement, to them the disfigured features and the crumbled splendors of their beloved sanctuary must have come home with the power of a particular and a personal sorrow. It must have spoken to them, in a manner searching and tearful, of the times that were gone,—irrecoverably gone,—and of dear ones associated with them in their home life and in their sanctuary life, by whom those dear old times had been peopled, but who in the half century just elapsed had passed beyond the reach of their fellowship though still within the reach of their love.

For a sanctuary, whether in the older or in the later time, means not only the place where we worship God in the offering of prayer and sacrifice, but somehow becomes invested with a meaning derived from everything that is best and sweetest in life, and thus becomes perfumed not only with the incense of religious devotion, but with every other phase of devotion that the sanctuary has in any way drawn into relations with itself. So that it carries with it in our lingering regard the memory not only of the services of penitence and thanksgiving that have been celebrated there, but the tender and plaintive memory also of every scene, whether of gladness or of sorrow, that has been enacted there and the memory

of all the loved and lost, who somehow become a kind of abiding presence in the holy place where we have loved them and worshipped with them. So that the abandonment or demolition of a place so doubly and trebly hallowed seems to be a kind of break with the past, the final rending of a whole net-work of cherished ties, the leaving behind, in final sepulture, of something that has been a part and a necessary component of our life.

It is to a point in some respects similar to that pictured in our text that as a company of Christian worshippers we are now come. From a date only a little way forward of us, this edifice, so rich in hallowed associations and pious memories, will no longer be to us "The Madison Square Church." That the change now to be made has been especially urged by those whose judgment we are bound to respect, and by those, too, whose hearts are as tenderly attached as any to these dear old places, and more tenderly than most, abates not one whit the poignancy of our bereavement.

The season through which we are now passing is, from our own point of view, a funereal one. The evening hour, however bright our anticipations of the morrow, contains always an element of pathos. We are in the shadow to-day, and it is shadow still, however bright may be the shining of the sun elsewhere. And we do violence to our natures whenever we seek to deaden our sensibilities to the keen edge of a reasonable sorrow. It would be a sad commentary upon the influences that have been operative in this sanctuary for a little more than fifty years did our affections cling to the accustomed spot with so feeble a tension as to admit of being readily transplanted to a different soil.

Aside from such other anchoring considerations as have been already mentioned there has always been a certain geniality in the church-life maintained here that has possessed the place of a more than usual charm. The Gospel that from the first has been preached here has been a generous Gospel. I do not mean a compromising Gospel, but a generous Gospel, a warm-hearted Gospel. That splendid embodiment of elegant benignity that came to the church in the person of its first pastor, sounded a note from which the life-music of this church has never shown a disposition to vary either in pulpit or in pew. While the congregation here gathered have always been distinguished for their intelligence, it is of their hearts

and their affections that primary account has always been taken, and the Gospel proclaimed as the love of God seeking to win its way into the tenderness of men. Men and women here have been fed upon the flesh, not upon the bones of divine revelation, and all of this has contributed to make of this particular household of worship a summerish kind of place, holy but homey.

The atmosphere here has never been charged with those irritants so calculated to nettle a certain ingredient that, I suppose, enters, in larger or smaller measure, into the make-up of each one of us, so that any native disposition we may have had to be quarrelsome has never had opportunity given for its exercise, so that whether we are or are not as irenic at heart as would certainly appear, yet the fifty years of this church have been a half century of uninterrupted harmony in the bonds of Christian fellowship. And all of that, in a way, darkens with fresh access of shadow the prospect of abandoning, for places new and untried, a spot endeared to us by so long and genial a history.

And this train of thought we are allowing ourselves this morning, not at all at the impulse of sentiment,—or rather of sentimentality,—but because of the inherent propriety there is in keeping ourselves in felt and loving touch with the scenes that have transpired, the years that are spent, the friends that are gone. There never was a people that had a keener or more ardent presentiment of the centuries toward which they were moving, or of the events with which they felt those future centuries to be freighted, than did the Hebrews, but they were at the same time a people unsurpassed in the loyalty with which they cherished the memory of forgotten days, and in the reverent affection with which they clung to olden prophets and statesmen and to all the master-spirits which had been the architects of the nation's life and prosperity.

And there is, undoubtedly, a close and logical connection between those two features of Hebrew character and life, between the capacity, the genius, which the Hebrew mind had for the conception of high world-wide ambitions along with the ability to work toward the achievement of those ambitions,—a close and logical connection, I say, between that and the imperturbable but loving fidelity with which, year by year, and century following century, they cultivated the fond recollection of the thinkers and the doers,

the sufferers and the conquerors, from whom, in growing legacy, the rich bequest of a nation's religion and life had been received. Even while acknowledging cordially and gratefully the divine impulses, direct and fresh, that continually mingle with the world's ongoings, and that give direction and strength to those ongoings, yet our roots are, at the same time, very largely sunk in the soil of the past. The world stands higher to-day than once it stood, because it has preceding generations and centuries underneath it. If, in all that relates to character and wisdom we are wealthier than were the men of the earlier days, it is mostly because we are the beneficiaries of a cumulative inheritance.

And so what we are to-day as a church, the kindly sentiment that obtains among us, the earnestness and at the same time the gentleness and breadth of Christian sympathy and thought that characterize this body of believers, along with all that broadening of purpose and extension of activity that has been marking these later years of our church-life, all of this is only in part the product of the moment, or of our own decade; it is in part, and in very considerable part, evidence of present fertility wrought by the irrigating stream that has issued from years that preceded the time when most of us were drawn into connection with this church. Very much of that foliage in which we find our present confidence and repose was planted by hands that are vanished, and watered by the tears of eyes that were long since closed. I love to dwell upon this. It is a pleasant and a holy thing to place sacrifice upon the altar of our affectionate memory. It is a pious debt we owe to those whose lives of toil and whose services of prayer have laid the secure and solemn foundation upon which we have been able so confidently to build.

And not only is such loyalty the payment on our part of a just and honest debt, it helps also to keep us in line with antecedent days and with the views and purposes that were then cherished. Such loyalty then is in the interests of a wholesome conservatism. A healthy tree will grow farther and farther into the air, but in its growing it never abandons its own roots, nor the soil in which those roots lie buried. Its strength and its fruitfulness depend upon its constant connection with the stock from which it is sprung, and upon the unbroken continuousness of its unfolding. A wholesale

revolt against the traditional is a symptom of infirmity rather than the product of an intenser life. A live conservatism is not then the denial of true progress, but it is the denial of a progress that is constructed from revolutionary elements. Revolutions have sometimes to be, but they are the brutalities of progress, brutalities of action that may sometimes become necessary in order to circumvent the brutalities of obstinate inaction.

But however necessary such procedure may sometimes be, it is distinctly abnormal. It was not even our Lord's purpose to be a revolutionist, but only to carry up the germs of the faith of Abraham to a yet more advanced stage of unfolding; and Christianity is not a revolt against Judaism but only against the bigoted inertia that stubbornly threw itself against the irrepressible and divinely-actuated current of religious advance and outflowing. And one of the most interesting letters in the New Testament, that to the Hebrews, has for its confessed object to indicate that in whatever respects the religion of Jesus is an advance upon the religion of Moses the two religions are radically one, and that all that is in the new religion is the coming out into visible leaf and blossom of what was concealedly present in the old religion.

All of that only for the purpose of illustrating the point we were making, that to maintain a conscious and a loving connection with the men, the ideas and the events that have gone before is one very substantial element of present strength and security; that while in our history, in our later history, as a church, we have in some minor details departed from the lines laid down fifty years ago, in all that makes up the innermost life of the Church the thread of identity has, I can confidently assert, never been severed nor weakened, so that we are still being moved onward in most helpful measure by the momentum that yet survives after a half century's continuance, so that if any of the sainted spirits of those who in the glory of whitened hairs were still among us at the commencement of my pastorate twenty-six years ago, were to come down among us sometimes in visible presence—as very likely they do—I am sure they would still find themselves easily at home here, and be less disturbed by any little innovations that have in the meantime crept in, than comforted by the evident loyalty with which we here have clung to the past.

While it is a pleasant thing always to walk in congenial lines that have been already laid down, it was a very responsible but at the same time a very distinguished privilege that was enjoyed by the first pastor of this church of laying down those lines. I do not mean by that that there was on the part of Dr. Adams any conscious adoption of fixed policy, any deliberate determination of ways and methods which constitute a stiff highway along which this church of his fostering care and spiritual administration has been so long and so steadily moving. He was himself a policy. In the wealth of his mind, in the benignity of his spirit, in the elegance of his bearing, in the mellowness of his sympathies, in the generous and wide-enfolding reach of his appreciations of religious truth, he became a kind of magnetic center around which congenial spirits gathered themselves by the power of natural selection and organized themselves by a law of reciprocal relation.

It all came along perfectly naturally and unaffectedly. I have never understood that he cared to rule his church. I have been told of one New York pastor of long ago, who led his flock with so stern a hand that it was not till years after his death that its members fully recovered the consciousness of their free-agency. I have never understood, I say, that Dr. Adams cared to rule his church. A consciousness of the power that constitutes rulership is always indifferent to the mere fact of the exercise of that power. But even so, he was certainly for nearly a quarter of a century the determinative influence that graciously moulded his church, and that in quiet and unobtrusive magistracy determined the direction of its life and the shape of its activities. And it is for that reason that his name has here been mentioned. He became by the means a part of the permanent life of the church, a part of its essential structure, so that if by any means that structure, its present structure, could be reduced to its elementary ingredients, by some system of spiritual analysis, his own abounding personality, and the effects definitely wrought by it, would be found still inhering in our church life, and in all the processes by which that church life continues to reveal and assert itself.

This, I would assure you, is not spoken with any mere purpose of eulogy, but simply as a fair statement of the simple fact of the case, and a kind of fact that in justice to the past we ought to be

more alive to than we sometimes are. It is not right, it is not generous, presently the services of a great life have been completed and the last physical remains of the beneficent author of those services been laid under the sod, to let the abiding energies which such life has set in motion be so abruptly and inappreciatively dismissed from memory and from loyal recognition, as there is quite too much proneness to do. It is injustice to the dead and dishonor to the living.

And of the many whose memory crowds upon us in such an hour there is one other whose thoughts, loves and efforts were peculiarly intertwined with the initial history of this church, and who appealingly pleads for mention on this memorial occasion. While it seems almost ungracious to single out one from the long catalogue of those whose piety, intelligence and money were an early contribution to the life and strength of this church, yet the relations to it of George W. Lane were of that unique kind which, I am sure, will in the estimation of all who were knowing to the man and to the part he played, not only in the spiritual life of this church, but also in its material and administrative interests, demand for him a word of special mention.

Although a man of large affairs, with engrossing material interests and with affections deeply rooted in the warm soil of his domestic life, yet I believe that no man ever carried his church in his thoughts, his prayers and his purse more constantly, intelligently or devoutly than did Mr. Lane. There is no doubt but that he finds heaven a congenial place, but I have often thought of him as suing for leave of absence from there, slipping out through the pearly gates and coming down to see how things are getting along on the Square.

And such was the quality of the man that he could not come into these close relations with his church without leaving there the definite stamp of his personality, a stamp, too, so deep, so wrought in indelible colors as to be ineffaceable. During the pleasant but all too brief period of my association with him he was practically the Board of Elders and practically the Board of Trustees. These two boards met periodically for what they were pleased to call the transaction of business, but which amounted practically to the adoption of Mr. Lane's opinions and the ratification of his acts:



and that, too, not because he crowded his judgment upon others' acceptance, but because he was a man with a single-eyed vision, could therefore see farther than most, was consequently almost invariably right, and acquired therefore the reputation of being approximately infallible, so that there was little left for his intelligent colleagues to do but show their intelligence by supporting his views. It was all very simple, and as free from friction as the revolution of the celestial spheres.

And not only did he distinctly *see* the thing that was right and that was righteous but he *felt* it with a feeling that was a kind of passion. His heart always acted with his intelligence so that his thoughts and purposes were not only clear but fervid, and he not forced his way but warmed his way into the world's confidence. He was obstinate, but only in the sense that when a man is right and knows he is right, he is there, and is there to stay. And yet his obstinacy no one felt as obstinacy, for it was always overlaid with an investiture of heavenly grace, just as when one is walking over grass-carpeted and verdure-clad hills he is never conscious of the imperturbable granite that makes the eternal foundation of those hills.

Such, then, were some of the men whose character and services have been built into the body and life of this church and built in as a permanent possession and, who even to-day, are a working energy here, although their dear and beautiful spirits have now for nearly a quarter of a century been serving their Master and ours in other regions of the one universal kingdom of our Lord.

Our thoughts to-day naturally recur to the past. The proprieties forbid our public recognition, but not our appreciation, of those trusted, generous and faithful ones that are still spared to this affectionate household of faith, and long may it be before a grateful people shall be called upon to record their obituaries.

Thus far the Lord hath led us on. We shall presently enter our new sanctuary, with nothing new, however, but the new architectural investiture,—the life the same, the spirit continuous, the same sky over us, the same sweet history behind us, the same currents flowing down upon us from on high, and flowing out upon us from the years that are gone, all inviting us on and bearing us forward to years and times of yet wider beauty and richer fruitfulness, all to the saving of men and to the glory of the Lord and of his Christ.

