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Jubilee
of the
Presbyterian History
of the
First Presbyterian Church
of Donkers, N. D.

April 19 and 20, 1902



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Jubilee

First Presbyterian Church

April 20, 1902

Prior to the month of October, 1901, at meetings of the Church Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, the approach of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the coming of the Church into the Presbyterian fold was the subject of much consideration and thought, and as a result of the conferences on the subject, the Church Session at its meeting October 13, 1901, took action looking to the celebration of that Jubilee of the Presbyterian history of the Church, and directing that the congregation be advised thereof.

On the 3d of November, 1901, in the Bulletin of that date, notice was given that the congregation would be asked to consider a plan and celebration of that event.

A Committee of the Church Session, consisting of Ruling Elders Ralph E. Prime and George R. Brown, was appointed to make arrangements for celebrating the Jubilee and to confer with the congregation.

It was also determined by the Church Session that the publication of its accustomed Year Book, ordinarily published in January of each year, should be postponed, and that its publication should be made a part of and a memorial of the Jubilee of the Church.

On the 13th day of November, 1901, at a special meeting of the congregation called by the Church Session, the congregation took

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action and appointed a committee to act with the Church Session as a committee of arrangement for the Jubilee to be celebrated in April, 1902, with power to add to the committee. Another committee was appointed by that meeting to wait upon Mr. William Allen Butler, and request him to write a poem, celebrating the Jubilee.

These committees met together and increased their number, and consolidated all the committees into one Jubilee committee, consisting of Messrs. Rev. Henry M. Baird, D. D., J. G. Beemer, Allan Bourn, George R. Brown, Marshall S. Brown, Clifton B. Bull, Charles Henry Butler, George A. Chamberlin, George A. Flagg, Theodore Gilman, Charles E. Gorton, S. B. Hawley, W. L. Heermance, Wells Olmsted, Norton P. Otis, Ralph E. Prime, George S. Prince, Henry A. Robinson, Horace H. Thayer, Mrs. Henry A. Robinson, Miss Janet W. Flagg, Miss Helen M. Foote and Miss Susie L. Heermance.

Repeated meetings of the committee were held from time to time. The promised presence of all the surviving Pastors of the Church was secured. Sunday, April 20, 1902, was determined upon as the day on which to celebrate the Jubilee, inasmuch as that date would be the anniversary of the meeting of the congregation, held April 20, 1852, by which the civil body was incorporated as a Presbyterian Church.

It was determined to celebrate the event by a social meeting and reception to be held on Saturday evening, April 19, 1902, in the Church lecture room, at which the present membership of the Church and of the congregation should meet together and welcome, as its guests, the three surviving Pastors and their families, and such of those who could be reached who had previously been members of the Church, but who had separated from us, and to which reception should also be invited the pastors of the city, and that on Sunday, April 20th, three religious services should be held—a morning service at which the pastorate of Rev. Dr. D. M. Seward, the first Pastor of the Church, should be represented and presented by some person appointed thereto, and that other addresses should be delivered by each of the three surviving pastors; and that an afternoon service should be held, which should be a union of the two Sunday Schools now under the care of

the Church, to which should be welcomed those who had been in the past the Superintendents and other Officers of the two Sunday Schools; and that an evening service should be held, in which the congregation of our Church, the mother Church, the congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the congregation of the Dayspring Presbyterian Church and the congregation of the Immanuel Chapel, yet under the care of this Church, should join, and to which the pastors of the city should also be invited.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Baird, yet a member of the congregation and who was one of the original 47 members of the Church who came with it into the Presbyterian denomination in 1852, and who seemed to be before all others the one personality who would most fitly represent the period of Dr. Seward's pastorate, was invited to take that place. It was with the deepest regret that the committee learned from him that he felt, on account of the condition of his health, unequal to undertake that service. Dr. Baird's historical relation to the early history of the Church, his intimate and long acquaintance with Dr. Seward, and the peculiar, deep and sincere affection of the people for Dr. Baird, made his forced declination of this task a keen regret to all. The Committee then turned to Mr. Ralph E. Prime, who had personally known Dr. Seward during the last six years of his pastorate, to perform that service.

It was determined that the Sunday morning service should be presided over by the Rev. Dr. Smith, the first of the surviving Pastors; that the afternoon service should be presided over by Mr. George S. Prince, the present Superintendent of the Home Church Sunday School, and that the evening services should be presided over by the Rev. Charles N. Cate, our Missionary in charge of the work at Immanuel Chapel, assisted by the Rev. George R. Cutting, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the first child of the Church, and by the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Allison, Pastor of the Dayspring Presbyterian Church, the second child of the Church.

A souvenir program of these exercises was prepared and printed, and is inserted in this book.

The Ladies' Missionary Society, with accustomed zeal of its members and with most efficient service, took charge of the Saturday evening reception, and for the great success of that meeting we are indebted to those noble women.

On Saturday evening, April 19, 1902, one of the largest gatherings ever held in our Church came together in the lecture room and the rooms adjoining. Here were representatives of the earliest and the latest of our membership—a large company of happy people, and with them the three surviving pastors of the Church and their several families, many of the pastors of the city, and a company besides of the former members of the Church, most of whom had not been seen within our walls for many years, and some of whom had been so long away that their faces were strange to all but a few of the company. But it was a glad evening.

One of the most pleasant surprises of the evening was the delivery of a poem prepared by William Allen Butler, LL. D., who had at first naturally declined to accede to the wishes of the people in that respect, to write a poem to order, but whom the muse later inspired to indite one of the most beautiful efforts of his life, and which delighted with its noble lines, all who heard him.

This Saturday evening reception was most informal. Greetings and glad words, most happy and most hearty, occupied the evening until, at a signal, all was hushed, and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Baird, who made every one happy by his presence, took the platform, and in introducing Dr. Butler said in effect:

Fifty years is a long time. I was abroad when the organized Church came into Presbyterian relations. After I returned home I found I was a member. The services were for a while conducted in the Getty Lyceum. Within about a year this great Church edifice had been built. I have lived to see the Church grow and prosper and become the mother of three comely daughters, Westminster, Dayspring and Immanuel, with the prospect of an increasing ratio of growth and prosperity in the future. I now introduce to you a gentleman who is, perhaps, better known to you than I am. I refer to Mr. William Allen Butler, who will address you in poetry. He will not read to you, but address you from the tablets of memory.

Mr. Butler was then conducted to the platform, and he feelingly recited a poem which he had written for the occasion.

This poem was entitled "Our Mother Church," and is as follows:

Our Mother Church.

I.

Full fifty years the latest century ran
 Ere this our Mother Church her life began;
 Then, the warm hearts and willing hands to aid,
 A little band the broad foundation laid
 Of a true temple, built to God alone,
 Faith its sole altar, Christ its corner-stone;
 An Apostolic Church wherein is found
 Of highest truth the pillar and the ground.
 Its outward structure, unadorned by Art,
 For simplest worship planned and set apart,
 Where, as of old, in sombre robes arrayed,
 John Knox or Calvin might have knelt and prayed,
 Or hurled defiance against ancient wrongs,
 Or preached the truth to freedom loving throngs.
 And still, in all her inmost life inwrought,
 Live the great truths those bold Reformers taught;
 The ancient faith whose bulwarks, strong and high,
 Shelter the Church and all her foes defy;
 Not now with war ablaze, nor hurling death
 On all who falter at her shibboleth,
 But girt about with peace, her open gates
 Welcome the world; while in her place she waits
 Till the night ends, the shadows flee away,
 In the bright dawn of the millennial day.
 Honor to those whom Memory recalls,
 The faithful watchmen on these sacred walls;
 Foremost in time the zealous pioneer,
 Our earliest pastor, guide and overseer,
 "Preacher of Righteousness"—this tribute stands
 Traced on the tablet reared by reverent hands
 Within these courts, where long his voice was heard
 Oft in the warning, oft the winning word;
 Honor, alike, to those who since have fed
 The flock in love and to green pastures led
 By the still waters; the thrice honored three
 Whose presence fitly crowns our Jubilee.

II.

A roll of fifty years, at every stage
 A golden legend on a spotless page;
 Now bright with joy, now traced with shades of grief

As Time's swift fingers turn each blazoned leaf;
 Here stands the record of baptismal vows,
 Breathed by fond parents over infant brows;
 Here lit with radiant tints the fair page lies
 That tells of wedded hearts and marriage ties;
 Here from within, without, the names enrolled
 Of all included in this Christian fold;
 And here of those, still dear to earthly love,
 Who left the Church below for that above;
 The young, the old and some who freely gave
 Their lives a gift the land they loved to save;
 And on the scroll these precious names abide,
 Like two fair daughters by their mother's side,
 DAYSPRING—IMMANUEL—may they both abound
 In faith and works with choicest blessings crowned.
 Thus, year by year, a lengthening chain entwines
 The sacred fabric with encircling lines,
 Shielding the shrine where God draws nigh to man,
 The heavenly pattern and the earthly plan.
 Still clings the Church to form; Life follows Law,
 Nor ever may from its firm grasp withdraw;
 Spirit and soul one sovereign rule obey,
 Immortal tenants of a house of clay;
 As Nature builds in all her wide domain,
 Where order due and due proportion reign
 So must the Church, the image of the True,
 From age to age, her ancient path pursue,
 Lifting on high her myriad domes and spires,
 The faithful wardens of her altar fires,
 To-day, as when the Hebrew outcast went,
 In all the bitterness of banishment,
 To pray by Bethel's stone, for help divine,
 Men's souls still seek the symbol and the shrine;
 In humblest house of prayer, with ritual scant,
 Or great cathedral with resounding chant
 And echoing organ peal, alike may dwell
 The visible Church, the Church invisible.

III.

What needs the Church to-day? No new-found creed
 To measure heavenly grace and human need;
 No blind assault on death and sin and pain
 With loud denials, hollow and insane;
 No cold agnostic cult, in arms arrayed
 To thrust the Maker from the world He made;
 Nor half solved problems of the realms without,
 Where Science halts and Faith is chilled by Doubt;

But the prophetic vision to foresee
 The whitening harvests of the years to be,
 And voice prophetic, as with trumpet blast,
 To call her children to redeem the past,
 To lift and bear the burdens that oppress,
 To stand for truth, for right and righteousness;
 To war with war, till peace on earth shall sound
 Her Christmas carol all the world around;
 To stamp with blazing scorn, like brand of Cain,
 The sordid greed that grasps ill-gotten gain;
 To share the toil where civic virtue strives
 For better laws and homes and nobler lives;
 To keep and guard that bright, celestial guest
 God's gift to man, His sacred day of rest;
 To seek and ever find, in darkest wild,
 The Father's image in His lowliest child;
 And more than all, by love divine to win
 A weary world from sorrow, strife and sin,
 To Him who calls, with this supreme behest:
 "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

IV.

And thou, our Mother Church, beside whose door
 Yet runs the ancient highway as of yore,
 Hard by the historic home which once possessed
 Within its walls one great, immortal guest—
 A sacred landmark which the State should claim
 And guard intact, for memory and fame—
 Full many a change thy fifty years have known,
 A wayside village to a city grown,
 Rich in fair homes that grace each terraced hill,
 In Labor rich with all its wondrous skill,
 In schools which bear the palm, and all above
 In grand memorials of unselfish love.
 But not all changed; as now, with each new spring
 Earth, air and sky their wonted blessings bring;
 And, year by year, beneath thy steep hillside
 The mighty river flows with tranquil tide,
 Under its rocky ramparts to the sea.
 May this a symbol of thy future be,
 As in the far off forests of the North,
 From crystal springs, its waters issue forth
 Through woodland shades and in the sun's bright beam,
 Deepening and broadening till the unfettered stream
 Glidés on, majestic, bearing on its breast
 The wealth of harvests garnered in the West,
 To go through ocean's gate to distant shores,

That all the earth may share its golden stores,
 So, fed by purest springs, world-wide may flow
 Each gift and grace thy loving hands bestow,
 While here thy children worship and adore
 Till earth shall vanish, time shall be no more.

A vote of thanks was most enthusiastically and heartily tendered to Mr. Butler.

A collation was served by the ladies. Music all through the evening was furnished by an orchestra from the New York Philharmonic Society. The rooms were profusely decorated with plants and flowers.

A short time before some gentlemen of the congregation, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, had purchased an additional plot of land to enlarge the property held by that society on which the Immanuel Chapel was situated. On this additional lot there was an old mortgage made by a previous owner of the lot. An event illustrating the good will and enthusiasm of the evening transpired in the raising of the money in a very few minutes to pay off and discharge this old mortgage, thus leaving every inch of land owned by the church and its several societies absolutely free of debt of any kind whatever.

THE MORNING SERVICE APRIL 20, 1902.

At the close of the morning service of the Sunday School a great congregation filled the Church. The large auditorium was profusely decorated with plants and flowers. The pulpit was occupied by the three surviving Pastors, Rev. T. Ralston Smith, D. D., the second Pastor, Rev. John Reid, D. D., the third Pastor, and Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D., the fourth and last Pastor. After an organ prelude the congregation arose and sang the Doxology, and the Invocation Prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Smith, and then the congregation, still standing, joined with the choir in chanting the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Reid announced the hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," which was sung by the congregation. Dr. Pentecost then read from the Scriptures, and Mozart's anthem, "Glorious is Thy Name, Almighty God," was sung by the choir, and Dr. Smith offered prayer.

The usual free will offering was then received with a prayer of thanks, voiced by Dr. Pentecost. During the gathering of the offering Mr. Rice sang a tenor solo, beginning with the words "Behold there shall be a day when the Watchman on the mountain tops shall cry aloud."

Gen. Ralph E. Prime, who has long been Clerk of the Church Session, then made the following historical address covering the pastorate of the Rev. D. M. Seward, D. D., the first Pastor of the Church:

There are some respects in which the first pastorate is the most important period in the history of a Church. It is then that the Church takes on its distinctive character and gets a lasting impulse. The story of the man who leads in that period is not only written when the story of his life is written, but he becomes the factor which secures for his Church the place it fills in the community and the story of the Church is his story. His character, his energy and his work are written in its history, and its afterlife is developed from his influence, and it takes on for itself the pace set by him and the tone he gave it.

There are few on the roll of this Church to-day who were on that roll when Dr. Seward, as its first pastor, went in and out among its people. Two, only, of that congregation remain with us who were of the original members, and whose names he wrote upon the Church Register, viz.: Rev. Henry M. Baird, D. D., and Mrs Hannah W. Foote. Dr. Baird, yet in the congregation, was transferred to the Church at Princeton, and was ordained to the ministry, and is borne on the roll of Presbytery, leaving Mrs. Foote on the Church roll, the only one of those members of this Church who were with it in the beginning.

Dr. Seward was the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Yonkers for little over one year when the congregation unanimously voted to become a Presbyterian Church, and he came with the bulk of the congregation in April, 1852, into the Presbyterian fold. Having been installed in February, 1851, the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, he never was otherwise installed as Pastor of this Church. Whatever may have been or may be the general understanding outside our Church as to the events of that time, it seems to be true that a new Church was not even organized, but the full fledged and organized Church body, with pastor, Church officers and people, simply came out of one ecclesiastical relation into another. To-day, therefore, is more the Jubilee of our Presbyterian history. A little more than a decade later I made his acquaintance, and came to know per-

sonally the sweetness and gentleness of the man, and which could not help infusing itself into all of the events that marked that change of ecclesiastical relation. Those characteristics no doubt helped to smooth controversies, to calm storms, and to unify the congregation into a real Christian fellowship. His people largely, if not entirely, came of New England blood, were liberty-loving, determined, and full of convictions of their own, and his influence could not fail of having great potency in the early period of the Church history.

He was conciliatory and kind to all. He did not make enemies. What he did or said was not such as to evoke criticism. I believe that all who knew him would write of him, that he was a Godly man. What an epitaph that! Who would not wish it for his own?

Dr. Seward was also a New England man by birth, by education and by natural inclination. As a young man he was modest but vigorous and decided, and had brilliant imagination. He was a lover of nature and always brought back from his vacations to his people treasures of thought from meditation upon nature and nature's God, and his sermons abounded with illustrations of spiritual thought, out of the revelations opened to him in the observation and study of the commonest things of nature, so common that most of us pass them by and hear no voice and see no vision. He must have experienced the inspiration of the poet:

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
"And every common bush afire with God,
"But only he who sees, takes off his shoes."

Dr. Seward was no common thinker. His sermon work was never slighted. All that he said in the service of the Sanctuary was carefully prepared. The House of God was entitled to the best he could give, and he conscientiously brought to it his best work, and his best efforts. He was not only a deep thinker but he wrote well. It was no uncommon thing that he spoke from the pulpit passages of the greatest beauty. He was an impressive preacher. He did not startle his hearers with any new or strange statements of theology. He did not preach disputed views. He was a preacher of righteousness. A student and a thinker, he doubtless had opinions of his own, but his thinking did not run away with him, and he did not from the pulpit or in his pastoral work, attempt to lead his people into places where they could not follow him. He was a believer in an actual new birth and in a revival spirit, and made much of the work of the Holy Ghost. I am informed that this was his continual thought. As the years rolled on and he grew in experience, he more and more preached the Gospel, and grew more and more conservative. "He was a faith-

ful, loving and successful pastor, and a warm Christian brother and friend." He was the pastor of this Church until June 20, 1870; from the change in April, 1852, a period of more than 18 years. He died January 17, 1901. This congregation has recorded their love for him in a tablet of bronze on the walls of this Church.

Forty-seven names Dr. Seward wrote upon the roll in April, 1852, when the Church changed its denominational relation,¹ and in June, 1870, when the pastoral relation was dissolved, the number of those whose names had been placed there was 567.

During this time 342 were received on letters of dismissal from other churches commending them to this Church, and 178 united with this Church on confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. This was a large number of additions for that period and for the community, which was very small compared with our now populous city. It was then but a village, and a small village, too. It was an average of 10 yearly on confession of their faith, and 19 per year from other Churches. A glance at the historical list contained in the first of our recent series of Year Books shows a result of the revival of 1858, which swept the land and did not pass us by. At the January Communion of that year 5 made confession of their faith, at the March Communion 8, at the May Communion 25, at the July Communion 17, a total of 55 in the first half of that year. Again in the year 1868, as a result of a work of grace at that time, 17 were added on confession of their faith at the May and July Communion seasons.

It is impossible that all the names connected with the Church during the pastorate of Dr. Seward should be repeated at this time. There are many gone to their rewards, to whom the Church owes so much for

¹ Those 47 names were the following: William L. Atwater, Isabella A. Atwater (wife of William L.), Henry Martyn Baird, Charlotte Baird (widow of John), Fermine E. O. Baird (wife of Rev. Dr. Robert), Samuel S. Barry, Archibald Borland, Isabella B. Brown (afterward wife of John Thomson), Bertha Burns (widow of David, Sr.), David Burns, Jane Burns (wife of David), Susan B. Cantrell (widow of Parvin), Maria Cowdrey (widow of Peter A.), Ann Cunningham (afterward wife of James Young), Mary Ann Cunningham (afterward wife of William J. Sugden), Lydia W. Flagg (widow of Augustus), Ethan Flagg, Levi W. Flagg, Lucy A. Flagg (afterward wife of John Olmsted), Maria M. Flagg, William C. Foote, Hannah W. Foote (wife of William C.), Mary M. Gale (wife of Henry), Joseph S. Hawkins, Eliza M. Hawkins (wife of Joseph S.), Abby S. Howland (wife of John H.), Henry Ireland, Rebecca S. Ireland (wife of Henry), Duncan MacFarlane, Mary A. MacFarlane (wife of Duncan), Eliza Ann Mann (wife of William D.), Lucy Marsh, William P. Mott, Sarah Mott (wife of William P.), James Nodine, Sarah A. Nodine (wife of James), Peter Nodine, Abigail E. Nodine (wife of Peter), Josiah Rich, Samuel D. Rockwell, Oril J. Rockwell (wife of Samuel D.), Lydia H. Seward (wife of Rev. Dwight M.), Ralph Shipman, Marilla Shipman (wife of Ralph), Margaret Stone (wife of William A.), Lemuel W. Wells, Abi Wells (wife of Lemuel W.).

their services and for their generosity, that Dr. Seward's pastorate cannot be reviewed without mentioning some of them.

The name of Lemuel W. Wells not only figures in the title to all the land in the center of population and of business in our city, but he was an important part of the history of this Church. He was one of the Elders chosen December 3, 1843, at the organization of the Dutch Reformed Church, and continued such officer until the Church became Presbyterian. He gave the land on which was built the Reformed Dutch Church, but he came out into the Presbyterian fold in 1852, when the Church changed its ecclesiastical relation. He was one of the two, the first of the Elders of this Presbyterian Church, and continued in that relation to the Church until his death in September, 1861. He was the first Superintendent of the Sunday School, and for years served as such, and after laying down that office continued long his warm and active interest in the school, and was the teacher of its Bible Class, and only ceased his activity on account of failing health.

The name of Ethan Flagg recalls one who will never be overlooked so long as the history of the Church is studied. He was elected and ordained a Deacon of the Dutch Reformed Church in April, 1847, and continued to serve as such until the Church became Presbyterian, and then, with all the members of Consistory, resigned, and he became then one of the first of our Trustees. As connected with the Reformed Dutch Church he was most generous. He gave the land on which its Manse was built. He gave the land on which stands our noble Church buildings. He provided the land on which our own Church Missionary Association erected the first Dayspring Church. He was always a generous and willing giver to all the work of the Church. He served this Church as a Trustee continuously during Dr. Seward's pastorate, and from 1852 to 1867. He outlived that pastorate, and continued his generosity, and added to his service as Trustee the years from 1872 till his death in 1884. None had a more continual interest in all that belongs to the Church. The House of God, its beauty, its convenience, its adornments and its support, were almost daily in his thoughts. He was a model steward of God's House and of the property dedicated to sacred uses. One who knew him well has written: "What a grand man he was, while making no pretense and exhibiting no desire to court the praise of man."

The name of William C. Foote is fresh to memory. He and his wife, yet with us, and the only one of the original 47 still on the Church roll, were members of the Reformed Dutch Church and came with the congregation into Presbyterian relations. He became one of the most active and esteemed members of the flock. He was early interested in the Sunday School, and engaged personally in its work, and

was for many years its Superintendent. In 1856 he was chosen an Elder of the Church, and served in that office for 32 years and until his death in 1888. From October 28, 1867, until his death, he was Clerk of the Church Session. It does not seem long since he was taken away, and there are many here who remember him well. He was a stately, courtly man, kind to all, a messenger of peace. One who knew him well and sat with him in the Church Session says of him: "His disposition was genial and conciliatory, and all his thoughts were for the peace and prosperity of our Church. He was of dignified presence and manner, and in his mouth was the law of kindness. While he was a man of strong principle and decided views, he always deferred to the opinions of others. As Clerk of the Session he was precise in keeping the records. Much of the prosperity of the Church is due to his influence, example and labors."

John Olmsted was one of the first trustees of this Church, and his name appears in the certificate of incorporation as such. He was regularly re-elected twelve times, holding office continuously from 1852 until his death in May, 1890. He was treasurer of the Church from 1852 to the time of his resignation of that office in March, 1886. He was trusted and honored in the Church, as he was in the world. Full of the affairs of the world, he yet found time to give to the service of God's House.

Time will not allow more than to name a few only of others of the band of sterling men and women of that 18 years, and there were many, the zeal, and work, and generosity, and prayers of each of whom had place and share in all work and worship of the period of that pastorate. There was Elder Samuel S. Barry, David Burns who served the Church as Sexton, Dr. Levi W. Flagg, the beloved physician, Duncan MacFarlane, long a deacon of the Church; Elder Samuel D. Rockwell, Ralph Shipman, also a deacon (they were of the first 47), Dr. Hudson Kinsley, George W. Francis, Justus Lawrence, Deacon Clinton M. Davis, Elder Jesse H. Tyler, Deacon John Thomson, Elder Stephen H. Thayer, Anson D. F. Randolph, Elder John W. Skinner, Elder Lucius E. Clark, all these have long since passed away. They are a few names only of the band whose names the records of the Church preserves. More cannot be mentioned now.

How few remain who knew that period. We welcome to-day among our guests the son and daughter of Dr. Seward who yet survive and return to celebrate with us this Jubilee. The pastorate of Dr. Seward ended June 10, 1870. It saw the beginning of the Presbyterian history of the Church. It witnessed the generosity, and energy, and devotion of that band of men and women who saw this Church building, within the first two years, commenced and com-

pleted. It saw the roll of its membership from 47 increase until 567 names had been entered upon it. It saw two revival seasons, with a gathering into the fold of many of the saved. At its end only 16 remained of those who began with it. During that period the place of the Church which it since held in this community became fixed, and the foundation was laid for all its influence. All that which has marked its history in the years that have followed, its influence for virtue, and for good, and for uplifting; its example of generous giving to the work of the Kingdom of our Lord on the earth; its promiscuous contributions to all causes that go for good; its work in adding to the number of the Churches of our name, and faith, and polity in the city, we may well, on this Jubilee day set largely to the account of the first pastor and those who labored with him and gave of their substance, and worshiped in this house in which we meet to-day.

Dr. Reid then announced and the congregation sang the hymn, "O God of Bethel," and Rev. T. Ralston Smith, D. D., the second pastor of the Church, rose and said:

Beloved Friends.—I thank you from my heart for the courtesy which has called me to occupy this place to-day, and which assures me of your confidence in my abiding interest and affection. A half century is a long period in the life of a man or a woman. It is a small space in the history of a corporate institution, whose vitality endures while generations come and go. Yet even fifty years of work may give lustre to the past, stability to the present, and promise for the future in the annals of a Christian Church. Such an organization rarely departs from its original type. And my thoughts are busy with the Makers of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers.

The Builder and Maker of all things that enter as component parts into the earthly City of God is the divine Author and Head of the Christian Commonwealth. Without His blessings as the vital and fruitful source of every good, we should have no alleluias to sing to-day. Whatever there is of gladness in our hearts, of mutual congratulation in our speech, of dear and venerated memories, of joys and sorrows sanctified, of kindling and far-reaching hopes, the supreme tribute, the all-pervading sense of gratitude, are due to Him who graciously enables us to say "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our chief memorial stones are blazoned not with human names, but with that Name which is above every name, whose shining glory captivates and dazzles the loyal soul. It was inscribed here long ago. Fifty years in themselves mean nothing. Even the marvels which make those years the most resplendent in the natural history of our humanity

belong to the things which perish. But the work done for God reflects the splendor of His Throne, and has within it, alone of all achievements, the seeds of immortality.

Only because I assume for the moment an official capacity, do I venture to link my own personality with the life and development of this Church. It is a great honor; it is a greater blessing to have been pastor and leader of such a flock. The memory brings thankfulness and joy; but the feeling most deeply inwrought is one of humility. No true minister can survey his work without exclaiming "Who is sufficient for these things?" To obtrude himself is the last and lowest of his instincts. Happy is he, if, like John, the herald of the Messiah, he can efface himself behind his Lord, and, setting all earthly distinctions aside, is content to say, with that second Elijah, "I am the voice of one crying," the voice of one testifying to the true life; or content to remain hidden in the cloud, while the glory of the transfigured Jesus envelops the mountain side and admits no rivalry. Yet even there the human element was graciously recognized of God, for Moses and Elias stood beside the Master and linked the ancient strifes and services with the coming triumphs of the final dispensation.

The treasures of God are still in earthen vessels. So if I recall the eight years and a little more of my work in Yonkers, I do it modestly I trust, but not the less truly with a lawful and honorable pride that I have in some way, and in some measure, contributed to the edifice, the spiritual house, which was so beautiful then, but has grown under the faithful toiling of my honored successors into something more beautiful still. The history has been so fully written and is so generally in your possession, that to recite its details would only be a superfluous and wearisome encroachment on your patience. I found you a strong Church, though years before you had sent forth another in whose prosperity you have been rejoicing ever since. You were stronger still when the Dayspring Chapel assumed an independent life and entered on a career which has so nobly justified the wisdom of those who in faith laid its steadfast foundations. That work is among my most grateful recollections. Indeed, what recollections do I cherish that are not blessed? Those were happy years, which have left the flavor of a mellow fruit, years which founded friendships that endure in ripeness to this day. There still remain many whom I can call as witnesses to the fact that "I was determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Happily, I can testify that this singleness of aim, this exclusive purpose, this work as narrow as a geometrical line, yet as wide and all-embracing as the atmosphere which enfolds the globe, met from you the response which made them effectual and helped me onward to whatever faith-

fulness I showed. I fain would think that the seeds then planted are growing yet in the propitious soil of your hearts, and fruiting in the lives you lead for Christ. The chief earthly blessing given to a true minister of this blessed gospel is not to be permitted to point to earthly renown or honors of human device, but to be able to say "Ye are our Epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men,"—ye, whose genuine and growing piety is the one thing that can set the stamp of fidelity on an ambassador of Jesus, the stamp that means more than earthly crowns and robes of purple. It was my privilege to admit to this communion two hundred and seventy-six of its members, one hundred and sixty of them at their first profession of faith in our blessed Redeemer. For those of them who remain, I love to think of their walking in the footsteps of their Master. Of those who have crossed the tide of time, my dearest thought is that they may have entered in where alone the welcome "well done" is final, and where the beautiful seal is set which eternity itself can never dim. But these are only a part of a larger army of the faithful, which here for fifty years has been pressing onward to the music of hope and anticipated triumph, always one in memory and faith, though part of the host has crossed the flood, and part is crossing now.

This brings to vivid recollection the makers of the Church who have sat in the pews and toiled by the way, setting the impress of sanctity on all our history. Of not a few of them we may say, as the Apostle testified of so many ancient heroes of the faith, "of whom the world was not worthy." For here, in this quiet and happy region of beautiful Christian homes, there may be noble courage, as truly as there was when perils of flame and sword and ravening lions confronted the Lord's chosen, as truly as when the glens of Scotland echoed the savage cries of the persecutor, or France ran blood because our brethern were faithful unto death. As I look about me I see many whose names I would inscribe on the glittering roll—many, and yet alas! how few, who stood by my side so many years ago, bestowing the inspiration of prayer and help—many who are still bearing the heat and burden of the day, and who, by their beautiful lives, their ample generosity, and their untiring energy, are not only perpetuating grand traditions, but are conserving and developing the vigor of the Church and lifting it higher and higher towards the eminence which belongs of right to a city set upon a hill—a Christian host whose material coign of vantage is a constant symbol of that spiritual domination which alone should satisfy its holy ambition.

Yet of the living I may not speak by name, though their names are enshrined here within my breast and their hearts beat against mine as the unspoken recognition awakes in them instinctive, and I

am sure affectionate, response. But do you remember, among those who have gone to their reward, such exemplars of faith and consecration as William C. Foote and John W. Skinner; such men of wisdom and fruitful counsel as Ethan Flagg, John Olmsted, Lucius E. Clark and Samuel D. Rockwell; such men of action as Charles Lockwood, Thomas H. Cuthell and Patrick Kelly—every one of whom, with many another, is linked in my thoughts with the foundation work which made this beloved Church what it is? I do not separate them into groups because their graces were narrowly bounded; for faith and Christian wisdom and practical fidelity go together, and in their lives were blended as the colors blend in the rainbow. But these men reveal themselves to my recollection as types especially of the qualities with which I associate their names. Their varied endowments were needed, as the contrasting natures of Peter and John were requisite alike to enrich and perfect the life of the early Church; and as God's great spiritual temple is builded on the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, so here, undergirding the fabric of this Church, determining its dimensions, its form and its strength, are the lives and labors of such men as I have named, the lustre of whose record cannot be obscured. No wonder that a Church which owns such a heritage of wealth, which was shaped and fostered and inspired by men like these, should come to its Jubilee with joy, and look out upon its future with confidence. Nor do they stand alone. When I came to you the names of Wells and Barry, of Kinsley and Tyler, were spoken of with still living remembrance and affection; and those later on of McFarlane, Lawrence, Francis, Cruikshank, Schieffelin, Shipman, Collins, Davis, Hutton, Graves, Morse and Roberts enlarged the cherished catalogue of men devoted to the welfare of this congregation, and claimed the tribute of honorable recognition.

And I should fail, indeed, if I were to withhold my meed of honor from the noble Christian women whose consecrated work forms a splendid part of our inheritance. What Mary was in contemplative and enraptured piety; what Dorcas was in charity and loving ministrations, and Phebe in the hardships of missionary work, many of our women have been, who, not less than our noble men, have helped to give this Church its character, and to make it the home of the Master's Spirit. I am thinking of such names as Coe and Anderson, and Leeds of Willard, and Randolph and Baird, my helpers all of them. Yet time would fail me to mention the whole memorable list, whether of women or of men, whose names and lives are still fragrant among us. Selection is not neglect, nor does it mean forgetfulness. I am only illustrating my thought, with large spaces left for you to fill out of the abundance of your grateful memories. Best of all, the Lord knows

every one who has been faithful here, whether in official station, in private and unobtrusive toil, or in the Christian home, and not one will fail of the promised reward. Let us not forget that woman whom Jesus handed down to universal and eternal fame and admiration as a jewel without a name, whose glory is not who she was, but what she was and what she did. Rejoice, I entreat you, in what our worthies have been and have done. Be thankful that you have entered into the inheritance of their services, and strive after the same inheritance of glory. Keep this Church what they helped to make it, differing only in the height to which it rises and the farther reach of its abundant and beneficent powers. Well founded it was, as you and I can truly witness—built upon the rock of God's truth where it stands to-day. Sweet affections have embellished its fair walls. Deep heart experiences have sanctified its courts. Its memories are sacred indeed, and we must be true to them. God has given signal prosperity; while opportunities and means for farther service were never greater here than by His favor they are this hour. The prospect before us is glittering. But faithfulness alone can realize hope. And as nothing can give the crystal form and beauty of the perfect diamond to the elements which make its splendor save the mystery of nature under the touch of the Divine Hand, so nothing can achieve the ideal Church save the burning love and energy of consecrated souls, accepted and blessed of God. Traditions are of value only as they inspire and inflame. It is not surveying the way already trod, but pressing toward the mark which wins the goal.

The position of a Church like this is peculiar and has its peculiar difficulties. Such a Church may fail somewhat in notoriety, but its faith and its good works need never fail; and these may be as mighty and productive here as if your sphere were amid the teeming multitudes of London or New York. Indeed, your very separateness from the madding crowd is a condition of especial usefulness. In happy freedom from unseemly competitions you can steadily hold aloft, in the might of repose as well as action, the banner of the Gospel. To that exalted trust God is calling you. In this age of tumult, in this day of intense commercialism and unscrupulous greed, when we seem almost to be reverting to barbaric types and taking for our models the wild luxuriousness of a Xerxes or a Nero; in this time of infidel materialism, this time of insatiate and soulless grasping, when men are tempted to seek fortune in the suffering and starvation of their fellows, how opportunity looms up before a Church like this. It is just in such a place that the spiritual can be nursed, until that time, surely coming, when it shall be supreme and burst forth in the glory of its might, as the truth, long smothered and hidden in the thick darkness of the

Middle Ages, leaped into splendor and power when Luther's thunders shook the half dead world into consciousness and spiritual liberty. Thank God that the Bread of Life is the one food that no cornered market can ever keep from the hungry and faint. And here, as in a sweet refuge, you can have the banquet always spread and invite the starving to eat and live forever. Let this be your mission. In the sublime consciousness of it be true to your Saviour, true to the word which some in these days so lightly hold, true to the path in which so long you have walked with Jesus, and there will be no uncertainty for the future. May God guide you as He has guided you in the past! I have no fear. I congratulate you on your Jubilee, because it promises so much to come. Tears may flow as we think of the departed who would be so glad to-day. But how do we know that their gladness is not even richer than ours, for are they not a part of that great cloud of witnesses who look down to see whether we are laying aside every weight and running with patience the race that is set before us? Sweet is the joy of earth that blends with the joy of Heaven, joy over what God has wrought, joy in the expectancy of blessings yet to come. May the fulfillment of the Heavenly promises exceed our dreams. May many Jubilees, each more enthusiastic than those before, be celebrated here; and may the august procession set facing Heavenward fifty years ago keep on its steady march, with toil and cross-bearing, pouring its living stream through the pearly gates, and gathering, as it sweeps along, great multitudes of those for whom Christ died.

Lord, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.
 Alleluia!

The congregation sang the hymn beginning "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," after which Rev. John Reid, D. D., the third Pastor of the Church, arose and said:

It was a sentence of Richter, that "Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out."

There is indeed such a thing as mental obliteration. It may be a physical defect; or it may be the result of accident; or it may be only the inheritance of accumulated years. Yet, if one speaking with another of some gone-by fact or of some gone-away feature, has to say, "I do not remember," in the surprise of the other, "Why, do you not remember?" he feels a rebuke as though he had lost one of the sensitive elements that go to make up the finer beauties of life. If we cannot remember, we invariably wish that we could.

And there is such a thing as voluntary forgetfulness. With the

old ecclesiastic bending over his *tabula rasa*, when there is no further use for what is written, we purposely apply the sponge and erase it that the surface may be traced anew. And nothing so effectually seals the springs of hate and opens the fountain of love as the simple recognition of our responsibility for what we remember.

So, too, memory not only fails or is faulty where there is nothing of moral attachment, but sometimes it is of itself faithless. What goes in at one ear is out at the other. Yet, memory is the imprint of experience. However indistinct the impression that it made, or however later impressions may supersede it, the print is never wholly obliterated. There is no river Lethe, the drinking of whose waters will make what was as though it had never been.

“ Each day brings its petty dust,
Our soon-choked hearts to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.”

What at one time seems to have been effaced or cannot be recollected, is at another time apt to be even involuntarily recalled. Oftentimes resisting every entreaty to return its treasures, memory will of itself restore them when they are no longer asked for—a spoiled child, one moment sulking in silence, it will suddenly speak out and sometimes with startling effect.

Thus, nothing once acquired is ever wholly lost. Not always present, it is nevertheless always retained, and may be at any time summoned. The river sweeps by, and the gold grains it held are left behind. The mirror is concave, and it takes in the whole overarching sky. A vast sounding board, the soul is forever echoing with itself. Moving among its alcoves, life hands down the books for which the soul asks and which it desires to peruse. Life always gives back what it receives. Life has continuity. Whatever is, finds itself projected into what is to be. When we contemplate the present, it is the past that we judge; and when we measure the present, it is the future that we make.

Here is the immortal soul's immortalizing faculty. Reading over that exquisitely simple but equally beautiful poem of Robert McCheyne, which he called “The Sea of Galilee,” and which he composed on the shore of that water, every mind, humble and refined and affectionate as the mind of that Dundee preacher was, feels a sympathetic throb with the sentiment of what is expressed in the poem. In the first verse—

“ How pleasant to me, thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.”

And then in the verse next to the last:—

“O Saviour! gone to God’s right hand!
 Yet the same Saviour still!
 Graven on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
 And every fragrant hill!”

Every sensitive mind throbs at once with the sentiment there; but the philosophy of it is not always so clear. Just as the intercessory life of Christ in Heaven is linked with His redemptive life on earth; so, in narrower time as in unlimited eternity, our existence in the by and by is ever to be linked with the experience through which we are passing in the now. In every earthly event there is an immortality, which is to be achieved by the human spirit which comes in contact with the event. Experience is external and dissolving, but it becomes a part of existence which is essential and undissolving forever.

How is all our home life diversified by this strong inner faculty? Birth, baptism, bridal, burial—all are remembered with a tenderness of thought that is prompted by the moral culture of the home. And no more kindly or sacred office has this faculty to render than when, with their recurring anniversaries, we remember these events. Now, every Christian sanctuary is a holy home. In the midst of other homes, separate and distinct, it is the common home of a household of faith. And, as Victor Hugo said, “it seems as if the house of man shares his brief tenure, and the House of God His eternity.” So, to gather up the precious memories of a church’s eventful past is not to laud men; it is to honor that Infinite God

“Out of whose hands the centuries fall
 Like grains of sand.”

After a brief interval following upon the retirement from it of Dr. Smith, the present speaker, in November, 1879, entered upon the pastorate of this Church, and was privileged to serve it for sixteen years. During those sixteen years, about twice that number of pastors came to Yonkers and went away. When the sixteen years were numbered, there were in the pastorates of the other evangelical churches of the city only two ministers who had been in the service of these from an earlier period; one of them, good Dr. Cole, of the Reformed Church, had come at a period so much earlier that a comparison would hardly count; the other, Dr. Allison, who is still the devoted and honored minister of the Dayspring Church, which for many years had been a singularly loved mission of this Church, had commenced his work as pastor a half-year before.

It would transgress the limits of time, if not of propriety, to dwell upon the details of these sixteen years. All words fail where all

shadows fade, and joy becomes unspeakable when it is full of peace; but in the considerateness with which their public ministry was always received; in the uniformly responsive sympathy and helpfulness of officers and members, the hospitality of homes and the love of children whose cherished memories and friendships shall forever endure, the ever ready co-operation of singers and players on instruments and keeper at the door, the warm and cordial fraternity of ministers and of priests, the free and frequent sociality of people in other churches and throughout the city, by all of which tokens they were graciously marked—those sixteen years witnessed a pastorate that was signalized by all the comfort in Christ, and all the consolation of love, and all the fellowship of the Spirit, and all the tender mercies and compassions of God and of man that ever fulfilled the joy of an unworthy minister of the Gospel on earth.

It is not possible in such a paper as this fully or accurately to aggregate. Written without any of the tools of *data* to square and dovetail the separated facts of history, and only with memory to shape thought, many things are left untouched; but they are not forgotten because they are not recorded.

1. First, as to material aspects, this period witnessed a change in every part of the Church, except in its towers and outer walls and foundations and the site on which it stands, even half of its pews were transformed. In the spring of 1880, the Trustees from the ordinary revenue of the Church determined to remove the shingles which had always covered its roof, and to replace them with slate. Immediately the Pastor received a letter from one of its members, who had just declined a re-election to its eldership, desiring to recarpet the auditorium. Iron sharpeneth iron. Man was made, not for solitude, but for society, and that generous offer from Mr. Charles Lockwood, whose personal interest and influence has been of such unspeakable value in the whole religious and missionary life of this Church, was the first step in the movement which resulted, during that summer, through the gift of one as to those on the sides and through the gift of another as to those on the front, in the replacing of the old windows with their little square panes and their inside folding shutters by the present cathedral glazed windows, and then, through the united efforts of all the people, in the renewal and decoration of the entire interior of the Church and in the erection and furnishment of the chapel which stands on the west. It was a movement in which all took part. The people just set their affection to the house of their God, and offered willingly to the Lord. The first response to the pastor's general statement of what was desired to have done came from a very devout, though a very humble, member, an old colored woman, who

came to the front of the pulpit at the close of that morning's worship, and handed him a silver dollar. He before whom all alms and prayers come up as a memorial was still being worshiped.

Four years later, on the evening of Thursday, February 14, 1884, a meeting of the Church and congregation was convened in the lecture room to act upon a communication which the Trustees had received, and in which was the offer of one of the members to purchase and cancel the mortgage of ten thousand dollars which had rested upon the Manse property since the time of its purchase. Such parting guests are always speeded on their way, and when, that night, the checks and the bonds passed one another on the road, the pastor suggesting that there was a fire burning in the study grate, the Trustees and the benefactor and he adjourned thereto—the flames did the rest. But while the fire burned, hearts outside were musing, and Mr. Lucius E. Clark, gone to the Church above since then, had already moved that the burnt-offering be followed by a thank-offering, even unto the building of a new Manse. Within a few weeks the old frame structure was removed, but it had housed many a great joy in the long years of its standing, and in November of that year the present brick structure, architected by one of the Church members, had taken its place. On the Sunday before the house was occupied the statement of its building committee, to the chairmanship of which Mr. George D. Pitkin had given the efficient service of a most generous and unselfish spirit, was read from the pulpit. A special offering was made. The committee, with one or two others, retired; upon their return the Pastor was requested to announce that all deficiency had been met and that the Church property entire was free from debt.

From the beginning of its history this Church had sought to carry the gospel to the neighborhoods round about; and one of the earliest trusts committed to the pastorate now in review was the charge of the Church Missionary Association, given immediately upon the completion of all its affairs relating to the Dayspring Church, that a new field for missionary work should be sought. Localities were visited and canvassed, but for three years no suitable opportunity was found. Then in 1883 some of the young people commenced and maintained a Sunday School in one of the houses known as "Moquette Row," and where it remained for a long time, very many of the people here meeting the rental and the expense of lighting at the evening preaching service which for eighteen months and more was conducted by the Pastor. For six months the preacher himself was the only male who was presumably edified by the preaching. Then a man timidly came in, and, after a long, brave race by himself, proved to be the forerunner of many of his kind. From that time the work grew

apace. In 1886 the Missionary Association assumed its support. From the neighborhood in which it was established it was known as the "Moquette Mission." On the morning of Sunday, March 13, 1887, the Pastor preached here from the text: "They shall call His name Immanuel," and on the afternoon of that day "Immanuel Chapel" was dedicated to the worship of its Lord. From the beginning an ordained minister was in charge. The second, third and fifth were ordained in this house. At the ordination of the fourth, in an Eastern city, the Pastor assisted and preached the sermon. The last pulpit service of this pastorate was one in the ordination of the last. Consecrated by the piety and prayers of the devoted young people of this Church, with whom it was a work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope that Bethel hath been a Bethsaida in its pool of healing, and a Siloam in its pool of blessing unto many; a Bethsaida in its fruits and a Bethany in its songs unto our God.

In 1890 these galleries were remodelled. In 1894 the Church was again redecored, this pulpit erected and the new organ put in, the west wall being removed to receive it. Without pausing to give the more accurate figure, it may be permitted to quote a sentence from the Trustees' Report, presented by their President on January 16, 1895; "During the present pastorate there has been raised by this congregation, for the maintenance of the Church and benevolent objects, over two hundred thousand dollars."

2. As to the spiritual, the more distinctively religious aspects. There were always the signs of the favor and leadership of God. But can these ever be written down? Do they not remain the "unknown quantity" until the final demonstration of the problem is reached?

It was now that the Women's Missionary Society, whose fine record might well be unrolled to-day, was established in its present form. A Girls' Auxiliary thereto was mothered in the Manse. The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbytery was born in this room. A Society of Christian Endeavor was formed. The young men of the Church entered on their useful service in the sanctuary. Through the abounding mercy of the Lord, 661 were added to the membership of the Church. Quoting again from the report already cited: "During the present pastorate there have been added more than twice the whole number reported when the pastorate commenced and the Church was twenty-seven years old. Notwithstanding the many changes by death and removal from the city—the latter changes being proverbial in the history of Yonkers—the total membership to-day is still more than twice that reported at the beginning of the present pastorate."

3. The bare mention of these things calls up the names and forms of some very earnest men and consecrated women. Were there allotted time, there were Apostolic warrant to call the heroic roll. Among the Trustees, men of clear vision and firm action; among the Deacons, men of tenderest sympathy and one of unfailingly gracious almonage of the Church's care for the poor; among the Elders, men who were true presbyters, familiar with law and usage, rich in piety and strong in tradition, with whom spiritual fervor was a pulse and religious principle a habit: they were the fathers of their Church, the brothers and friends of their Pastor. At the last sanctuary service of this pastorate the Pastor came in a few minutes late. He had just left the bedside of the last Elder still active in the eldership in the number of those who had constituted the Board of Elders when the pastorate commenced. As the people sang the closing hymn, and before the benediction was pronounced, a messenger came into the pulpit and whispered in the Pastor's ear: "Elder Clark has just passed away." He was a good man: a spirit refined and delicate—like the fragrance of a flower—and the others of that early band had all been like unto him. It is to such manly men that this Church is indebted for the prominence and prosperity it has enjoyed; and to that line of devout and honorable women, too, full of the good works and the almsdeeds which they did: sometimes adorning and beautifying the Church, and always honoring and serving the Lord. Some of these men and women are alive and remain unto this present; but still more of them, lovely and pleasant in life and whose memory at this moment is as ointment poured forth filling the whole of this house with its fragrance, are now sainted, having gone up through these speeding years, out of the company of this blessed communion, to join the General Assembly and Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven.

"Noblesse oblige!"

The works of men never reach the best in the blessings of God. Happy they who by faith hear to-day the trumpet of His Gospel Jubilee. O, people of the living God, put your trust in Him.

The congregation sang the hymn beginning "A Mighty Fortress Is 'Our God," and then Dr. George F. Pentecost, fourth and last Pastor of the Church, arose and said:

DEAR FRIENDS.—After listening to the three able, brilliant and eloquent addresses, the first by Mr. Ralph E. Prime in memory of Dr. Seward, the first Pastor of the Church, and those of my distin-

guished predecessors in the pastorate, Drs. Smith and Reid, I feel standing here that I am a living anti-climax to these distinguished three, feeling myself to be the least of all the saints and less than the least of these apostolic preachers and pastors.

My well known deficiency in terminal facilities has led the Chairman of the Programme Committee to put the brakes on me at the beginning of this my address, so that the whole programme may be completed on time.

Before entering further in detail upon what may have been the distinguishing characteristics of the history of the Church during my brief pastorate of a little less than five years, I may briefly say that the characteristics of the Church for material and spiritual prosperity have shown no symptoms of decline during my pastorate. For, though there has been no further occasion to enlarge the Church building, or build additional Sunday School and lecture room facilities, still the Church building and especially the beautiful audience room has latterly been entirely renovated and refurnished; electric lighting has been introduced, and in every way brought to an up-to-date standard of comfort, convenience and beauty. In addition to this the Manse has been generously enlarged and improved, making it one of the loveliest homes in which any minister of our Church may be installed—I envy him his coming privilege. I have no statistics of the number of those received into our Communion, either by letter or on confession of faith, but they have not fallen below the average of the best years in the past. Among those during my pastorate who have passed to the other side may be mentioned Mr. Charles Lockwood, Dr. Robert W. Flagg, and more recently his much beloved mother; Mr. Edward Plummer and Miss Mary E. Bradford, Mrs. and Miss Randolph, both beloved in the Lord; Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, highly esteemed; Samuel V. Essick and his son, John D. Essick; Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Allan Bourn, cut off in their young life; Mrs. Caroline Beebe, in her old age; Schuyler Bogart, greatly loved and mourned; Miss Elizabeth De Angelis; Mrs. Sarah Upham, one in whom the Lord delighted, and latest of all, Mr. Roswell A. Roberts, greatly honored and deeply mourned. All these have gone to be with the Lord, and all are missed and mourned by the congregation.

Of the Immanuel Chapel, spoken of by Dr. Reid as having been born under his pastorate, I can only say that it has held its own in good and faithful work under successive ministers and missionaries, and during the past two years has gone forward until it begins to look like it would presently make the fourth Presbyterian Church in this city. Its present great efficiency as an agency of the Church is due to the ministry of our beloved Rev. Mr. Cate, among whose most excel-

lent characteristic gifts is his devoted and gifted wife, whom may our Heavenly Father always bless and strengthen.

Now turning to my own ministry, I have only the inclination to expose the underlying principles which have guided me in my pastorate and especially in my pulpit work. These have been three. I suppose every minister of the Gospel has an underlying plan of ministry which if the congregation does not see is, after all, the guiding motive of his ministry.

First, I have sought to advocate a pure, living and aggressive Christianity including at least these points. The divine origin, authority and integrity of the Holy Scriptures, as known, loved, studied and taught by our Lord Jesus Christ and referred to by Him after His resurrection as the Law, the Prophets and the Psalms; which also He expounded to the opened understanding of His Disciples, and which He said were witnesses to Him and prophetic of His sufferings, His resurrection and His glory. I have not only sought to maintain the integrity and divine authority of these Scriptures, as well as those of the New Testament, but to impress upon my people the prime importance of knowing these Scriptures, not alone from the pulpit, but from a careful, systematic and personal study of them, which I have urged should be mastered by every true and sincere Christian. No part of my work has been a source of greater pleasure and profit to me than the direction of our Bible School.

In this connection the greatest doctrines which gather about the three supreme supernatural facts underlying the life of our Lord have been constantly emphasized—that is to say, the fact of the Incarnation as detailed by Matthew and Luke, as declared by John and everywhere assumed by the apostolic writers; the supernatural expiatory and vicarious sacrifice of Christ which He through the Eternal Spirit accomplished when He offered Himself up to God; and His actual resurrection from the dead. These accomplished facts and necessary conditions of human redemption and reconciliation, and also the pledges and guarantees of life and immortality, have been the basic truths upon which all the proclamations of the gospel by me have rested. On these cardinal facts and truths together with the necessary supernatural regeneration of the individual believer in Christ my whole ministry has been based, and all arguments and power for the ethical life of the Christian have been drawn. Without technically or academically defending the “old theology,” or combating the “new theology,” I have been content to teach and plead for a “true theology” based upon the simplest and most obvious teachings of Jesus and His apostles.

Second, I have sought to emphasize the obligation of the Church

to a systematic purpose and scheme of world-wide evangelization as being, not the accidental or incidental work of the Church, but its first and fundamental charter obligation, holding steadily to the important truth that the prompt and speedy evangelization of the whole world was the only command which our Lord laid upon his disciples when He left them to go back to the Father; and the only purpose for which the promise of the Holy Ghost was given. To be recreant to this great mission is disloyalty to Christ and subversive of all the best and truest life of the Church at home. I have taught that the claims of this wider work should be recognized as fully in all our plans, our gifts and our prayers as our home work; and that the Church should at least duplicate on the foreign field all she does for the home field. I am happy to say that in this work our congregation has taken a noble first place among the congregations of the whole Church. Besides increasing by fourfold our contribution to the general funds of the boards we have sent forth and are still maintaining our own associate Pastor on the foreign field. The last act of the congregation upon my retirement from the pastorate was to vote funds to build and equip a house of worship in connection with our foreign Pastor's work.

Third, and as a corollary to these two great leading ideals we have not forgotten the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, how He said, "*it is more blessed to give than to receive,*" nor the words of the great apostle, who said, "As ye abound in everything, in faith and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, *see that ye abound in this grace also.*" Therefore there has been inaugurated in this congregation a thoroughly scientific method of systematic, proportionate weekly giving of our means from Sabbath to Sabbath as God has prospered us, as being His right and our highest religious privilege. In this work we have rescued the benevolence of the Church from a spasmodic and emotional exercise, determined by some pressing necessity or impassioned appeal. The wounded palm of our Lord is always stretched out before us and unto Him we have learned to regularly and joyfully bring our gifts. The doctrine of systematic, proportionate giving has been well translated into experience and through it the congregation has had a revelation of its ability to give and a new and abiding joy in giving, such as she has never before enjoyed. It has delivered the congregation from dependence upon a few liberal and wealthy families and lifted the whole people upon a common plane of responsibility and privilege participated in by the poor as well as the rich. In this respect our congregation has been transferred from the place of twentieth in the ranks of the giving congregations of the Church to that of third, and I confidently hope

to see her standing in this respect at the top of the roll of honor. It has never before in the history of a congregation always distinguished for liberality been so easy to raise money for God's work. It is only needful to set the cause before our people and show them good reason and immediately the funds flow in—this in addition to the fact that there is always money in the benevolence treasury to meet regular demands.

In conclusion I would refer to the enlarged work of the women of the congregation. For our domestic field, for the Western field and the necessities of the poor blacks of the South and the missionaries and their work on foreign field our noble women have open ears, sympathizing hearts and ready hands to help. In every nation and in all lands they have laid their hands in benevolent and beneficent benediction. When I think of what our women do and how liberally they give to every good cause, I am ashamed that our men have not been provoked to emulation by taking up some special beneficent and missionary work in addition to their sympathetic help given to the general missionary and benevolent work of the congregation.

I am the last and the least of your ex-Pastors, and so recently have I left my responsibilities as Pastor that it is difficult for me to realize that I am standing here in this pulpit and before this congregation as an ex-Pastor and guest. During the nearly five years in which I served you as Pastor your personal kindnesses to me and mine and your generous forbearance with my faults and failings have been great and by me greatly appreciated and tenderly cherished. My heart is moved with longing desires for you; and with all my heart and soul I commend you to our God, that He may strengthen, keep and bless you with all spiritual blessing in heavenly things in Christ. Amen!

The choir then sang the anthem beginning with the words, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. T. Ralston Smith, and after a moment of silent prayer, the morning service of Jubilee Day had ended and a glad people entered into the fellowship of the morning and separated, during the organ Postlude, which was one of Mendelssohn's beautiful strains.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICE, APRIL 20, 1902.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the service was opened by the singing of that grand hymn, "Brightly Gleams Our Banner, Pointing to the Skies," to the notes of which the two Sunday Schools entered the

Church. The Sunday School of the Mother Church entered from the door to the north of the pulpit and the Sunday School of Immanuel Chapel entered from the door to the south of the pulpit, and children and teachers streamed along down the side aisles in order of classes and then up through the center aisle, more than filling all the pews opening upon the center aisle, and some of those upon the side aisles. Upon the platform were seated present and former superintendents of the two schools, George S. Prince, Chas. N. Cate, George A. Chamberlin, Theodore Gilman, Wells Olmsted, Ralph Earl Prime, Jr., Ezekiel Y. Bell, and the three former Pastors of the Church. The words of an invocation were spoken by Dr. Pentecost, and the congregation, with the children, joined in a responsive reading selected for the occasion. Then was sung by the children a hymn beginning "The Cities' Hum was Hushed and Still," the words of which were written by Mr. Stephen H. Thayer, and were sung by the Sunday School when he was Superintendent in 1876 and 1877. Then followed a prayer in which the Rev. C. N. Cate, Missionary to Immanuel Chapel, and Superintendent of its Sunday School, voiced the devotion of the children.

Mr. George S. Prince, the Superintendent of the Church School, then spoke words of welcome.

ADDRESS OF SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE S. PRINCE.

It is a pleasure this afternoon to welcome so many who in the past have been connected with the Sunday Schools, and have contributed so largely to the success of that branch of the Christian activities of this Church, and on behalf of the Jubilee Committee I extend to them most cordial greetings.

We sincerely regret the absence of Messrs. Law, Ellsworth, Jessup and others, who, though unable to be with us, have written, expressing their regrets and assuring us of their continued interest.

Voices more able and eloquent than my own will tell you what the schools *have* done and what has been accomplished in the past, and while I might with propriety use the few moments at my command by telling what the schools *are* doing, I prefer to call your attention to the obligations fairly resting upon us in view of the record of the fifty years past and so emphasize, if I can, our aims for the future.

If I read the lesson of this Jubilee aright, it surely means that in the record of the past we have a "goodly heritage" and, ahead of us, large opportunities; but remember, it means larger responsibilities, and we must rise to meet them with increased vigor, effort and prayer, for if the record of our schools has been one of high endeavor and success, we shall be indeed recreant to our duty if we in any way lower the standard or abate our efforts to make them still more active and potent influences in building up God's kingdom of righteousness and peace.

As we read the long list of officers who have done well their part in this work, I am the more impressed with the conviction that from this joyous Jubilee we should gather fresh inspiration for better work and more loyal service, and so, with full appreciation of the record of the past, rich in memories and work, and with hope for the future, we again bid you welcome.

After these words of welcome, Rev. Dr. T. Ralston Smith, who was the Superintendent of the Church Sunday School in 1876, 1877 and 1878, arose and said:

At one time it was required of me that beside discharging all the duties of Pastor of this Church, I should also be the Superintendent of its Sunday School. At first it was a pretty onerous work to come within a few moments from the closing exercises of the Sunday School in the lecture room up to this pulpit and enter into the solemn service of the Sanctuary and preach the sermon, stepping so suddenly from the Superintendent's desk to the pulpit. But I soon learned to find great pleasure in the work of the Sunday School. My heart was in the work; it grew upon me, and I shall never forget the pleasant incidents connected with the period of my service in this Church.

The Sunday School justly has its distinguished place in our Jubilee festivities. As I salute you to-day and offer my heartfelt congratulations, precious memories recur to me of the many faithful and devoted ones who have toiled in this quiet but fruitful service as officers and teachers. Their names are fragrant and their work abides.

Among all the blessed recollections of my ministry, none are more dear to me than those which are linked with the children and youth of the parishes I have been permitted to serve. I can imagine no greater responsibility, no worthier privilege than belong to those who are concerned in the spiritual training of the young. The blessed Master spoke no word more tender and assuring than when He said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." That saying virtually be-

queathed a trust to which we must be faithful. I give honor to you who are fulfilling it here, and pray you to magnify the work, putting into it the best of your thought and your affection. You especially are laying foundations. Let them be fairly set, cemented by love and consecrated by prayer.

I can bear witness to the charm of your calling. For besides being a teacher in earlier years, I have been the Superintendent of this School, and my experiences are the richer for it. I do not approve very strongly of committing such an office to the Pastor, as I firmly believe in a division of labor that shall engage as many as possible in the activities of the Church. But circumstances at that time seemed to prescribe my duty, and I took it up gladly and continued it with growing attachment. You may know, therefore, how much it means when I say that I love you still, and earnestly invoke God's blessing upon officers, teachers and pupils, not only those in the Church School, but in the promising School of Immanuel Chapel so happily represented here to-day.

Two or three things I may be permitted to recall with satisfaction.

We learned these many years ago that children could be taught to appreciate good hymns and to sing the best music with enjoyment. The age of doggerel and of flimsy and flighty tunes need never to be prolonged in the interests of the young. They, as well as we who are older, can be educated to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

Another great lesson that we took to heart, I trust, is that children can be taught religiously without the help of incessant storytelling. Illustration is invaluable. But it is a poor compliment to the mental ability and processes of our youth to suppose that they require the gospel, any more than geography or history, to be enforced by anecdotes. We must honor the intelligence which we undertake to train.

Only one thing more may I venture to suggest as an outcome of our happy experience. The province of the Sunday School is distinctly spiritual. Its true aim is to make Christians, not scholars. It instructs, not primarily for the sake of knowledge, but as a means to the awakening of faith and love and a help to the holy living to which we cannot lead our little ones too soon. It is the arm which the Church puts around its wards, now giving the support and guidance which they do not find elsewhere; now supplementing the sacred influence of the Christian home and magnifying the prerogative of the home. This view is what I wish above all to impress upon you, as the path of the new half-century opens so invitingly. What this Church is and why we love it we know already. What it is to be depends largely upon the training given within these Christian walls to the girls and boys whom we hope to see hereafter in large and

beautiful and fruitful lives, continuing the work so nobly wrought in the past. To them I speak my closing word. None in the world know better than you children and young people what it is to trust and to love, for you are trusting and loving your parents and friends every day, every hour, of your lives. Jesus wants you to trust and love Him as your Saviour from sin, as the blessed Lord whose service alone can make you happy. Would you not like to have Him for your friend? Just ask Him to come into your hearts, and try to live as He teaches you to live in His blessed Bible, looking to Him all the while for help, the help He gives by His Holy Spirit, and you will be happier than any earthly god can make you, and by and by your home shall be in heaven forever.

The choir then sang the anthem, "Jerusalem, Behold Thy King Draws Near the City Gates," and Mr. George A. Chamberlin, who was Superintendent of the Church School from 1889 to 1892, arose and said:

One of the loveliest of Tennyson's smaller poems is entitled "The Brook." Some of you have doubtless read it—and those of you who have not I would advise to do so, and then go and stand by the side of some little brook which has lost its way among the grassy fern, and you will be inspired by the beauty and melody of this poem, the refrain of which is, "Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever." So it was while I was thinking what I should say to you on this fiftieth anniversary of our Sunday School, the sentiment of this little poem occurred to me, and the truth presented itself, that no matter what comes or goes, God's truth, the Church and Sunday School, our blessed religion, go on forever; and I think you, dear children, ought to be thankful for the Sunday School, for were it not for this grand institution I fear you would know but little of God's word, or how to conduct your lives, or the many precious promises He has given to those who love Him and walk uprightly. It is now 120 years since Robert Raikes, in Gloucester, England, established the first Sunday School. Prior to that time, what knowledge the children had of the Bible they got from their parents; but nowadays the parents send their children to the Sunday School, and I am sure if I were to ask where you were taught, or learned the Commandments, or Beatitudes, or the Apostle's creed, you would reply, at the Sunday School—at least you children of Immanuel Chapel would say so, because they are taught there every Sunday; and I do not think we ever lose our interest in the Sunday School. Of course I know there are boys and

girls who, at the age of 15 or 16, have an idea they are too old for the Sunday School, and the funny thing about it is they seem to think it is unmanly or unwomanly to be members of a Sunday School; but many of these who go away come back eventually and take their places as teachers, and as the years roll on, they will tell you that among the pleasantest hours they have ever known were those spent in the Sunday School. So believe me, dear children, it is true, in the words of the old hymn, "'Tis religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live;" and the benefits you derive from the Sunday School are incalculably great—far-reaching.

The schools and the choir then sang the hymn, "The King of Love, My Shepherd Is," and Mr. Ezekiel Y. Bell, who was the Superintendent of the Church School in 1873, and now lives at Montclair, N. J., addressed the schools, recalling the time when he sat in one of the classes as a scholar, afterwards became Secretary, and then Superintendent. He gave figures showing how the immense body of children in this country and in England gathered into the Sunday Schools, and how the number in our own country far exceeded even that of England. He spoke of the lamentable fact that so many children became as they thought too old to be in Sunday School, and thought it unmanly. He counseled the early entrance of the Sunday School children into Church membership, not only to sincerely attach them to the school and keep them upon its rolls, but as the natural result of Sunday School instruction.

The children with the choir then sang Miss Havergal's consecration hymn, "Take My Life and Let it Be, Consecrated, Lord, to Thee," and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. John Reid, and after a moment of silent prayer, the scholars retired as they came, in order of classes, singing the hymn, "O Mother Dear Jerusalem."

Thus ended the Sunday School Jubilee Reunion.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, APRIL 20, 1902.

In the evening, at 7.30 o'clock, there was gathered in the Church a congregation beyond its seating capacity, and extra seats were placed in the aisles, and many stood in the galleries behind the pews.

The first quarter of an hour was spent in musical exercises, and at 7.45 o'clock the exercises commenced. Rev. Frederick W. Cutler of the First Reformed Church of Yonkers made the Invocation. The hymn beginning "For all thy saints, who from their labors rest," was sung. The Rev. Dr. David Cole, long the Pastor of the First Reformed Church, read selections from the Scripture, and then an anthem was sung by the choir, and prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Hendrick De Vries, who formerly was the Missionary in charge of Immanuel Chapel, now a pastor in Princeton, N. J. The congregation, with the choir, then sang the favorite hymn, "The Church's One Foundation Is Jesus Christ, Her Lord." Then followed the voice of the parent Church in addresses by the three surviving Pastors—the order of the morning being reversed, and Dr. Pentecost, who was the last Pastor, speaking first.

THE VOICE OF THE PARENT CHURCH.

Dr. George F. Pentecost, D. D., the fourth Pastor of the Church, said:

DEAR FRIENDS: It would almost seem a superfluous number on our programme for to-night a second time to have me come on after the morning exercises. I suppose this is at once a congratulatory and a hospitable occasion, in which the Old Church is to be congratulated and her children welcomed to our Jubilee joys.

This Church, as we have learned this morning from General Prime's address, unlike most churches, was never born or organized, but sprung full-grown into being. Like Melchiesideck, she is without father, without mother, and, I trust, without ending of days or years. We are not the offspring of the old First Dutch Church, but we came out from the old location with the old organization, only changing our name from Dutch to Presbyterian, leaving the property behind us and building a new Church home here. That is, I believe, the simple history. Though we are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of our new name and home and sometimes are called the *old* First Church, I would beg you to understand that no well-born Church of Christ ever becomes old. The individual members which make up the Church pass from youth to middle age, and from that to old age, and thence to the heavenly home, but the Church, as such, always remains young with the ever-present flood of eternal life.

Even if we speak of the age of the corporate organization, you only have to look around you and view all the evidences of youthfulness in the present membership and all the activities of the congregation to be assured that the spirit and vigor of youth are here. In every particular we are a young, vigorous and up-to-date organization. Nevertheless we are the Mother of two vigorous and aggressive Churches born of our ever-youthful vitality, and we are looking forward to a fully organized third offspring. If Immanuel Chapel continues to go forward under the able and devoted leadership of Mr. Cate and the vigorous co-operation of the young people of the parent Church for the next year or two as it has done in the past year, then soon there will be four strong Presbyterian Churches in Yonkers and the Old First Church will still march at the head of the procession in which Westminster, Dayspring and Immanuel will each make a good second, third and fourth. May this procession of evolution and increase go on indefinitely.

Turning to the beloved representatives of these three younger bodies, in the name of the Mother Church I wish to congratulate you; and first lay benediction upon Dr. Cutting, the devoted, tireless and never-discouraged Pastor of Westminster and his congregation. I envy that Church its great number of young men and women, representing the activities of the city and the consecration of the Church. May they ever retain and increasingly develop the characteristics which make them so admired and honored as to-day they are. Then there is Dayspring, whose noble Pastor is the Bishop of all of us, Dr. Charles E. Allison. It is a pity his name is not "John," for certainly he is the "Beloved" of all Yonkers—the "Beloved Charles," who for twenty-six years has held his post, struggling with patient courage against great odds until at last he sees his noble Church housed in one of the most beautiful and complete sanctuaries in the State and entirely free from debt. What a pity he has never seen the wisdom of taking to himself a wife! Well, he knows why; and some of us think that, like Paul, he has chosen to remain thus in single blessedness "for the gospel's sake." Surely now that such brilliant success has crowned his quarter century of sacrifice we may soon welcome to a new Manse a beloved "Mrs. Charles." But the ways of old bachelors are strange, and he may yet disappoint us in this, though he has never done so in anything else.

Now last, though not least, the Mother Church would lay her hand in benediction upon Immanuel Chapel and its faithful minister and his noble wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cate. The Mother Church has just completed the purchase of an extensive addition to the real estate adjoining the present site. A noble and generous benefactor has

recently bequeathed to the Chapel a substantial sum of money; the enterprise and devotion of our brethren down there, out of their small incomes, and in many cases out of their deep poverty, have laid by a no inconsiderable additional sum. With this good start what shall we expect but that they will soon rise and build a house for the Lord which will be worthy of their coming independence? In the name of the Mother Church I bless you and am sure that I do not go beyond the limits of my authority and privilege when I pledge to Immanuel Chapel the continued fostering care which that infant enterprise has hitherto enjoyed. To one and all of you, our children, we bid you to-night both welcome and God-speed.

Rev. John Reid, D. D., the third Pastor of the Church, then said:

The facility, as well as the felicity, with which Dr. Pentecost has just called by name the different churches of Yonkers, bringing them to the mind of this congregation, which represents them all, and which in its widely representative character lends grace indeed to the Jubilee event of the Church in which we are gathered, has reminded me of a passage in "Plutarch's Lives." Relating some of his experiences, the Greek traveler and historian said to this effect: There are cities without walls and without letters, without kings and without coins; and there are peoples who know neither the forum nor the theatre nor the gymnasium; but there have never been, nor shall there ever be, peoples or cities without temple or church.

Religion is the most dominant element in the human nature and the church is the most prominent feature in a community of men. Its testimony is clear and certain. God has not left himself without many witnesses. The spirit in a man—that is, the candle of the Lord when He is pleased by His holy Spirit to go down deep into the communings of a man's soul; yet the conscience is sometimes callous and sometimes perverted. The works of external nature—they are all lessons of the Almighty; yet the lesson is sometimes misunderstood and sometimes misinterpreted. But the voice which is raised by a church, standing in any community, is not to be mistaken. A certain testimony for God, it is a clear witness of God, and a great and blessed boon has each one of the churches planted in this city been to this community.

And Dr. Pentecost has a singularly happy way of settling the whole question of genealogy as that affects this Church and the relations of the other churches to it. He recalls to my mind a recent conversation with a colored man. Two or three weeks ago we were the guests of one of the good people of my present Church for a few

days in South Carolina. Riding through one of the old plantations we were attended by an interesting character who seemed to have this same genealogical ability. We asked him regarding a certain person. "No, sah," said he, "I don't tink he was related to them. If he was, he was only related *outside de fambly*." If Dr. Pentecost's claim that this Church is "the mother of us all" should happen to be contested, as I can imagine the circumstances under which it might be, I venture to suggest to him that he find refuge in the idea of being related "outside de fambly."

But anyway, under the ordinance of the Hebrew Jubilee Year long ago, whatever grew spontaneously was held to be the common property of all and the exclusive property of none. What this Church is and what it has done is the common heritage of the community in which it stands. As I look back upon the years of my own pastorate in this Church, one of my pleasantest memories is that of the cordial and fraternal relations which were sustained with the pastors and people of all the other churches. May they all continue to be blessed in what is the common heritage of them all; and so, in their faith and hope and love, be that happy people whose God is the Lord.

Rev. T. Ralston Smith, D. D., followed, saying in substance as follows:

It gives me especial pleasure to express my hearty concurrence in the words so fitly spoken by those who have been my successors in the pastoral office here—words of deep interest, of affectionate congratulation, and of judicious counsel. It is eminently fitting that our Jubilee Service, which has already commemorated broadly the history of the Church, should give emphasis to the work which has resulted in the founding of other congregations in this community, to increase the influence and perpetuate the power of the dear Mother Church.

When I came among you, Westminster had for years been vigorous and successful, as it continues to be unto this day. At that time only the tiny seed had been sown which later developed into the Dayspring Chapel. I well remember the modest Sunday afternoon prayer meeting, held on yonder hillside, which outwardly gave so little promise of what was to come, but which, under the wise planning and faithful nurture of the noble men and women in our Missionary Society, rapidly took larger form and surprised us by its growth. To-day it stands by our side as a sister rather than a child, gladdening us by the successive stages of its prosperity, and opening up to us, as an ably organized and fully equipped Church, in a beautiful Sanctuary, bright visions of what it may accomplish for the glory of our Divine Master.

As I think of these two Churches and their eminently faithful Pastors, as I think of those who are toiling in them for the cause we love, I bend my head in reverence over the consecration and the patience and the self-sacrifice which, by God's blessing, have achieved results so sublime. What brightness they reflect on our own history. What honor they pay to those of you who helped to lay the foundations of spiritual edifices so stately. Yet it is not with pride or boasting, but with humble thankfulness that we offer our congratulations to these fair daughters, polished after the similitude of a palace, and pray that the blessing from above, without which there can be no true success, may lead them on to greater attainments, provoking us all to love and to good works.

Immanuel Chapel occupies a field more difficult. But all honor to the faithful toilers there, in the past and now, and to the devoted Minister whose service the Lord is crowning with His blessing. Cherish that vine of God's own planting in the patience of hope and the fruitfulness of it may yet give you joy by its abundance as the roots strike deeper and the branches spread more widely.

And now, brethren, as our happy festival has lifted us to the mountain top, we must ask ourselves, what next? Not always can we abide in these regions of sunlit splendor any more than the three disciples were allowed to build tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration. As they had to go down, after their transporting vision, to labor and conflict and suffering, albeit with a new and magnificent inspiration, so from these heights must we go down, though with new gladness and strength, and with nobler purpose, to bear the burden of Christ's Cross, and to toil and endure for His Kingdom. The work before us is greater, not less. Shall we gird ourselves for it, as the pledge of our gratitude to God, and with a prophetic glance onward to a Jubilee yet more splendid? Let us not forget that our service is nothing if not consecrated to spiritual ends above all. On the last great day of the Feast Jesus stood and cried, "if any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." As our feast passes into history, let it be to the sweet music of that heavenly invitation. And may our beloved Church, through innumerable years, despising what is vain and hollow and merely human, continue to give water out of the wells of salvation to thirsting multitudes, whose new life shall be the witness of our fidelity.

The reply of the children was from the Pastors of the Westminster Presbyterian Church and of the Dayspring Presbyterian Church, and from the Missionary in charge of the Immanuel Chapel.

REPLIES FROM THE CHILDREN.

Rev. George R. Cutting, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, said:

I feel it an honor and a personal pleasure to convey to you this evening the hearty congratulations of Westminster Church, its Session and its people. I am not quite so certain, after all, just what our family relation is to the beloved "mother church."

The "two fair daughters by their mother's side," our historic poet tells us, are Dayspring and Immanuel; yet the official program of to-night summons me first to give "The Reply of the Children." May it not be that Westminster is a sister—only six years younger—rather than a daughter? I am very sure that during the eleven and more years that I have known Westminster as Pastor nothing has ever occurred that would not emphasize the relation of loving sisters in the great family of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Westminster Church was the fruit of a revival. In 1858, as it seemed, a Sabbath School was being held on School street by some of the active, warm-hearted, aggressive members of the First Church. The converts multiplied. Cottage Prayer Meetings were held, and the Church Historian of Yonkers tells us that the foundations of Westminster Church were laid in prayer, the activity of the laity and aggressiveness in Christian work. We hope these foundation stones may ever be some of the characteristics of Westminster Church. They all came to us, gifts under God, from the First Church.

We rejoice to acknowledge the legacy, though only one of our original charter members is still living in Yonkers; but the original impulses are still with us. The bonds that have bound us as sister churches for over forty-four years shall still, God willing, link us together as workers for the common Master. The Christ shall be our supreme bond.

The prophetic voice of Tennyson in "In Memoriam" is still sounding:

" Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

To help perpetuate together truth, love and the Christ-life in our city shall still be our common aim.

Rev. Charles E. Allison, D. D., Pastor of the Dayspring Presbyterian Church, said:

For almost half a century the church-going bell in yonder tower has been sprinkling the air with holy sounds. It has rung on in storm and in calm. With its peal have mingled the throb of the war drum and the sweet notes of the birds of peace returning to a weary and grateful land with "wings of silver and feathers of yellow gold." It is "a preacher reading great sermons with its iron tongue." It speaks of history and of prophecy. It rings in the Christ who is to be, and with its cadences are blended the sounds of voices that are still.

Almost all of God's people who heard the first solemn message it sent along these river shores are now walking on the banks of the river of life and listening to "the bells of the celestial city." They lived in times different from these days of noise and turmoil. A few years before they erected this sacred house—"building their hearts into its walls"—the quiet of their hills was almost unbroken. In the village were no paved walks, no street lamps, no bank, no electric telegraph. Down the old and dusty post-road, in front of the lot on which this building stands, hundreds of cattle and sheep were driven southward to the little city which was not much larger than the Baltimore of to-day.

Less than twelve years before this Church was organized business in the village was transacted in pounds, shillings and pence. Had you gone into the country store, where the farmer's good wife was bartering her eggs and butter, you would have heard such words as "one and ninepence," "two and tuppence," "one and thripence." When the stage rumbled into the place the village woke up for a few minutes and when the stage had gone it slept again.

It is true that about the time this Church was erected the town was beginning to emerge from its rural quiet.

New life the quiet valley fills:
Behold a transformation scene.
The humming of the busy mills
Blends with the murmuring of the stream;
And loud among the circling hills
Echoes the puffing engine's scream.

But not more than about 5,000 people were here when these walls were laid. Were the officers of this Church wise in reaching the conclusion that what those villagers did when they organized this Church should be commemorated? Yes. History renders a large service. "It is a record of the past, for the instruction of the present and the

guidance of the future." It puts to one's eyes a telescope through which he looks backward and forward also. History has many lessons. It was a historian who said: "Christianity may be defeated in skirmishes, but is always victorious in great campaigns."

God teaches us to value history. He is in history. Truth is in history. The exposé of error is in history. The exhibit of the rewards of faith and of virtue and of courage is in history. How God values history is impressed on our minds as we read of His commanding a monument to be built that when the children in time to come should ask, "What mean ye by these stones?" the story of a great miracle might be told. Did He not establish a memorial service that when future generations should ask, "What mean ye by this service?" the history of a great deliverance might be rehearsed? Why did he set apart a memorial day—the Sabbath? And why did He begin the Old Testament with 18 historical books and the New Testament with five historical books? Consider the significance of monument, memorial service, memorial day, and memorial books.

One of the lessons this Jubilee emphasizes is, that picked men shape a community. Doubtless, in that village of 5,000, there were, as there are in this city of 50,000, men indifferent to the Church, but we are rejoicing to-day because there were also chosen men who valued the Church.

Another lesson is emphasized: How happy those whom God blesses, and how is their happiness increased when He promises to make them a blessing! And do we not learn also that they who build for God build better than they know? Did those good villagers realize that the echoes of their Church bell would be heard across the wide Continent, and across the wide Pacific in the far distant Philippine Islands, where your Missionary is preaching the Christ they trusted?

I have read of an artist who was a somnambulist. One night he arose from his couch and seating himself before his canvas painted with that wonderful power which sometimes comes to men in an abnormal state of mind. In the morning when he awoke and saw what had been accomplished, during the unknowing hours, he exclaimed with mingled wonder and admiration, "Who hath wrought this?" Unspeakable was his surprise when he was assured that it was his own work, done when he was asleep.

We are working in the darkness of time. When we awake and see our work in the light of eternity, we shall exclaim, "Who hath wrought this?" and the Master will make answer, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Another lesson: This Church is but beginning its work. It has "the

dignity of age without its decays." They who organize or strengthen a Church of Christ exert an influence too far-reaching for finite measurement.

I do not know how to more fittingly close this brief address than by reading to you the hymn sung at the dedication of the first house of worship of the Dayspring Presbyterian Church, the daughter of this Church. It was written for that occasion by him whose pen traced the graceful lines of the Jubilee poem printed on this order of service.

DAYSPRING.

Light of the world! the shadows fly
The morning breaks with thy bright beam;
O let the Dayspring from on high
With quickening ray our souls redeem!

On this, our humble hillside shrine,
Thy seal of benediction set,
Saviour of sinners, friend divine,
Who watched and wept on Olivet.

Our opened doors on this glad day,
Enter, O risen, reigning Lord!
Abide with us, thy love display,
Thyself reveal, thy Name record.

Here crown our work, our worship own,
Here guide the souls that seek thy face,
And here to contrite hearts make known
The riches of redeeming grace.

So may the dawn and Dayspring here
Brighten and bless our upward way,
Till in thy likeness we appear
To share thy perfect, endless day!

How can a daughter fail to be grateful to a loving mother, who, when that daughter was born, sang such a cradle song?

Rev. Charles N. Cate, the Missionary in charge of Immanuel Chapel, spoke as follows:

The reply of Immanuel Chapel, the youngest child of the family, "to the voice of the parent," is that we are proud of our Mother Church.

Her loving ministrations of half a century to the needs of this community have widened the area of human happiness within our own borders; while her abounding activity and labors in the work of Our Lord at home and abroad have linked her name for fifty years with those great enterprises of Our Lord's kingdom which have

blessed and brightened the condition of the human race even "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Respect and regard for a spiritual ancestry of such excellence is well calculated "to elevate the character and improve the heart."

"It is good for us to be here" and to keep this "Jubilee" with loving and appropriate commemorative services. As the appropriate observance of the great days in a nation's life are calculated to promote its best and highest interests, so the appropriate observance of the great days in the history of our beloved Mother Church are calculated to promote her best interests and accomplish the noblest results.

This Jubilee, by the history it rehearses, by the scenes it recalls, by the memories it revives, by the sentiments it excites, must deepen the affection we bear to our Mother Church, increase our regard for her history and incite us to noblest endeavors for the future.

"It is good for us to be here," that old scenes may come trooping in upon us and memories' walls shall be hung afresh with the vanished faces of our beloved dead and the chambers of our soul shall be peopled once more with the forms of those who shared with us the joys and sorrows of other days.

"It is good for us to be here," because many who were with us in other days have come back to share with us in the joys of this Jubilee.

"It is good for us to be here" that we may voice our love for our Mother Church. She has been a kind and loving mother. She has supplied all our wants and ministered to all our needs. She has given us generously of her means and sent her sons and her daughters over to us year after year that they might succor us out of our distresses, sympathize with us in our sorrows, visit us in our afflictions and share with us in the labors and the triumphs of the Gospel.

Last night our Mother Church placed in our hands the gift of a new lot as a token of her present love and a pledge of her future affection. With gratitude and joy we accept it, together with the inspiration of these Jubilee exercises. With thankfulness and joy we shall go forth from these services to greater work than ever before.

Then came words of greeting from Pastors and Rectors of Sister Churches.

Rev. James E. Freeman, Rector of St. Andrews' Protestant Episcopal Church, spoke as follows:

I come to you to-night bringing the cordial greetings and loving congratulations of the youngest daughter in the household of faith in this city. Not only do I bring my own greetings, but those of

my people, who rejoice with you in the ripe maturity and splendid results of your fifty years of service.

When Emerson made his first visit to Carlyle at Craigesputtock, one evening as they walked silently across the moors they came to a little eminence overlooking the village of Dunscore. Suddenly Carlyle broke the silence by saying: "Emerson, Jesus Christ died on the tree, that built Dunscore Kirk yonder, that brought you and me together." In an age that is distinguished for its breadth of horizon and its largeness of vision, surely we may find in the one cardinal fact of our common faith in a crucified and risen Christ the basis for Christian unity. That He is the world-magnet, drawing all men unto Him, is fundamentally essential to the largest and best development of His great Church. And so I find myself drawn here on this your Jubilee celebration by a deep sense of the commonness of our work, the core and center of which is Jesus Christ.

I feel as a coworker in His service with you the deepest interest in all that concerns the well being of your Church, and I do not hesitate to say that the life and prosperity of the First Church in North Yonkers have to do in a very real way with the life and prosperity of St. Andrews' Church in South Yonkers.

While by reason of certain denominational differences which we are not disposed to magnify or exaggerate, we are as individual States in one large commonwealth, we can never forget that we belong to one great common Union of which our Lord and Master is the Head and Chief. I rejoice with you to-night in all the splendid service rendered from this place by the able exponents of truth and righteousness who have stood here. Not only has your Church upon her roll a long list of men and women whose several gifts of service to our dear city are among its chiefest adornments, but you have contributed through your pulpit to a high standard of pulpit excellence. It has been my privilege to know closely two of your Pastors at whose feet all too infrequently I have sat as a ready and willing listener. I refer to Dr. John Reid and his successor Dr. George F. Pentecost. Wherever their gracious ministry may lead them I shall always follow them with my prayers and deep interest. And now as you stand at this day of your Golden Jubilee, I cannot but feel that a word of prophecy from one who is not so familiar with your past may not be amiss. It is the prophecy of a large optimism that I bring to you. If your history has been a noble one during the past years, then it is to rise to greater heights of honor and usefulness in the coming ones; if your preachers with all their signal gifts of learning and eloquence have done a glorious work hitherto, then let us pray that those that shall come after may receive even a larger measure of those gifts that shall make them mightier

witnesses for truth and righteousness. And in this larger life to which the new years beckon you, with all their weight of ever increasing obligation in a modern life so extreme in its living, I cannot but believe that you will find your best adaptation to its needs, ~~not~~ along some forceful so-called modern lines, but by a readaptation of those great principles both of method and practice that made the early Apostolic Church the model for all ages. I must believe that what all our Churches to-day need above all else is a new baptism of that Apostolic fervor and zeal that made its first messengers mighty in word and deed. Not something modern, but something as old as the faith itself is needed, and we may not look for a quickening of our religious life to a readaptation of the Church to the times, but by a readaptation of the times, with all their customs and habits, to the demands of the Church as it existed in all its primitive purity in those early Apostolic days. And so I join in congratulations with you in your large story of the past and your larger unwritten and unrecorded story of the future. If your men and women have done a large service heretofore, may they go forth from this place to-night pledged to a higher consecration and devotion of life, and so into all the avenues of your newer and larger life may His might and power come, and forgetting the things that are behind may you press on to things that are before, in the sure and certain hope that to the faithful servant and disciple there comes at the last the divine favor and commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Rev. J. Lewis Hartsock, Pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, spoke as follows:

I am glad of this opportunity to add my word to the congratulations and appreciations of this day. I bring you most cordial greeting and rejoice with you in this half century of noble service for God and this community.

As a young man, the youngest of all the Pastors, I confess I feel quite dwarfed in the presence of these fifty magnificent years, and yet there are some here to whom in the retrospect they seem brief years indeed. I rejoice in the spirit of Christian fellowship which welcomes on this occasion all lovers of our common Lord. I do not deprecate denominationalism when it is held in the spirit of Christly love—and so long as human nature remains what it is and temperaments vary, I see in it the largest freedom. We each have our contributions to make and acknowledge our debt each to other. May God abundantly bless you, and for which I pray.

Rev. E. Atherton Lyon, Rector of Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church, spoke as follows:

It would be unpardonable in me to inflict on you, at this late hour, even a brief address, but I am grateful for the opportunity of offering you, in the Master's name, my own congratulations and those of my people on this Jubilee occasion. We join you in giving praise to Almighty God for the achievements of the past, and wish you the most abundant success in the future, praying that "Grace may be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Rev. Dr. J. E. Price, of the First Methodist Church, said they were such close neighbors to the First Presbyterians that they had to be good friends. Your joy is our joy; you can have no triumph but we share it with you.

Rev. F. W. Cutler, of the First Reformed Church, said: If we are not a mother, we shall be a sister to the First Presbyterian Church.

Letters of regret were received from Rev. W. P. Bruce of the Park Hill Reformed Church, Rev. W. M. Gilbert of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and Rev. Dr. C. W. Millard, Presiding Elder of the New York District of this Methodist Conference.

Dr. Pentecost pronounced the Benediction, and thus closed a memorable day for the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers.

