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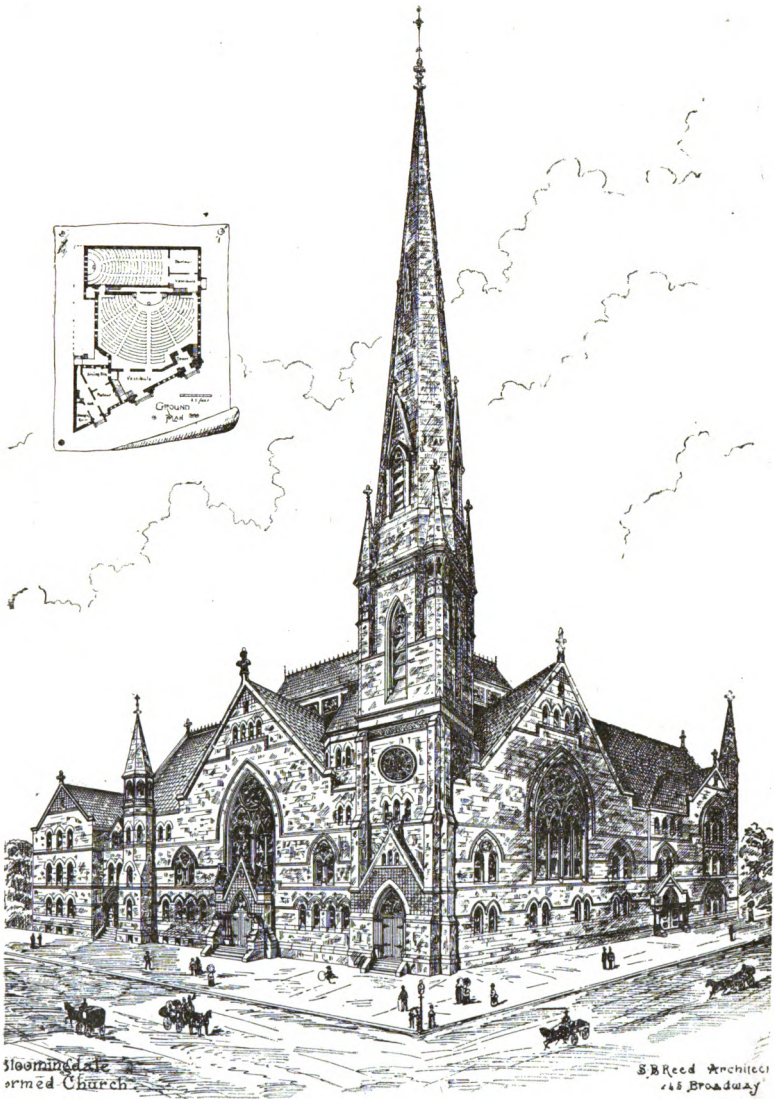
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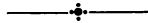
S. B. Reed Architect
218 Broadway

THE NEW CHURCH.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
PROCEEDINGS INCIDENTAL
TO THE
OPENING FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP
OF THE
Bloomingdale * Reformed * Church,

BROADWAY AND 68TH STREET,

IN NEW YORK CITY.



PUBLISHED BY THE CONSISTORY.

1886.

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Officers of the Church.

•••
Pastor.

REV. CARLOS MARTYN.

Elders.

SAMUEL B. REED, SAMUEL HANAWAY, WM. M. STOUT.

Deacons.

GEO. E. DUNLAP, JOSEPH P. DEYO, WM. J. LYON.

Treasurer.

S. B. REED.

Clerk.

GEO. E. DUNLAP.

Standing Committees of Consistory.

•••
Finance.

WM. M. STOUT, WM. J. LYON, and the Treasurer ex-officio.

Pew.

SAMUEL B. REED, WM. M. STOUT.

Music.

GEO. E. DUNLAP, SAMUEL HANAWAY.

Church Masters.

WM. J. LYON, GEO. E. DUNLAP.

Sunday School.

January, April, July, October, February, May, August, November,
ELDER REED & DEACON DUNLAP. ELDER STOUT & DEACON DEYO.

March, June, September, December,
ELDER HANAWAY & DEACON LYON.

Pulpit Supply.

WM. M. STOUT, S. B. REED, J. P. DEYO.

Benevolence.

GEO. E. DUNLAP, J. P. DEYO.

SEXTON, T. E. SENIOR, 79 CARMINE STREET.

The History of Eighty Years,

AN HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1st, 1885,

At the first regular Service,

BY THE PASTOR,

THE REV. CARLOS MARTYN.

THE HISTORY OF EIGHTY YEARS.

"Remember the former things of old."—ISA. xvi : 9.

THE Bloomingdale Reformed Church is eighty years old. I am, this morning, to recite the story of those eighty years.

In 1800 the population of New York City was 60,000, like Hartford to-day. The northern boundary of dense habitation was marked by Chambers Street. Fannie Wright the eccentric Englishwoman with whose utopian schemes of philanthropy the preceding generation was familiar, wrote home to the London press graphic descriptions of the town as it appeared to her eyes in 1818, and in the course of her interesting gossip, comments upon a fact we have all observed—that while the front of the City Hall is marble, the back is brown stone. This, says Fannie, was owing to the belief of the thrifty citizens, who built it in 1803, that the city would never grow above Chambers Street, and that therefore the difference in the stone would not be noted !

There were then two thoroughfares leading out of town ; on the east side, the *Bowery*, which was the Boston Post road ; and on the west side *Broadway*, which in the vicinity of what is now 23d Street, was

called the Bloomingdale road, and was so named up to Manhattanville, where it became the King's Bridge road. Beyond King's Bridge, it was known as the Albany turnpike.

Above Chambers Street there were a number of outlying villages. Bloomingdale was one of these—a straggling hamlet built along both sides of the road of the same name, and so called because it lay in the valley between banks fertile and flower strewn.

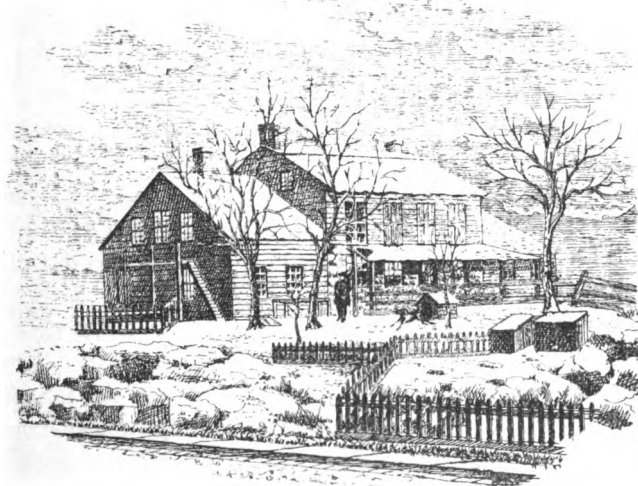
New York has grown by jumps. The first jump was from Chambers Street to Canal, which was then a ditch that cut the island in two and connected the Hudson and the East rivers—scooped out I suppose by the homesick Dutchmen in imitation of the landscape in the Netherlands; the second, was from Canal to Bleecker; the third, was from Bleecker to 14th; the fourth was from 14th to 23d; the fifth, was from 23d to 34th; the sixth, was from 34th to 42nd; the seventh, was from 42nd to 59th; the eighth, was from 59th to 73d—this last within two or three years; and invariably, the open space between these jumps has been filled in from above, and the population has always worked downwards.

On the 9th of September, 1805, this church was formed in the quaint old Dutch mansion then owned and occupied by Jacob Harsen, a large proprietor hereaway, and which yet stands on Tenth Avenue between 71st and 72nd Streets, on the west side of the thoroughfare.

This neighborhood was then largely populated by the descendants of those Hollanders who first settled on Manhattan Island. Having put a roof over their heads, their next step was to provide for the public worship of Almighty God. Naturally, they selected

the ecclesiastical pattern of the fatherland, as the Congregationalist pilgrims did in New England, as the Episcopal cavaliers did in Virginia, as the Roman Catholic colonists did in Maryland—and organized a Dutch Reformed Church.

The forefathers of the hamlet were farmers. In the spring, summer and autumn, the varied duties incidental to agriculture received diligent attention.



JACOB HARSEN'S MANSION.

In the winter, the chief business in those days, doubtless, was to feed the great fires that roared on the wide hearths, and thus thaw out the frost that sought to creep in at cracks and keyholes, and clutch at the vitals of weaklings and infants. Sad winds blew at night, bringing bodeful creakings out of the trees, which whistled and whined and sobbed as if living creatures were whipped by the blast. Old doors and

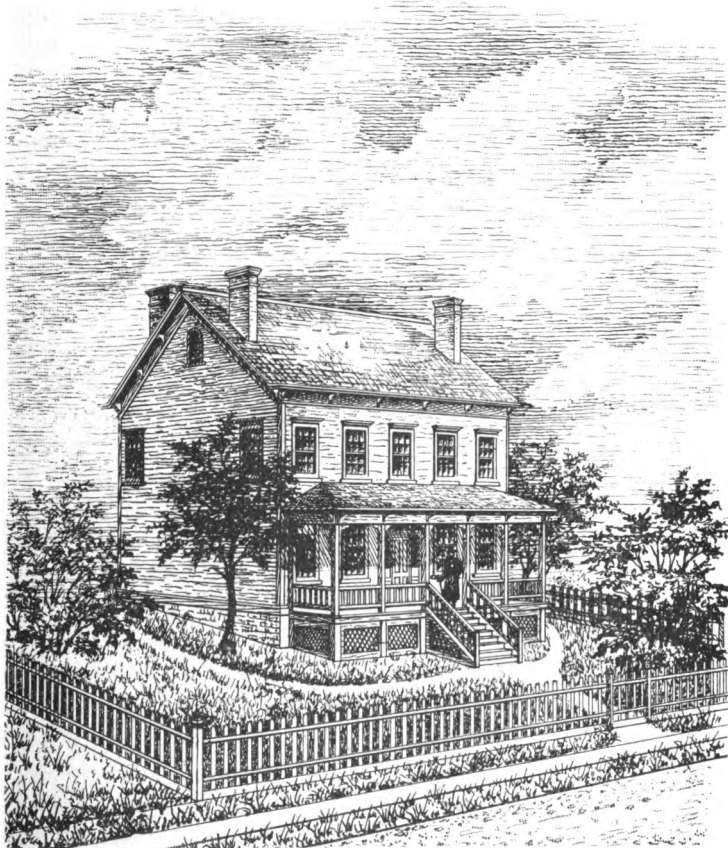
windows were dismally rheumatic on such nights, and groaned piteously in all their joints. Spirits seemed to jabber and mutter and laugh down the big chimneys, and bang the shutters. Sick people lay and listened with vague foreboding, and children tucked their heads under the protecting coverlid.

Well, on some such wild evening, the leaves already falling, the biting air foretoking an early winter, a group of Bloomingdale farmers sat around Jacob Harsen's hearth and piled up the logs. A grave dominie from the city, the Rev. J. H. Livingstone, of the Collegiate Church, was present. After leading in prayer, he called the little meeting to order and was elected moderator. The religious needs of the community were discussed. This church was formally gathered. Andrew Hopper and James Striker were elected elders, and Jacob Harsen and Philip Webbers were made deacons. So stood the first consistory.

Two years, eight months and twelve days passed before the Bloomingdale Church succeeded in settling a pastor. Several were called. No one would come. Ministers were shy in those days. So were politicians—strange as it may seem. In New England they passed a law fining the man ten pounds who should refuse to be elected governor. We no longer fine candidates for refusing gubernatorial honors. Now-a-days there are plenty of patriots willing to serve the State—for a consideration. Neither do pulpits in and around New York go a begging any more. I wonder whether we are more self-sacrificing than our fathers were?

On the 21st of May, 1808, a call was made out upon the Rev. Alexander Gunn, and was accepted. He proved to be just the man for the place, and was

worth waiting for. From the start he nested low down among the people, made himself one of them, and was easily their leader in good words and works.



THE OLD PARSONAGE.

His call stipulated for the payment of £320 annually—the equivalent of about \$1,600.

In 1809, Jacob Harsen, his pastor's good genius, (may his tribe increase!) gave an acre near his own

home, for a parsonage plot. Ere long good dominie Gunn took possession and entered a commodious house which had been erected thereon. That parsonage acre was destined to play an important part in the future history of the Bloomingdale Church.

Our first edifice stood on ground which had been given by Jacob Harsen, upon the north-west corner of what is now Broadway and 69th Street—a plain frame building and not over large. In those church-going days it soon proved too small to accommodate the congregation. A new edifice was talked of. But it was in 1812—the year when war broke out with Great Britain. The attention and energy of the people were absorbed in the contest. The residents of Bloomingdale exchanged the spade and plow, the hammer and saw, for the musket and the sword.

Two years later peace was declared, and this parish began to agitate afresh the question of a new edifice. As a first step the Collegiate Church was appealed to for needed aid, and that mother body voted a donation of \$2,500 as its offering toward the good work. This money was received and gratefully accepted, August 1st, 1814. On the 11th of the same month and year, the Consistory voted to enlarge its numbers to six : three elders and three deacons—making seven with the pastor.

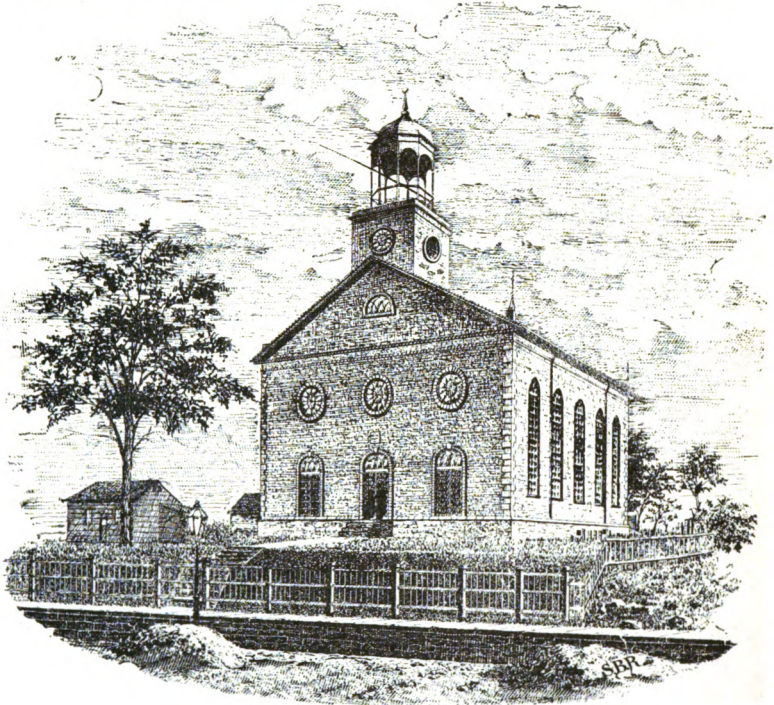
About the same time land was bought over here where the present structure stands, and the people began to build the long talked of edifice, which old New Yorkers well remember ; that quaint stone church which became a landmark on this spot for half a century. The land was purchased from Wm. H. Hardenbrook, who received for it \$596, on handing over the deed. But when the records were searched,

it was discovered that a mortgage was fastened upon the plot. Before this was gotten rid of the Consistory paid \$5,300 in addition to the \$596—\$5,896 in all, besides suffering vexations manifold. But at last a clear title was passed to the church.

The rear wall of that building stood where the front wall of this church runs, and the front was away out on the further side of what is now the east roadway of Broadway—there being then but one road, and that one running along where the west roadway at present stretches. The grade was then much higher than now—an undulating landscape. In the rear of the church, covering the exact spot occupied by this auditorium, was a graveyard, opened for use in 1815. On account of the lowering of the grade, we are seated here on this floor, away down below the deepest of the graves and vaults that formerly occupied the space!

In 1816, the new church was completed and dedicated—a happy occasion for all concerned. Its total cost was \$16,500, which was a large sum for those days and this suburban locality. Indeed, the parish had exceeded its means. Payments stipulated to be made could not be met. A period of anxiety ensued. Now, mark the providence of God. Observe the consequences of liberality. Some time before this a devoted and benevolent lady, Mrs Barbara Asten, (God grant that her act may continue fruitful through the inciting others to imitate her bounty!) had given several lots fronting on Broadway and Mercer Street, for the support of the gospel here. These were now sold. A little later, two more lots adjacent to the others, were bestowed by this same thoughtful and liberal woman, and these were likewise sold. In these

ways about \$9,000 was secured, and the church was freed from debt. As a token of gratitude, and to perpetuate the remembrance of her distinguished liberality, the Consistory ordered, and the Rev. Dr. Gunn (he had earned and received a doctorate) composed the text for a monumental tablet to Mrs. Asten's



THE OLD CHURCH.

memory ; which, upon her death, was placed on the right hand side of the pulpit. By a providential coincidence, without at the time knowing anything about its position for fifty-three years, we have set that tablet in the vestibule of the present edifice,

between the doors in the exact spot it occupied in the former house! It should seem that he who loveth the "cheerful giver," would have it stay where it had stood so long, like a light set in the mouth of a grave, illuminating the gracious charity of the dead.

After these financial troubles were quieted, the church life peacefully and fruitfully proceeded. Children were born, baptized, and instructed in godliness at home and in the sanctuary. Marriages were celebrated. The dead were buried in the blessed hope of the resurrection. The little graveyard "was filled with all the nameless pathos of the here and the hereafter." Pastor and people walked hand in hand. The scene was like a vision of Acadia.

But alas, and alack! Where is the earthly Eden that is free from care and grief? In the land of nowhere! It was the year 1829. Without warning, like a thunderbolt dropping out of a clear sky, the beloved pastor of this church fell dead. Bloomingdale was aghast. For some time the life of the church seemed to lie with him in the coffin. At the first meeting of the Consistory held thereafter, the following action was taken, viz.:—

"It having pleased Almighty God to remove by death on the first day of October the Rev. Alexander Gunn, D.D., the beloved pastor of our church,

Resolved, that while this Consistory desire to bow submissively and reverentially to the will of a holy and wise God, they feel their hearts penetrated with sorrow by the sore bereavement, which they, in common with the church over which they preside, have experienced in the removal of their late pastor in the midst of his usefulness, and in the 44th year of his age. He was greatly endeared to them by more than

twenty years' labor in their midst, and by his consistent and exemplary piety, and his prudence, zeal and faithfulness, as their spiritual guide and comforter. They do hereby record their deep sense of his worth and their loss ; and are only consoled by the persuasion they feel that he has already met the welcome and thrilling salutation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant ;' and that they in their desolation will be mercifully regarded by the 'Chief Shepherd,' to whom they desire to look for succor."

Dr. Gunn was buried in the graveyard in the rear of the church. His bones, as I stand here, are beneath my feet. I wish that I could feel that his spirit and zeal were in my ministry ! In remembrance of his long and useful pastorate, the Consistory requested the present pastor to prepare an inscription for a tablet which has been placed to his memory on the south side in the tower vestibule. Contemporaneously with Dr. Gunn's pastorate, many notable events transpired.

In 1814, the Boston Tract Society was formed ; and was merged in the American Tract Society in 1825.

In 1816, the American Bible Society was organized. And in this same year the New York Sunday School Union began its career.

In 1819, the first steamship, the Savannah, 350 tons, crossed the ocean from New York to Liverpool in 26 days. Dr. Lardner had written a pamphlet demonstrating that no steamer could cross the Atlantic. They brought this pamphlet over in the first steamer that crossed. For once, the truth caught the lie.

In 1821, Napoleon died at St. Helena : the whole empire of that "Scamp, Jupiter," (as Emerson names him) having dwindled down to a pair of military boots which he insisted upon having on his feet when he lay dying.

In 1823, the "New York Gas Light Co." was incorporated, with a capital of \$1,000,000. In the old days odorous (and odious) oil lamps and spluttering candles were the orthodox mediums of light.

The first ferry boat was built and launched in 1823, and ran from New York to Hoboken.

In 1824, Lafayette, the friend of Washington, and now in his 86th year, visited the city after an absence of half a century.

In 1825, the Erie Canal was opened. This great work was commenced in 1817 amidst much opposition and ridicule. But De Witt Clinton's "ditch," as it was nicknamed, has contributed more than any other single agency to the commercial supremacy of the metropolis.

In 1826, the first Total Abstinence Society was formed, and that which an old poet calls "liquid damnation" began to meet with an organized resistance.

In 1829, the first locomotive was put on an American railroad at Honesdale, Pa., by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.—the giant steam became a public carrier.

But it was not until 1844 that the telegraph was invented, and the lightning was made an errand boy. Then it was that the colossal firm was formed which now does business under the name of Man, Steam, Electricity & Co.

On the 8th of July, 1830, a call was sent to the Rev. Francis Kip, who accepted it, and received an annual salary of \$500, with the free use of the parsonage. Mr. Kip remained with this charge but little over a year, resigning September 27th, 1831, to the expressed regret of the consistory.

An interregnum followed of several years, during which the pulpit was supplied by various clergymen.

In 1833, the church spire was struck by lightning, and the edifice was seriously injured. Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, then a lad at a boarding school in this neighborhood, tells me he saw the fire from the window of his bedroom.

On the 26th of May, 1835, the Rev. Enoch Van Aken was called to the pastorate, at a salary of \$800 a year, with the free use of the parsonage.

The ministry thus begun floated off almost at once upon a sea of troubles as stormy as the Bay of Biscay. It makes one sea sick even to follow the voyage.

The church, up to this date, had been the religious and social center of a homogeneous community numbering about 2,000 souls. Parishioners gathered here from all surrounding quarters—some from a distance of ten miles north. But with the upward growth of the city, and the consequent removal of down-town churches in the wake of population, together with the religious accommodations provided in the outlying districts as these developed into villages, the more remote church-goers dropped away into local houses of worship. An important element of strength was thus lost to Bloomingdale. Worse still, the character of this community was disastrously changing. Death, removal, the vicissitudes of time were busy. The old families were thinned out. Their farms were cut up into imaginary city lots. Assessors and street commissioners, like an invading army, quartered themselves on the land. Following in their track came a swarm of squatter sovereigns in the shape of newly arrived emigrants. These were utterly unsympathetic with the old church life of the hamlet. Streets and

avenues began to be cut through. The soil was so rough and rocky that the march of so-called improvement threw a heavy and often disastrous expense upon the abutting property. Taxes and assessments multiplied. Unproductive real estate had to pay its share of the scot, or go under the hammer of the city auctioneer. And every year made a bad matter worse. Ere long, the whole district from 59th street up to 73d, and from 8th avenue to 10th avenue, became a shanty town.

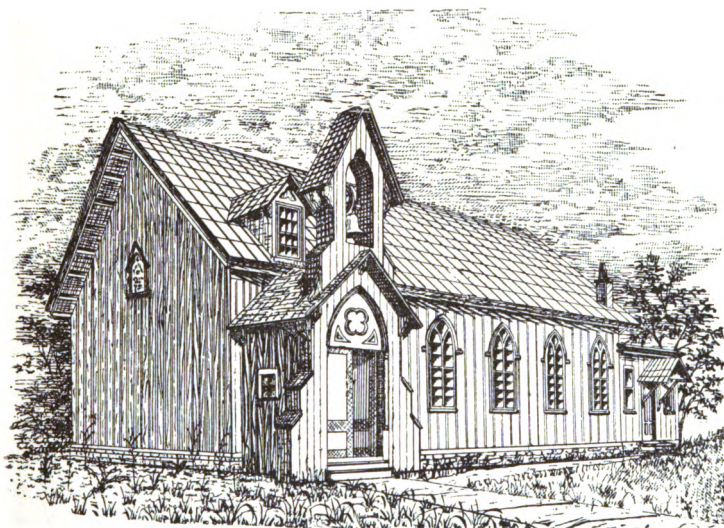
Of course, the changes thus summarized in a dozen sentences covered decades of time.

Our church all through this period suffered in two ways: by the raveling out of its congregation, and by the ever increasing cost of carrying its unimproved real estate. In 1839, the Collegiate church was called upon for a loan of \$500 for the support of worship up here. In 1840, the total amount of pew rents was \$436, and a certain percentage of this could not be collected. The Board of Domestic Missions was asked to contribute \$400 annually. In 1849, the Collegiate church again came to the rescue, and advanced \$3,093 to help this struggling people. In 1860, the ground upon which the first church had been constructed, in 1805, on Broadway between 69th and 70th streets, was sold for \$6,000. This was instantly absorbed in the payment of back taxes and assessments, and arrearages of the pastor's salary.

In the midst of all these perplexities, the value of the church property was increasing. In a communication addressed to the consistory, August 4th, 1860, Mr. Van Aken says: "The real estate, which, at the commencement of my ministry, irrespectively of the church and parsonage buildings on it, was prob-

ably not worth \$2,000, is now valued at \$50,000." As the spiritual part of his duties dwindled, through the gradual decay of the church, secular activities absorbed the pastor's time and attention. He became an ubiquitous ecclesiastical real estate agent. And he was kept busy enough in fencing off taxes and assessments, levied, or proposed to be levied, upon the church grounds and belongings. One day he was at the City Hall protesting against some obnoxious action of assessors or street commissioners. The next day he was in Albany pelting the Legislature with arguments against pending bills laying a tax upon churches and cemeteries. He was singularly successful, too—had a genius for such work. It may be safely asserted that, first and last, he saved the church upwards of \$50,000 in taxes and assessments which were remitted because of his vigilant and energetic remonstrances.

In recognition of these unique services, Mr. Van Aken's salary was raised, February 1st, 1861, to \$2,500; but it was in a state of chronic arrearage to such an extent that, on the 7th of September, 1868, the church owed him \$15,074.50! At that date the city paid this consistory \$57,615 in damages, inflicted by the widening of the old Bloomingdale road and its transformation into *Broadway*; an improvement which necessitated the demolition of the church, and the incorporation of the ground on which it stood in the street. Out of the amount thus received from the city, Mr. Van Aken was paid in full to that date; and a little later, the consistory voted him a *bonus* of \$15,000 in addition, on account of his financial exertions. In this one transaction with the city his shrewdness of management was exhibited. For the



THE OLD CHURCH.

first offer of damages was of \$23,000. This he increased by his untiring efforts to the sum finally awarded, *viz.* \$57,615. The balance of this money, after deducting the amounts paid to Mr. Van Aken and in settlement of various other outstanding claims, was invested, and floated the church until the year 1880, when it was exhausted; although throughout that decade taxes and assessments continued to accumulate, many of them, however, being in dispute.

Soon after the receipt of these damages, an unhappy dispute arose with the collegiate church concerning the two loans of \$500 and \$3,093, made in 1839 and 1849; that body demanding payment, and this church for a time refusing to act. The difficulty was voiced on the floor of Classis and made bad blood. But eventually it was amicably adjusted by a renewal of the loans; which were finally repaid on the 18th of July, 1884.

The farewell service in the old church was held the first Sunday in March, 1869. There was a crowded attendance. The furniture was removed and stored partly in the parsonage, which then stood fronting 72d Street, near 9th Avenue, and partly in the mansion of Gen. Garritt H. Striker, at the foot of West 53d Street.

Steps were at once taken to build anew; the ground being prepared and plans adopted for the Chapel which was erected upon the portion of Jacob Harsen's old parsonage acre situated between 71st and 72d Streets. This was completed and furnished at a cost of about \$6,000, and was opened for public worship in 1869.

The next year Mr. Van Aken estimated the value of the church estate at \$200,000. But this was wholly

unproductive, the income from pew rents and collections being beggarly. On the 25th of August, 1870, the hungry exchequer was fed and saved from starvation by a bequest of \$3,000, paid by the estate of Gen. Garritt H. Striker, then recently deceased—a character in his day, strikingly like Gen. Winfield Scott, and a staunch friend and patron of this church. His square family pew stood in the center of the old auditorium, and its owner was usually in it on the Lord's day. This family has been identified with Bloomingdale and with this church from the outset. One of its members was among the founders of the church,—Mr. James Striker. He and Mr. Richard A. Striker were long and usefully identified with the consistory. And our present well known fellow citizen, Mr. J. Alexander Striker, is a pew holder in the new edifice.

In 1871, the valuation set by the city on the old church and cemetery plot mutilated by the merging of part of it in Broadway as above described, was \$30,000. This is the ground where the present church stands. It is now worth, with the lot in the rear upon which the Chapel is built, \$100,000, so rapidly has the value of real estate advanced in this region!

In 1881, Mr. Van Aken reported that “the unpaid taxes and assessments standing against the church aggregated \$16,000, with interest and costs yet to be adjusted.”

To meet these liabilities the church had—nothing! Indeed, at this time there was no church, save in name—*stat nominis umbra*. In the *Classis of New York,

* The *Classis*, (from the Greek *κλασις* the people as assembled), in the Reformed Church, is like the *Presbytery* in the Presbyterian body. It is a representative Ecclesiastical Judicatory, made up of the churches of its order within a pres-

the legality of the organization was continuously questioned. Mr. Van Aken, worn out by years of labor, was residing in New Brunswick. He had long been palsied. His work was being done by his nephew, also a non-resident. It had been found increasingly difficult to retain a consistory. The number had fallen from six to four, and of the four one or two were either invalids or habitual absentees. The church was *land poor*, and had no income. Meantime, unpaid taxes and assessments were sapping its vitality through rates of interest, or threatening its very life through impending sales ordered by the city to pay old levies. The situation was forlorn—seemed helpless.

In utter despair, the consistory, what remained of it, was about to surrender the church to the Church Extension Committee of Classis, which offered to give it Christian burial and then proposed to appropriate its incumbered real estate, or what could be saved of it, to other ecclesiastical uses. Several meetings were held in the interest of this project. At this moment, God, who evidently did not propose to permit the Bloomingdale Church to be snuffed out, like a sputtering candle, struck daylight into the darkness.

It happened in this wise: Mr. Samuel Hanaway, a child of this church, and at that time a deacon in its consistory, was driving, one afternoon in 1881, past the chapel on 71st Street, which looked squalid and disreputable, like a gentleman gone to seed. At his side sat Mr. S. B. Reed, a skillful architect and

cribed district, each present on the floor in the persons of the pastor and one elder. The Classis is charged with the spiritual supervision of the consistories and congregations committed to its care.

Above the Classis is the *Particular Synod*—composed of a given number of classes. The Supreme Judicatory is the *General Synod*.

popular writer on topics in his line. Mr. Hanaway called his friend's attention to the chapel and briefly explained to him the situation of affairs. "Why," said Mr. Reed, "don't you see the future promise of this west side? Within ten years, it will be the choicest residence quarter of New York. It is wicked to let a church die here. Tide over, somehow, and go on." Well, this set Mr. Hanaway a thinking. He agreed to make a final effort to save the life of the church, if Mr. Reed would unite with it and help him. This Mr. Reed, then an officer in another church, consented to do; and he was presently elected to the deaconship in the Bloomingdale Consistory. These two gentlemen, working constantly and harmoniously together, prevented the absorption of this church by the Church Extension Committee. But how to go on—there was the question! With an incumbered property and an invalid pastor and no money, what could be done?

The Classis was appealed to for advice. A committee of Classis was appointed to wait upon Mr. Van Aken and suggest to him the advisability of retiring in the relation of pastor *emeritus*—a connection which would relieve him from all active duties and responsibilities, and yet enable him to retain the title and honors of the pastorate. The committee met Mr. Van Aken. He consented to unite with the consistory in a request to Classis to retire him in that relation. The joint request was made; and Classis, on the 20th of December, 1881, passed a resolution declaring Mr. Van Aken *emeritus* pastor—the church agreeing to pay him the annual sum of \$500 for life.

At the same meeting, December 20th, 1881, Classis, at the suggestion of Elder S. B. Reed, appointed an

“Advisory Committee” to aid this church in any and all practicable ways. It embraced the following brethren, *viz.*: The Revs. A. G. Vermilye, D.D.; E. B. Reed, D.D., and Carlos Martyn; and the elders H. P. Allen and D. P. Hoffman. The committee proved to be both sword and shield, indeed a whole suit of armor, to the church. The chairman, Dr. Vermilye, and Judge Allen were specially active and efficient. If the incoming of Mr. S. B. Reed was the first step, the appointment of this advisory committee was the second step, under Divine Providence, in effecting the salvation of the Bloomingdale Church.

The next thing done was to offer for sale the eight lots in the midst of which the old parsonage stood, and which were bounded on the north by 73d Street, and on the south by 72nd Street. This was done December 29th, 1881. The eight lots lying between 72nd and 71st Streets, and occupied by the chapel, were reserved. These sixteen lots composed the acre given by Jacob Harsen, in 1809, for a parsonage plot.

For the property put on the market the church was offered \$80,000. Just as the bargain was being closed, a new and unexpected difficulty arose. Two or three of the heirs of Jacob Harsen objected to the sale on the ground that the land was restricted by the deed of gift to use as a parsonage plot; and they claimed that if sold for other uses, the land would revert to the heirs. This question went to the courts, where it remained for nearly a year—the life of the church hanging on the decision.

During this interval, the Advisory Committee, through its clerical members, and through other clergymen whose services they from time to time secured, supplied the pulpit of the church as a free will offer-

ing ; a help which was heartily appreciated by the Consistory, and for which the brethren so officiating were formally thanked in a resolution passed by the Consistory, December 7th, 1882. Among the brethren so co-operating were the Rev. Drs. A. G. Vermilye, Wm. Ormiston, E. B. Reed, and J. H. Gardner, and the Revs. Carlos Martyn, W. C. Handy and A. J. Park.

Towards the end of 1882, the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the matter of the right of sale, and affirmed that right. Under this decision the sale was consummated December 1st, 1882, and the church found itself possessed of means with which to pay its long outstanding obligations, and extend its life and usefulness. That was a joyous day for the group of friends who had its interests in hand and heart !

The Consistory passed a resolution December 7th, 1882, thanking its counsel, Judge H. P. Allen, who was also a member of the Advisory Committee of Classis, for the zeal and success which had characterized his defense of their interests in the long legal struggle.

The church received \$80,000 for the eight lots sold. Out of this sum claims aggregating \$30,000 were speedily paid. Having been a member of the Classical Advisory Committee, I was personally familiar with the trials of this stage of the Bloomingdale church life. It may be called *the period of perplexities*. It makes me heart-sick even to recall those experiences. It is surprising how much more timid one is in looking back upon than in battling with difficulties ! I suppose the reason is that the energies are so absorbed in the conflict, the whole manhood is so taxed in the determination to succeed, that the real

character of the obstacles to be surmounted is not appreciated as it is in the retrospection.

However this may be, there did seem to exist a conspiracy against this church. Enemies from within and without swarmed. Treason, black as Benedict Arnold's, was attempted. The truth was distorted. Lies were invented and patented. Claims fraudulent and dishonest were advanced. These, like an angry sea, dashed themselves against Classis—only, however, to break and retire, as the waves of the Mediterranean do when they leap against the base of Gibraltar! But at that time one difficulty was no sooner vanquished than another, more threatening, wholly unexpected, started up. The tribulations appeared endless. This side of the protecting hand of God, which was over the church, nothing saved it, but the calm determination of two members of the Consistory, and the good nature and equality to the situation shown by the Advisory Committee. The legal *status* of the Consistory, the extrication of the church from the hands of the Church Extension Committee of Classis, half closed upon it, the retirement of Rev. Enoch Van Aken, the vindication through the courts of the right to sell the parsonage plot, the consummation of the sale, the recovery of property sold for the non-payment of taxes, the carrying forward, for months, of public worship without a cent of money: these, and a score of other problems, were met and triumphantly solved. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

Perplexities named Legion continued after the commencement of my ministry here, but we met these armed with the prestige of success. All the same, as

I stand here in the sunshine of to-day, my garments seem to smell of the smoke of battle!

At the meeting of the Consistory held December 7th, 1882, the treasurer, Mr. S. B. Reed, stated that the chapel needed to be repaired and enlarged. This was done at an expense of about \$3,000, services meantime being suspended.

At this same meeting of the Consistory the present pastor was called at an annual salary of \$3,000, the Advisory Committee being present, and unanimously concurring with the Consistory in the call. The Classis having confirmed the call, the new pastor was installed on Tuesday evening, February 27th, 1883.

On the Sunday afternoon previous, the 25th inst., the chapel had been reopened for public worship, the services being in the nature of a fraternal congratulation, participated in by the Rev. Drs. E. B. Coe, Reformed, C. De Witt Bridgman, Baptist, Howard Crosby, Presbyterian, G. H. Mandeville, Reformed, Wilbur F. Watkins, Episcopalian, S. H. Virgin, Congregationalist, and C. F. Deems, Independent. The Rev. Dr. J. L. See was also present and offered prayer. The occasion was a kind of love feast, and was enjoyed by a large congregation.

At the installation service, above referred to, the chapel was also filled, and the Rev. Wm. Ormiston, D.D., preached the sermon, the other parts being taken by the Rev. T. W. Chambers, D.D., the Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D.D., the Rev. E. A. Reed, D.D., the Rev. E. S. Fairchild, and the Rev. J. R. Duryee, the President of Classis.

Later on, the Advisory Committee having grandly performed its mission, was dismissed with the thanks of Classis.

A child just born, of healthy parents, has better prospects for long life and usefulness, than has a man advanced in years, and trying to creep back to vigor out of desperate sickness. So a church newly organized under favorable auspices, is easier to administer than is one covered with the odium of long continued feebleness and inefficiency. In the one case, there are no prejudices to be lived down. In the other case, public sentiment has to be revolutionized. The Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers stated on the floor of Classis, in my hearing, that for thirty years this church had been a public nuisance. Well, he spoke the truth! One and another vexatious question connected with it was always obtruding itself. I said in reply that I believed that thenceforward it would figure in Classis as a help and an honor. God grant that the prophecy may be fulfilled!

My first look, therefore, at the field here was not reassuring. There was no prayer meeting. There was no Sunday School. The average congregation numbered ten! And fifteen was a crowd! There were five families in the parish! When we re-opened the Sunday School, the children of the pastor and Mr. S. B. Reed's little ones constituted the school! In a word, there was nothing here save a legal organization. Everything else needed to be created.

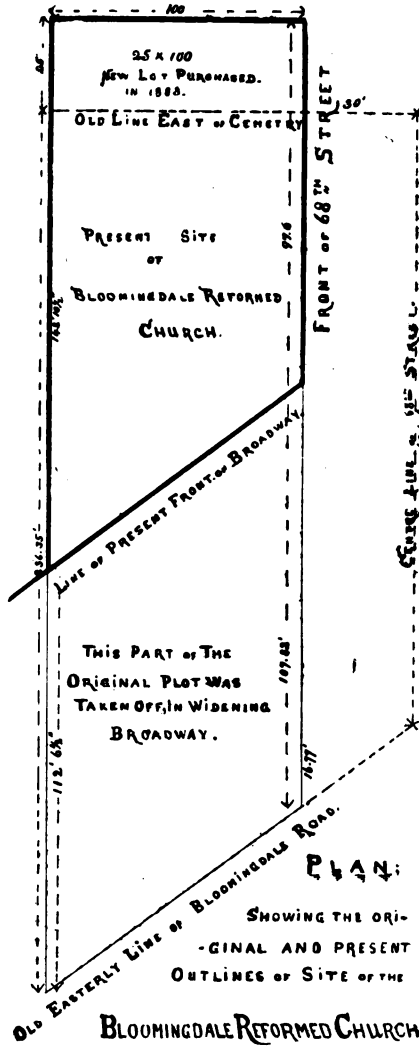
But I knew that God was not dead! I felt that I had in Messrs. Reed, Hanaway and Dunlap, (the last of whom had just come into the Consistory), able and devoted assistants. And we all saw the promise of the future.

For the condition of Bloomingdale had amazingly changed since the period of Mr. Van Aken's active experience. It had become a part of the me-

tropolis. Buildings were going up in all directions, intelligent and well-to-do residents were rapidly preempting the ground. No better location for a church was to be found on Manhattan Island. Cheered by these good omens the new pastorate opened. Soon the various constituent elements of active and aggressive church life were gathered and set in motion. The prayer meeting, the Sunday School, the congregation grew apace. And we foresaw and commenced to provide against the time when the Chapel would fail to accommodate the parish.

Where shall we put the new church ? This was the question which now confronted the Consistory. Which would be wisest, to build on 72d Street, or to go back to the old site on the corner of Broadway and 68th Street ? This matter of location was anxiously, prayerfully debated. Eventually, the present situation was decided upon. There is only one Broadway. A church on this corner is easily accessible from below and from above, and on either side. It is an admirable location for an imposing structure on account of the peculiar shape of the corner. These considerations controlled our action—these, and the fact that the parsonage lots were marketable, while this plot was not, and we needed to sell our real estate, either here or there, in order to pay for the new edifice.

Accordingly, on the 4th of April, 1883, the Consistory passed a resolution appointing Elders Reed and Hanaway a committee to blast out and prepare the cemetery plot on this corner for a new church edifice. Most of you are such new-comers that you do not remember the mountain of rock that formerly occupied this space. On the top ten or twelve feet of soil rested. In this earth reposed the dead forefathers of the ham-



let buried between 1815 and about 1855, when a municipal ordinance forbade further interment. Some among you will recall the scene ; the old line of ruins made by the east wall of the demolished church, the dilapidated vaults, the broken headstones that marked the trampled graves, the goats that found sacrilegious pasturage above the dead, the little ragamuffins that made a noisy and profane playground of what should have been a hallowed precinct—a scene barbarous as war or rapine could have made it, and utterly scandalous and disgraceful.

The Consistory at the same time directed that the bodies resting in this deserted and neglected cemetery should be disinterred and placed in a crypt to be constructed under the new edifice. This work was carefully and piously performed, Elder Hanaway giving it his constant personal attention. In all, one hundred and twenty bodies were taken up. Only a few of these could be identified—Mrs. Barbara Asten, our early benefactress, being one of these. The remains that were known have been securely marked ; and all now rest in the crypt beneath the passage in the rear of this platform, on the right, where they await the sounding of the last trump.

The work of excavation occupied the remainder of the year 1883, and was not completed until the spring of 1884. In May of that year the masons commenced to lay the foundations of this building ; and on the 30th of the next month, the corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies and in the presence of a numerous and deeply interested gathering.

Meantime, our senior elder, Mr. S. B. Reed, had elaborated and submitted plans of the proposed structure. These met with the hearty approbation of the

Consistory and were adopted with enthusiasm. The result you see to-day—as complete and perfectly equipped an edifice as the city holds, and, by common acknowledgment, one of the most original and beautiful.

While we were agitating the question of building, a singular event occurred. It was found that the plot we owned on this corner was too shallow for our purpose—on the 68th Street line only seventy feet six inches deep. Inquiries were made concerning the ownership of the adjoining lot in the rear, fronting upon 68th Street, where the chapel and Sunday school are placed. It was found that it belonged to an estate. One cold, spring day in 1883, as the pastor and Mr. Reed sat chatting in the latter's office, a friend burst in and told us that lot was to be sold at auction in the Real Estate Exchange at 12 o'clock that day. We looked at the clock. It was eight minutes of twelve. We threw on our overcoats and rushed forth. The Exchange was half a mile away. We reached it panting for breath. Just as we entered the room the auctioneer was crying, "Going, going, at \$4,500 ; first call, second call, third and last."—It was the very lot we wanted ! Mr. Reed instantly said, "I offer \$4,600 !" The bids ran up to \$7,000, when it was knocked down to us. The parties bidding when we came in, not knowing us, supposed we were bidding against them in the interest of the estate which owned the lot. So they went up as high as they dared, and then unloaded, as they supposed on the estate, and turned away with a chuckle. When they learned the truth we were informed that they were very sad ! Had it been known how essential that lot was to us, we would probably have had

to pay dearly for it. We owe the chapel, and indeed, the whole building in its present form, to our opportune arrival.

While the work of construction was going on, we were all busy in a dozen different directions—poring over plans, superintending the construction, making contracts, carrying forward public worship, calling upon and endeavoring to interest new friends, caring for the sick, burying the dead ; in short administering the parish. The Consistory, which had long been in an unsatisfactory state, and which, in the Reformed Church, is the source of spiritual and secular influence, the Legislative, Executive and Judicial power, in so far as the individual church is concerned, is White House, Congress, and Supreme Court combined—was at last composed of gentlemen of standing and ability, in the prime of life. At the session of the Consistory held January 3d, 1885, the number was raised to the requirement of the resolution passed in 1814, by the election of an elder and a deacon to fill the long existing vacancies ; Messrs. Wm. M. Stout and Wm. J. Lyon being installed. the first in the eldership, and the second in the deaconry. These brethren have proved a mighty addition, “workmen needing not to be ashamed.”

The Consistory was at that time and is now constituted as follows, viz., ELDERS, S. B. Reed, Samuel Hanaway, Wm. M. Stout. DEACONS, Geo. E. Dunlap, J. P. Deyo, Wm. J. Lyon.

On the 3d of January, 1885, Mr. Van Aken died. At the regular meeting of the Consistory, held March 6th in that year, this minute was adopted :

“It having pleased Almighty God to remove by death on the 3d of January, 1885, the Rev. Enoch Van Aken, the pastor *emeritus* of this church,

Resolved, That this Consistory desires to express its grateful sense of appreciation of his long and laborious life, nearly fifty years of which were passed in the service of this parish. His was one of the longest pastorates in the annals of the metropolitan pulpit, and one of the most chequered. By his prudent pertinacity in temporal matters, and by his wisdom in spiritual interests, he stamped his individuality ineffaceably upon this church and neighborhood. Those who knew him in his prime, think of him as an earnest and sound expounder of the Gospel, and love to dwell upon his faithful pastoral oversight. Those who met him further on, when resting under broken health, were impressed by his uncomplaining spirit and steadfast hope. We lay a garland on his coffin, and while we thank God for what He enabled him to do, we congratulate him upon his emancipation from the heart-ache and weariness of this mortal life, and his advancement into the largeness and blessedness of heaven. As he passes from our sight, but not from our memory, we exclaim, "All hail, and farewell!"

Resolved, That this minute be recorded in our book of proceedings, and that a copy be forwarded to Mr. Van Aken's widow, with the assurance of our tender sympathy."

A monumental tablet has been placed in his honor on the north side of the tower vestibule. The epitaph was composed by his life-long friend, the Rev. A. R. Thompson, D.D.

At the same meeting, a code of By-laws was submitted and adopted. This code requires that "the stated meetings of the Board of Consistory shall be held in the evening of the first Thursday in each

month, except July and August, at such hour and place as shall from time to time be appointed." Since 1805, the Consistory has been a movable body. It has met about from house to house, sometimes at Jacob Harsen's, often at the old parsonage, occasionally at Mr. Striker's, and more recently, at Mr. Emmons', at Mr. Wood's, at Mr. Reed's office, and in the lecture room of the 71st Street Chapel. It has boarded 'round, like a country school-master. It is hoped that here in the new home it may find an abiding place.

It may be said that under God, this parish is pre-eminently indebted to two persons ; the first, Barbara Asten, whose pious benefaction paid for the old church ; the other, Jacob Harsen, whose gift of the parsonage acre away back there in 1809, has enabled us to command the means to construct this magnificent edifice. Peace be to their ashes ! May their example be infectious !

Early in 1885, the Consistory expressed the respect and gratitude of this church in the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

“Whereas, Jacob Harsen, senior, late of Harsenville, (as the locality of his residence and of this church was then sometimes called), was one of the founders and most liberal supporters of this church ; and

Whereas, the said Jacob Harsen, in the year 1809, by his deed of gift of certain lands in near proximity to this church (and which have become valuable), did thus by his liberality and forethought provide the means, to a large extent, which have enabled this church to erect and furnish their new and commodious edifice for the public worship of Almighty God ; and

Whereas, they deem it proper that the name and memory of the said Jacob Harsen, as one of the

founders and principal benefactors of this church, should be preserved therein ; it is therefore

Resolved, That a suitable memorial of the said Jacob Harsen be set in a conspicuous place within our said new church edifice, situated at the corner of Broadway and 68th Street.

Resolved, That Elders Reed and Hanaway be a committee with power to put the above in execution."

An engraved copy of the preamble and resolutions has, accordingly, been framed and hung in the vestibule opposite the tablet in memory of Barbara Asten. I venture to express the hope that in the near future two monumental tablets may be appropriately inscribed and set in the east wall of this auditorium ; one, to Jacob Harsen, on the left of the pulpit ; the other, to the dead that sleep in the crypt below, on the right, and above their resting place.

The total cost of the series of buildings composing this church, parsonage, chapel and Sunday School rooms, and including the organ and furniture, the amount paid for the chapel lot in the rear, and the cost of the excavation, is \$151,198.71. The total value to-day of the property on this corner is \$300,000.

The organ was built by the long established and celebrated firm of Geo. Jardine & Son. This is scheduled at \$5,000, and is said by the builders, and by acknowledged experts, to be a first-class instrument in every respect, grand in tone and range.

The monies used in the work of construction have been obtained from the balance on hand of the \$80,000 received from the sale of the eight lots between 72d and 73d Streets, and from two loans negotiated with the *New York Mutual Life Assurance Co.*—one, for \$55,000, secured by a mortgage resting upon the eight

lots between 71st and 72d Streets, where the old chapel stands, and forming the southern half of the parsonage acre ; the other, of \$70,000, secured by a mortgage on the edifice.

We expect, at an early date, to repay these two loans with the proceeds of the sale of the eight lots last above mentioned, when the sale shall have been effected.

It is confidently believed that we shall receive in this way nearly or quite enough money to pay off our obligations.

Now, with such a building, substantially free from debt, in our possession, what of the future ?

One thing is certain. This structure alone cannot create a church life—it can only house it, and supply a nucleus. “It is a gross delusion,” remarks Guizot, “to believe in the sovereign power of political machinery.” The same thing may be said of ecclesiastical machinery. As, according to Sir William Jones, “Men, high-minded men,” constitute a state ; so men, devoted in mind, heart, hand and purse to the service of God and the help of their fellows, can alone compose a church. The glory of the fathers ought to be the children. We should be what they would be, were they now alive and surrounded with our opportunities.

A church exists for a two-fold purpose: to build up the believers in its membership into the image of Jesus ; and to evangelize the unconverted within the circle of its reach and influence. The church that best subserves this two-fold purpose is the best church. The church that resolves itself into a mutual admiration society ; that values elegant surroundings in themselves, and not as means to the grand end of the church life, and as the appropriate accessories of wor-

ship ; that finds æsthetic pleasure in fine music and poetical preaching, and is disturbed by a call to work, —lives but in name, and is dead. It ought to be buried before it becomes a stench in the nostrils of the community. The world delights in earnestness. It reserves all its rewards for the earnest. Worldly people respect a church precisely in proportion to its enthusiastic devotion to its work. And in this God and the world are agreed.

As we seat ourselves to-day beneath these stately arches, and gather for our first regular service of worship, it is good for us to recall these truths ; indeed, they inevitably flower out of this history of eighty years. The voices that speak to us from the past, and those other tones that address us out of the future, unite to bid us plant deep in our hearts the love of right, and grow from this the firm purpose of duty. When we are full of Christ, our church will be full of Christians.

Then Pentecostal influence will radiate from beneath these gables, and the Holy Spirit will be domesticated in Bloomingdale.

Dedication Service

HELD ON

Thursday Evening, October 22, 1885,

AT 7.30 O'CLOCK.

DEDICATION SERVICE.



THE following account of the dedication service is copied from the report published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, October 28th, 1885 :

“The dedication on Thursday evening last of the Bloomingdale Church at Broadway and Sixty-eighth street, was an event of more than usual importance to our denomination. It is the first church edifice erected by us in this city for fifteen years ; and when the long continued struggle of the organization for existence is considered, the present society may be looked upon as a complete gain to our communion. For years after the farmers in the vicinity had sold their land to speculators, or had turned it into imaginary city lots, the congregation consisted of little more than the pastor’s family and the sexton. Again and again the Classis threatened to abandon the work, but was restrained by the remonstrance of the pastor, the Rev. Enoch Van Aken, of whose foresight and pertinacity of purpose the present building is largely the result. The church has a frontage of 112 feet on Broadway, and a depth of about 100 feet on Sixty-eighth street. It is built in the 13th century Gothic style, of Kentucky oolitic limestone, with the tower at the corner, and a pointed arch upon each street. The tower is extended to its full height, but the spire which is to be of the same stone, will not be added until a year hence, as it is necessary always to allow the walls to settle before

imposing so great a weight upon them. The interior arrangement is unique, admirably adapted to church purposes, and admitting of perfect acoustic properties. The main auditorium is finished entirely in oak, is oblong, with a gallery elliptical in form. The gallery is a peculiar feature in the design, being divided into "boxes," after the manner of the old Holland churches, and contributes materially to the general artistic effect. The floor slopes from all directions toward the pulpit, which is below the organ and the choir gallery, and stands in the center of the longest diameter of the room. Light is obtained not only through the numerous stained glass windows, but through colored glass panels in the ceiling, which also act as ventilators, and produce an effect in ornamentation which can be produced in no other way. With thirteen exits from the room, one could scarcely lose enough presence of mind to secure his retention in the building in case of fire. In the rear of the body of the church are the lecture room and parlor on the ground floor, and the Sunday School room above, furnished with infant and Bible class rooms opening out of it, and a wide gallery which runs around it on three sides. In going through the building, one is impressed with its solidity, spaciousness and convenience. Its cost, with the excavation necessary to bring it to the grade of the street, over \$160,000, exclusive of the land, which is valued at \$125,000. The architect, Mr. S. B. Reed, of 245 Broadway, is the senior elder of the church.

"Long before the hour of service, a crowd waited for admission, and when the doors were open the building was soon filled to its utmost capacity. Words of commendation were heard on every hand, and when the

gas was turned up there was a general murmur of approval. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of the wife of the Rev. Enoch Van Aken, who was pastor of the church for fifty years.

“After an organ voluntary by Mr. Edward G. Jardine, builder of the instrument, the Rev. G. H. Smyth offered the invocation and pronounced the salutation. Rev. A. J. Hutton, of Brooklyn, read the Commandments, and Dr. E. A. Reed led in the responsive reading of the 102d Psalm. The choir then sang the anthem, “O Come Let us Sing.” The Old Testament lesson, Ex. xl : 17–38, was read by Dr. T. W. Chambers, and the lesson from the New Testament, Rev. xxi: 10–27, by Rev. S. S. Martyn. The hymn, “God in His earthly Temples lays foundations for His heavenly praise,” was read by Rev. O. H. Walser, and the congregation joined heartily in singing.”

The pastor, Rev. Carlos Martyn, then spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF REV. CARLOS MARTYN.

It is the pleasure of a lifetime, dear friends, to welcome you to-night to the dedication services of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church. Only those who have some acquaintance with building can understand or appreciate the multitude of details involved in the progress of any work of construction. We had hoped to welcome you to-night to a completed building, but we are a little disappointed in that. There are some of the details of finish in the wood work and decoration which await the final touch of the workers in wood, and the cunning fingers of the decorator. Anyhow, we are glad to be here, for we here find transformed into solid stone, the hopes and dreams of many anxious and weary months.

Standing now upon the threshold of those purposes to which we intend to devote this building, we desire most reverently to thank the Great Head of the Church, the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," for His constant presence and continuous benediction. One of our elders said to me to-day : "The history of our church is a history of divine providence." That has never been more markedly realized than in the past year or two of our experience. The dear God has never left us nor forsaken us.

Standing on this platform this evening, there seems to start up before the eyes of my mind, a plain old farmer, a man prominent here six or seven decades ago. He was a leader in the then hamlet of Bloomingdale. I am, of course, referring to Jacob Harsen. I speak of this good man for a purpose. He has won the everlasting gratitude of every clergyman. Clergymen are a much-abused class of men. There are two views which prevail in the community with regard to them. One is that a clergyman is a dray-horse, always serviceable, and at all times fit to be harnessed between the thills, and made to drag any cause out of the slough. Another view of him is, that he is a big bass drum, and everybody as he passes along, feels at liberty to give him a thump. Jacob Harsen had a better idea of a minister. He said : "The best thing to do with a dominie is to put him in a pleasant home." And accordingly, he had constructed for the dominie in his day, a lovely and commodious parsonage, and gave him an ample parsonage plot. In the lapse of time that parsonage property, with the upward growth of our city, has become valuable ; and instead of representing hundreds of dollars in value, as it did years ago, it now represents many thousands. And because

of that increased value, we are here to-night. This building, in some sense, is the result of old Jacob Harsen's thoughtful kindness to his minister. It is a good example to follow, and I hope some of you will take it earnestly to heart.

Then I recall standing here, that dear old man, the Rev. Enoch Van Aken, who labored for fifty years in this portion of God's vineyard, and who withstood misrepresentation and misunderstanding decades long, and rowed against the stream for dreary years. I think his spirit, resting yonder in glory, is bending over us to-night, and joining with us as we bow in gratitude before the Great White throne.

I bear loving testimony also to the continual and patient labor, and the practical skill of our senior elder, the architect of this building, Mr. S. B. Reed. To my personal knowledge, all the details of this work have gone forward under his immediate eye and hand. For the beauty of this temple, with its brightness and commodiousness, you are indebted to him. Upon the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, England's great architect, there is a striking epitaph. As you enter Saint Paul's Cathedral, you find staring you in the face these words: "If you would behold the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, look around you." We borrow to-night the epitaph of the English architect, and apply the legend to our honored friend and brother, Mr. Reed. It is also due to our Consistory to say that they have stayed up his hands grandly. His plans and suggestions have sometimes been earnestly debated, but he has almost always carried the day.

The church and congregation, too, have given us their continued interest and sympathetic co-operation in every stage of the work.

I claim two things for this church. It is a thoroughly constructed building. We never consulted Mr. Budenseick, the architect who made buildings that fell in the course of construction ; and least of all have we borrowed his methods. If there be any spot beneath heaven where truth should prevail, it is in the house of God. We have put truth into our rafters, into our walls, into our floors, and please God, we mean to put truth into ourselves—the hardest task of all. We have got an honest house. Good, sound oak in the interior, and solid stone on the outside. It is also an economical building. I claim unhesitatingly, that it has cost less than any other church on Manhattan Island which is equally well equipped for the service of God. We have paid less than \$150,000 for it. The land we count worth \$125,000, so that the lowest actual value represented here is \$275,000. We believe \$300,000 would be nearer the present value.

There are one or two features of our church of which I wish to speak. It is not so much one building, as a succession of buildings. Remembering what Jacob Harsen gave that acre for, seventy years ago, our Consistory has seen to it that the dominie is well housed. In addition to the new parsonage, we have behind this auditorium, a lecture room, a church parlor, and a Sunday School room capable of accommodating seven hundred scholars. Cobbett, the English economist, said that the secret of English civilization lay in the stomachs of the nation. I do not know how that is, but I am sure that every housewife is aware that she can reach the heart of her husband through his stomach more quickly than in any other way. We have borrowed a thought from this fact. We have put under our church parlor, a kitchen with

a range in it, and every appliance usually found in this important part of a well-appointed house. We propose to feed the hungry literally, and I do not know but that by and by we will go a step further, and clothe the naked. I hope so.

Whether a man likes a building such as this is or not, depends upon his taste. Some people adore what is called ecclesiastical architecture—the cathedral style. They delight to sing with Milton :

“I love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.”

But we do not believe in “dim religious light.” That is magnificent poetry, but it is wretched church architecture ; because it puts people to sleep. And no man is in a salvable condition when he is asleep. If you would get the grace of God into a man’s heart, you must get the sleep rubbed out of his eyes. We have made our church as cheerful as the sunlight by day, and the gaslight by night, can make it.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the entrance into our new church, is the home-coming of the inmates of the Orphan Asylum at the foot of Seventy-third street. Hereafter we are to be privileged to welcome the dear little lambs of that lovely flock to our services.

I wish also to say that we expect to be out of debt, when all our affairs are closed up. You need not begin to feel for your pocketbook, for we do not propose to tap you. We intend to pay for this building out of old Jacob Harsen’s benefaction. We shall have enough to clear it of debt, and we propose that those who rent pews shall meet the running expenses. Now

if we agree to put a roof over your heads, you should be willing to pay the household scot. This is all we ask. And by putting the rent of the pews at a reasonable figure it can easily be done. You who are interested in property in this neighborhood, come in among us and help carry these ordinary household expenses, which ought to be, and which are, by every right-thinking church, carefully and scrupulously managed.

Dear brethren and sisters, friends and hearers, our church will have been built in vain unless there shall come into it the spirit of the living God. Vain the beauty of these walls, the luxuries which we have lavished here, all those features of our church architecture in which we take such pride, unless operating through them all shall be the Holy Ghost. All else without that is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

You remember the story of the old Greek who undertook to make a corpse stand on its feet. He lifted it. He poised it. He relaxed his grasp. It fell. Again he lifted it. Again it fell in a dismal huddle to the earth. Beholding it steadfastly, he said: "It lacks something within." And so a church lacks something within, unless God shall be found operating in and through all of its affairs. May we, therefore, be animated by the blessed spirit which was in Christ Jesus!

At the close of this address, Mrs. Geo. W. De Lano sang an alto solo, "This night I lift my heart," and then followed the dedicatory prayer, offered by Dr. A. G. Vermilye, and the reading of the form of dedication by the pastor, while the people stood. The hymn, "How charming is the place," was read by Rev. W. W. Clark.

Dr. E. B. Coe was to have preached, but owing to the lateness of the hour he gave a brief synopsis of the sermon. His text was Psalm xcvi: 6: "Honor and majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." The theme was the importance of the church to personal character and to our civilization. He touched briefly upon its intellectual, social, and charitable influence, and upon its value as a protest against indifference to spiritual things, and closed with an appeal to his hearers to unite in extending the church in the country, and to cherish the new religious home which they had just consecrated to the worship of God. After a prayer by Rev. Dr. J. M. Dickson and the singing of the hymn, "Arise, Oh King of Grace, Arise," the service closed with the doxology and the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Paul D. Van Cleef, D. D.

The cheerful gaslight spoken of by Mr. Martyn in his address, is produced by the reflectors of Mr. I. P. Frink. The light is soft and pleasant to the eye, while brilliant and equally diffused throughout the large audience room.

EXERCISES

AT THE

Service of Fellowship,

HELD ON

SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

Oct. 25th, 1885,

AT 3 O'CLOCK.

The Service of Fellowship.

Sunday, the 25th of October, was a lovely day.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the members and friends of the Bloomingdale Church again assembled in the new and charming house and crowded every nook and corner.

A feast of good things had been provided for the vast congregation, which sat in wrapt attention for nearly three hours. The singing on this occasion, as at the dedication, was of a high order of merit, and was led by the efficient quartette of the church, consisting of Mr. Geo. W. De Lano, tenor; Mrs. Emily Baker, soprano; Mrs. Geo. W. De Lano, contralto, and Mr. W. H. Hosford, basso. The organist, Mr. G. Balies, Jr., presided at the organ.

A number of familiar hymns were interspersed, and the whole congregation became the choir.

The Scriptures were read by the Rev. A. P. Atterbury, of the Eighty-sixth Street Presbyterian Church.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Wendell Prime, D. D., editor of the *New York Observer*.

The opening address was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. Carlos Martyn. He was succeeded in turn by the representative brethren whose remarks are given in the following pages.

The Rev. C. S. Harrower, D. D., of St. Andrew's M. E. Church, in 71st street, led in a concluding prayer, and the exercises ended with the long metre doxology.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. CARLOS MARTYN.

The Reformed Church has always been a peaceable and hospitable body. It has never been drawn into any very serious controversy with sister denominations. Indeed, the Reformed Church has points of contact with every other order. Like the Episcopalians, it has a liturgy. Like the Presbyterians, it believes that everything should "be done decently and in order." Like the Congregationalists, it dares to trust the people, and holds with Tallyrand, that "*everybody* is cleverer than *anybody*." Like the Methodists, it believes that "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." And the chief difference between us and the Baptists, is that we believe baptism consists in the application of water to the subject, and not in the application of the subject to the water. We agree also with Dr. Deems in delighting to minister to *Strangers*.

It is fit, therefore, as we open our new and beautiful house for public worship, that we should lovingly welcome and adopt into our service these distinguished brethren, representatives of sister denominations. They have a right here. In England, you know, most of the soil is parceled out between the great proprietors. Yet there are spots called *commons*, where all have an equal right to set foot. So, while the soil of Christianity is parceled out among the great denominations, there is not lacking a common ground where all may meet in brotherhood and sisterhood. Unlike

Dr. Crosby, I believe in denominationalism. I believe in a generous rivalry—the rivalry of faith and good works. The different denominations represent, each one, some distinct feature of truth. No one has it all. Truth is a wheel; and the different denominations are the spokes in the wheel. But the trouble is that each spoke is forever setting itself up to be the whole wheel. That is a great mistake. You know that when two or three ministers undertake to read the same hymn, each will put a different emphasis upon the words; and so when men undertake to read the grand hymn of the divine nature, one says: “You must emphasize the divine sovereignty;” and another says: “You must emphasize human free agency;” and another says: “Why, you are all wrong; the one thing in God is love.” Methodism is in the blood of some. They cannot help exploding amens. Others are Presbyterians by temperament. Congregationalism is the refuge of all who like to leap over the traces. But, dear friends, while all this is true, let us thank God for the dawn of the day when we can all hold to the truth as it is in Jesus, and recognize one another as united in him, although divided into separate theological schools. In our epoch we understand that the key note of Christianity is the fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of man. “If a man does not love his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen.”

THE PASTOR :—We are happy in having with us this afternoon a New York boy of Dutch descent, who, as a man, represents the great Presbyterian connection. Of ripest culture, an animated cyclopædia, he has made

himself known and felt everywhere, not chiefly as a scholar, but as the champion of righteousness. His life is a terror to evil-doers, and is both shield and sword to law and order. Everybody respects him; those who are his intimates love him tenderly—the Rev. Dr. Crosby.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.,

Pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

My dear Christian friends, I am very glad my brother Martyn has quoted the text, "Let all things be done decently and in order," as a Presbyterian text. Now, as denominationalism does not contribute to "order," I am not a denominationalist. I know the admirable illustration which my brother Martyn and others bring up to defend denominationalism—about the spokes and the wheels, and the regiments in an army, but the spokes never trouble one another, and the regiments in an army do not fire into each other. The history of denominationalism has been a history not of generous rivalry, but of a very unchristian rivalry, of opposition and hatred. Thanks be to God that those days of strife are passing away, and that we are seeing Christian denominations brought closer together than ever before. It is a joy always for me to take part in services where denominational lines are obliterated as here to-day, and it is a great privilege for me, a Presbyterian from a Dutch stock—the Presbyterian element made stronger, perhaps, because it comes from such a stalwart stock—to meet the members of this old church in the old village of Bloomingdale, which the great city of New York has swallowed up into its own being. In this city, which stretches out so rapidly on every side—no, not on every side, but northward—it is important for us to plant our churches as thickly as the devil plants his saloons. We have to

meet the vast tide of iniquity which sets in in a metropolis like this, not only from the depravity of Americans, but from the depravity which comes to us from over the water. And we have to meet this as Christians with a very active, determined, resolute purpose. We must plant our Sunday-schools, build our churches, and be all of us wide awake for the cause of truth and religion, which has the promise of the Lord with it, if we will only attend to the work faithfully.

It is a delight for me to greet you as you are forming this strong church—for this is both a beginning and a renewal of a church. You have come into the fullness of your manhood as Minerva came into the fullness of her womanhood from the brain of Jupiter. You start in this enterprise without a debt, with a beloved and able minister of the gospel, and with a large number of Christian souls as a nucleus for future work. With these advantages you have a great responsibility. It is not simply a noble edifice which constitutes a strong church, it is not an eloquent pastor which constitutes a strong church, it is not a gifted choir which constitutes a strong church. A strong church is one in which every member feels the power of the divine Spirit in his soul, and lives that power in his daily life. That is a strong church. A strong church is a church where every member understands that the membership in the church of Jesus Christ requires active service as His soldiers. What would one think of a soldier in the ranks who thought that all the work was to be done by the captain? You are to fight under, and with your pastor, and no church member can stand with a good conscience before God unless he has in some form

extended the faith. It is therefore your desire, doubtless, that this church, strong in its outward appearances, in its pastor, should also be strong in its spiritual relation to this neighborhood, and to the whole city. Be full of that thought. Let each member, however young, however old, however modest with regard to his own powers, feel that he is an agent in the divine hand for overcoming evil in this city. A church of this sort, where the membership has this feeling, will be a church of great power. I believe that the day will come when this wicked city will be thoroughly cleansed. I believe the day will come when we shall see the last of the saloons. And I believe that it will be done by the divine power working in and through the faithful disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. May this church bear a noble part in the great work. May this church be in the front rank of the churches which are going to bring on a millennial day for New York City.

THE PASTOR :—On a certain occasion, the illustrious Dr. Chalmers characterized Methodism as “Christianity in earnest.” We are next to listen to the representative of this earnest faith present here in the person of one of the best known and most eloquent of its sons—the Rev. Dr. Tiffany.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D., PASTOR OF THE MADISON
AVENUE M. E. CHURCH.

I am sure I thank you very heartily for the kind words in which you have expressed your judgment of the denomination to which I belong, and also for the words of personal feeling with which it was accompanied. Everything which has been said of the church is true. I wish that everything you have said of me were true. I am a Methodist. It runs in my blood. As a Methodist, I am heartily glad to take part in these services, and not simply to be recognized as a brother, but to have the opportunity of recognizing you as a brother of mine. I think there is something more in it than the mere idea that it is a good and a pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity. I think there is about these fraternal greetings that we are having in these days, something which answers Christ's great prayer which He offered for the disciples, "That they all may be one ; as Thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Anything which looks like growth in this direction, which tends to secure this desirable result, is always to me a matter of profoundest interest and profoundest congratulation. I am quite sure that the times which have been alluded to as the times of controversy and the times of strife, have passed away. No man in this day is accounted great according to the size of the trees against which he lifts up his axe. It seems to me that this is a natural outgrowth of the wiser and firmer hold of the denominationalism of the age.

When boys go through dark woods at night, they are said to whistle to keep their courage up. And whenever I hear of a man or a woman quoting proof texts to sustain their denominational views, I always think of the boys going through the woods whistling to keep their courage up. I regard these fraternal relations of the churches of our day as the expression of the growth in individuals, and in churches, of a love that recognizes something grander and nobler and better than the mere denominational creed. It seems to me that the lines of denominationalism are just as strongly drawn as they ever were. Dr. Crosby would not hesitate to confirm me in this. He holds as strongly as he ever did, that he is elect according to the fore-knowledge of God. As a Methodist, and you cannot make me anything else, I believe that I am elect because of the truth in the Bible which says that "Whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life." The wall is as strong and high between us as it ever was, but we have grown up so that our hands stretch over it and clasp. And I believe that this is the idea of the church that men are thinking of every day, and every hour as they pray together and as they sing together, and meet in these fraternal gatherings. It seems to me that Christ is being recognized as being more than the church, even as the rock of ages is grander than the temporary tabernacles we build around it.

I congratulate you upon the manifestation of a Christly spirit by your action in inviting the representatives of all other branches of the kingdom of Christ.

I congratulate you upon the position you have chosen and hope that will accomplish in it all that Dr. Crosby has prophesied for you.

I congratulate you upon the building you have erected. I think it shows how we are drawing together, because you have a church which would make a great Methodist church. When I went into the rear room, I found it would do well for a Methodist church. It has a kitchen and range, and all the arrangements for hospitalities. And then I went up and saw that you have admirable rooms where our classes might be held, and I feel as if I could preach a full and free salvation from this platform pulpit. I trust my brother, that under your administration here, there will be a zeal in your work, that shall cause a wonderful upbuilding of the people upon the foundation of the holy faith, and that under the influence of the gospel so preached, there shall be an evangelizing of all this part of the city, and we may prove ourselves worthy to enjoy the privileges which have descended to us from our fathers, and which come to us through the blessed work of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I heartily congratulate you and bid you God Speed.

THE PASTOR :—We have heard a great deal about the apostolic succession. Well, I know of one brother who is certainly in it. His words and his works avouch him. With or without the prayer book, he is always welcome. Indeed, he is a prayer book in himself—the Rev. Dr. Watkins, of the Episcopal Church.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. WILBUR F. WATKINS, D. D.

Pastor of the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Madison Avenue and
42d Street.

Somebody has said that the best proof of apostolic succession is apostolic success. During the five years that I have been in New York as a clergyman I have but in three instances departed from a rule which I found it necessary to adopt, and that is never to undertake any duty on Sunday afternoon. Two of those three instances have been at the bidding of your pastor. It is more than two years ago I was present at a gathering similar to this. I am glad I was there, but I am more glad I am here. Then you planted a seed. Now you rejoice in the bursting of the flower. My brother and old friend Dr. Tiffany who has just spoken, has specified several reasons for congratulation, but there is one he did not mention. I am glad he did not. I want to emphasize for a moment, one fact, that this church is out of debt. My dear Brother, I rejoice with you and your people, that you are permitted to enter a church so spacious and elegant as this is, without the intolerable burden of a heavy debt. If any remains, let me urge you, my friends, to get rid of it at once. For it is not only important to do the right thing, but to do the right thing at the right time. And my experience has led me to believe that there is nothing that becomes so fixed as a church debt. Strangle it and get it out of the way, that there may be no drawback to your rejoicing in this grand

achievement on which we congratulate you to-day. May I say two or three things in a practical way by specifying what seems to me to be indispensable conditions of success in all Christian work. The first is *co-operation*. Co-operation is one of the watchwords of the hour. There never was a truer thing spoken than that by Dr. Crosby, "It is impossible for the pastor of this church to do the work of this church." He is a leader, and only can his leadership be successful as he has a following of earnest Christian men and women. Oh brothers and sisters of this family of Christ, do not be content to merely have a pew here. The tendency of the day is to make the church more and more a hotel. Let it be a home. Make yourselves feel that you are a part of the family, having your family duties, as well as family privileges. Co-operation is the first condition of success and the next is *encouragement*. I think there is hardly enough encouragement in the world. It is so much more easy to find fault with the work that is going on than to take hold and do it yourself. There are people who continually stand still and find fault with those who are pushing ahead. Now the way to get rid of any subject of contention is to take hold together and encourage one another in the work that is going on. Be courageous yourselves. Do not indulge in fear or depression in the presence of dangers. Of course you will encounter these in abundance. Overcome them, fear and despondency will do no good. We do not encourage one another enough because we are ourselves despondent. I think it is a great pity that we withhold anybody's meed of praise until he is beyond the reach of praise. It will not matter much to me what people say of me after I am gone, but I want people to

say encouraging things to me now. Encourage your pastor, give him your presence, your loyal, loving sympathy and support. And then in turn I am sure he will do all he can to help you. There is another thing, *Promptness*. I believe many men fail in life, because they have not been swift to seize an opportunity. Many a church has been left high and dry like a stranded ship, because it did not catch the favoring tide. Now I think you did move at the right time. As the opportunity has been grasped so finely, let your work be *thorough*. A great deal of work has the appearance of earnestness, but it will not stand the test of time. Do not suppose that everything which is showy or that calls attention to itself, is true. Real work, foundation work, is not conspicuous, but it is thorough. Remember that the policy of the church should be not merely to fill its pews, but to do good to those who occupy them. Let all you attempt, dear Christian brothers and sisters, be done in this way, then shall men feel the power of your work, and God, even your own God, shall bless you.

THE PASTOR :—My eyes moisten, my heart throbs as I ask you to listen next to one who is dear to me by a double tie; the bond of blood and the fraternity which is in Jesus Christ. Speak, my brother, not only as the representative of Congregationalism, but also as the spokesman of a relationship as dear and close as earth can know—the Rev. Sanford S. Martyn.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. SANFORD S. MARTYN, PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PEACHAM, VT.

It is a pleasant part of my appearing here this afternoon, that, as a Congregationalist I am privileged to give greeting to a representative of the Old Dutch Church in Holland. That peculiar, distinctive custom of our churches, namely, giving the right hand of fellowship, is the spirit in which I would speak. It is true we love our independence. Yet we also have great cause to love that staunch old church, from which we received our first fraternal welcome, and whose hospitality in the hour of need, helped make us independent. We may even say that we were part and parcel in no small measure of the early life of that church. While it is not natural for us to fall easily into line with formal ecclesiastical authority, we do esteem the "goodly fellowship of the Apostles," or as is the more technical phrasing of our own order, "the Comity of the Churches." So I bring the greetings of New England to old and New Amsterdam, perpetuating themselves in the person of this fair grandchild, whose comely presence delights our eyes and gives us welcome to-day. New England and Holland are in a certain sense, twin sisters. I remember that on the little patch of low land skirting the North Sea in the northwest corner of the Continent of Europe, the encroaching waters were kept back by the indomitable will and sturdy efforts of the simple, unpretentious men who, in this battling with the elements, not only wrung their own house-lots from the deep—an owner-

ship in fee simple by the best of all rights, the right of creation, but also learned to cherish their liberty, and share it as an inestimable boon with others. In the long struggle under the patriotic lead of William the Silent against oppression and persecution, was fought the battle of religious toleration for mankind everywhere, that liberty of conscience might be secured, that homes might be safe and churches free. In the spirit of that toleration they reared their own church, and made it the asylum for all who might seek its sheltering folds. God be thanked for the Dutch Church of the Netherlands! God be thanked that among those two hundred cities, among those one hundred and fifty towns, among those six hundred villages, all in the country reclaimed from the sea, and rising almost like islands out of the deep and guarded by sixty impregnable fortresses—the world's busy marts of trade and industry each and all, centres of intelligence, thrift and invention, where the printing-press first saw the light and the printed Bible first came forth, the Magna Charta of the people's rights—that in those abodes of virtue and worth was nurtured the spirit of Christian freedom which makes it possible for us to be in this house to-day.

I also remember that from the plain Manor-house in Scrooby, in the northern part of England, there went forth the band of "Pilgrims and Sojourners in the Earth" as they called themselves, the exile company of Congregationalists, exiles because they could not see their way clear to worship God after the manner and belief of the mother church at home. They took with them their families with little else besides, and sailing to Amsterdam dropped anchor in friendly waters, in that way establishing fellowship with the Dutch

Church and thus beginning their own independent life. That story of Dutch hospitality and Pilgrim exile is the story of Christian struggle and Christian love told for all time. It was the true keeping of "the spirit of unity in the bond of peace." It opened the way for the rearing of the Temple of Liberty in the new world. It is a significant fact that Pastor Robinson, the Shepherd of that exile band after its removal to Leyden, was recognized in his official capacity in this Dutch Church of the Netherlands. The difference being that he held it better for each church to manage its own affairs in its own way, as, under Christ, its own master. From Holland also it was, that a portion of that Pilgrim flock, launching their Mayflower, came across the waters to rear their church and lay the foundations of a free state in the wilds of New England, there through their descendants to renew with New Amsterdam the Christian amenities shared in Old Amsterdam.

But I must not linger. I have asked myself as I sat here what I might say really worthy of this occasion, for there is much I would like to say. You know it is not always best to whisper what a smart brother you have; but you may feel it, you may rejoice in it, and when the work he has been doing has been well done you can rejoice in the praises others may bestow, and you may bring with you the double greetings of brotherhood in Christ and brotherhood in the flesh. Now, as I stand here and look over this audience, housed in this beautiful place of worship—an abode meet indeed for high and sacred things—I go back to the time when two ministers, present here, were boys, and when they used to ride on the top of the Bloomingdale stage, off for a day's picnic to Bloom-

ingdale. How fairy-like it all was! How the North river shimmered in the sunlight! What beautiful trees and green fields nodded and smiled to those boys away from the pent up life of the city! Can this be the old spot? How strange! It doesn't seem so long ago, either. Yet Bloomingdale is gone, and somebody is growing old; surely, it cannot be those two boys! Neither of them would have dreamed of an occasion like this—where one would sit a dominie and Master of Ceremonies in this house, and the other venture to speak a good word for him. I recall how those boys used to go skating where now is Central Park. How wonderful is the tide of human life, that thus in these suburbs of but a few years back this elegant christian edifice should stand erected to reclaim, in the spirit of the Dutch Church of old, this new part of the city to Christ and his cause.

Words of cheer have been spoken in view of the fact that there is substantially no debt resting upon this house. As I have heard them uttered I have called to mind that form of dedication once suggested by Dr. Holland in view of the heavy cost and indebtedness so often attending the construction of new church buildings and dwarfing the whole church life and growth: "We dedicate this church, O God, to Thee, subject to a mortgage of one hundred thousand dollars." The need of that formula has not been felt here; but there is one formula we may well adopt here and always: "We dedicate this church, O God, to Thee, subject to the debt we owe to Jesus Christ." Ah, never can we pay that debt. Yet by the love we bear to one another and to all men—by the bond which holds us together in christian fraternity—and by the faith which teaches us how to live and shows us how

to die, only in that way and by a pure character built up through that faith, a character made and kept pure through the blood of Jesus, can we ever approximate the payment.

I congratulate the church and my brother, its pastor, upon the work so auspiciously begun. May that work increase in richness and power until the pearly gates shall welcome all connected with it to a temple fairer than any of earth, and the sacred relationships shared below shall find new and added meaning above.

THE PASTOR :—The Rev. Dr. McArthur owes us a speech. He was to have addressed us on the 30th of June, 1884, at the laying of our corner stone. He failed to appear. Baron Munchausen tells of a trumpeter who attempted to play a tune in Russia. It froze up, after a bar or two. The next summer, in Italy, he was surprised to hear the rest of the tune come sounding forth. We now ask Brother McArthur for that belated speech.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. R. S. MAC ARTHUR, D.D.

Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, West 57th Street.

I shall not detain you as long as would be necessary to say all which Mr. Martyn intimates that I have in mind, but I shall certainly say in the first place, that I give the pastor of this church, and all these friends, my most hearty congratulations upon this bright afternoon. Heaven seems to smile upon us as we sit here in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The benediction of God rests upon this goodly fellowship as we sit here talking about our common Lord and Master. I seldom talk about Christian union, for I cannot help thinking that what Dr. Tiffany said is true, that the men who talk so much about it are whistling to keep their courage up. I prefer to go quietly along, illustrating Christian union by Christian work. Perhaps organic union is neither possible nor desirable. When each church serves God along the line of its sincere conviction of the teaching of God's word, we shall have Christian union of the noblest type. I remember that Dr. Tiffany said that he was a Methodist because Methodism was in his blood. I cannot exactly say that I am a Baptist for a similar reason. But of the noblest possession, the Scripture hath said, "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." My Baptist convictions claim this divine origin and authority. I will not talk about the mother church of England, as one brother has done, for my denominational Alma Mater was the mother church at Jerusalem.

I would say to you that I congratulate you in the second place because of the location you have chosen. I am a profound believer in this western side of this great city. It is certain that the great and beautiful homes of the next generation will be built on the western side of the Park, that Fifth Avenue, before fifteen years will be largely business all the way up to the Park. Doubtless some of our most costly and elegant temples of worship will find themselves in the center of the retail trade before a quarter of a century, and the population of this western side of the city will be increasing rapidly with some of the best and most religious American citizens. I also have chosen the western side of the city in which to work for the Master. My people think our location is just as good, and a little better, because it gives us all that you have on the western side, and all that they have on the eastern side, and all that they can have in the space between. But next to the choice we have made, I should make the selection you have made.

I congratulate you further, not only upon the location, but also that in the erection of this house of worship, you illustrate the aggressive character of our Christian faith. Christianity seeks to conquer the world. That is its destiny, that is its mission, that is its determined purpose. This lost world is to be brought into subjection to the Son of Mary, to the Son of God. It is a marvelous thing that no other religion ever dreamed of universal conquest but the religion of Jesus. Other religions were local, tribal, or at most national, but the religion of Christ is universal in its aims and efforts. It is the only religion which is adapted to all classes and conditions of men in all centuries, and in all climes. It is marvelous

that Christ was the first great religious thinker who ever dreamed of universal conquest, who ever dreamed of founding a religion which was equally needed by, and adapted to all men. Not a thinker of Greece or Rome, or of the dreamy Orient ever had such a thought. When you remember that Christ was the first man who ever had that thought He takes His place at once in the very front rank of all the thinkers of all the centuries. And to-day in the presence of that thought I put the crown on my Lord's brow as the foremost thinker the world has ever produced. And all the tendencies of the time are looking toward the realization of this lofty purpose. If I am not an optimist, I certainly am not a pessimist. I see nothing but brightness and beauty in the sky now over-arching the church of God. I see promises of the triumphs of Christ in the missionary spirit of the church, in the wonderful scientific discoveries of the age, and even in the literary activities of the day. I see the two nations which are most conspicuously Christian, Great Britain and America, marching side by side to the music of Jesus' name, and reaching the very highest place among the nations of the earth. I see that in all the discoveries of science we are but preparing the way for the spread of the truth. To-day the telegraph whispers Christ's name throughout the earth.

The world is a whispering gallery, and the name of Jesus is reaching to the ends of the earth. I know that many people will wonder at the statement, but it is true, that notwithstanding the fact that this is the most rapidly populating country in the world, the membership of the Evangelical churches is increasing faster than the population of the United States.

In 1850 the United States had in round numbers a population of 25,000,000. In 1880 the population in round numbers was 50,000,000. In 1850 we had but 3,000,000 of church members, and in 1880 we had over 9,000,000. Benevolent contributions are correspondingly large. Is there any cause in these facts for being discouraged? Is there any ground here for despondency? Are there not grounds for joy? I believe in Jesus Christ. I believe in the old gospel, old as the sun, and new as that last ray of that same sun which shall kiss your cheek or mine as it sets in yonder sky. If the religion of Jesus cannot save the world, nothing can. The word of God will not return unto him void. The uplifted Christ is the mightiest magnet the world has ever known to draw men to truth and to God. Christ is preached, and therein I rejoice. Christ upheld in this pulpit, shall fill these pews.

Neighbors down-town, in the providence of God we have, my dear brother, become neighbors up-town. We shall preach Christ and Him crucified. We shall see His name honored and souls redeemed by His grace. In this work, faith, and hope, we shall live. Then at the last we shall cast our crowns at His pierced feet, and know no other name "save Jesus only."

THE PASTOR :—The Rev. Dr. Deems ministers to the *Church of the Strangers*. But *he* is no stranger. If his modesty did not forbid, he might borrow a line from Milton, and say :

"Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown."

"The goodliest man of men," we welcome him to-day with the heart on the lips.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. C. F. DEEMS, D.D., PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF
THE STRANGERS, MERCER STREET.

I suppose, dear friends, that I have been kept until this late hour because your pastor thought you would have the grace to wait to hear the pastor of the Church of the Strangers who belongs to all the churches, and to whom all the churches belong ; and who on that account has been sometimes called the Archbishop of New York. Speaking of dignities, reminds me of the last conversation I had with the late Cardinal McCloskey. You who knew him, know how sweet his manners were. We had been talking together and found ourselves in such agreement upon so many fundamentals of Christianity, that I ventured to say to him, " Well, your Grace, there seems to be very little difference between us ; you are the Roman Catholic Archbishop, and from the way all the Christian people in the city treat me, I must believe that the people of all denominations in some sense regard me as a kind of Catholic Archbishop of New York. Now, your Grace, I am told that the last gate through which we are to pass is very narrow. As Saint Peter pulls you through, I suspect you will rub the 'Roman' from your title, and if I get in we shall both be on an equality." He turned with such an arch smile of kindness that I shall never forget it, and I said to my family when I came home, " If I live to be a very old man I should like to be an old gentleman after the style of Cardinal McCloskey."

Well, as these brothers and younger priests who have preceded me have divided their discourses into things personal, things historical, and things religious, it will be modest in me to follow their example. In the first place, fifty-one years ago, three boys lived in the same town, and their fathers were all friends. Two of these boys were at school together. To-day all three of them sat together in this Dutch church, and one is now the Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Dr. Watkins, another is our eloquent brother, Dr. Tiffany, and the third is the Pastor of the Church of the Strangers. If, since we were playing in the streets of Baltimore we have ever all three met before in all this interval, I am not aware of it ; but in that interval, how many things have been coming together. How the different denominations have been blending, how it seems that if a prism had been placed in the front of the beginning of the last half century dispersing the pure ray of the white light of our Christian religion, another prism has been placed behind the screen to collect the beautiful colors into the pure ray of unity. At the time those three boys were together in Baltimore, there was a prodigious boy in New York City going to a school out on these very Bloomingdale hills where we now stand. At that time he was making things generally lively ! That boy was Howard Crosby, and you see that ever since, even down to this blessed afternoon, Howard Crosby has been keeping things lively. Here endeth the personal part of the discourse.

There is an historical incident which fits into this occasion. Precisely fifty-one years ago this morning, there was formed a new Presbyterian church in this city. Its building was planted in Mercer Street. The city

was so small, that at that time it was the most northerly church within the municipal limits except old St. Mark's in the Bowery. That was at the time when the highest residence was in Fourteenth Street. That church called for its pastor, a young North Carolinian, the Rev. Dr. Skinner, whose family I knew in the dear old North State, and the pastor of the church which occupies the building at this day is another North Carolinian. You know how old that church is. Even church buildings wear out, so did the roof of ours. My people have recently re-roofed the old building, and put down new carpets, and touched up things generally. I have not the face to claim that the Church of the Strangers is as beautiful as this, but it is so much better a church that I would not swap it for this new and beautiful edifice. As yet, this gem of architecture has had very little consecration. But in that old building of ours, hundreds of souls have been converted to God. In its chapel and church parlor as well as in its pews, men have found the pearl of great price, and from the service therein, such women as the writers of "Stepping Heavenward," and the hymns "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and "More Love, O Christ to Thee," have gone to sing in the choir invisible. During the next fifty years may this church of yours be crowned with still greater glory.

As I speak, I catch the eye of my friend Dr. MacArthur, and that reminds me, that with all this elegance and apparent completeness your church building lacks one thing. You have made no provision for immersing adult believers, and if you should ever call Brother MacArthur this way to preach, and if a soul should be converted under his ministry, he would be compelled to carry the believer to his own church, or to the

Church of the Strangers that he might be baptized after the manner which Dr. MacArthur thinks canonical. Nevertheless, I believe there can be a church without a place for immersion, and I congratulate you upon this massive and beautiful structure. I stood in the moonlight last night on the Boulevard and looked at this beautiful church, and went home and fell asleep and dreamed, and almost the first thing I fell into was a sermon. I know the old joke about there being stones in sermons, but I had beheld in the clear night, a grand sermon in stone, and when I awoke this morning the thought kept ringing in my mind, "sermons in stone." Every such church is a sermon, every such church stands in its solidity and rises in its beauty to arrest the attention, if ever so slightly, of the most careless or irreverent passer-by, to those principles on which human character and social prosperity are to be built. Sermons uttered with human lips may have a kind of immortality in transition, but a sermon in stone has its perpetuity in its permanence. Little children and old men look at it, and thoughts that do not formulate themselves create sentiments of which there is no consciousness, but which in the human heart that feels them, goes on and on in a purifying process. When you and I and our beloved brother, your pastor, may be lying fast asleep in the dead of the night, as some solitary watcher from a neighboring chamber, or some casual passer-by, sober or otherwise, glances at its walls, its tower, and its angles, this temple may arouse in him feelings that shall lead him to God. A tablet in the vestibule tells us that you partly owe this to a woman long since gone to her glorious rest, and it seemed to me while I gazed at it last night, that it was in the moonshine like a lily springing out of the

dust of a dead hand. How much she builded better than she knew. Let those of you who have the means, put before the eyes of men some such powerful preacher to the vision, and years and years after the giver hath gone, the gift will remain to the honor and glory of God.

I congratulate you, dear brother pastor. My dear people, when I saw Mr. Martyn rise up in this pulpit, the light streaming upon him through these windows, he reminded me of the apocalyptic vision which burst on the eyes of John in Patmos when he saw an angel standing in the sun. May he ever so stand here shining in the light which comes from the glory of God streaming from the face of Jesus. I congratulate *you* on having so splendid a church without a single cent of debt; church, parsonage and all, with no debt, and some surplus. But I should fail of my duty, beloved, if I spent my opportunity in congratulation and failed to warn you of your responsibility. If you settle down at ease because you have all this, God will make your church like a bare barn; but if the spirit of God shall make you all feel that an immense load of responsibility has been laid upon you, very much greater than upon most of the churches in this city, that to whom much is given, of him will much be required, and that whosoever has the privilege of being a member of this church has the responsibility of using all its appliances and instruments to promote the glory of God, to increase the sum of human happiness by diminishing the sum of human misery; responsibility for bringing men through these things which are visible to faith in him, and love for him who is invisible. If you fail of all these things, every stone in this house will testify against you, and as the sun streams through your

painted windows, it will but reveal the barrenness and nakedness of the indwelling church membership. But I hope better things for you, that fifty years from now, this church will be in greater favor with all the people, and have greater power over the hearts of men than it has this day. Fifty years from this, where will your pastor be, and you and I? Fifty years from this, what you do this year will tell upon that last year of the half century. I trust that you will be so humble, so devout, so faithful, so true to the Master, and worship so "in spirit and in truth" within these walls, that the very house itself shall become saturated with the devotions of the people, and that all men who enter it may feel in all time, that this is the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.

THE PASTOR:—The latin word *vir* means a man. Our word *gin* means a trap. *Virgin* is therefore a *man trap*. I am sure that our friend from Harlem will at once catch your attention and hold it, too—the Rev. Mr. Virgin.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. SAMUEL H. VIRGIN,

Pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Harlem.

BROTHER MARTYN AND FRIENDS :—You have now for the second time made this circle of brethren happy by inviting us to share in the celebration of your widening influence, your enlarging usefulness, your multiplying blessings. I do not know to what you can call us for the third time, unless it be (God grant it may be) such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as shall fill every seat in this house and bring every occupant in humble penitence to the foot of the Cross. Send for us then, and we will come to rejoice with you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

To-day, as on other occasions, I offer you the cup of Congregational greetings full and sparkling to the brim. A building like this is a blessing in any community, in that it is a silent protest against all ugliness in rising structures and expanding life, in the street, in the home, in the character. Its lines of beauty rebuke the uncouth, its solid stones so firmly set chide the frivolous, its abundant and appropriate furnishings mock the miserly—the whole edifice stands to declare the value of things to come, and mark the renewal of the life of this ancient church, whose hope and faith have been in the unseen God.

But if this were all, our congratulations would be limited to-day. All this might have been accomplished in a structure adapted to relieve the present misery of the sons of men. We are in the midst of suffering, which sends its cry of pain out upon every breeze.

The want of that which will warm and nourish the body, remove its ills, and round its ghastly hollowness into blooming fulness burdens the sympathetic soul. Might not all this money have been better spent in erecting a stately and beautiful hospital or refuge for the discouraged, or poured out for the relief of the unspeakable suffering that abounds to-day in the midst of this great city. Certainly, if this be only a brilliant poem in rock, furnishing that which humanity needs, your hearts might have grown tender, and flowed together in a living unity, and given evidence of their contact with the divine. There is an additional need to justify this noble expenditure of thought, genius and money. It is the power that is of God, shown through these material agencies, exalting them in producing profound spiritual results. It is in the disclosure of the supernatural that this house fulfills its function. If, then, there be co-operation, promptness and thoroughness in work, if there be such adaptation in furnishings that any body of christians could carry on their work within these walls, if there be wealth and culture and crowded assemblies and no more, other buildings might better have occupied this site.

It is in the accomplishment of the impossible that Christianity presents its challenge to an unbelieving world.

Recently in one of our Southern cities at a religious conference a man was introduced as a native pastor of one of the churches in the Fiji Islands, but who had formerly been a cannibal. As he stood speaking with a somewhat eloquent tongue, he told the story of his early life when he fed on rice and human flesh, remarked that he had tasted of a missionary (doubtless

the reason of his eloquence), and magnified the power of the supernatural in bringing him to his present joyful and satisfying experience.

Charles Darwin declared the people of Terra del Fuego the most degraded on earth, the poorest and meanest specimens of humanity, beyond all hope. The British Admiralty had ordered that English vessels should not stop at these ports. Some years ago, says Dr. Parker, a boy was found in the streets of Bristol. Taken to the work house on St. Thomas day, he was called Thomas, and picked up between two bridges, he was called Bridges. As the fruit of Christian training, he at length was Rev. Thomas Bridges, and chose Terra del Fuego as his field of labor. He reduced their speech to a written language, translated the Bible for the people, taught them to read it, civilized, Christianized them. English vessels were allowed to visit there by the revocation of the early order, and Mr. Darwin sent his check to the Society that supported this laborer in admiration of his work.

We read that the people came in multitudes to Christ "when they heard of *the great works* that He did." It is intended that Christianity should display its transcendent triumphs, and these are what we await and expect in connection with this church.

It is not enough for you to have erected this beautiful house of worship, it is not enough to have provided this elegant and alluring interior. There must be something more. It is not of earth. It does not emanate from the people, but it alone distinguishes the Church of God, from the assemblies of men.

There was assembled in the Holy Land a band of men who sought the evidence that Baal was God, but failed to obtain it. As the evening shadows fell the

altar was repaired ; stone was laid upon stone, trenches were dug, the bullock was cut in pieces according to the ceremonial law, and laid upon the altar, the trenches were filled with the water that dripped from the altar, and the eyes of a mighty multitude were lifted to the spot which Elijah had prepared. But all were silent and expectant. Thus we have the Bloomingdale church up to this hour. It was only when the fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice and dried the trenches that the thrilling acclaim was heard, "The Lord, He is God, The Lord, He is God." So shall it be with you. The altar is erected, the trenches are dug, and into them is pouring the tide of life, filling them with that which is opposed to the life divine, which contradicts the gospel of salvation. But when the hour shall come in which your faith shall be honored, and the fire of God descend and lick up the infidelity from all these homes and the hostility from all these streets, and the bright flame shall be seen to the north and south of this great city, and from river to river, a cry shall go up that shall gladden earth and heaven, as a renewed people cry, "The Lord, He is God;" then only, and not until then will the church disclose its truest mission, and evidence its supernatural power. May that baptism come, and the gathering clouds of this very evening grow radiant with signs of the descending light.

THE PASTOR :—It is fitting that the closing note on this occasion should be struck by the Reformed Church. We have with us the pastor of the old mother Church of Brooklyn. It will give us pleasure to listen to the Rev. Dr. D. N. Vanderveer.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. D. N. VANDERVEER, D. D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST
REFORMED CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No intelligent traveler ever pauses in Rome without visiting the palace of Rospigliosi, to see Guido Reni's famous picture of the "Aurora." The goddess of the morning is represented as rising out of the sea in a golden chariot which is drawn by shining horses. Like liquid pearls the dew-drops are falling from her rosy fingers; while the shadows of the night are swiftly vanishing before the smile of her beautiful face. Its poetic sentiment and ærial grace; its charm of color and majesty of motion reveal its transcendent and masterly conception as well as illustrate the originality and fidelity which characterized its illustrious artist. But this noble fresco possesses one conspicuous and unhappy defect. It was painted upon the lofty roof of the central saloon in the palace, so that very much of its fine and quickening beauty was dissipated by its great distance from the eager beholder. In order to remedy the fault an immense mirror was placed upon the floor, immediately beneath the picture, and a guard-rail was raised around it. Looking down into the seamless glass, the spectator saw the picture above his head reflected in its shining surface. To bring near the remote, to render visible the invisible, to bring God and Christ and immortality down to the levels of human ignorance, suffering and sin, to represent and reproduce upon the earth the grand reali-

ties of Eternity, is the mission and the glory of the Christian religion. God has never revealed Himself directly to the vision of men. We cannot bear to gaze upon the blazing disc of the sun ; how then shall we look upon Him who made it ? For this reason, He has shaded, while revealing something of His intolerable glory, under the vast and brilliant materialism of the universe. For this reason, the bush in the wilderness burned with phosphorescent flame and from amidst its leafy cherubim and its dome of unconsuming fire, issued a voice which made the spot sacred ground. For this reason, the mystic and supernal pillar of cloud stood still in the tabernacle and the Shechinah waited to commune with his people from above the Ark of the Covenant and the mercy-seat. For this reason, the Christ came all the way down from Heaven ; globing the pure and perfect spirit of God in his immaculate humanity, as the ruby flame illuminates the delicate tracery of flower and leaf and spray upon an alabaster shade. The prophet put to his lips the golden trumpet and the minstrel swept his harp that men might behold in Holy Writ "as in a glass the glory of God."

God bestows the breath and the ventilation of his Spirit, that every disciple may become a "temple of the Holy Ghost." We tremble at the vastness and the splendor of our capacities ; that we are competent to receive a revelation of God within and to become the vehicle of that revelation to men without. This is the form of religion which is needed to-day. Too many men entertain the impression that religion is a clever but impracticable abstraction. Remote and ethereal, and holding itself aloof from the gas-lit mart and the tramp of trade, it is good enough for the Sabbath and

the church, the sick chamber and the death-bed ; but that it is delicate and fragile and breaks down under the rough uses of the world. Too many men give hospitality to the impression that we have buried the Lord under so many pages of the creed, as devout women swathed his sacred body in the cold linen of the sepulchre. Christianity needs a statement that shall match the facts of the world. Men cannot live upon the faith of last year any more than they can live upon the bread of last year. The battles of to-day cannot be fought and won with the cross-bow and battle-axe of chivalry. And no greater boon has been conferred upon this sovereign century than the new revision of the Scriptures by the stalwart and accomplished scholars of the church.

Again as aforetime we need a religion that comes down and goes after the wayward and the wandering. We need to cast the Gospel-net into the stream and not expect that the cautious fish will come up and eat out of our hand. We need the religion of personal endeavor : carrying the Gospel lamp up into the garret, down into the cellar. We need "pulpits on wheels and sermons in shoes."

Men build enormous tabernacles, very frequently plastered over with mortgages : install a Boanerges in the pulpit and so many operative warblers above it to shut the mouths of God's people : advertise the soul-saving machine in gaudy hand-bills and when they have attracted the crowd, they rub their hands with exquisite satisfaction that they have solved the problem of "reaching the masses."

No fault ought to be found with this. The work which cannot be done with the fist, may be done with a trip-hammer; and in our dense populations we need

powerful churches to make an impression on the kingdom of darkness. But let us not be duped and deceived by magnitude and show. Let not the modest themes of the Gospel be pushed aside by the sensational topics. Let not the quails which made the people sick destroy the taste for the manna which was the heavenly food; and let not the parish church be overshadowed by the giant cathedral.

The Christianity which shall save the world is the Christianity of the unit. It is the preaching of Philip to the man in the chariot, as well as the preaching of Peter to the assembled thousands; the preaching of Andrew and the Samaritan woman; of Mary Lyon and Harlan Page; the preaching of the pew none the less than that of the pulpit. The power of any parish is simply the concentrated power of each and every member, as the strength of a steam engine is the strength of every wheel and crank, bolt and rivet in the ponderous machine.

The dedication of a church is the dedication of every Christian. The anointing of the worshiper is the anointing of the worship. Just as the fabled stream is said to have turned into gold the sands over which its waters rolled, so the Spirit of God resting upon the people hallows the place in which they assemble, as the flying buttress and springing arch, plume-like pillars and vanishing spires, were alive and electric with the voices of God.

It is not for me to praise the Reformed Church for her great longevity or historic prestige. Age is no protection against error. It is not for me to honor her for an intelligent conservatism. We need some clamps and brakes upon the flying wheels of theological thought. It is enough that it lives and labors to

hold up before men the glory of Christ and has planted his cross on the poppy-fields of China and among India's idol groves.

“ Is Christ in us? Be ours the glorious dower
To show the Savior shining in our face,
And thro' our eyes, faith, putting his sweet power
To help the weak and wayward with His grace.
Oh let not sin in us those windows dim,
Through which the world might catch some glimpse of Him.”



FAMILIES REPRESENTED IN THE CONGREGATION.

- Auryansen, 460 W. 58.
- Baker, 1.0 W. 28.
Booth, 415 W. 78.
Bellis, 424 W. 58.
Bourne, 403 W. 73.
Bernard, "Roslyn," cor. 106 and
10th Ave.
Bernier, Orphan Asylum, W. 73.
- Clark, Miss H. L., 314 W. 33.
Cooper, C. W., 304 W. 83.
Cooper, Miss M. S., 316 W. 38.
Clark, C. S., 447 W. 72
Campbell, 355 W. 56.
Capen, 312 W. 60.
Canfield, 314 W. 33.
Clark, Mrs. Peter, 314 W. 33.
- Dempsey, 453 W. 71.
Dunlap, 493 Classon Avenue,
Brooklyn.
Deyo, 107 W. 67.
Demarest, Orphan Asylum, W.
73d St.
Dey, 412 E. 120.
Disbrow, 630 W. 84.
Dempster, Orphan Asylum, W.
73.
DeLano, 56 W. 55.
- Ebbitt, 137 Manhattan Ave.
Edler, 461 W. 71.
- Freer, 405 W. 71.
Fletcher, 457 W. 73.
Ferrer, Parsonage, B'way and 68.
- Gildersleve, 451 W. 79.
- Hanaway, Corona, L. I.
Harwood, Dr. Ed. C., 44 W. 49.
Hall, 426 W. 73.
- Holmes, Misses F. and H. S., 231
E. 79.
Holmes, Eldridge, 1227 10th Ave.
Halley, "The Evelyn," 9th Ave.
and 78.
Halsey, Dr. F. S., 464 W. 64.
Hole, Broadway, bet. 67th and
68th Sts., West Side.
Houghton, 103 W. 67.
Heitz, 1074 10th Ave.
Harrison, 497 W. 62.
Hosford 29 E. 32.
Hoyt, 25 Union Square.
- Innes, 1220 Tenth Ave.
- Kohnen, 461 W. 71.
Kalbeck, 71st, cor. Ninth Ave.
Klein, 346 W. 62.
- Leonard, Dr. G. W., 405 W. 73
Leach, 464 W. 83.
Lockwood, 457 W. 73.
Lyon, 857 W. 82.
Longyear, 405 W. 71.
Lloyd, 917 Seventh Ave.
- Martyn, Parsonage, B'way and
68.
Myers, 161 Grand Boulevard.
Munroe, B'way, bet. 77 and 78.
Mitchell, 49 Fulton St., B'klyn.
Mackey, 465 W. 81.
Macfarlane, 1220 Tenth Ave.
Miller, 405 W. 73.
Mellveen, 774 Ninth Ave.
- Osborne, Dr. S. C., 459 W. 61.
- Pfenning, 509 W. 61.
Potter, 509 W. 69.
Porter, Dr. E. H., 463 W. 71.

- Proudfoot, 62 W. 55.
Partridge, 412 W. 70.
- Reed, 1216 Tenth Ave.
Robinson, J. D., 531 W. 69.
Robinson, Miss M. A., 367 W. 56.
Robinson, J. B., 525 W. 69.
Raspberry, 464 W. 83.
Reiley, 82d, cor. Tenth Ave.
Roe, 38 West End Ave.
Roberts, 70th, cor. Ninth Ave.
Ruhl, 1070 Tenth Ave.
Rifenbergh, Orphan Asylum, W.
53.
- Scheitlin, 51 W. 54.
Schoonmaker, 409 W. 71.
Stout, Wm. M., 412 W. 71.
Stout, Wm. V., 412 W. 71.
Slawson, 416 W. 71.
Striker, 229 W. 51.
Sinclair, 80 W. 47.
Seymour, Windsor Hotel.
- Senior, 101 W. 67.
See, 412 W. 71.
Scott, Orphan Asylum, W. 73.
- Thomas, 213 W. 127.
Trippe, 428 W. 71.
Traeger, 7 W. 14.
Tubbs, 426 W. 70.
Terhune, 434 W. 73.
Thompson, Dr. C. H.; 20 Fourth
Ave.
- Van Wagonen, 466 W. 73.
- Wood, 418 W. 52.
Waldron, 458 W. 79.
Wightman, 415 W. 69.
Wemmerus, "Dakota," 72nd St.
Wiley, 630 W. 84.
Warren, Eighth Ave., bet. 65th
and 66th Sts
Warner, 483 W. 73.
Wood, 426 W. 70.

ACTIVE MEMBERS
OF
BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED CHURCH.*

- Auryansen, Mrs. Eliza W., (1886), L.
 Bennick, Miss Lizzie, (1884), C.
 Bellis, Mrs. Louisa, (1885), L.
 Bellis, Joseph H., (1885), L.
 Bellis, Miss Ida, (1885), L.
 Bellis, John, (1885), C.
 Cooper, Miss Mary S., (1883), L.
 Clark, Miss H. Louise, (1883), L.
 Clark, Mrs. Peter, (1884), L.
 Clark, Charles S., (1885), L.
 Clark, Mrs. Delia, (1885), L.
 Campbell, Mrs. Phœbe, (1885), L.
 Campbell, Miss Hattie Louisa, (1885), L.
 Dunlap, Geo. E., † (1883), C.
 Dunlap, Mrs. Julia E., (1883), C.
 Deyo, Jos. P., (1883), L.
 Deyo, Mrs. Eliza, (1883), L.
 Demarest, Cornelius J., (1885), L.
 Demarest, Mrs. Belinda B., (1885), L.
 Demarest, Miss Clara, (1885), L.
 Dey, Robert, (1885), L.
 Dey, Mrs. Charlotte S. C. Cameron, (1885), L.
 Deyo, Miss Mary N., (1884), C.
 Deyo, Mrs. Eva, (1884), C.
 Freer, Mrs. Sarah Jackson, (1884), L.
 Geheiser, Mrs. Charlotte, P. R., (1870), C.
 Gildersleve, Charles E. (1885), L.
 Gildersleve, Mrs. Harriet Newell, (1885), L.
 Hanaway, Mrs. Martha Moore, (1845), C.
 Halden, Mrs. Samuel, (1872), C.
 Hanaway, Samuel, (1870), C.
 Hanaway, Mrs. Annie, (1883), C.
 Harwood, Ed. C., (1883), C.
 Harwood, Mrs. Ida Smith, (1883), C.
 Hole, Henry, (1884), L.
 Hole, Phœbe, (1884), L.
 Hall, C. J. G., (1884), L.
 Harrison, Miss Minnie B., (1886), L.
 Holmes, Miss Fannie, (1883), C.
 Holmes, Miss Hannah S., (1883), C.
 Innes, Miss Katherine, (1883), C.
 Innes, Miss Mary, (1884), C.
 Kohnen, John F., (1884), L.
 Kohnen, Mrs. Sarah, (1884), L.
 Lyon, Wm. J., (1884), L.
 Lyon, Mrs. Kate Louise Palmer, (1884), C.
 Martyn, Mrs. Mercedes Ferrer, (1883), L.
 Myers, Mrs. Mary, (1883), L.
 Myers, Miss Annie, (1883), C.
 Myers, Miss Mattie, (1883), C.
 Myers, Miss Vinnie, (1883), C.

* This list embraces only the names of persons more or less actively identified with the Church at this date. A number of names appear on the record which are either unknown or which have passed beyond our jurisdiction. The letters C and L indicate the method of joining—the first by Confession, the second by Letter. The dates denote the time of uniting.

† Mr. Duntap's name went in the list of members deposited in the corner-stone as Geo. H., which is wrong. It should be as above.

- Mitchell, Mrs. Elizabeth C., (1884), L.
 Mitchell, Miss, (1884), L.
 Mitchell, J. W. W., (1884), C.
 Mackey, Mrs. Priscilla S. Rowley, (1885), L.
 Munroe, John, (1884), C.
 Munroe, Mrs. Jennie Graham, (1884), C.
 Munroe, Miss Martina, (1884), C.
 Nish, Miss Jane, (1872), C.
 Osborne, Sylvester C., (1886), C.
 Pfenning, Miss C. Sophia, (1872), C.
 Pfenning, Mrs. C. E., widow of Fred., (1874), C.
 Pfenning, Miss Louise, (1875), C.
 Pfenning, Miss Pauline, (1878), C.
 Potter, Samuel, Jr., (1886), L.
 Potter, Miss Annie E., (1885), L.
 Proudfoot, Miss Harriet Isabella, (1886), C.
 Reed, Samuel B., (1881), C.
 Reed, Mrs. Lizzie Lowerre, (1883), C.
 Reed, Miss Lillie, (1883), C.
 Reed, Miss Olive, (1885), C. †
 Robinson, Mrs. Maria Mitchell, (1883), L.
 Robinson, Mitchell A., (1884), C.
 Roe, Mrs. Mary S., (1886), L.
 Roberts, Geo. A., (1886), L.
 Roberts, Mrs. Mary A., (1886), L.
 Reiley, Mrs. Augusta Stover, (1886), L.
 Rasberry, John L., (1884), L.
 Stout, Wm. M., (1884), L.
 Stout, Mrs. Mercy A. Van Hart, (1884), L.
 Stout, Wm. V., (1885), C.
 Stout, Mrs. Ella Green, (1885), C.
 Simonton, Mrs. Eliza, (1884), L.
 See, Geo. E., (1885), L.
 See, Mrs. Jane E. Stout, (1885), L.
 Senior, T. E., (1885), L.
 Senior, Mrs. Ida, (1885), L.
 Slawson, Mrs. Cornelia C., (1886), L.
 Stover, Miss Agnes, (1886), L.
 Thompson, Charles N., (1888), L.
 White, Francis, (1873), C.
 Wood, Charles, (1867), C.
 Wood, Thomas, (1868), C.
 Waldron, Mrs. Cornelia E., (1884), L.
 Waldron, Miss Fannie A., (1884), L.
 Walling, Leonard B., (1884), C.
 Wightman, John, (1885), C.
 Wightman, Miss Lizzie, (1885), L.
 Wightman, Frederick C., (1886), C.
 Wemmerus, Miss Alida, (1885), L.
 Wiley, Mrs. Jessie M. Meade, (1885), L.

† Miss Olive Reed was the first person baptized in the new church, Jan. 18, 1886.

NOTE.—At the first Communion held in the new church, in December, 1885, twenty-six were taken into fellowship. At the Communion in March, 1886, eleven were received.

OFFICERS FROM THE DATE OF ORGANIZATION.

 Pastors.

The Rev. Alexander Gunn, D.D.	from 1808 to 1829
“ “ Francis M. Kip.....	“ 1834 “ 1835
“ “ Enoch Van Aken, D.D.....	“ 1835 “ 1885
“ “ Carlos Martyn	“ 1883 “ —

 Treasurers.

RECORD IMPERFECT TO 1830.

Richard A. Striker	1830 to 1832
John H. Striker.....	1832 “ 1838
David Law	1838 “ 1839
C. Westerfield	1839 “ 1840
John Wait.....	1840 “ 1843
Thos. J Emmons.....	1843 “ 1881
John K. Curtis.....	1881 “ 1882
S. B. Reed.....	1882 “ —

 Clerks of Secretaries.

Ichabod Prall.....	— “ 1830
Richard A. Striker.....	1830 “ 1832
John H. Striker.....	1832 “ 1838
Casper Meier.....	1838 “ 1839
Cornelius Westerfield	1839 “ 1843
John Boyd.....	1843 “ 1860
Thomas J. Emmons.....	1860 “ 1881
Samuel Hanaway.....	1881 “ 1886
Geo. E. Dunlap.....	1886 “ —

Elders,

WITH DATES OF ELECTION AND SERVICE.

Andrew Hopper.....	1805 to 1824
James Striker.....	1805 " 1830
Jacob Harsen.....	1814 " 1835
Ichabod Prall.....	1824 " 1830
R. A. Striker.....	1830 " 1835
James Quackenbush.....	1830 " 1840
John Parks.....	1835 " 1838
David Patterson.....	1837 " 1838
John H. Striker.....	1837 " 1838
Casper Meier.....	1838 " 1840
Cornelius Westerfield.....	1840 " 1843
G. W. Livingston.....	1843 " 1844
John N. Boyd.....	1842 " 1862
Wm. Holmes.....	1843 " 1854
Henry Quick.....	1843 " 1849
Thomas J. Emmons.....	1854 " 1881
Robert Cars.....	1861 " 1869
Henry S. Mitchell.....	1862 " 1879
John K. Curtis.....	1867 " 1882
Samuel B. Reed.....	1881 " —
Samuel Hanaway.....	1882 " —
Wm. M. Stout.....	1885 " —

Deacons,

WITH DATES OF ELECTION AND SERVICE.

Philip Webbers.....	1805 to 1814
Jacob Harsen.....	1805 " 1814
Henry Post.....	1814 " 1822
S. A. Lawrence.....	1814 " 1816
Ichabod Prall.....	1815 " 1824
Daniel Mack.....	1816 " 1818
John Asten.....	1818 " 1830
R. A. Striker.....	1822 " 1830
James Quackenbush.....	1824 " 1830
John H. Striker.....	1830 " 1837
John Parks.....	1830 " 1835
David Patterson.....	1830 " 1837
David Law.....	1837 " 1839
Ackerly Fitch.....	1837 " 1838
Cornelius Westerfield.....	1838 " 1840
Thomas J. Emmons.....	1838 " 1854
John Wait.....	1840 " 1844
Henry Quick.....	1842 " 1843
Peter Rennie.....	1843 " 1858
Duncan McFarlan.....	1854 " 1859
Robert Cars.....	1858 " 1861
Geo. Robertson.....	1861 " 1863
Geo. H. Pinley.....	1863 " 1867
Jonas Hanaway.....	1863 " 1867
Charles Wood.....	1867 " 1883
Jacob Flick.....	1874 " 1881
Samuel Hanaway.....	1881 " 1882
Otis D. Stewart.....	1881 " 1883
Geo. E. Dunlap.....	1883 " —
Joseph P. Deyo.....	1883 " —
Wm. J. Lyon.....	1885 " —

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.



Superintendent.

GEO. E. DUNLAP, ESQ.

Precentor.—MR. C. J. G. HALL.

Treasurer.—MISS ADDIE FLETCHER.

Secretary.—MRS. JENNIE SEE.

Librarian.—MR. SAMUEL POTTER, JR.

Asst. Librarian.—MR. EGBERT G. MARTYN.

Organist.—MISS LILLIE REED.

Teachers.

Mrs. Mercedes F. Martyn,	Miss Lillie Reed,
Mrs. Geo. E. Dunlap,	Miss J. S. Warren,
Miss L. Pfenning,	Miss S. S. Warren,
Miss S. Pfenning,	Miss F. A. Waldron,
Mrs. Geo. W. Leonard,	Miss M. Holmes,
Miss Addie Fletcher,	Miss Bloom,
Miss Ida Bellis,	Mrs. Welch,
Miss M. Deyo,	Mrs. Mary A. Roberts,
Miss Kate Innes,	Mr. J. J. Bellis,
Miss Mary Innes,	Mr. C. G. Dobbs,
Miss A. Myers,	Mr. T. E. Senior,
Miss A. E. Potter,	Mr. Jos. H. Bellis,
Miss A. Robinson,	Mr. J. T. Sinclair,
Miss F. Robinson,	Mr. W. V. Stout,
Miss Marie Scheitlin,	Mr. J. H. Wightman,
Miss L. A. Valteau.	Mr. Paul H. Martyn,
Mrs. W. V. Stout.	Mr. Geo. A. Roberts,
Miss Minnie B. Harrison.	

SOCIAL UNION.

President.

Mr. Wm. V. Stout.

Vice-Presidents.

Mr. J. T. SINCLAIR. Miss LIZZIE WIGHTMAN.

Secretaries.

Recording.—Mr. SAMUEL POTTER, Jr.

Corresponding.—Mr. JOS. H. BELLIS.

Treasurer.

Miss LILLIE REED.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Executive.

Wm. V. Stout,
Mr. J. T. Sinclair,
Miss Lizzie Wightman,
S. Potter, Jr.,
Miss Lillie Reed.

Sociable.

Mr. C. J. G. Hall,
Miss Frances Robinson,
Mr. G. E. Dunlap,
Mrs. W. G. E. See,
Mr. S. Potter, Jr.,
Miss Anna Robinson,

Debates.

Mr. R. Schoolmaker,
Miss Lizzie Wightman,
Mr. W. H. Hosford,
Miss I. Bellis,
Mr. Jos. H. Bellis,
Miss A. Meyers.

Strangers.

Mrs. M. F. Martyn,
Mr. W. G. E. See,
Miss Lillie Reed,
Miss Kate Innes,
Mr. Jno. Wightman.

Sick.

Mr. Paul Martyn,
Miss S. S. Warren,
Mr. J. Raspberry,
Miss J. S. Warren,
Mr. Fred. Wightman,
Miss Mary Innes.

Devotional.

Mr. Geo. E. Dunlap,
Mr. Wm. M. Stout,
Mr. J. T. Sinclair.

LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



President.

Mrs. MERCEDES F. MARTYN.

Treasurer.

Mrs. WM. M. STOUT.

Secretary.

Mrs. WM. J. LYON.

SCHEDULE OF BENEVOLENCE.

At a meeting of Consistory, held April 4th, 1888, the following action was taken, viz :

With a view to the promotion of God's cause, and in the hope to awaken an intelligent interest in the field, which is the world ;

RESOLVED—That the following objects of benevolence, recommended by General Synod, be regularly presented to our congregation and collections be taken for them at the times specified, viz :

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.....	the 3d Sabbath in January.
“ “ DOMESTIC “	“ “ “ February.
OUR OWN SABBATH SCHOOL.....	“ “ “ April.
BOARD OF EDUCATION & PUBLICATION ..	“ “ “ May.
DISABLED MINISTERS' & WIDOWS' FUND	“ “ “ October.
CHURCH BUILDING FUND.....	“ “ “ November.
POOR OF THE CHURCH,	the 3d Sabbath in March, June, Sept. and Dec.

The offerings to the Lord, when not otherwise designated, go into the treasury of the Church for congregational uses.

SERVIGES.



- SUNDAY** :—Preaching at 11 and 7.45 o'clock.
Sunday School Session at 2.30 P.M.
- TUESDAY** :—Regular Meeting of the Social Union the first Tuesday in each month, from Oct. to June, inclusive.
Regular Congregational Sociable the third Tuesday in each month, from Oct. to June, inclusive.
Regular meeting of Ladies' Missionary Society the fourth Tuesday in each month, from Oct. to June, inclusive, in the Church Parlors, at 3 P.M.
- WEDNESDAY** :—Session of the Church for Prayer and Conference, in the Chapel, at 8 o'clock.
- THURSDAY** :—Monthly meeting of the Consistory the first Thursday Evening in each month.
- FRIDAY** :—Preparatory Lecture in the Church, the Friday Evening before Communion. Elders' Meeting before the Preparatory Lecture.
- COMMUNION** :—The third Sunday morning in March, June, September and December.
- BAPTISM** :—At the Preparatory Lecture, or in the Sunday School, the Sabbath following the Communion, at 3 o'clock P.M.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

