


N. J. 123

175TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Reformed Dutch Church

OF SIX-MILE RUN,

November 18th, 1885.


PROCEEDINGS

—OF THE—

One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary

—OF THE—

Reformed Dutch Church

Of Six-Mile Run,

REV. HENRY DU BOIS MULFORD, PASTOR,

FRANKLIN PARK, NEW JERSEY,
NOVEMBER 18, 1885.

PUBLISHED BY RESOLUTION OF CONSISTORY.

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TRENTON, N. J.:
MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
No. 16 East State Street.
1885.

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Morning Service.

AT 10 O'CLOCK.

OPENING ANTHEM—HYMN 205, "All Hail the Power of Jesus'
Name," . . . BY THE GREAT CONGREGATION

INVOCATION AND SALUTATION, . REV. F. M. KIPP, JR.
Harlingen, N. J.

SCRIPTURE LESSON, . REV. PROF. D. D. DEMAREST, D.D.
New Brunswick, N. J.

HYMN 7, "Glory be to God the Father "

PRAYER, REV. WILLIAM R. TAYLOR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

HYMN 366, . . "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE, THE PASTOR.

PRAYER, . REV. WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL, D.D.
New Brunswick, N. J.

HYMN 459, "How Firm a Foundation."

BENEDICTION, REV. J. E. CRANE.
Rocky Hill, N. J.

Afternoon Service.

AT 2 O'CLOCK.

PRAYER, REV A. McWILLIAM.
East Millstone, N J

HYMN 104, "Joy to the World."

ADDRESS, REV WM. R. TAYLOR, EX-PASTOR.

ADDRESS, REV. E. T CORWIN, D.D.
Millstone, N J.

HYMN 575, "Christ is Our Corner-stone."

ADDRESS, REV JAMES LE FEVRE.
Middlebush, N J

ADDRESS, REV. THOMAS C. EASTON, D.D.
New Brunswick, N J.

HYMN 557, "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken."

ADDRESS, PRESIDENT MERRILL E. GATES, LL.D.
Rutgers College.

ADDRESS, REV. PROF JOHN DE WITT, D.D.
Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N J

PRAYER, REV. PROF. T. S. DOOLITTLE, D.D.
New Brunswick, N J.

HYMN 18, "All People that on Earth do Dwell."

BENEDICTION REV PROF. JACOB COOPER, D.D., LL.D.
Rutgers College.

The programme was faithfully carried out, except that the venerable Dr. Campbell was unable to be present, and that the Rev. Mr. Olney, of Middletown, N. Y., made an address in the place of Dr. Corwin, who left a letter regretting that he could not remain to the session of the afternoon. The addresses follow in the order of their delivery.

Historical Discourse.

Brethren in Christ, we bid you welcome here to-day. This anniversary celebration is not held in a spirit of servile and fulsome laudation of the past. The American citizen and the nineteenth-century Christian cannot afford to bear the ancient Roman label, *laudator temporis acti*. We are assembled, as were the Children of Israel after the passing over Jordan—the Promised Land before us, the wilderness behind—each tribe prepared to place its monumental stone, and to answer the question of those who shall come after us, "What mean ye by these stones?" As Samuel did between Mizpah and Shen, so *here* we raise our Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

The Church of God is not a Nestor among institutions, admitting her present feebleness, while boasting of prowess in youth. She is not a decrepit servant of civilization, still posing before the world to receive what the French call "the worship of memory." She is not a tottering Richelieu unable to brandish his own two-handed sword. She lives in the eternal *now* of Him who was and is and is to come. She advances like the rising tide, in spite of the generations which die like waves along the shore. Ever in historic continuity with the covenant of Jehovah with his people, she glories in her anniversaries, which enable her to recount the story of her providential leadings.

Historical discourses are as old as Moses and the Prophets. They were probably fully as long, and, without doubt, a great deal better than many a modern one. So far as the present discourse is concerned, we have no belittling apologies to make for the elements of its structure. It stands on the stalwart shoulders of the real Church historians of this region. From the necessities of the case it is a mere compilation, not a research, hardly even a search. Every grateful acknowledgment is made of the indispensable and invaluable assistance afforded

by the publications of Rev. Drs. Messler, Steele and Corwin ; Revs. Samuel Streng and James LeFevre, Judge Ralph Voorhees and others, as well as by the kind personal aid of such of these brethren as are still alive.

First of all, let us go to the civil history of New Jersey for a foundation and a background. The Dutch, at the time of its discovery, divided with England the commerce of the world. Antwerp and Amsterdam, now the ghosts of their former greatness, were great centers of trade, and the headquarters of operations which extended to the coasts of every known continent. The discoveries of Hendrick Hudson led to the settlement of New Netherlands, which extended from Connecticut to the Delaware, and to the founding of New Amsterdam. The Dutch had no need to flee from Holland on account of religious persecution, for, to name the Holland of the seventeenth century is to name the home of religious toleration, the fostering mother of Christian education, the asylum for the oppressed of other lands. They sought larger commercial advantages, and so, "not slothful in business," they sought to develop the resources of the New World. During the period of Dutch supremacy (1609-1664) the inland regions of New Jersey were not settled. In the location of many of the old farm-houses of this congregation, by streams of water, we see, perhaps, the survival of that commercial instinct which kept the first Dutch settlers close to the banks of the Hudson and the Raritan. But from the seventeenth century we catch an echo of the perennial roar of the British lion for the "lion's share" of the earth. Like the English drum-beat, which Daniel Webster has made the martial music of the world-encircling sun-rise, the English lion's roar has announced Anglo-Saxon ubiquity as the *ten* points of the law, whereas possession, according to the proverb, is only nine. The Dutch must go ! England claimed New Netherlands by right of Sebastian Cabot's prior discovery in 1498, and so, in 1664, by the sweet persuasiveness of military argument, and with a celerity highly commendable in itself, and rather more characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon than of the Dutchman, New Amsterdam became New York by Charles II's royal grant to his brother, James, Duke of York and Albany. The presumption of the King in donating what he had not yet conquered was equalled by that of the Duke, who, under the

Corwin: plebeian necessity of raising money, and while the ships were
 h Voor- yet on the sea, ceded that territory west of the Hudson, which
 such of is now New Jersey, to Sir George Carteret and Lord John
 Berkeley. Sir George's brother, Philip Carteret, was appointed
 Governor, and so he continued for eighteen years (1664-1682),
 except that in 1673 the Dutch reconquered the State and held
 it for a year.

Time forbids us to give details of the liberal policy of the
 Carterets, which brought a large increase of settlers.

Lord Berkeley's portion of New Jersey, known as West Jersey,
 was sold for the benefit of his creditors, and, at the death of
 Sir George Carteret, 1679, East Jersey, his property, was sold
 (1682), in settlement of his estate, to twelve Quaker proprietors.
 Each of these twelve sold one-half of his interest to another, so
 that in that year East Jersey became the property of twenty-
 four proprietors. Then began a process of rapid subdivision
 by sale, and also by the drawing of town and county lines.
 The first counties were Bergen, Monmouth, Essex and Middle-
 sex. Within the boundaries of Middlesex was the township of
 Piscataway, and in Piscataway township was Six-Mile Run.
 The population increased. Somerset county was set off from
 Middlesex in 1688, but only by another change of boundary
 in 1709 was Six-Mile Run included in it. In 1713 the line of
 Somerset was fixed on the old turnpike which stretched its
 crooked length between New Brunswick and Kingston, and in
 1714 the County Court-house was built at Six-Mile Run, on a
 site a little east of this edifice on the other side of the road. In
 1737 the county seat was removed to Millstone, and in 1779
 the building there was burned. Since 1784 Somerville has been
 the county seat.

As to the subdivision of Somerset county, until 1749 it was
 all one township. In that year Bridgewater was incorporated,
 and about that date the "Eastern Precinct" and the "Western
 Precinct" were separated and so named until nearly the close of
 the century, when the gradual substitution of *Hillsborough*
 (which included Montgomery) and *Franklin* became complete.

There is much obscurity covering the identity of the original
 purchasers of these lands, as well as the extent of their pur-
 chases. Daniel Cox (1694) was, perhaps, the first patentee of
 lands between Six-Mile Run and New Brunswick, and in 1700

John Harrison and George Willocks were great patentees of most of the land now owned by this congregation. So much, then, for a meagre outline of civil and political history. In 1702 New Jersey became a royal province.

The Dutch brought with them to America their Protestant faith and their earnest desire for the blessed instructions of the Gospel. Our denomination is the oldest in the land, and the Collegiate Dutch Church, of New York city, heads the list in point of time, as it also does in wealth. Old as our Church here is, she is younger than some thirty of her sisters. Identified as she was, for many years, with "The Old First" Dutch Church of New Brunswick, it has been widely believed that they were twin-born in 1717. It can scarcely be doubted that they both sprang from the still older and long defunct Church of Three-Mile Run, founded in 1703, whose edifice stood near Voorhees Station, on the east side of the road.

In recent years the antiquary has been very successful in bringing to light buried facts, and finding long-lost records. The statements which Drs. Corwin and Messler have made as probable, to the effect that the Six-Mile Run Church may have been organized in 1710, have been verified and made certain fact by the luck and labors of Rev. Samuel Streng, of Churchville, Pennsylvania. He has discovered and translated the private journal of Paulus Van Vlecq, an active evangelist of that day, in which are found many entries which establish the date and circumstances of our origin.

PAULUS VAN VLECQ is a name of fundamental, if not monumental, interest to us to-day. His career was one of success and failure, illustrative of Pauline zeal, and clouded by Davidic sin, an incentive and a warning, a glory and a shame. He was a Hollander, who came to this country about 1702, when we find him located in Kinderhook, Columbia county, New York, as the village schoolmaster. Probably he came from Holland as a preacher in embryo, having (as we say) "the ministry in view." Whether there was any adequate *domestic* reason for his leaving we do not know. But at any rate the schoolmastership, in many of its aspects, was a most congenial stepping-stone. Wherever the Dutch have gone they have carried these kindred blessings of humanity, these indispensable requisites of civilization, the preacher and the schoolmaster. What Adam

colandson, the teacher, was to Everardus Bogardus, the
 teacher, in the pristine days of Dutch New Amsterdam, that
 was Paulus Van Vlecq to Johannes Lydius, seventy-five years
 ter, with "Good Queen Anne" on the British throne. The
 schoolmaster not only taught the children the meagre secular
 studies of that day, but instructed and drilled them by the cat-
 thechism in the manifold wisdom of God; and on the Sabbath,
 from the desk below the pulpit, he read the sacred scriptures to
 the people and led their singing. He kept the Church records
 and read a sermon on Sabbath whenever the ordained pastor
 was absent, or the Church was vacant. He was next in honor
 to the Dominie, and was evidently his right-hand man. But
 Paulus aspired to be a preacher. Impatient at the slow, pon-
 derous ways of Church bodies, and perhaps defiant of obstacles
 and opposition, he began to preach. Our forefathers said this
 could not be. He was not licensed, and the Voorleser must not
 unlawfully rise above his desk to the pulpit. But there arose
 at this time one of the numerous colonial wars—Queen Anne's—
 and in 1709 Colonel Nicholson, who was about to lead a Dutch
 regiment into Canada, applied to Dominie DuBois, of New
 York, to select a Dutch chaplain. Van Vlecq presented him-
 self, and was a bone of contention between the colonial authori-
 ties and the Dominies, who claimed that they, as individuals,
 had no authority to ordain. The ministers carried their point,
 to the colonel, instigated, perhaps, by Van Vlecq, applied to an
 irregularly ordained minister on Long Island, named Freeman,
 who had no scruples against doing as he had been done by.
 So Paulus Van Vlecq, acting in the spirit of the Horatian maxim,
 "Get money, honestly if you can, but by some means get
 money," got his ordination by the insubordination of a free-
 lance of the Church. Thus dubbed a "Dominie," he chap-
 lained the regiment to Canada, but, for some unknown reason,
 he did not stay there long. In the spring of 1710 we find him
 vigorously evangelistic in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and it
 is the record of these busy years, when Paulus rode a circuit
 extending from Philadelphia to Staten Island, which Brother
 Streng has discovered. If this discovery does not rank with
 those of the Sinaitic Manuscript, or the Teaching of the Twelve
 Apostles, it is, nevertheless, the Magna Charta of this celebra-
 tion. We find in this vellum-covered journal that Van Vlecq

claimed regular ordination. He speaks of himself as Domin (reverend), organizes the Churches of "Bensalem, Shammin and Yermantown, and neighboring villages," ordains elders and deacons, and baptizes children. Passing over the record of his activities in other places, Wytmes, Schepack, Hoopwel, etc., we find the following entries of local interest at Six-Mile Run, "on the Raritan."

VAN VLECQ'S BAPTISMS AT SIX-MILE RUN.

July 12th, 1710

The father, Adrian Kinne.

Cattelyntje—The mother, Geertje de Bort.

Witnesses—Pieter Kinne, Leydae Kinne.

The father, Leendert Smack.

Sara—The mother, Sara Baerentz.

Witnesses—Dirck Yansen, Aeltye Yansen.

Aug. 8th, 1710

The father, Kornelis Willemse.

Samuel—The mother, Grietye Guluck.

Witnesses—Willem Willemse and Cattelyntye Willemse.

Nov 15th, 1710 :

The father, Charle Fonteyn.

Hendricks—The mother, Helenae Rynierse.

March 22d, 1711 .

The father, Jacob Kinne.

Symon—The mother, Dorete (?) de Hart.

Witnesses—Elias de Hart, Catrina Lang

April 17th, 1711 .

The father, Pieter Kinne.

Lenae—The mother, Eytye Willemse.

June 12th, 1711 .

The father—Yacobus de Baar (?)

Antye—The mother, Antye Kennes (?)

Witnesses—Baerent de Wit, Sara de Wit.

June 13th, 1711

The father, Yan Vliet.

Geertye—The mother, Seytye Van der Linden.

Witnesses—Symon Wyckhof, Geertye Wyckhof.

The father, Moses Cornel (?)
 Abraham—The mother, Angeniet Yoris.
 Witnesses—Symon Wyckhof, Geertye Wyckhof.

October 23d, 1711

The father, William Willemse.
 Johannis—The mother, Cattelynty Guluck.
 The father, Abraham Bennet.
 Sara—The mother, Yannetye Folckers.
 Witnesses—Yoh : Folckersen, Angenietye Bennet.

The father, Jacob Wyckhof.
 Jacob—Launnetye (or Larumetye) Strycker
 • Witnesses—Jemo (?) Wyckhof, Geertye Vliet (?)

The father, Elias de Hart.
 Aert—The mother, Cattelynty Lalú (?) or Larue (?)
 Witnesses—Gysbert de Hart, Antye de Hart.

October 24th, 1711

The father, Dirck Yansen.
 Johannis—The mother, Aertye Smock.
 The father, Moses Crull.
 Davidt—The mother, Angenietye Joris.
 Witnesses—Caerle Fonteyn, Helenae Rynierse.

"The Church at Six-Mile Run is established November 15, 1710, and (there are) chosen as Consistory and confirmed, after that they have been published three times

Adriaen Bennet,	.	.	.	Senior Elder.
Charle Fonteyn,	.	.	.	Junior Elder.
Baerent de Wit,	.	.	.	Senior Deacon.
Abraham Bennet,	.	.	.	Junior Deacon.

"Anno 1711, Oct. 23, are chosen as Consistory at Six-Mile Run, in place of the retiring Elder, Adriaen Bennet, Baerent de Wit, and Caerle Fonteyn remains Senior Ruling Elder. And in the place of the retiring Deacon Baerent de Wit, is chosen Gysbert de Hart, and remains Abraham Bennet, Senior Ruling Deacon; and the aforementioned Consistory after that they have been published undisturbed three times, are confirmed Oct. 24, 1711. Oct. 24, 1711 Baerent de Wit has made settlement and was found in cash 59 guilders, 11 stivers, and the cash is delivered to Abraham Bennet.

THE MEMBERS OF SIX-MILE RUN

Adriaen Bennet.
 Charle Fonteyn.
 Baerent de Wit.
 Abraham Bennet.
 Lammert Van Dyck.
 Pieter Kinne.
 Isack Van Dyck, and his wife Barbara Ryniersen.
 Jannetye Van Hoorn, wife of Adriaen Laerue.
 Adriaen Pietersen Kennen.
 Jacob Wyckhof.
 Gysbert de Hart.
 Angenietye Van Dyck, wife of Adriaen Bennet.
 Sara Van Festen, wife of Baerent de Wit.
 Helenae Rynierse, wife of Charle Fonteyn.
 Cattelynitye Larue (?), wife of Elias de Hart.
 Jannetye Folckers, wife of Abraham Bennet.
 Soytye Van der Linden, wife of Van Vliedt.
 Angenietye Bennet, wife of Johannis Folckers.
 April 17, anno 1711
 Antye Wynants, wife of Gysbert de Hart.
 Marytye Hooglandt, wife of Lammert Van Dyck.
 Lammertye Strycker, wife of Jacob Wyckhof.
 Eytye Willemse, wife of Pieter Kinne."

It is not pleasant to trace a career to its end, unless it be like the path of the just "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." But the truth about Van Vlecq's sins must be told, even if we are reproached for our clouded origin through him, as the English Church is reproached by the Romanists for its royal head, Henry VIII. Van Vlecq had married the daughter of one of his Elders, and about a year afterwards rumors began to fly that he had left a wife behind him in Holland. To make a disagreeable story short, the Presbytery of Philadelphia, with which body he had been connected, tried him for bigamy. Van Vlecq attempted to disprove the charge by means of forged letters from his mother to the effect that his Holland wife was dead, but finally the forgery was fastened on him. The mills of the Church ground slowly, but they ground exceeding small. Proof was procured from a genuine letter of his mother to his uncle, Jacob Phenix, of New York, that his first wife was alive, and so the Presbytery wrote to his Dutch

people, branding him with bigamy, "foolish and needless lying," besides alluding to "drunkenness, swearing and indecent light carriage," "all of which," they say, "as we do greatly lament, so we really think upon our consciences you are not to encourage such a person under such grievous scandals, in the work of the holy ministry among you." Suspended from the ministry, and disgraced before his people, realizing no doubt in the bitterness of remorse that energy and zeal and genius are no excuse for immorality, and that the way of the transgressor is hard, he disappears from history.

After the total eclipse of Van Vlecq in 1714, we do not know whether the Church of Six-Mile Run enjoyed any stated ministrations until 1720, when a call was made, by several Churches, upon that notable Christian minister, THEODORUS JACOBUS FRELINGHUYSEN, whose career, although familiar to many, merits a recapitulation to-day. He was born in 1691, in Lingon, in East Friesland, now a part of the Kingdom of Hanover and the German Empire. Ordained to the ministry at the age of twenty-six, he became a settled pastor at Embden, in his native country. Probably nothing was farther from his thoughts than the approaching summons from the Lord, to leave the land of his fathers for a land beyond the sea. This call to a life of Christian heroism, the heroism of self-sacrifice, unless it be hinged on a small matter. The Church of Raritan, two years more unopposed previously, had sent to the Classis of Amsterdam a call by its sins most them to be approved in form and given to a worthy man. Who should it be? Young Frelinghuysen, on his way to the origin the Embden, passed the night in the house of a pious elder, whose Romanist married pastor, Rev Sisco Tjady, was a member of the Classis of year after Amsterdam. (What the name of this place was is not mentioned him in mentioned.) Religious conversation consumed the hours, to the the Presbyter great pleasure of the elder, and, at bedtime, the young minister connected, was asked to lead the evening devotions. He read and ex- ore the ch propounded the Word and offered prayer. So impressed was e effect that the elder by his fervid piety and consecrated talent, that he was fastened exacted from Frelinghuysen, when he departed next morning, at they give a promise to return. Then he hastened to his pastor, exclaim- nine lett ng as they met. "I have found a man to accept the call from work, that America." On Frelinghuysen's return from Embden, the call to his De was laid before him. Struck by its providential circumstances,

he accepted it, and in the autumn of 1719 he sailed for New York. Having arrived there about January 1st, 1720, he preached in the city on the 17th, and then proceeded to assume his charge. And what a charge! It extended from New Brunswick to the north and south branches of the Raritan river, in length between fifteen and twenty miles, and in breadth from ten to twelve, comprehending parts of Somerset and Middlesex counties, and now occupied by sixteen congregations. Fixing his residence at Three-Mile Run, not far from the ancient Church of that name, he and his Voorleser, Jacobus Schureman, a man noted for culture and piety, began their labors. Unlike Paulus Van Vlecq, these two needed not to desert and forget the girls they left behind them. They came from Holland single, but, as the terms of the call had been increased by the addition of forty-five more acres of land, with the use of a parsonage, both Dominie and Schoolmaster took the hint. Suffice it to say, that they married sisters by the name of Terhune, who lived on Long Island. (Two rather long-meter Te'-unes). How these men could administer a parish of two hundred square miles and go a-courting to Long Island, is a problem to stagger John Gilpin and Phil Sheridan, and can only be explained by the *fact* that 1720 was leap year, and the *inference* that these women, as resolute as fair, as muscular as devoted, crossed New York bay in an open boat, and traversed the wilds of New Jersey, or took the day schooner for New Brunswick (accompanied in either case by a chaperone), to make benedicts out of these bachelors out of pity for them—that pity which has been described by a Dominie's wife of to-day as "akin (achin') to love."

Thus does history shade off into romance. It shades back again, however, to the hard facts of a new country and a difficult field. To the natural obstacles of dense forests, unbridged streams, scattered settlements, and roads hardly worthy of the name, were added, alas, the equally natural and much worse obstacles of human hearts professedly Christian but sadly deficient in Christian nurture and culture from the lack of pastoral supervision. God help thee, Frelinghuysen, and make thy strength equal to thy days! That pregnant saying of Emerson is to the point: "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have

both." He chose *truth*, rather than *repose*, and reaped a life of conflict and persecution at the hands of his people. With all the energy of his character, with all his knowledge and all his grace, with all the fearlessness of John Knox and John the Baptist, with all the might of the simplicity of the gospel, he preached and spared not the truth. As was the preaching of regeneration to the Pharisees, so was his to the formalists who opposed him. They appealed to public opinion in a pamphlet sanctioned by Deacon Simon Wyckhof, of Six-Mile Run, Elder Peter Dumont, of Raritan, and Ex-Deacon Hendrick Vroom, of Three-Mile Run, and signed, also, by sixty-four heads of families of his parish, charging him with preaching doctrines contrary to the standards of the Church, and subversive of the whole spirit of the gospel. And what were these heresies? Verily, the pearls of the gospel. Experimental religion as a qualification for the Lord's Supper, vital union with Christ, the indwelling and fruits of the Spirit. Did this young man of thirty-two quail as he saw gray-headed respectability and all the forces of conservatism arrayed to face him down, when a church-door was shut against him, and an attempt was made to supplant him? Never! "I had rather die a thousand deaths," he says in a sermon, "than not preach the gospel." By his fidelity he lived a thousand lives. Revivals of vital religion were the seals of his success. The testimony of his brethren, of Gilbert Tennent, Presbyterian pastor in New Brunswick, of George Whitefield, the eminent evangelist, of Jonathan Edwards, shows the profoundest esteem for him, and to him is due large credit for his efforts toward making the American Dutch Church what it finally became, free and independent from the Classis of Amsterdam. During his time the Church split on this issue into two factions, the Coetus, or the party of progress, and the Conferentie, or the party of conservative inertia. Frelinghuysen, of course, was ardent for advancement, and although he died before the triumph of his principles, nevertheless, in 1772, the end crowned the work when the autonomy of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of North America was established. He died about 1748, and is buried in that one of our cemeteries now known as Elm Ridge, where, although the exact location of his grave is unknown, a monument has recently been erected to his memory by his worthy descendant, the late Secretary of State.

Let us add to every other tribute to his worth that of Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton "If you wish to find a community characterized by an intelligent piety, a love of order, and all that tends to make society what it should be, seek it among the people of Somerset and Middlesex. And their present character is owing very much, under God, to the faithful preaching of the gospel under old Dominie Frelinghuysen." Yes, let us apply to him the inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral upon Sir Christopher Wren "If you seek his monument, traveler, look around you!"

Frelinghuysen himself had been nobly assisted during his ministry by some Christian helpers which he had appointed. This was a novel procedure for the Dutch Church, though it had apostolic warrant. By his Consistories seven of these extraordinary officers were appointed, the one for Six-Mile Run being Elbert Stoothoff.

When Dominie Frelinghuysen died he left his Churches so vigorous that they resolved to settle two pastors. So the congregations of Raritan, North Branch (now Readington) and Millstone (now Harlingen) settled Rev John Frelinghuysen, while the strong Churches of Six-Mile Run and New Brunswick called, with great unanimity, Rev JOHANNES LEYDT, a student just through his studies, who, in September, 1748, became the second pastor of this Church. During his long ministry of thirty-five years he lived in the parsonage establishment at Three-Mile Run. The house, which so many of you remember, stood near that of Mr. Isaac Pumyea, and was recently burned. Mr Leydt's ministry was that of a faithful pastor and an efficient man in Church affairs rather than a great preacher. He was a prominent member and pamphleteer of the Coetus party, and every graduate and friend of Rutgers College owes him a great debt for his labors to establish that excellent institution. He was one of its original trustees.

There were no great revivals of religion during his ministry. The powers of the people were consecrated to the purpose of God to make this country free. Distinctively ecclesiastical affairs were made secondary to the demands of patriotism. And yet, we find Dominie Leydt accomplishing a great feat—that of causing his congregations to erect two new Church edifices, each at a distance from the former place of worship.

In 1766, on the site of *this* Church, was erected its first predecessor, over a mile to the east of the former location, near Elm Ridge, and in 1767 the other was completed at New Brunswick. The Revolutionary War approached, and, during its seven years' course, this region was possessed by each side in turns, and plundered by the enemy.

As at the beginning of Mr. Leydt's ministry there was a separation of the Churches, so at its close Six-Mile Run ceased its connection with New Brunswick, and, together with Millstone (Hillsborough), then a young Church of seventeen years, called a pastor. The choice of this union, made necessary by the withdrawal of New Brunswick and the feeble ability of the people after the war, fell upon JOHN M. VAN HARLINGEN, to whom they promised one hundred and sixty pounds, one-half to be paid by each people. He was to render each congregation equal service, but Six-Mile Run stipulated for two-thirds of theirs in the Dutch language, while Millstone took theirs half-and-half. Mr Van Harlingen was a native of Millstone, born 1761, graduated from Queen's College 1783, studied theology under Dr Livingston, and was licensed 1786. In contrast with Dominie Leydt, Van Harlingen was a book-worm and a recluse. Tall, thin and stooping, too diffident to mingle with men, absent-minded to a fault, a bachelor who seldom surprised his face with a smile or his clothes with a needle and a brush, he had not the elements of ministerial success to which his eminent mental abilities might otherwise have entitled him. As a preacher he was sound in his doctrine, and put good matter into his sermons, but it is said of him that "Christians heard him patiently and sometimes with pleasure." In 1795 he retired from his pastorate, but continued to live in Millstone. Then began his real service to the Church. Being proficient in the languages, he translated into English Van der Kemp's Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism, and taught pupils in his study, which, like the typical haunt of such a man, was poor in furniture, but rich in books. Even in his own house he did not unbend, being, as one of his pupils has said, "too diffident to venture a criticism and too kind to rebuke our inattention." In 1812 he was elected Professor in the Seminary, and he agreed to instruct in Hebrew and, temporarily, in Church History, but he only lived to serve one year. Death,

in 1813, removed from the Church militant one who was deficient, indeed, in many manly, soldierly qualities, but who was a consistent and pure Christian and a scholarly man. We may here mention that five of the eight pastors of this Church have been summoned to it from their preparatory studies, and that the other three, Frelinghuysen, Romeyn, Sears, were all young men summoned from their first charges.

Up to this period, 1795, whatever may have been the records of this Church in interest and value, we have had no direct guidance from them, for in 1796, the minutes of Consistory, together with the first record of baptisms, were burned—an irreparable loss—in the house of Davis Nevius.

For about two years after Van Harlingen's departure, our Church was vacant, but in 1797, we united with Millstone in calling the candidate, JAMES SPENCER CANNON

Dr Cannon was born 1776, in the West Indies, island of Curacao. He was of Scotch and Irish parentage, and he must have been a studious and precocious youth, for at twenty he had finished his studies, and at twenty-one he was settled here. Recently we have seen a paper, yellow with age, on which is written a call made upon young Cannon, which he did *not* accept. A summary of its contents may interest you. It is from the Churches of Rochester and Wawasing, Ulster county, New York. The Heidelberg Catechism to be explained whenever there is twice-a-day preaching (*i. e.* from April 15th to October 15th). Services in Dutch or English, as the Consistory "shall judge it expedient." House visitation once a year £130, current, lawful money of the State of New York; Rochester to pay £86.13.4, and Wawasing, £43.6.8. Also, accommodations dwelling-house, barn, garden, well, 50²/₃ acres of land, lying in the congregation of Rochester. Also, yearly, and every year, forty-five loads of firewood, of which Rochester will draw thirty, and Wawasing fifteen. Five Sabbaths at his own disposal, services, two-thirds for Rochester, one-third for Wawasing. Attested by Elias Van Bunschoten, Moderator

In the house now owned and occupied by Mr Lawrence J Suydam, Dr Cannon lived during his long and successful pastorate. In 1807, Six-Mile Run, according to the records, withdrew from its union with Millstone, and from that time

until 1826, Dr. Cannon ministered to this people alone, and he ministered faithfully. The minutes of Consistory bear witness to his kindness and fidelity in administering Christian discipline. In 1815, April 18th, we find recorded the following statistics of the congregation, which Consistory presented to Classis.

	Families.	Communicants.	Recd.		Dism.	Died.
			Conf.	Cert.		
1815	140	150	10	1	7	1
1885	155	344	4	7	5	6

The figures for 1885, compared with those, show on their face the prosperity and growth of this congregation, and the deepened hold of the gospel upon the families within its borders.

In 1816, we find record of the steps taken to build a new and larger church edifice. The small, old church, with its barrack-roof, bell-rope hanging down over the middle of the room, great square pews and few of them, was inadequate. The Great Consistory was summoned for its advice, and its advice was to proceed. The proposition was submitted to the people, and by them assented to, and so, in 1817, was built the edifice which was consumed by fire in 1879, and of which the Church at Millstone, prior to its recent elaborate and modernizing alterations, was the copy and counterpart. In 1826, we find the record of Dr. Cannon's acceptance of the call of General Synod, to be Professor in the Seminary, and thither he moved, to be, for many years, the honored and beloved instructor of the College and Seminary students.

In person, Dr. Cannon was tall and imposing. Always the elegant and urbane Christian gentleman, he retained to the last the peculiar dress of the olden time, which became his portly figure so well. In his velvet small-clothes, silk-stockings, silver shoe-buckles, low-crowned, stiff, broad-brimmed hat, and cane, he was a majestic and courtly figure which men turned their heads to watch along the streets. As a preacher he was excellent, not great. In speech he was slow and deliberate. In all the amiable qualities of heart and mind which endear a man to young and old alike, Dr. Cannon was pre-eminent, and in this Church such qualities must have shone the more brightly after the unfortunate defects of his predecessor

Many are the anecdotes told of the Doctor's genial ways, but as we can only mention one, we give the following: Among his New Brunswick students he was familiarly known as "Old Gun." Boys often think that their professors are entirely ignorant of any of those labor-saving machines known as nick-names; and it is seldom, indeed, that the professors think it worth while to undeceive them. This is the only occasion when Dr Cannon ever enlightened his boys on that point. On the third of July of a certain year (Seminary kept in late in those days), the Doctor laid out the work for the following day, as usual. "Why, Doctor," said the students, "to-morrow will be the Fourth of July!" "Oh, well, gentlemen, if you will assemble, I guess the *old gun* will fire!" So great was their reverence and esteem for the Doctor, mixed, perhaps, for that occasion with a little remorseful shame that he had exposed their seeming disrespect, that the boys all assembled next day for the lecture. The Doctor, however, had changed his mind and did not put in an appearance. The day following the good man met his class as usual, and said, as he began: "Well, gentlemen, I did not see any of you here yesterday." Up spoke one of the class. "*We* were all here, Doctor, but as we did not hear any *report*, we concluded that the old gun was spiked." The laughter which followed was like the discharge of a battery.

After Dr Cannon left us this Church had a lively time in calling his successor. At this remote day the amusing features of the friction are more prominent than that strife between brethren and that hatred of a worthy minister of Christ which are always most sad and disgraceful. So many candidates had been heard that there was much perplexity and division. On June 19th, 1826, the Consistory met, but could not come to a unanimous decision. They therefore called together the Great Consistory for their advice. Pursuant to the call, on July 30th, the meeting was held, and, on motion, it was resolved that Rev. James Romeyn and Rev David Abeel be invited to preach again, and that, after they had preached, the Great Consistory be asked to meet again. Something evidently occurred after this to switch the Church upon another track, for next we find the record of many meetings full of recommendations and motions relative to calling Rev. James B. Hardenbergh, of New

Brunswick, Consistory going so far as to resolve "to make out a call without submitting it to Classis, unless the said Hardenbergh should insist upon that course." All of these efforts failed, and then came more joint meetings, which narrowed down the choice to Rev Peter P. Rouse and Rev James Romeyn. By a vote of 10 to 7, Rev. Peter P Rouse was recommended by the Great Consistory to the Ruling Consistory, but upon a canvass of the congregation only \$420 salary was pledged. Then ensued more consultations and meetings, resulting (October 1st, 1827,) in a called meeting of "all the supporters of the gospel," to whom the Consistory presented the names of Messrs. Rouse and Romeyn, and also a resolution (which was adopted) binding the minority "cordially to acquiesce in the will of the majority." The ballot was taken, and as the result, Rev. James Romeyn received 62 votes, and Rev. Peter P Rouse 57 Thereupon the Consistory canvassed again for salary, and reported \$530 pledged, and that many had not subscribed "for one cause or another." Again they rushed to the Great Consistory for advice, and then, backed by a resolution so worded, they went again to the delinquent members, "in the spirit of brotherly love and Christian affection, and in a friendly manner endeavor(ed) to obtain their views and subscription." By these efforts they raised \$19 more, making \$550 in all. The "cordial acquiescence" of the minority did not pan out well; but, with the interest on the Church fund of \$2,000, the Consistory made out the call for \$670, and sent it to Rev. James Romeyn, then at Nassau, N Y

On November 16th, 1827, Mr. Romeyn wrote his acceptance of the call as tendered, and soon afterwards he was installed. Although the "cordial acquiescence of the minority" did not at once subside into the doing of Christian duty and courtesy to the new pastor, yet there was soon a bright day evolved from these mists of the morning. The fervid preaching of the new pastor softened and won the people. On Saturday last we received a letter from his only surviving son, James, full of the mention of the wondrous kindness of this people to his father, and of cordial wishes for the future of this Church. The personality of James Romeyn was very complex. In the pulpit he was entirely great. Possessed of a rich, an exuberant imagination, of a masterful knowledge of his mother-tongue, of a

homiletic conscience, which made him always do his best, of a zealous love for Bible truths, which guided and deepened his studies, of a clarion voice and an impetuous delivery, he en-
 chained attention at the outset, and held it to the close. "I never heard such preaching," says our venerable brother, Abram J. Cortelyou. "There was always a revival where he preached," says another, a former member of this Church. He read his sermons closely. Indeed, he had to read closely in order to read them at all, for his hand-writing was so fine, and often so indistinct, that he himself would give up in despair the task of reading it. Turning from the preacher to the man, we find him to be of that high-strung, nervous temperament which quickly alternates between exaltation and depression, which exhausts the vital forces under the strain of mental labor, and manifests itself in abrupt and startling actions. Dr. Romeyn was not a happy man, if by happiness we mean physical felicity. Some one said of him that he never could be happy until that body of his were under the ground. And yet he fought a good fight and kept the faith. Praying for grace to bear his fleshly infirmities and conquer the obedience of his body, he wrought much more for God as a pastor, and perfected a more Christ-like character than many a man with a sound mind in a sound body. He requested his Consistory here to relieve him from the obligation of preaching at funerals, and the next funeral he had he preached for two hours. He would request a brother minister to conduct a service for him, and then, at the last minute, would himself appear and preach with apostolic unction. When left to his own thoughts he would grow downcast and morbid, but, if a good elder came to get him out-of-doors and into some sick chamber, or some friend's parlor, he would speedily rise above his gloom and become the son of consolation or the agreeable, social gentleman.

So James Romeyn preached and lived here for over five years. In March, 1833, he requested Consistory to unite in a request to Classis for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. The state of his health, he said, hindered him from doing his whole duty to the people, and he would not occupy a position to which he was not physically equal. We will not follow him through his other pastorates, all of them short, as we have not

to his best, of traced his pious ancestry and the home influence of his wonderful mother. In his last pastorate, Geneva, New York, he was stricken with paralysis, and for several years he suffered before death released him from his body. From his sick-room he sent forth a sermon, designed to be a "parting memorial to the people of his former charges," and which is peculiarly touching in its revelation of his earnest, loving heart. In its preface, he thanks his Lord for having enabled him, for thirty-one and a half years, to engage in the active and laborious duties of the ministry, "and I bless Him no less," he says, "that for six and a half years He has called me to *suffer* as He formerly did to *do* His will, and that He has refreshed me by means of these very toils." And again, at the close of the preface, he speaks of his glorious calling. We quote it for these young men as a message from the Pastor of their ancestors:

"I likewise record the conviction, for the encouragement of the young, and in view of the wants of the Church, that no situation in life can be compared for dignity, facilities for usefulness, intellectual improvement, growth in piety, peace of mind, and all the elements of the highest happiness and well-being, with that of a gospel minister, who loves his Master and his work, and who, in his turn, is esteemed and loved for his work's sake. Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O, Lord! I have passed my days as a minister of Jesus Christ. That is enough. That is enough." He died September 7th, 1859.

The Church was prompt to secure a successor to Mr Romeyn. The Rev JACOB C. SEARS, of Philadelphia, who was graduated from Union College in 1819 and New Brunswick Seminary in 1824, was called to this field, and he accepted. On September 5th, 1833, he and his family moved to this village, and Dr Sears began his long and harmonious pastorate here.

During his ministry this Church dismissed many of its members to add to the strength of other Churches. In 1834 we find on record the petition of fourteen members for their certificates in order that they might aid in building up "that infant Church" at Middlebush. In 1842 a similar entry shows that fifteen were dismissed to the Church of Griggstown. At other times, of which Dr Sears speaks in his fortieth anniversary

sermon, our members united themselves with the Baptist Church of Cranbury and the Presbyterian Church of Dayton. Notwithstanding these our losses, which were gains to other and weaker Churches, Dr Sears could mention, in 1873, that during forty years of his pastorate here, 421 were added to this Church (300 on confession and 121 on certificate); 607 children and 34 adults were baptized, and 346 marriages were solemnized. These forty years were marked by many signs of congregational life and growth. The pastor's salary was gradually increased from \$550 to \$1,100, besides a donation and the free use of the \$3,000 invested in the parsonage. Changes were made in the mode of administering the Lord's Supper and in other details of Church work. In 1876 there occurred a great revival of the Spirit, and over one hundred were gathered into the Church. As Dr. Sears at that time was suffering from bodily infirmity, these services were conducted by students from Princeton and New Brunswick Seminaries. Young and old were brought under conviction of sin and led to Christ.

On January 7th, 1879, occurred the burning of the Church. It was during the week of prayer and also the time when a new organ was being erected. These causes necessitated the keeping of the fires in the stoves, and on that Tuesday night, in spite of the usual caution which had been observed, the historic edifice burned to the ground. The sorrowful congregation could do nothing but watch the flaming pile. Men and women wept to see it go, but they dried their eyes and went to work to rebuild. On the 12th of January Dr Sears preached to his people, or to as many of them as could huddle together in the village school-house, from the text, Isaiah, 64 11, "Our holy and our beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste;" and on the 11th of the December following Dr T W Chambers, of New York City, preached the dedication sermon of this new Church from the text, Psalms, 83 1, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." Although an effort was made to locate the new Church on a more commodious site, the attachment to the very ground was so strong that no change was made. People chose their seats to correspond with those they had in the old Church, and put in the same old dangerous stoves to roast us

Baptism on one side and leave the other side to shiver not only with the Dayton cold, but at the way we are tempting Providence to burn us out again. It was while this congregation was awaiting the completion of this edifice that Dr. Sears was made Pastor Emeritus, on account of increasing age and infirmities. The choice of the people for his assistant and successor fell upon WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, then a member of the senior class in the Seminary. Brother Taylor, by one of the coincidences of which life is full, reached the last sermon in the old Church, and, of course, as pastor, preached at the first regular service in this one. He began his labors here in July, 1879, and was ordained and installed on the afternoon of Dedication Day, December 11th. By coming to this flock when it was without other Church home than the inadequate room of a school-house, he came closely into contact with his people from the first, and laid the foundation for that strong attachment which grew stronger with the progress of his pastorate, and which needs but a reunion like the present to manifest itself afresh.

In August, 1880, the venerable Dr. Sears passed from the mortal to the immortal life. His praise is on the lips of his people yet, for all of these hearth-stones knew his faithful ministrations, and with him are associated the critical events of your lives. He united these husbands and wives in marriage, he baptized the children and buried the dead. A man of excellent and well-balanced mind, a good preacher, a faithful and self-sacrificing pastor, a reliable counselor and a firm friend, honored among his people and by his brethren in the ministry, many years must pass and many graves be filled before the praise of Jacob C. Sears will cease its human voice. The decease of Dr. Sears left Mr. Taylor as sole pastor. Of that pastorate, so recently closed, he himself is here to speak. In his presence and in yours another's words would be superfluous. The hand and the smile and the heart bid him a present welcome and a "God-speed thee" for the future.

In March, 1884, Mr. Taylor felt it his duty to accept the call from the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, and that Church he is now serving. After fifteen months of vacancy this Church again has a pastor, and the history of this pastorate, dear brethren, is to be made and written, under God, by you and me.

This gala-day has its under-currents of solemn thought. The past has flowered into the bright blossom of the present, but the end of the plant is to produce not flowers, but seed. We see in this November landscape not only the stubble and the leafless bough, but the green, up-springing promise of another season's harvest. We see in the retrospect of history that our fathers are not, that the prophets do not live forever. We see from these pictured faces that our lives make our memories, and that the memory of the just is blessed. By this new Church and the changed aspect of this congregation and the changed ownership of these farms, we see the great, inevitable lesson, that times change and we change with them.

But we see the emblems of permanence and progress as well as those of change. These stars and stripes remind us not only of the Colonies of 1700, not of the feeble government of 1776, but of the mighty nation we have become, and of the power which is ours—might and power not measured in terms of ships and corn and money, but in the spiritual forces of Christian land, in the immortal unrest of humanity. The dear tri-color of the fatherland, which intertwines and blends the States of Holland with our own, witnesses the out-working of ancestral character in a larger sphere, and bids *us spread* Protestant Christianity. This inspiring Church motto, "*Een dracht Maakt Macht*"—united action makes power—is to-day the Een-dracht not of the few Dutch Provinces that withstood the war with Spain, but the Een-dracht of the kingdom of heaven, which makes and wields the earthly and benignant sway of Christ. These flowers lend their subservient beauty to glorify God, the Absolute, and man the delegated ruler of the earth. These wreaths are as crowns of Christian labor, in which, please God, these children shall far exceed their sires and, oh, above all, here is the Bible, the revelation of God to man, whereby we know that He keeps covenant with His people by His covenant name JEHOVAH. And this assures the future of the Church. Be this our name: in every trying circumstance of life, Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide: for every act of faith and praise, Jehovah-Tsidkenu, the Lord our Righteousness, for every spiritual longing, Jehovah-Shalom, the Lord is Peace; for every Christian convocation, Jehovah-Shammah, the Lord is there, and for the conquest of the world for Jesus, Jehovah-Nissi, the Lord my banner.

Brethren, the changes of one hundred and seventy-five years have made plain before us a broader path of Christian duty. Archimedes said, "Give me a *pou sto*, a place to stand, and, with a lever, I can move the world!" so the Christian has been always struggling not only for a place to stand, but for a place from which to move the world. The place to stand is here in a Christian land, here in this gospel-guided community where the fulcrum is faith in the promises and the triumph of Jesus Christ. The lever is the visible Church, with all the spiritual powers of which she is as yet so dimly conscious. Take hold of that lever, my brother, and bear down hard!

The glory of every Church's history is clouded by the shadows of the work unperformed. The glory of our Reformed Church is not that of a meteor's glittering course the starry heights among, but that of quiet virtues and of men who knew the truth, and, knowing, dared maintain. The cloud upon our pathway is that, by lack of American aggressiveness, we have remained but not advanced to possess new territory as it awaited itself for Christianization. O, Sun of Righteousness, shine and bring a cloudless future! O, Captain of the Host, lead us forward! O, Infinite Heart of deathless love, indwell, inspire, inflame!

Address

OF REV. WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, OF PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—I find myself beset to-day by the temptations of an old man, without an old man's privilege to sin. Anomalous as it certainly seems, I am the only surviving ex-pastor of this venerable Church. Somehow I feel that I ought to be old. I almost wish I were, just for this occasion. But, although I am not, I assure you that, as I stand in this dear, familiar place, and look down into the faces of so many to whom I ministered in the gospel, the mental images that flock in upon me, and the feelings that rise to meet them and to greet them, are of a decidedly fatherly character. What would be expected and enjoyed, however, from a patriarch, would be unpardonable in a young man. So I shall put my uppermost feelings nethermost, and try to maintain the proprieties. Only I pray you to be charitable, if, after having deliberately and forcibly turned my heart upside down, I should not speak very profitably or entertainingly.

A hundred and seventy-five years! judged by some standards, how long, by others, how short, a time! By the history of our great but youthful country, how long! It takes us back to the beginning of things—when these fruitful fields were covered with the primeval forests, and when the only roads were the Indian paths. Judged by the lifetime of men, how long! The names of the original members of this Church are now only names. You can't even find their graves. The last resting-place of the most distinguished man of the region, the first minister, Dominie Frelinghuysen, has been forgotten. Judged by what we self-complacently call "modern civilization," how long! No steamboats, no railroads, no telegraph, no telephone, no cheap postage, no daily press, no electric light or illuminating gas, no petroleum, no Christian missions, no

science worthy of the name except astronomy, slavery nestling warmly in the breast of almost every Christian nation, no Methodist Church, no Napoleon, no George Washington, no United States of America—what ancient times were those!

But by the longer measures, how short is that time! Methuselah was only a big boy when he was as old as you are. So, metaphorically speaking, were the giant nations of Europe and the East. In the vast geological periods and astronomical æons, it is an invisible point. To Him who is "without beginning of years or end of days," "from everlasting to everlasting God," it is as nothing. Oh, how everything human, earthly, created, dwindles when we think of Him!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

But, judged by ordinary human standards, your history is a most venerable one, and ought to yield some valuable testimony. For all history is testimony—testimony to something. Out of this century and three-quarters of Church-life, I think we ought to be able to cull some maxims for our future guidance and encouragement.

It seems to me your Church history bears powerful testimony to the *vitality of evangelical truth*.

What a wonderful change has taken place in the life and thought of the world—and especially this part of the world—since Dominie Frelinghuysen made his fight for a religion spiritual, pure, and undefiled! And yet, go to his published sermons—the very sermons he preached in the old Church at Three-Mile Run. You will find some queer things in them. You will find him insisting that the earth does not go around the sun, and that it has been incontestably proved from Scripture. His attempted explanation of thunder and lightning is certainly quite funny. And, after the manner of his time, he goes at a text very much as an anatomist goes at the body of an animal for the skeleton. With his keen logical processes, the bones of the passage are before you in a trice, as clean as if they had been scraped and boiled. (I should say here, however, that, before he is done, they are all together again, with

their flesh on, and showing, somehow, a wonderfully warm and vigorous life for things that have been so cruelly handled.)

But when you have called attention to these, and a few other things, you have got about all the amusement there is to be got out of his sermons. For the substance of his preaching consisted of the very same great doctrines of grace which have been proclaimed from this pulpit ever since, and are still proclaimed, and which, thanks to the enemies of the faith, are being taught more powerfully and determinedly to-day than ever—the doctrines which are, and always will be, to the end of Time, the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation.

All that is antiquated in these sermons is their style—which, as merely the dress of thought, is subject to change in fashion; the errors due to the imperfect archæology and philology of the time; and the attempts at scientific explanation of mysterious physical phenomena, with which he had about as much business in his preaching as we have. The message which it was his chief business to deliver—the message of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus—is as true, and moving, and life-giving as ever.

Your history also bears testimony to the *sufficiency of the local Church as the divinely appointed agent in human salvation.*

I have often thought that the position of this Church afforded a very unusual opportunity for judging what Christ intended His Church to be to the world. We cannot see this as well where life is more complex—where different denominations divide the field, where great numbers of men are lost sight of in the crowds, where numerous charitable and religious organizations cross and re-cross one another's paths, where ten thousand diverse influences are at work.

But here in the field this Church occupies, and in the work it has done, it is easy to see what every Church of Jesus Christ might be to the community in which it exists. No one can doubt that this Church has been "the pillar and ground of the truth" in this community—that to it belongs the credit of maintaining, among the changing generations of men, the unchanging truth of God. It has been the one great agent in the conversion and sanctification of the people. It has been the unfailing promoter of morality, industry, and education. It has taken care of the poor, the sick, the aged, the unfortunate.

And it is not difficult to imagine such a Church as this, if the population should suddenly begin to grow, and life to become more complex, rising to meet every demand made upon it—establishing its own orphanages, and hospitals, and retreats for the old ; organizing within its own self its Temperance and Law and Order Societies, its Young Men's Christian Associations, and sending out its own evangelists and missionaries. I believe the Church has made a great mistake in allowing these subordinate, perhaps, but still very important elements in the work of salvation, to pass out of her control into the hands of voluntary organizations containing a large worldly element. The position of this Church, I say, in this community, shows us what a Church can be, and what she ought to be.

Speaking now for the dead, I would further say that your history bears testimony to the *power of a learned and pious ministry*

What a line of ministers this Church has had ! There is no question that Frelinghuysen's scholarship was of the first order of his time. He read and wrote Latin with ease ; quoted frequently from the classic authors, Greek and Roman, and referred constantly to the Hebrew of the Old Testament. He gave up the Rectorship of the Academy at Embden to come to America. Of the remaining five pastors who have gone to their reward, three at least were honored with the degree of Doctor in Divinity, four were Trustees of the College, and two were called to occupy professional chairs in the Seminary

And their reputation for piety was quite as high as for learning. They were not perfect men, by any means. Frelinghuysen once had a very saucy verse of poetry painted on the back of his sleigh—a device which always gave him the last word in a controversy with his enemies. And Van Harlingen—was a bachelor ! But—in all seriousness—how different would the history and present condition of this community have been—yes, perhaps, to speak after the manner of men, the destiny of not a few souls now in glory would have been changed—if instead of this line of strong, wise, and godly ministers, there had been a succession of half-trained, loose-thinking, cold-hearted men !

And now, for the last thing, your history bears testimony to *the covenant faithfulness of God.*

“To be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee”—that was the promise made to the fathers. Didn't He keep it to

them? Hasn't He kept it to you? Hasn't He made "thy dwelling to be the fatness of the earth and of the dew of heaven from above?" Hasn't he blessed you with all spiritual blessings in Christ? Your ancient records, containing many of the same names as those now in use—given names and surnames—prove how His blessing has come down from father to son, and that His loving-kindness is from generation to generation.

I have spoken but little of what is in my heart to say. The day, the place, these faces, stir a host of sleeping memories. How full God crowded those years we spent together as pastor and people! How rich and varied they were in experience! How close the fellowship they produced! How sweet was the counsel we took together here in God's house, and in your own hospitable homes! How often, too, we sat down at the table when the bread was the bread of affliction, and God gave us tears to drink! We walked through some deep waters together; did we not, dear friends?

But God brought us forth from them all, and now this day of joy has come.

Many, indeed, are its lessons, but is not its first and last and chiefest that old, trite one of the flying years—of the call to be up and doing while it is day, and before the night comes?

One day, early in the Fall, I visited the beautiful spot where General Grant's body is entombed. As some of you may know, there is another grave there. Not a stone's throw distant, on the very edge of the bluff, there stands a small but rich marble monument, erected, as the inscription tells us, "To the memory of an amiable child." On the opposite side of the shaft is the familiar passage from Job—"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." True enough, I said to myself; but strange for a little child's epitaph. But the very strangeness of it impressed me; and as I stood, a few moments after, gazing at the tomb of the great soldier, I found myself mentally writing over the iron gates the same words. The little child had lived but five years; *he* had passed three score. One word told the life and character of the one; the pulpit, the platform, and the press of two continents were extolling the exploits of the other. And yet Job's words would have been just as appropriate over the hero's tomb, as over the little child's grave. "Man that is born

of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

Later on, the same afternoon, I stood beneath the Egyptian obelisk, which stands in Central Park, and which was reared originally by one of the Pharaohs as an imperishable memorial of his triumphs. And truly it has lasted well. For it is thought not improbable that it may have been standing, a silent sentinel, when Moses and the terror-stricken Israelites stole out of the land of bondage.

But not only has the name of the monarch that erected it—if I remember correctly—been forgotten, but the mighty civilization of which it is such an interesting relic—a civilization in some respects one of the mightiest in all history—has perished from the earth, and become a subject for learned antiquarian research.

And, as I looked at the face that had stood desert-ward, with every mark obliterated, and the surface polished by the wind-driven sand, the lines on the tomb of General Grant's little comrade in the long sleep came to me again, 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.'

Oh, brethren, the time is short ! How quickly shall we be with the fathers of whom our talk has been to-day ! And then how much will we think of the things of this life for which we strive so earnestly—for which we disobey and neglect God, and sell our own souls—our money, our pleasures, our pride, and all the rest that is seen and temporal ! Let us be sober and watch unto prayer, denying ourselves for His sake, doing faithful service, and looking for and hasting unto that blessed hope !

One of the greatest of my pleasures to-day is that there stands in your pulpit now one who is worthy to follow in the footsteps of the good men who went before us in this ministry—one who in character and attainments and spiritual power is well fitted to lead you to more commanding heights of blessing and of service, and to cause, by the grace of God, the last quarter of your second century to be the best and brightest era of your noble history God bless him ! God bless you ! God bless us all ! Amen.

Letter from Rev. Dr. E. T. Corwin.

FRANKLIN PARK, Nov 18, 1885.

DEAR BRO. MULFORD—I greatly regret that I cannot remain with you at the afternoon exercises of your interesting anniversary, to convey to you the congratulations of the Church of Millstone. You will have to charge my absence to the young ladies of my Church, who are accustomed to select famous days in the Church calendar as their wedding days. Only last year two of them fixed on the centennial of our Theological Seminary as the day of all days to them. Such circumstances show, perhaps, their general interests in the Church, as they seem to wish to have the cycles of their married life to coincide with the cycles of the Church. It is also understood that ministers have standing engagements (of an official character, of course,) with all the young ladies of their congregations, to tie the nuptial knot at any time they may desire, all other engagements being considered secondary. The marriage institution is also older than the Church, and, indeed, the Church could not get along very well without it.

The Church of Millstone extends her hearty congratulations to the ancient Church of Six-Mile Run on this the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of her organization. We congratulate you on your age, upon the long line of worthy pastors, upon your host of Church members, upon all the spiritual blessings you have enjoyed. May your Church go right on, with ever-growing prosperity, and a double portion of the Spirit granted unto past generations, until the millennial glory shall burst upon the earth. May she never die! May God bless the Church of Six-Mile Run, and her pastor, exceeding abundantly

Yours most sincerely,

E. T. CORWIN,

Pastor at Millstone.

Address

OF REV. JAMES LE FEVRE.

It gives me great pleasure to bring the warm congratulations of the Reformed Church of Middlebush to this venerable Mother of Churches. The Church I represent is happy to call this Church both mother and grandmother. We were organized as a Church, more than fifty years since, by this Church and her two venerable daughters, First New Brunswick and Hillsborough. You see, we are one of your younger children—a child of your old age, and we rise up before you to-day to honor your venerable maternity, and to invoke that blessing upon you, by which your age shall be continually renewed, until all Churches shall celebrate "All Saints' Day" in heaven.

It will be no disparagement of the other mothers, I trust, if I say, that you are our *dearest* mother, both on account of your great age, and of our likeness to you in our Church-life and tastes. Indeed, if we have any comeliness, we have more of the *good looks* of our Six-Mile Run mother than of the other two. And, geographically, we are almost a part of you, and our relations, in this respect, are so close that I have never thought of a well-defined boundary between our congregations. Indeed, I scarcely know, on some occasions, whether I am in Six-Mile Run or Middlebush, and, I am happy to say, I have never known, or heard, of any jealousy, or unfriendliness between mother and daughter.

One hundred and seventy-five years a distinct organization as a Church! In this world of change and decay this is exceptional. Surely, the Lord has been in the midst of you all these years; and *His life* has perpetuated your life. From all that we have heard, this pulpit has never uttered an uncertain sound, and this candlestick has never given a bewildering light, all these years. And the honor with which God crowns this

anniversary-day is the fulfillment of His promise "For them that honor me I will honor."

As your pastor reviewed, in his admirable discourse, the long history of this Church, what facts and memories crowded upon our attention! During the existence of this Church empires have changed their boundaries; kingdoms have crumbled into pieces, new dynasties have arisen, the world has been drenched in blood by contending armies; millions of human beings have been swept away by pestilence and famine, civilization, commerce, the arts and sciences, religion and education, have found new homes, the uttermost parts of the globe have been explored, time and space have been annihilated by the telegraph, the employment of steam and the application of machinery have given a new aspect to labor; the wonderful advance in the science of medicine and surgery has alleviated the evils of the apostasy, the gospel has been preached in every land, and we seem to be nearing the day of promised millennial glory.

I have been impressed, also, with the noble characters and earnest piety of those who organized this Church, and who sustained it in those years of struggle and trial. They were eminently God-fearing and God-loving men and women. They knew God as their God, they were moved with deep convictions as to His proper worship, and in their yearnings for the privileges of the Christian assembly they organized this Church. With all our superior advantages, it is a question whether we excel in strength of Christian character those who planted the early Churches of our denomination in this country. Perhaps a graver question might be asked. Do we equal them? It is certain, however, we have a bright example for our imitation, in their consecration to God, and zeal in His worship. May we all be stimulated by the exercises and memories of this day to emulate the robust piety of the founders and early supporters of this Church.

The Reformed Church of Six-Mile Run has, in all these years, embodied in her teachings and Church-life the doctrines of the Reformation, as set forth by Luther and Calvin. Luther was the champion of *justification by faith*, and Calvin was the champion of the *consecrated life* and the *sanctified heart*. It is said the theology of these great men was expressed in the engravings upon their signet-rings. Luther's impressed itself

upon his poetic soul as a beautiful picture Baptized into Christ's death, therefore the cross on my heart, my old man crucified with Christ, therefore no other than a black cross, yet crucified with Christ, only to live also with Christ, hence a *black* cross on a *red* heart, dead with Christ, and hence justified with Christ and redeemed, therefore, encircling the red heart, a wreath of *white* roses; and all on a *blue* field, for as the life which Christ now liveth, he liveth to God, so the Christian's heart now lives in heaven, and round the whole a *golden ring*, because as Christ no more dies, so, also, the Christian's joy, peace and consolation no more die. Out of all, the sweet conclusion. "The Christian's heart is upon roses, while bearing the cross."

And Calvin's theology, like Luther's, was born in dark and painful hours. He escaped from Paris and found refuge in Geneva, a city scarcely then freed from the bonds of Popery, but he escaped the scaffold of a worldly Church only to experience the torture of a profane world. The high-minded Genevans went from the bondage of Popery only to indulge freely their sensual appetites. The rebukes of the gospel they would not bear, and the faithful preacher had to turn his back upon his asylum and find a resting-place for some years in Strasburg. Then followed a new invitation to return to Geneva. This gave him a severe struggle with the flesh. It was then, after severe mental anguish, he exclaimed, "*I bring my bleeding heart an offering to God.*" He went back to Geneva ready to labor and to suffer, and out of this painful contest came the device on his signet-ring "*An outstretched arm, and in the hand a heart surrounded with flame.*"

May these signet-rings express the theology and the Christian life of this ancient Church to the end of time.

Address

OF REV. THOMAS CHALMERS EASTON, D.D.

BELOVED FRIENDS—Allow me the pleasure of extending to you the loving congratulations of the First Reformed Church in New Brunswick on this your one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary as a Church.

In these days of patent-right methods of hasty incubation we find ourselves as much surprised as the newly-hatched chicken, for we believed ourselves in New Brunswick to be the mother Church, but find by authentic sources we are the child and you the parent.

When the old Napoleon drew up his armies in front of the Pyramids he said "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you!" We feel the inspiration of such an hour as this when we remember that "a great cloud of unseen witnesses look down upon us." They are all interested in these services—a spiritual host of the early fathers of the Church who once worshiped here. Bending from their celestial thrones they note with peculiar interest these commemorative services of the past one and three-quarters of a century of Church life. It reminds me of an ancient oak tree in my native land—a tree famous in Scottish history, known as the "The Capon Tree," or "Forest King," under whose wide-spreading branches the nobility were wont to gather and recount their famous exploits. Its acorns have been planted in New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and other distant parts of the world. It has stood the storm of centuries. Its roots have been found interlaced among the rocks and fed by the waters of the lovely river Jed. It will stand for years the admiration of all tourists on the Scottish border. So we gather to-day under this ancient ancestral tree to recount Zion's historic victories planted one hundred and seventy-five years ago, whose roots are interwoven and supported in Christ, the Rock of Ages, fed and nurtured by the

waters that flow from beneath the throne of God. Truly her seeds have been planted all around us, and to-day her spiritual "children rise up and call her blessed." In that matchless portrait of the virtuous woman, drawn by the pencil of Solomon, we have the beautiful symbol of the living, aggressive Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, and which, free from all false laudation, we appropriate to you: "Her children rise up to call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Truly you have been blest:

1st. In your unity and strength. "Beauty and strength are in His sanctuary" These are 'the pillars—the *Jachin and Boaz*—of a powerful Church. A divided Church can never become strong. We find the unity of the body in the supreme love of Christ. Where He is loved supremely, minor differences will sink into insignificance. Her strength also centers in the purity of her doctrines. False views of God's Word ever tend to disintegration and overthrow. The special attraction to me as a Presbyterian coming into the Reformed Church, was her clear, unequivocal Calvinism, whose doctrines, while they humble man, exalt God. In these days, also, when views of the inspiration of the Scriptures are becoming so loose, and a false liberalism seeks to sap the foundations of the Church, let us cling to the whole Word of God, and maintain the purity of our faith.

2d. *Blest in an earnest and faithful ministry* I stand and read upon that beautiful plush scroll the names of the seven pastors, in golden letters, and the dates of their pastorate. It would make an average of twenty-five years to each, which contains a thought for us in these days of nomadic pastoral life. True your last pastor did not round out such a period (we all wish he had, for we loved him), but can hope his successor, whose eloquence has stirred all our hearts to-day, shall fill out that and his own quarter century besides, among you. It is told me to-day that you are, my brother, [turning to Mr. Mulford] the son of a Huguenot, if so, I greet you as the descendant of John Harkness, of martyr fame among the Scotch covenanters, who sealed his testimony with blood at the Grass Market of Edinburgh—and join hands with you as proof that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Let us

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be as true to God's truths as our forefathers, and in these days of wide-spreading Rationalism, proclaim Christ as King and Head of His Church.

3d. *Blest in the increasing range of usefulness.* It has been eloquently portrayed by Rev Mr Taylor what physical growth may be attained throughout this section in the coming years by reason of its proximity to great metropolitan centers and the noble Atlantic—but I refer to her spiritual work as a Church. When Napoleon was an exile in St. Helena he said "When I am dead my spirit will return to France and dwell in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of heaven, and throb with new and ceaseless resolutions." Listening as we did to-day to the grand work of this Church in the past, under the mighty men of God who once labored as evangelists among the people, can we crave for you a richer blessing than the return of the spirit of George Whitefield and the Tennents? Oh for that living Pentecostal flame of zeal and love for souls that burned in the breasts of these men. May their spirit return, and that with glorious revivals and awakenings, in this beloved, historic Zion! Pray for revivals, supplicate for the coming of the Holy Ghost with power, give all your strength to make this pastor's heart to rejoice over a great ingathering of souls saved through his earnest ministry

Over an ancient mosque at Damascus there is an inscription that has stood for centuries. it reads, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom." God's watchful providence has mysteriously watched over that text spite of all the malignant hate of those who have blasphemed that sacred name within its walls. Earthly kingdoms may be overthrown; the great potentates of this world may lie down and die and their sceptres rust and rot, human institutions perish and fade from the memory of man—but Christ and His Church live forever! His own life throbs in her veins. His omnipotence is her shield. It is His own blood-sealed pledge "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her" Let us redouble our zeal, and reconsecrate our powers to its advancement, for "the night cometh when no man can work." *Amen.*

Congregationalist

Amos

Congratulations from Rutgers College.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT GATES.

Although your pastor has just introduced me to you as if we were strangers, although I have never before met with you in this your place of worship, there are two reasons why I do not feel myself a stranger here. This Church is one of the Churches in our denomination which keep themselves constantly and vividly present to the consciousness of the College Faculty, not only because you are so near to us, and we to you, that many of the faces here are pleasantly known to us as faces of our neighbors, but also because you have insisted, once and again, on having as your pastors the very best and most promising of the young men whom we send out from the College and the Seminary. The personal regard which every man of us feels for the students who leave us, carrying with them our best hopes, makes doubly dear to us the prosperity of the churches to which they minister. We do not hesitate to say to you, nor will you be surprised to hear it, after the addresses from your pastor and his predecessor in this pastorate, which you have heard to-day—we do not hesitate to say that we look at you as a church which has not been content with any other than the very best of our young men. And our interest in their work, as well as our regard for you, makes us rejoice most heartily in that record of full blessing continued to you through a hundred and seventy-five years, which we celebrate gratefully to-day.

Most heartily, then, do I extend to you the congratulations of Rutgers College.

Except to bring you this greeting, however, I do not propose to speak to you especially as a representative of the College, in the few words which I have to say. You would not wish to have me, on an occasion like this, follow a train of thought distinctively academic. Your ex-pastor has just reminded us, by his anecdote of some of Dominie Frelinghuysen's excursions from the gospel into science, that at times when the perpetuity of God's living Church is the thought prominent in every mind,

the constantly changing phases and frontings of the science of the day are not the most natural nor yet the most helpful themes on which to dwell. I am somewhat skeptical as to good results from the perpetual efforts made in many pulpits to "reconcile" science and religion. More and more clearly do all men see that what God has revealed in the great book of nature must and will inevitably accord with His Truth revealed in His Word. There is, there can be, no clash. If we cannot read aright from nature's book—if we have to modify our readings and our teachings of science so radically, from generation to generation, how modestly we ought to pronounce our conclusions, and how great should be our reverence for that "Word of God that changeth not" from age to age. It would be interesting to note, even here, how remarkable has been the approximation to the terms of theology and to the language of revelation in the efforts which have been recently made by some of the foremost men of science, who are not avowed believers in revelation, to formulate the teachings of science regarding the Great First Cause. When Herbert Spencer speaks of the "Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed," as "manifest alike within us and without us," and as that "to which we must refer not only the manifestations themselves but the law of their order," he is setting forth conceptions of God to which science compels thoughtful men, and which seem to promise a "reconciliation" in the one appointed way—by the coming back to a Personal God of the men who have vainly tried to find life anywhere else than in Him.

But while I do not mean to dwell upon this thought, there is one tendency of the scientific thinking and teachings of our time which has an immediate bearing upon the central fact of interest here to-day

All the research of the last thirty years tends to emphasize, in the minds of all men of science, the marvelous phenomena of life. The little ripple of absurd vanity that broke out in the scientific world when Bastian fancied and proclaimed that he had proved that life originated "of itself," without germs from other living organisms, soon disappeared, as more careful experiment reaffirmed the old law—"no animal or vegetable life without a living organism and a transmitted life-power behind it." All the investigations and all the speculations of our time tend to emphasize the

profound respect with which men everywhere regard the manifestations of life in any form. Wherever life is, or has been, says the man of science, there is a call to every thoughtful man to study its phenomena and to learn what he can of its laws. No matter how low the organism in the animal or the vegetable kingdom, life challenges the attention and demands the respectful consideration of every man who lays claim to the scientific spirit.

We are here to-day to commemorate a most vigorous and a long-perpetuated organic life in the continued existence of this Church. Why does this Church still exist to-day? Why should a Church last for a hundred and seventy-five years? From the human point of view it ought to have gone to pieces long ago.

Every society or association of men has in it the elements of its own destruction. How many enterprises, in which men engaged with the largest hopes and the warmest enthusiasm, have failed, gone under, disbanded, been utterly forgotten, within these years? Rather, let us say, how little there is in this community beside the Church which has not utterly changed within these hundred and seventy-five years! Of all the societies and institutions of that time this alone remains. Why?

It is because there is *life* in the Church. And this life is a life "hid with Christ in God," which time cannot touch with a chill. How widely the influence which has gone out from this Church differs from the influence which would have proceeded from the imperfect men and women who have made up its membership, had they been left to themselves! Christ has been here. It is no form of empty words—the promise that He will dwell in the soul that trusts Him. His life has been the life of this Church, and has perpetuated it and purified it when sinning men would have dragged it down or drawn it aside into wrong paths. It has lived because Christ has lived in it.

It has happened to me at one time and another to stand in many of the greatest temples men's hands have reared to the honor of God. There is much to stir the heart and inspire reverence and thrills of devotion and love in the towering cathedral, with its storied aisles, its rich carving, its harmonious symphonies of color in the richly stained glass and the masterpieces of Christian art that adorn its chapels. But even in such

great churches it is the thought of the human lives that have there been consecrated by contact with the Divine Life that lends the keenest interest and the most ennobling associations to the place. There is one simple name for our places of worship, for which I confess I have a reverence that is born of the sweetest associations. That name is "the meeting-house." It is redolent of communion. It is not only the name which recalls years of Christian fellowship as men and women who cherished the one all-precious hope have here assembled in one another's company. It is more than this, it is suggestive of something far more inspiring and sacred than human fellowship, sweet as that may be. This Church building and every other like it, has been the meeting-place of many a soul with God. How infinitely precious this makes these Church buildings. Hither the men and women who hungered to meet God have come up to meet Him, Sunday after Sunday. This is the secret of the perpetuation of the Church. The hunger of infinite and sinful souls is met here, week after week, year after year. God has dwelt in this place. And men have come to Him that they might have life, and they have received it most abundantly.

Think of the blessed ministrations that have been received from Christ Himself in this Church-life of a hundred and seventy-five years. Six full generations have passed away since it was organized. The vague dreams of early youth, changed into prayer by the influence of this place, have been followed by the loads of responsibility that come with middle life, and by the failing strength of old age, yet here strength has never failed those who have sought it. The tender hopes of mothers and sisters and wives, the thanksgiving of the glad, the sorrow of the mourners, the heavy-heartedness of those whose dearest hopes were long deferred, all these thrills of the soul, whether of joy or sorrow, have here been consecrated by communion with God.

Men stand with wondering awe at the tomb of some great man, or on the spot where a mighty deed was wrought for liberty, and feel themselves transported at the thought of the powerful influences that have streamed from the life of one good man, or from the achievement of one victory for freedom or righteousness. And they do well thus to recognize and dwell upon the immeasurable power of ideas and example.

How could we hope to find expression, then, for the sense of reverential thankfulness which fills our hearts when we recall the mighty stream of blessing which has flowed out over this whole community from the open Bible, the worship and the face-to-face communion with the living God, which the history of this Church has witnessed?

No attempt to recount the history of a Church can be anything else than most imperfect and incomplete. While our friends have gathered so much that is of interest to lay before us concerning the history of this historic Church, no one can feel so deeply as do those who search the records that what is known is as nothing compared to what we cannot see or recall. And, while we listen with gratitude and with a proper pride to the roll of the worthies who have been instrumental in carrying on the good work which this Church has done, we all feel that no eye but God's can read the history of even one Church such as this. We find the record of certain men who were in office, and certain persons who, from time to time, gave of their substance to the material needs of the Church; but it is very probable that we often miss altogether the ones on whom God looks as having maintained under Him and by His power the best interests of this Church. When some man of wealth has, perhaps, been saying to himself that he was "keeping the Church going," paying half its bills out of his own pocket, perhaps, and has been pointed to as "the pillar of the Church," it may be that the real supporter of the Church in God's sight has been some poor but faithful and devout woman, whose unceasing prayers have kept it fast linked to the great White Throne. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts; and no doubt the angels and saints, who know more of heavenly causes and effects than we do, smile at our omissions and our errors as we try to write the history of any Church.

But of this we may be sure. No believing prayer for the welfare of the Church which is nearest and dearest to us is ever lost or unanswered. And here I want to say a word to the mothers of this Church. If you are ever tempted to feel that your opportunities to serve the Divine Master are limited and few, take courage as you remember the influence of a mother's prayers. Be faithful in prayer, not only for your sons, but *with* them, too. You are nearer to the soul of your son than is any

other person on earth. Pray with him, and pray for him, ceaselessly.

And pray that he may be useful to the Church of God. What end in life can be compared with that, as a worthy object for a young man's aspirations and for a mother's prayers for her son? The true end of life needs to be set before us again and again. Does work for the Church ever seem burdensome to us? Are we ever tempted to say: "There's always something needed for the Church. I wish the Church would ever get where we need not be all the time called upon to do or to give something for it. I wish it could go of itself." Why, my friends, we ought to be, above all things, thankful that there is a Church of Christ to which we can give and for which we may have the blessed privilege of laboring.

When we shall look back upon this life from the larger and fuller life beyond—where we shall dwell among realities, and know true values—who can doubt that we shall wonder at ourselves that we could have valued so slightly the privileges which the Church offers to us here and now. I think we shall be overwhelmed with astonishment that we could be perfectly content to labor month after month for what should feed and clothe our poor perishing bodies, while we plumed ourselves with such petty vanity—such sinful and shallow vanity—on what little we did for the Church and for our souls—even grudging sometimes the fragments of time and of income which we gave to the one thing worth doing.

Oh, that we might be able, now, to look at the blessed work of preaching and hearing God's truth as we shall look at it then. To do this in any degree, we must try to look at life from God as a center. What a view that gives us of the value of the Church, and what ground for constant joy and courage we shall find, in proportion as we take that view!

The Greeks spoke of their fabled sun-god, Apollo, in language that may give us a hint of this theo-centric view of life. They spoke of the sun, "whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow." For, from God's throne as a center, there streams forth the Light of the World. If we can look from the sun as a center, we see nothing but light and brightness, everywhere. For the shadows are all simply out of sight from the sun.

To be Light
the Light of the
And that we may
be needed—
bearing the burden
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Our best hope
is the power that
the you and we
have Christ
to Light

To be light-bearers, reflecting the light of Him Who is the Light of the World—this is our mission as Christians. And that we may do this, it has been well said, but one thing is needed—that which the moon finds the sole condition of reflecting the sunlight, to keep the face turned toward the Sun, and not to let the world get between us and the Sun of Righteousness.

Our best hopes for the future of this Church are summed up in the prayer that there may be here fulness of His life, and that you and your successors in this Church—which shall live, because Christ lives in it—may be consciously the “children of the Light.”

Address

OF REV PROF JOHN DE WITT, D.D.

The Rev Professor De Witt was introduced, representing, by request, the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick.

He said, substantially, that it gave him great pleasure to bear to the Church the Christian salutations and congratulations of his colleagues in the Theological Faculty. They had appointed him, in preference to any other, because they were aware that he had been for a considerable time the pastor of the neighboring Church of Millstone, and that by frequent service his relations to this Church had become very intimate. As for his personal self, as the pastor had well said, he needed no introduction to the people of Six-Mile Run. He and they had been in delightful association before either of these young pastors were born. He had preached in this Church more or less for upwards of forty years. He had known it from his early childhood, nearly sixty years ago, when under the pastoral care of the Rev James Romeyn, the faithful friend of his mature years.

The Professor here introduced a reminiscence connected with his first sermon outside the Seminary walls, which was preached in the Reformed Church of Catskill, New York. This same Dr. Romeyn was then pastor of that Church, and the next morning told him, with tearful eyes, that his sermon had been the means of bringing his son, a boy scarcely fifteen, less than five years younger than the preacher, to the resolution to devote himself to the service of God in the Christian ministry. This son was the Rev Dr Theodore B. Romeyn, who has lately gone to his rest, after preaching the gospel most faithfully and successfully for thirty-six years.

The Professor then referred to the age of the Church, and remarked that, looking about him, he saw no signs of extreme old age. Everything indicated the brightness, freshness and

activity of youth. When a man has attained one-half the age that is claimed for this Church, we expect to see gray hairs, a wrinkled brow, sunken cheeks, and the form bowed with decrepitude. If the hair, teeth and complexion present a youthful appearance, it must be by some artificial process, of which the barber, dentist, and dealer in pigments for coloring the skin might give some account. But it is the glory of the Church that, through the life of God dwelling in the hearts of men, she never grows old. While the centuries roll on, she maintains the freshness, vigor and beauty of her youthful prime. "Yea, even the youth shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait on Jehovah shall renew their strength, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

The Professor thought that one thing could be said of this Church that might be considered disparaging. But he was assured that it would be received kindly, in view of the spirit in which he should refer to it, its important bearing upon the future, and its connection with the Theological Seminary which he had been invited to represent among a people greatly beloved. If they had been unduly inflated by the many compliments received from those now addressing them, it might be expedient to perform a slight surgical operation in order to avert serious consequences. The puncture of a lancet might be a great kindness. He imagined this, however, to be hardly necessary, yet asked permission to prick them a little, without drawing blood.

This Church is close by our institutions at New Brunswick. In the providence of God no Church in the denomination has received so much service from the Theological Professors. Yet, within a long distance of our Seminary no Church of its size and age has furnished so few students for the Ministry. This is difficult to account for, and should be a subject of earnest consideration. It had been said a few years ago in the General Synod, by a professor at Hope College, pleading for the establishment of Theological instruction there, that every mother in the Holland colony in Michigan prays that her son may become a Minister of the Gospel. It is a fair question whether many such prayers have been offered by the mothers of this Church. The Professor said that when he was a student in the Seminary he had heard a thrilling sentence from the lips of one of his venerable Professors, who had previously been pastor of this

Six-Mile Run Church for thirty years, the Rev Dr Cannon. It was in preaching in the Chapel on the occasion of the death of a Theological student. The Doctor drew himself up to his full height, and exclaimed with majesty and impressiveness, and in ringing tones, "*I had rather be a Minister of the Gospel than an Emperor!*" Do the mothers at Six-Mile Run realize that to be an ambassador for God is more than wealth, or any honor or success that satisfies a worldly ambition? Shall it not be better in this respect in the future history of this Church than in the past? Will you not hereafter offer earnest prayers that your sons may yield themselves to God's service in declaring the riches of his grace through Christ Jesus?

THEODORE

JOSEPH

JOHN M. V.

JOHN S.

JAMES R.

JAMES C. S.

WILLIAM E.

HENRY D.

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Pastors of this Church.

THEODORUS JACOBUS FRELINGHUYSEN,	1720-1747
JOHANNES LEYDT,	1748-1783
JOHN M. VAN HARLINGEN,	1787-1795
JAMES SPENCER CANNON,	1797-1826
JAMES ROMEYN,	1828-1833
JACOB C. SEARS,	1833-1880
WILLIAM RIVERS TAYLOR,	1879-1884
HENRY DU BOIS MULFORD,	1885-

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