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ADDRESSES

ON THE

SEMI-CENTENNIAL

OF THE PASTORATE OF

REV. WM. W. BLAUVELT, D.D.

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

LAMINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

On Wednesday, August 9th, 1876.

WITH THE EXERCISES.

SOMERVILLE, N. J.
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The following report is enlarged from that published in the SOMERSET GAZETTE, of August 12th, 1876. With the exception of the addresses of Rev. Dr. BLAUVELT and A. W. McDOWELL, M. D., the speeches were entirely extemporaneous, and are reproduced from notes taken at the time. The substance of all the addresses, if not the exact language, is here preserved.

EXERCISES AND ADDRESSES.

ONE of those occasions which rarely occur in this country brought together a large audience of people at Lamington, Somerset County, New Jersey, on Wednesday, August 9th, 1876. It was a Jubilee Day for the people of Dr. BLAUVELT's charge, because just fifty years before that now venerable preacher entered upon his duties as an ordained minister of the Gospel, upon the same spot where he preaches still.

Early in the forenoon the scene was animated, and foreshadowed a large attendance. While the day promised warm, yet so great was the interest manifested by the people, from far and near, that it soon became evident the church edifice could not contain all who would come. Carriages were standing not only within the enclosed grounds of the Church, but in several fields in the vicinity, as if during a Fair time.

Upon the rear of the building floated the American flag, amid bunches of evergreen, while the national banner was also suspended from a rope in front of the Church. The pillars were trimmed with greens, and the Church inside was profusely decorated with these same emblems of immortality, and with flags, large and small. Behind the pulpit were the words, "Semi-Centennial, 1826, 1876," and a Crown, Cross and Anchor, surrounded by immense wreaths. Small bouquets were upon the pulpit, and large ones at

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the sides, and in front upon the marble-top table ; these being very beautiful, and all contributed from the gardens of the Doctor's parishioners. The whole atmosphere was one of joy and grateful thanksgiving.

The committees, under those guidance the arrangements were perfected, cannot be entirely known, because many ladies were volunteer workers, and they aided in the work right grandly.

The number of those who attended can only be conjectured as from 600 to 800. There were listeners in the aisles, and through the rear windows, and from the vestibule. Many did not enter the Church at all.

One of the features of the day was the contribution, by the congregation, to the Doctor and his family, of a handsome granite monument, made in Newark, and placed in position in the family burial plot in the adjoining cemetery a few days before—costing \$400. It is a beautiful shaft of clear brown granite, bearing upon its north side this inscription :

OUR PASTOR'S WIFE,
ANNA M. BLAUVELT,
DAUGHTER OF
TIMOTHY HUTTON,
Born December 14th, 1801.
FELL ASLEEP
March 26th, 1876.

This was made the tribute of his people in preference to some other gift by the wish of the Doctor, who felt that this would give him and his family more pleasure than any pecuniary gift. However, a purse of money was also presented, as will appear by the exercises.

The exercises commenced promptly at 10:30 A. M. Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of New York, presided by invitation, and, with Dr. BLAUVELT, occupied the pulpit. Services were introduced by the

choir singing, "*Gloria in Excelsis.*" This choir was selected for the occasion, and was led by Mr. E. W. Rarick, of Somerville, Mr. Henry H. Honeyman presided at the instrument. Then the 23d Psalm was read by Rev. E. H. Reinhart, of Elizabethport, from the old Bible, on the fly leaf of which was written :

" This Bible was the pulpit Bible of Lamington Church from 1804 to 1846. It was purchased by Betty McCoy, a pious but very illiterate woman, who by collecting six pences and shillings from among the congregation was thus enabled to present it to Mr. William Boyd, the then Pastor of the Church."

Rev. Dr. Messler, of Somerville, followed in prayer, after which Rev. Dr. Sheldon remarked :

REMARKS OF REV. DR. SHELDON.

This is the Centennial year of the nation, which is in itself an interesting event. But this Semi-Centennial celebration is an affair almost unheard of in the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Ludlow had a similar celebration, but he is in the Dutch Church ; and I know of one also in Cumberland Co., New Jersey. He then congratulated the Pastor on having lived so long among this people, and the people also, in exhibiting their good sense and appreciation of his services. But he would say little now, except to introduce the first speaker, Dr. Mc Dowell, who would represent the congregation. Yet Dr. McDowell has rather a family to speak for than this people. He is the son of Dr. William Mc Dowell, formerly of Charleston, whose grandfather in 1740 helped to build the original Church. It was his uncle, Rev. Dr. John Mc Dowell, who laid the first corner-stone of this building in 1826. Both his father and Dr. John Mc Dowell were from Lamington.

DR. A. W. McDOWELL'S ADDRESS.

Dr. McDowell then arose, and, facing the Pastor from the platform, said :

I am glad to greet so large an assemblage on this interesting occasion. It proves to us that, though the fathers are passing away, a love for the old Church yet burns brightly in the bosoms of the children. I look around and am pleased to see how tastefully the young people have trimmed and adorned this sacred edifice. Young men, young ladies, kind friends, who have assisted in this decoration, you have for this day rejuvenated old Lamington Church. Almost one hundred and thirty-six years have passed away since Lamington Church was founded. Good men, honest men, able men have filled yonder pulpit. McCrea, Halsey and Boyd, former pastors of this church, sleep in yonder Church-yard. They were able preachers. They made their mark on this church and on this community. The Lamington Church of the Rev. William Boyd

was the Church of the neighborhood. From White House, North Branch, Peapack, Pottersville, Pluckamin, and New Germantown they all came to this Mother Church. The evidences of it are all around you. Names, distinguished in civil and military life, are inscribed upon yonder tomb-stones. The men who founded this Church were of the Scotch-Irish race, mingled with the Holland Dutch. That this is a sturdy, stubborn, vigorous, progressive stock the history of the world will show. Our ancestors were among the heroic Protestants in Ireland in the siege of Londonderry, mingled with the Covenanters among the glens and highlands of romantic Scotland, while the Holland Dutch defied the power of Papal Spain and immortalized their country. A Church founded by such men must stand, be a light to the world and a reality for good to a whole community. From this nucleus of the Mother Church the prosperous Reformed Churches of White House, North Branch, Peapack and Pottersville have arisen, and the Presbyterian Church of Pluckamin. Old Lamington hails them all as *her* children, *her* highest jewels! They, as well as we are engaged in the same noble work, the spread of the Gospel and the true principles of our most holy religion.

Sir, fifty years ago, this very day, you, then a young man, accompanied with your youthful bride, came to this place and was installed as our Pastor. It was your first, your only settlement. Our ancestors made the selection for us, and the judiciousness of the choice time has fully sanctioned. Only a few of the old people now remain among us. At that time our church gave you their confidence, and, fifty years later, that confidence is still unimpaired. The fathers have passed away, but children just like them have arisen and taken their places. The confidence between pastor and people is the same as in the days of yore. Our Church, under your ministry, has been an active, vigorous, loving church, and, sir, if you were our Moses, our spiritual guide, there were always Aarons and Hurs among the laymen of this congregation to hold up your hands and cheer you on to victory. In Presbytery, Synod, General Assembly, old Lamington had a potential voice, and was more than once ably represented. Your preaching has been satisfactory to us, and to this community in general. Able pastors, eloquent preachers have filled the pulpits of neighboring churches, but the universal testimony is, "Your pastor can preach as good a sermon as any."

Sir, your preaching has not been the mere baby milk of man's goodness, man's ability, but the strong meat of the Gospel. Jesus Christ was the central figure! Jesus Christ dying, rising again, for the salvation, the exaltation of the whole human race. You have been a successful worker. God has blessed your husbandry. Many sheaves of fine, bright, golden wheat have been gathered into that heavenly garner above. Over five hundred have joined the church during your ministry among us. And when we consider that this is a simple country church with no village to fall back upon; when we remember the numerous colonies we have sent out to neighboring congregations, this large number speaks volumes for the successful zeal of our worthy Pastor. Yes, sir, one, two, three

generations are present here, this day, all around you, ready to rise up and call you *Pater Venerandus*, our happy, joyful, spiritual father. Old Lamington has been a fountain for good in the cause of sacred education. More than one able minister has gone out from the bosom of this Church, respected at home, well known through the length and breadth of the Presbyterian Church, sounding far and wide the praises of their old Lamington home. While your plastic hand and unerring skill have fitted more than one noble youth for his sacred calling, there is *one* long to be remembered in the annals of our church; well known in both Philadelphia and New York as the successful pastor. The eloquent preacher, Dr. Morris C. Sutphen, was a blessing to the community among whom his lot was cast, an honor to the church and pastor that fitted him for his sacred work.

I said, sir, you came with your youthful bride. Her urbane disposition, pleasing manners, unerring judgment, Christian walk and conversation endeared her to us all. We miss her much on this joyous occasion. If human wishes could avail she would still have been among us. But God is wiser than we. Her work was nobly done. Her children educated, well settled in life. Many friends and acquaintances kindly influenced by her example were on the right road, or had entered those pearly gates above. Her work was done. Body feeble, eye bright, mind unclouded, faith unwavering, she could read her title clear to mansions in the skies. One bright Sabbath afternoon she left for her Heavenly Home. We, the people of this congregation, have erected a monument to her memory to show our appreciation of the worth of a noble, Christian woman. Now, sir, a pleasant duty devolves upon me. Social, family, Christian ties have long bound me to you. I, with many here present, am one of your spiritual children, begotten in Jesus Christ our Lord. In appreciation of your high talents as a man, and to show our strong love and veneration for you as our spiritual guide, I here present to you this purse [containing \$625]. May God bless, keep you, and cause the bright light of His countenance to shine upon you, and give you joy and abiding faith in anticipation of that happy, heavenly home, which Jesus Christ has prepared for all that love Him.

REV. DR. BLAUVELT'S ADDRESS.

Dr. BLAUVELT received the purse, but could only say, "Thank you," and then delivered an address:

The people of my charge having expressed a desire to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my pastorate among them, I feel that, all unused as I am to celebrations of any kind, I can ill decline to perform the part which properly belongs to me, viz: to give some history of my pastorate. This, however, under the circumstances, must be brief.

I am the sixth pastor of the Church of Lamington. This Church was organized and its first house of worship erected, in the year 1740, when the whole number of ministers of the Presbyterian Church was fifty. With

additions and repairs the building was occupied until the Spring of 1826, when I came here. Its location was near the south-west corner of the cemetery.

The first pastor was James McCrea, the father of Jane McCrea, famous in the history of our Revolutionary war. His pastorate continued from 1740 to 1766. He died at the age of 59. The second pastor was Jeremiah Halsey, the uncle of the present Dr. Luther Halsey and the Rev. Job Halsey, who still lives, and of Rev. Abraham Halsey, deceased. Mr. Halsey's pastorate extended from 1770 to 1780, when he died at the age of 47. The third regular pastor was William Boyd, a preacher of unusual power, installed in 1784, died May, 1807, aged 49. The remains of all these pastors lie in our cemetery. The fourth pastor, Enoch Burt, was installed 1810, dismissed 1813, and died in Connecticut, 70 years of age. The fifth, Horace Galpin, was installed 1814 and dismissed in April, 1825. He died in New York in July, 1874, at the age of 86.

It was in May, 1826, that I came by invitation to this place. The old Church edifice had been taken down, the corner-stone of the present one laid, and carpenters engaged in preparing the frame. A place of worship had been extemporized by attaching a portion of an old roof to a building, which then and still stands on my lot. In this tabernacle I preached for two Sabbaths, when it was agreed to make me a call. This call I hold in my hands, stained as you see with age. It is in the usual form, but it may interest some to hear it read.

To the Presbytery of Newton :

The Congregation of LAMINGTON being on sufficient grounds well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, WILLIAM W. BLAUVELT, and having good hopes from our past experience of your labours that your ministrations in the GOSPEL will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the PASTORAL OFFICE in said congregation ; promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the LORD. And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of six hundred dollars in regular half yearly payments during the time of your being and continuing the regular PASTOR of this church.

In testimony whereof we have respectively subscribed our names this 30th Day of May, A.D., 1826.

HENDRICK FIELD,	PAUL VANDERVOORT,
ANDREW VANDERBEEK,	HENRY BLACKWELL,
	HENRY SLOAN,
	<i>Elders.</i>
HENRY SLOAN,	SIMON VLIET, Jun.,
WILLIAM DEMUN,	RICHARD H. FIELD,
ISAAC OGDEN,	CORNELIUS VANDERBEEK,
JONATHAN POTTER,	ROBERT B. DUNHAM,
	BENJ. MCDOWELL,
	<i>Trustees.</i>

The within call was regularly voted and was unanimous : It was at the same time voted that it should be signed on behalf of the Congregation by the elders and trustees.

Attested by

JOHN C. VANDEVOORT, Mod.

The commissioners appointed to prosecute this call were Henry Sloan and Henry Blackwell, in company with whom I went to a meeting of the Newton Presbytery, held on Scots Mountain, Warren County, on the 20th of June, and was received under their care as a licentiate from the Presbytery of New Brunswick. The call was approved by the Presbytery of Newton, and I accepted it, subject to my being sustained on my examination. This examination the Presbytery appointed for August 8th.

With this understanding I came to Lamington and entered fully on my work here the first week in July; so that the semi-centennial of my *real* pastorate nearly if not precisely coincides with the full Centennial of our national independence.

When the Presbytery met here, at the appointed time, the Church edifice was still little more than enclosed. It was, however, occupied for the occasion, when, according to appointment, I preached on the text assigned me: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world;" and was examined as to my acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew language, Theology, Church History and other branches of learning specified in our book. Being sustained on all these, Presbytery resolved to ordain and install me. The ordination service took place on the day following, August 9th, fifty years ago. Mr. Benjamin T. Lowe preached the sermon. Mr. Campbell, then of Hackettstown, put the constitutional questions, and led in the ordaining prayer. Mr. Leake gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. Clarke, of Flemington, the charge to the people.

It was some weeks afterward when the Church building was completed and dedicated. The pastor on that occasion, after a brief address, led in the prayer of dedication, and Dr. John McDowell preached the sermon on the text, "I will make the place of my feet glorious." The sale of the pews gave a surplus of \$400 over the cost of the building. This is not surprising, as the whole cost was less than \$2,500. There was, however, neither portico, bell, steeple, blinds for the windows, carpets, nor lamps. The only attempt at ornament was a crimson drapery around the pulpit, such as was customary in those days. This was purchased by our ladies. This edifice, whose semi-centennial thus coincides with my own, still stands as you see, and, for the most part, in good condition; no way attractive in appearance, even with the addition made in 1854, but yet furnishing every needful accommodation; so much so that, as I heard a neighboring pastor say not long ago: "It is too good to pull down."

We ought not to charge our people of that day with penuriousness in erecting such a building, even if, as must be admitted, they showed a lack of taste. In this particular they were like their neighbors for twenty miles around; whose churches were in appearance as little, and the most of them less attractive than this. Our people, too, were then plain in their own habits and modes of living, and they were so *necessarily*; very few of them were out of debt for their farms. The crops were hardly a third of what they have been since lime, fertilizers and labor-saving machines have come into use, while the price of produce was much lower than what it is now. Many farmers saw little more money than was

necessary to pay their interest and taxes, obtaining their food from their land, their groceries by barter, and their ordinary clothing and linen chiefly from household manufacture while their furniture was of the simplest and cheapest kind. As for dwellings, my present house was called a *palace* by one of my good elders, who, however, lived to prepare if not to build for himself one much larger. Nearly all the houses of this congregation have been built since I came, while the few remaining ones have been so enlarged and improved as hardly to be recognized.

Nor do the equipages of these days give any idea of those times. The people then, for the most part, came to church in their large farm wagons—and these not on springs. This enabled them to bring their families, and also persons who had no conveyance of their own. Our young men came on horseback. In good weather the floor of the church, which then had six more pews than at present, had nearly every sitting filled. There was not a single family for miles around that did not attend here regularly, except a very few that were connected with other churches. And what specially attracted the notice of strangers was the large attendance of our colored people, who filled the west gallery, and of whom we had at one time no less than twenty-five in communion. And here allow me to mention that man of God, long since gone to heaven, Cuffee Barnet, who acted as pastor to his own people and was sought, for spiritual advisement, by leading persons in his neighborhood.

As for the services of the Sabbath, we had two in the church during the summer, with an interval between them of half an hour. There were few, nay, often none, who did not remain through both services. I was often led to notice the closer attention of the audience and the deeper interest which they manifested during the second services. This, perhaps, was owing in part to the greater directness of the unwritten discourse; partly that they were rested from the severe labors of the week: but, perhaps, still more that they heard *fasting*—for full feeding is a great hinderance to profitable hearing. In the most of our rural churches I am convinced that it would be best still to have the two services thus connected, nor did I relinquish the practice until constrained to do so by a throat affection, induced probably by night riding after preaching.

Besides the services in the church it was but seldom that I did not preach elsewhere on Sabbath night, and also, in Winter, on several nights through the week when there was moonlight. The people often spoke of these night services as peculiarly interesting.

I have been asked to state how often I have preached. On this point I can speak only by conjecture. Possibly, including my many services in other churches, at funerals, and protracted meetings, which formerly were numerous, I might say from eight thousand to ten thousand times. I recollect preaching twenty-two times in one fortnight. Of vacations I can hardly be said to have taken any. Very seldom, indeed, for these long years has the pulpit of Lamington been vacant on the Sabbath morning; not because a vacation is not sometimes necessary, especially to city ministers, but because I have not felt it necessary

for myself, and because my own home was pleasanter than any spot to which my means enabled me to go.

Besides preaching, Catechetical services were held for some years in the several neighborhoods, and afterward in the church at the close of the service. These I have not been able for many years to follow up. Of their importance, however, I have a deeper conviction than ever. Sabbath Schools as usually conducted, are no sufficient substitute, nor are Bible Classes. Our youth need to be taught a system of doctrine, such at least as is found in our Catechism for young children. In this matter the pastor was greatly aided by Christian parents, who, being of Scotch and Holland blood, understood and felt the importance of the Catechism quite as much as the Romanist now does. Indeed, the history of this church is largely a record of God's blessing upon the labors of Christian parents. I have often said to my people that if there were no other immediate result from my ministry than that it induced parents to give time and heart to the religious training of their children, it would be a most successful one. "Feed my lambs," said our Lord. This is the great secret of a thriving flock; while, if they are neglected, conversion in after life produces but feeble, inconsistent Christians, such as those to whom Paul often refers in his Epistles.

Early in my pastorate my attention was directed to the manner in which many regarded infant baptism; some deeming it essential to the salvation of the infant, while by more it was considered necessary in order to establish its name, but not at all as a seal of God's covenant through Christ with the believing parent. It cost no small effort to induce right views on this point, and to establish the principle laid down in our standards that one parent, at least, must make a credible profession of faith in Christ and obedience to Him. I was, however, sustained by the eldership, and so when a child is brought for baptism I can with propriety address one of the parents at least as "Beloved in the Lord."

The greatest evil, however, in practice, with which we had formerly to contend was intemperance. Strong drink was used freely in almost every family, and even good men sometimes drank so as to affect their reason and conduct, while absolute drunkards were neither few nor far between. Nor was this to be wondered at, when common civility required that the bottle should be offered to every visitor; when it was deemed indispensable at raisings and in the harvest field, and when a tavern was in close proximity to every church, and to this among the rest. Such was the general state of things in our land at that day. The Temperance movement had hardly commenced; and when begun here, there were some who were so much displeased that they left our church. Thanks to God, it is not so now, nor has it been so for many years among those who worship with us. We have no drunkards among us at least, nor do I now fear that the good impression made by the sermon will be effaced by a subsequent dram.

A cause of gratification has been the great increase in the benevolent contributions of this Church. From less than \$20 a year, as when I came here, they were last year \$475 for missionary and other objects entirely outside of ourselves, and this when the number of pew-renters has been reduced to sixty-three, all told.

The change in the size of the congregation has been very great since I came here. Just before that time the Church of North Branch was organized, and since the Churches of Peapack and Pluckamin, each taking from us several families: while the Churches of White House and New Germantown, having service now every Sabbath, and not, as formerly, only a part of the time, have attracted those families in their vicinity who once held seats in this house. Nor is this all. Instead of being a homogeneous community, as when I came, many farms have passed to persons who are not with us in religious sentiment; the former owners, or their families, having removed either to the far West, or to the cities and villages. Still, the salary of the pastor has never been in arrears. In 1859 it was increased from the original \$600 to \$750, and in 1865 to \$1000, the present sum.

Of communicants there were, when I came here, one hundred and fifty-two. There have since been added in all five hundred and twenty-nine, of whom but a small proportion have been transferred from other churches. Our greatest gatherings were in 1829, when we received twenty-eight; in 1831, thirty-eight; in 1837, twenty-one; in 1840, twenty-one; in 1842, twenty-six; in 1851, eighteen; in 1857, nineteen; in 1862, fifty-six. Last Spring we reported to Presbytery as received during the previous year thirteen on examination. The present number of communicants who reside here and statedly worship with us is one hundred and forty-eight. It may seem strange that with additions so large we have not more communicants now. This, however, is explained by the fact that we have dismissed so many; and in many families dismissed nearly all were communicants. These partings have been painful, but I have been cheered by learning that not a few who have removed from us are useful members and even officers in the churches to which they have gone, and some of them ministers of the Gospel.

Before I came here, this Church had given to the ministry Dr. Bergen, of Springfield, Illinois, Dr. John Mc Dowell, of Elizabeth and afterwards of Philadelphia, Dr. Wm. Mc Dowell, of Morristown, Charleston, and then for seventeen years, Secretary of our Home Missions, Rev. Benjamin Mc Dowell, D. D., of Dublin, Ireland, who was prepared for college when with his father at Lamington, but who graduated at Edinburgh, Scotland, and was the means of the conversion of multitudes, Dr. Isaac Brown, of Lawrenceville, Mr. Jacob Field, of Stroudsburgh, Dr. Symmes Henry of Cranbury, Mr. John C. Van Dervoort, of Baskingridge, then of Paterson and Kinderhook, Messrs. Hegaman and Ogden of Louisiana, and Jesse Lockwood, who died a missionary among the Indians. During my ministry there have gone out Mr. Simonson, of West Farms, Dr. Morris C. Sutphen of New York, Mr. William E. Honeyman of California, and my two sons, George Blauvelt of Tappan, and Alstyne Blauvelt of Roselle. I should love to tell of some of these who have passed away from this world—the good they did while they were in it; and of *one* especially, who was to me as a son, and who in a ministry of but a few years did the work of a long life. But time does not permit. It would not, however, be extravagant to say that, through the labors of these, many thousands have come to the knowledge of Christ.

Little were the original founders of this Church aware, when providing for their own spiritual wants, of the good which would result to others; how the seed here sown would produce other seed to be wafted to other places, and there to produce other seed and this process to continue for more than a century! The Church of Lamington is little known even in our own connection, but it is well known, I trust, in Heaven, very many of whose blessed inhabitants, either directly or indirectly, received the Gospel from this place.

But I must close. I stand here to-day ministering to the fifth generation of those who called me. Of those who made that call fifty years ago, only two survive. Of all the communicants there remain but two. Of the Presbytery of Newton which ordained me, all have entered into rest. In *my* loved Presbytery of Elizabeth, of which I have been a member now forty-four years, of those members who belonged to it when I was received, there live only my brothers Hunt, of Metuchin, Bond, of Plainfield, and Doolittle, then of Springfield. There have died, since I came here, of the neighboring pastors, Dr. Pohlman and Messrs. Keiser and Collins of New Germantown, Schultz, Ottersen and Williamson of White House, Geo. Fisher, Wilson and Campbell of North Branch, Isaac Fisher and Schenck of Bedminster, English of Liberty Corner, Harris and Anderson of Baskingridge, Van Liew of Readington, my schoolmate in boyhood, Van Kleek of Somerville, my classmate in the Seminary, Scott and Vermilyea of German Valley. Of the elders of this church there have died Andrew Van Derbeek, Henry Field, Henry Sloan, David Traphagen, Paul Van Dervoort, Benj. Mc Dowell, Jonathan Potter, Cornelius Van Derbeek, Simon Vliet, Robert B. Dunham, Samuel Miller, John Demund, John S. Hagan, Gilbert Sutphen, Dr. John Honeyman—and to this list I must add the name of Robert Honeyman, for nearly forty years the President of our Board of Trustees, the discreet, upright manager of our finances, a communicant though not an elder.

I remain to this day, having completed my 76th year, ministering, as it were, to my children, yes, and their children too. But I, too, must soon pass away. And now I say, at the close of my life, *I do not regret my change of profession*. It was a hard trial at first. But now I thank God, who put me into His ministry, and who has made me, as I believe, an instrument of good to some. For, although, doubtless, of materials introduced into this Church there may have been some wood, hay and stubble, yet I trust there has been much that will stand the fire that shall try every minister's work. That in all respects I have been faithful I cannot say. I feel that I might have done more and better, and so I have to cry with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and look to that precious blood which alone cleanseth from sin.

One thought more. If my ministry has borne fruit it has been owing, under God, to the special aid I have received; and that not only from the labors and prayers of my people, but still more from one who was daily with me in my own home, and who *made* that home. She never wrote a line of my sermons. She never suggested a plan for a sermon, very seldom even a subject, although emi-

nently qualified so to do. But she was to me a living proof of the truth of the Gospel, a living example of its power. For although nature and education can do very much, yet they cannot form such a character as hers. We see her no more, for in our cemetery lie now her mortal remains ; but we feel as a *family*, and this Church feels and will long continue to feel the happy effects of her example and influence.

At the close of this address, which was delivered with much feeling and received by many with tearful eyes, the Rev. Dr. M. S. Hutton, of New York, brother to Dr. BLAUVELT's late wife, was introduced, said :

REV. DR. HUTTON'S ADDRESS.

As his own feelings do not permit him to speak directly upon the subject it becomes me to allude to the shape in which you have testified a regard for your Pastor. You could not have gratified his heart more than in the way you have. There is something extremely touching in it. I look at this memorial, and see a single shaft pointing up. I read, "Our Pastor's Wife." And the pointing spire says, "Our Father who art in Heaven." It points to the Pastor's God, and something here strikes the heart very tenderly. How different it would be if the wife were one here ! Dear friends, I feel that she *is* here, and that she rejoices in the occasion far more than we. I know not if there be moments in Heaven for celebration, but if there are, there is sympathy there now.

But while I admire this manner of the celebration we must bear in mind that this is not the occasion to allude only to sad subjects. We are here to render thanks for this great gift of a minister of the Gospel for fifty years. And I presume I am here because so important a witness of his pastoral life from its beginning. There are only two or three present who were here when he was called ; but the people of the congregation knew him before I did. At the very beginning of his ministry he was a *good* preacher. There was a man once charged with stealing a gun. The owner, in endeavoring to prove his property, brought an Irish witness upon the stand, who swore that he knew it *when it was a pistol*. So I knew the Doctor when he was a pistol ; but he made almost as loud a report then as now, and, in fact, rather stronger.

When I was a student at Princeton pursuing my studies the bright smile of this, my brother, (as he afterward became) got hold of the affections of my sister, though, as circumstances had it, I never knew him until the wedding services were performed, and they came on their tour to Princeton. There we were introduced. I took him as a brother right away. We loved each other from the start, and have been intimate as brothers for now fifty years. He has often remarked that his affection for me was greater than for any of his own brothers after the flesh. Never in all that fifty years has there been a harsh word, or unkind retort. We were young men, and that is a glorious way to find a brother.

I congratulate you, Christian parents, that you have the pastor you have, and for this celebration. You may remember that under the Old Testament dispensation every fiftieth year was a year of Jubilee. And God said to the children of Israel through Moses, in his parting address, "I have blessed you and tried you these *forty* years," as if length of years was a blessing to be desired. The Saviour quoted the same passage in the scene of the Temptation. Brethren, this is *so*. The word of God is the true bread for the human soul.

Think of it! For fifty years this man of God has been preaching the Word, and with such power and clearness as few preachers possess. He could have obtained higher situations and employments, those in which he would have received greater honors, but he chose to remain here by you, because he loved you.

I remember an incident which well portrays the character of his people. Shortly after his entry upon the ministry I made him a visit. We went together to the house of Hendrick Field, where he preached a sermon. After the sermon one of the good ladies addressed him, expressed her pleasure at the discourse, drew from her pocket a doughnut and gave it to him. And that must have been the secret of his remaining here. You gave him a doughnut for every sermon. He preached once in New Brunswick, and was heard by one of the College Professors. The next day in the class-room that Professor commended the style of the sermon and its delivery, and said, "That sermon is as clear as rock-water."

In conclusion, the Doctor said, Dear brother: I can not help but think that your Church on high is larger than that on earth. And have they not gone before to prepare a place for you? I fancy them standing upon the battlements of Heaven, watching, waiting, beckoning for you to come up there, to enjoy never-ending felicity.

The hymn was sung, "There is a fountain filled with blood," which was announced as having been "the favorite hymn of Mrs. BLAUVELT." Then Rev. Addison J. Henry, of Philadelphia, was introduced:

REV. A. J. HENRY'S ADDRESS.

He stated he was glad to be introduced as he was, with the right to say a word, because his father and ancestors worshipped in old Lamington, and he had come in contact in his ordination and ministry with preachers and people from Lamington. Some of his pleasantest associations were here. He had bathed in the river and skirmished the country when a boy as few had done.

This is a wondrous occasion. I am in Philadelphia the fifth pastor in duration of ministry among seventy churches, and I have been there over sixteen years. This is a grand day. If I were a hearer of Dr. Blauvelt's ministry I would love to clasp his hand every time I met him. Why, he has been holding on here during half the period of the independence of this nation.

He then referred to what he considered not the least element in Dr. Blau-

velt's success—his teaching. Dr. Finley's school at Baskingridge, the history of which the speaker briefly traced, had been a power; it had produced such men as gave honor to New Jersey. So of some of those who had studied at the feet of the pastor of Lamington. From his heart he thanked God that the Dr. had a heart to teach the young. He never thought of Morris Sutphen without shedding a tear.

After the close of this quite lengthy, but strongly delivered address, Rev. Mr. Davis, of Pottersville, offered prayer, the Doxology was sung, and the Rev. Dr. Mott, of Flemington, pronounced the Benediction, when the congregation adjourned for the noon lunch.

The ladies of the Church had arranged a fine collation in the Church-yard, under a tent. Meats, sandwiches, cakes, etc., were provided in abundance. Ice-cream and water-melons were also sold by some outside persons in large quantities, the day being extremely warm. The colored people had a separate tent, and sold provisions. Many persons, to be sure of a dinner, brought a lunch along with them, and ate it under the trees, or in their carriages.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICE.

The service in the afternoon was equally as interesting as that of the morning, there being more speakers, and the time allotted to each being restricted to five minutes.

The choir introduced the exercises by the anthem, "Trust in the Lord," after which Rev. M. H. Hutton, of Mt. Vernon, son of Rev. Dr. Hutton, was introduced.

ADDRESS OF REV. MR. HUTTON.

He said he had no excuse whatever to give for appearing before this audience to-day, since he was from the first a Lamington boy. All his early recollections were of this old Church and vicinity. If there are boys who fished more in Lamington river, and had more bites and caught less fish, he would like to know his name. Or, if there were those who had eaten more often in "Uncle BLÄUVELT'S" barn.

The speaker gave other pleasant reminiscences, and, in a humorous manner, referred to what he *might* say, but would not, of Dr. BLAUVELT's younger years; how his father and mother idolized him when a boy, and watched every mouthful he ate, and every step he took, and how singular his infantile mind developed; how he first went to school, and was punished by the school-master; how he would never tell a lie. I too, am an American citizen, said the speaker, and have a little hatchet, and cannot lie, and hence I tell you all these things. I could tell, also, how he entered College, and persuaded the President of the institution that a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse were one and the same: how, even so late in life, he would eat cake and get sick, etc.

He referred further to incidents in the Doctor's house, and closed by saying he proposed to stick three pins. They were:

1. What a noble thing is a vigorous old age!
2. What a blessing and honor it is to work for the Master! It always *pays*.
3. Work done for the Master *lasts*.

These points were all vigorously enforced.

REV. DR. MESSLER'S ADDRESS.

The next person called upon was the Rev. Dr. Messler, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Somerville, who has occupied his present charge for forty-five years. Prior to calling him the chairman said he would be obliged to confine all speeches to five minutes. The Doctor then said:

A great deal has been said here about fifty years; of the duty of a pastor to remain all his life in one charge, etc. Now I have something to say upon the other side. It is true that this vicinity is noted for its long pastorates. Dr. Ludlow has been over his charge more than fifty years; Kirkpatrick more; and I have been in the ministry over that period of time, but not all in one place. When the people make up their minds they like their pastor, and that he shall stay, they will keep him. I know if I do not remain in my present happy charge for fifty years, should my life be spared, it will not be the people's fault. But it is not always wise or prudent that a minister should remain so long in one place. It cannot be laid down as a rule that he should.

The first day I ever went to school was in that corner of the yard (pointing to the church-yard), in an old school-house. I remember well the man who taught. He was a big, stiff fellow, Todd by name, a good Methodist; so good that he could not stop praying when, on Saturday afternoons, he had a time set apart for a short religious service. He would sometimes pray nearly half the afternoon. The first sermon I ever heard was by Dr. Finley, and I know he hammered the Bible most desperately. And there was Betty Mc Coy. She was a woman so extraordinary, in many of her traits, that she ought to have a tract written about her. If a man of ability would take the subject of her life and

weave it into a tract, it would equal the *Dairyman's Daughter*. The picture of her life would be more attractive even than that of the Dairyman's Cottage, which I once went three hundred miles to see—so strong a hold has that tract upon my mind.

And Cuffee Barnet? I was glad to hear his name mentioned by the pastor. Why, Cuffee and I were old friends. And there was a certain old colored man who was one of Cuffee's special friends, I forget his name. His father and mother were not members of the Church, but he was; and he and Cuffee considered themselves the only *good* Church members at Lamington. When Cuffee had on his long coat, and gilt buttons, his cuffs, and lunettes in his ears, he thought he was the biggest gentleman in the neighborhood. I could tell many anecdotes of Cuffee, but time will not permit.

Nor can I forget Col. Henry, my *beau ideal* of a gentleman. I did think and I do think yet that Col. Henry was one of the most gentlemanly of men I ever knew. When he rode upon his handsome horse, with his fresh, white jacket, and gloves, and passed by us young people upon the road, he would always take off his hat, and make a graceful bow. Once we tricked him. We got an old cow in the road about dusk, where we knew the Col. would pass, and then took a station near by to see what the Col. would do. He came on, and, when he got opposite the cow, took off his hat, said "Good evening," and passed on. This was an actual occurrence. And it proved how true a gentleman he was. There is now no one man's memory of the olden time which I cherish more than his. I respect him, and his name to me will be ever fragrant.

I remember well the tidings which reached me one day at the breakfast table, that "William Boyd is dead." I had never seen him, but I had felt his influence. He was a wonderful man, and one very useful. The Fields, Sloane, McDowell, and other old ministers were his pupils. He prepared them for College. Just such men as he, who laid aside their pastoral duties for a time to teach—as Dr. Finley and others—have given to the Nation the Daytons, Vrooms and Frelinghuysens; men who have honored our State.

Of Dr. BLAUVELT I have known much, and yet our late personal acquaintance has been slight. He has been too absorbed in Lamington to come and see me. I had left the Seminary at Princeton when he came there, and thus we did not then get acquainted. But he got his wife only twelve hours later than I, and we went on the wedding tour together. He may remember how we went upon the same steamboat; but I will not tell of all that occurred, though my recollection is very distinct. [The speaker continued thus for some time in a happy vein.]

REV. E. H. REINHART'S ADDRESS.

Rev. E. H. Reinhart, of Elizabethport, was next called out. He said:

When I received the invitation to be present on this interesting occasion, I replied, "Be sure I will;" and for these reasons—my interest in both pastor and

people. I have cause not only to respect, but to love your pastor fervently. He is one of the very few remaining of those who formed the Presbytery when I was taken under its care, as a candidate for the ministry, 40 years ago, and received my license to preach 36 years ago. And when, after an absence of 7 years, I returned to take the Church of Elizabethport, my present charge, I found in him one of my most earnest helpers. When Presbytery assumed the debt which was sinking it, he promptly, and without my agency, sent the amount desired from you. And when other Churches had failed, he proposed a second effort, and secured from this generous people another large gift to supply their lack. Those of you who have tried begging know how grateful a feeling it is to find those who show mercy, doing it with cheerfulness. And all along my course of trial in building up my Church, I have received his counsel and encouragement. A short time since, when feebleness, and a sense of discouragement came over me, leading to doubt, as to the wisdom of my continuance in my present charge, his earnest protest against any thought of removal had much to do in keeping me where I am. And to-day I thank God, and thank your pastor, under Him, for his kind counsel, as the last year of my ministry has been the best of all—the most fruitful, in the results of labor, and the most pleasurable in religious experience.

The Dr. will excuse this personal reference, as only thus could I give expression to the warmth of my heart.

“Come Thou Fount of every Blessing” was sung, and Rev. George S. Mott, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Flemington, was introduced.

REV. DR. MOTT'S ADDRESS.

Unlike the rest who have spoken, I have no excuse for coming here to-day, by reason of being a Lamington boy. I wanted to come and came. I never fished in the river, but believe I did once eat apples in this vicinity. I never felt the school-master's birch here, but had its quickening influence in another locality. When Dr. Ludlow had had his Semi-Centennial I wrote to Dr. BLAUVELT, “I pray the Lord I may be spared to attend your Semi-Centennial;” and here I am; my wish has been gratified.

This is an old Church, a parent Church. One hundred years ago there were no Presbyterian Churches between this and the Amwell Church. The Flemington Church is indebted to Lamington for its second pastor, Rev. Jacob Field. Rev. William McDowell was also called, but he went to Bound Brook instead.

The Dr. then referred to the old custom of bringing the children before the Session of the Church for Baptism, and other matters of the ancient time, and continued: We are thankful at Flemington for what Dr. BLAUVELT has done for us. He taught school in our town, and was the instrument of forming the first Sabbath-school organized in the place. Between his son George, and

myself, there has always existed the most cordial relation. He was my class-mate in College and Seminary. One evening, in the Second Presbyterian Church of Rahway, a youth was consecrated to the ministry. One of the hands put upon his head was that of Dr. BLAUVELT, and I remember how closely I was drawn to him by that act. In concluding he said :

Yes, Dr., I am glad to be here to-day. I am glad if I may take away but one leaf to press in the herbarium of memory, where it will never dry but be ever fresh and green. I tender you a heart full of sympathy because of your bereavement. Two of your family have lately gone to Heaven. But by-and-by you will go, and attend with them the Marriage Supper of the Lamb ; and may I also be a guest.

REV. MR. PARRY'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Samuel Parry, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Pluckamin was called upon.

If I were called upon to give my credentials why I should be allowed to speak here, as some of those preceding me have done, I would say that, in the first place, I am connected with this occasion by reason of my Church relationship. As you heard this morning, the Church of which I am pastor is, in some degree at least, an offspring of this Church, and we consequently feel concerned in the welfare of old Lamington. And then, too, I feel connected with our venerated father whose Semi-Centennial we are celebrating here to-day, by reason of a family connection, so to speak ; for his son, Alstyne, was for some years my pastor, and it was during his pastorate that I resolved to be a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The first time that I ever saw Dr. BLAUVELT was while I was a theological student at Princeton, when he there sought me out, through the agency of the President of this meeting, to see, I suppose, one of his son's candidates for the ministry. Later still, the Doctor "moderated my call" to the Pluckamin Church, and delivered a well remembered charge to me at my installation.

I am present also on account of the interest of the occasion. The celebration of the Semi-Centennial of a pastorate cannot be attended every day.

The Doctor is indeed a *rara avis* in these times ; for although in former days long pastorates were not so uncommon, and I myself have attended the Church services of Dr. Noah Porter of Farmington, Conn., who was pastor there for 60 years, from 1806 to 1866, yet times have so changed in this respect, that we may scarcely hope ever to attend another celebration like this one of to-day. Its interest and importance are enough to bring us here.

And finally, I am here by reason of my respect for this good friend himself. In connection with this occasion some lines of Goldsmith's description of the village pastor have kept running their round through my mind, as lines of poetry sometimes will in spite of one's self :

“ A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his Godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.”

And this leads me to think of Cowper's ideal of a Christian minister :

“ Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own—
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ? ”
 Behold him ! ”

REV. WM. BAILEY'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Wm. Bailey, of White House, being invited to speak, said :

I had no expectation, in coming here, that I would be called on to address this meeting. I shall not, therefore, at this late hour, weary your patience with a long speech.

It is my pleasure, and I esteem it an honor, to represent one of the neighboring Churches—repeatedly mentioned as, in some respects, an outgrowth of this venerable Mother Church—that of White House—organized 1792, a half-century later than this. Some of its original members, such as the Traphagens and Lanes, and afterwards the Fields and others (whom my friend Dr. Messler could name, had he the opportunity) were, I think, from this congregation. Doubtless, the influence exerted by the excellent pastors of this Church, upon those who came to us from hence, was most happy, and tended to strengthen and edify our Society. I refer more particularly to that good old custom of pastoral catechization, to which the venerable pastor has alluded as the early established order here, and one which Sabbath-school instruction cannot well take the place of. I fully agree with him in this sentiment. Our Sabbath-schools are doing a noble work indeed, and deserve, as they need, the cordial support and co-operation of all good-people ; but with all their advantages they do not usually accomplish what needs to be done, that our youth may be properly grounded in the principles of true religion.

REV. MR. WILLIAMSON'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Joseph G. Williamson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sidney, Hunterdon County, said :

He had no reminiscences of Lamington, and he had known Dr. BLAU-

VELT only a little while ; in fact, only since the Re-union of the Church. But he came to testify his respect to the Dr. This Church was, in its external appearance, much like the one in which he had preached long ago, and he felt at home in it. Once the Dr. had given that place a pastoral visitation, and many were converted under his services. He congratulated the congregation on the retention of their pastor. Now young men are sought out for preachers. The morning was pleasant, it was true, but it was not the only pleasant season. The evening, with its golden twilight, and cool air, and repose was not to be despised. The Dr. ought to be happy in thinking over the good he has done, and its reward, part of which is on earth, part of which is in heaven.

At this stage in the exercises, Dr. Sheldon, the Chairman, said that if there were any present who had attended upon Dr. BLAUVELT'S ministry in the early part of it, they should rise to be counted. Thereupon *thirty-four* arose.

Then the Rev. David S. Sutphen, of New Utrecht, Long Island, addressed the meeting.

REV. MR. SUTPHEN'S ADDRESS.

It gives me pleasure to be with you to-day. When I learned that you intended to celebrate Rev. Dr. BLAUVELT'S Semi-Centennial anniversary, I ran away from my study in order to be here to add to the testimony that might be given, and bring one leaf at least to place in the wreath which to-day you would press to his brow. I congratulate you that you have taken care of this good man, I wish to congratulate you that you have had *his* care, for fifty years.

The tie that binds the heart of the Christian to Christ is the strongest we know, and there are few ties on earth so intimate and tender, and, if rightly understood, so precious and enduring as that which binds the pastor to his people—as I look therefore upon this pastor and people, who have been wedded, between whom this precious bond has existed unimpaired for fifty years, I am led to remark—we see that God's people love and care for the successful minister. Born and reared in a neighboring congregation, in my youth I was accustomed frequently to meet the attendants upon his ministry, and thus I have observed something of the work he has done toward the elevation of men and their salvation and upbuilding in Christian character.

One word more. There is another portion of this work of fifty years to which I may be allowed briefly to allude. That is the training and preparation of the young men of this congregation and vicinity for college and the ministry of Christ. His students, I believe, without exception, passed their examinations and entered college. Most of them have graduated and, so far as I have heard, all are successfully pursuing useful vocations. A few have been called to their reward. Warren Blauvelt, Isaac Fisher Sutphen, Morris C. Sutphen, D.D., were among his pupils. His instructions were those of a teacher not only, but of a pastor and friend. I remember one day he asked me to remain after school hours, when he spoke with me upon the subject of personal religion, and urged me most affectionately to give my heart to the Lord. Not long after I united with the Church of Christ, and resolved to prepare for the ministry. Dear Preceptor, we rejoice as pupils in your success, and that God has brought you to see this happy day. It must be to you a *delightful retrospect* as well as an *encouraging prospect*. Loved ones have fallen by your side, beloved by you and beloved by your pupils, but they have only gone before, and 'ere another Semi-Centennial has passed, most of us will be with them.

REV. P. M. DOOLITTLE'S ADDRESS.

Rev. P. M. Doolittle, of the Reformed Church, North Branch, said: It must be, my dear sir, because I am your neighbor, that I am called upon

to present my congratulations in this form. I have just completed the twentieth year of my own pastorate at North Branch. During all these years we have lived upon terms of intimate acquaintance ; our families have enjoyed social intercourse ; we have observed the courtesies of our profession in exchange of pulpits ; our pastoral work has interlaced ; we have often met, in scenes both festive and sad ; we have given and received sympathy, and mingled our tears reciprocally under the sorest griefs that could befall our households.

I congratulate you most cordially that you have lived to see this day. Fifty years is accounted a long pastorate, and it is. But let us recollect that the true measure of life is not by years ; we may *breathe* fifty years, and in all *live* hardly one ; your pastorate has been a long one ; and it has been great, in view of work done and results achieved. As an educator of youth, and as a minister of the Gospel you have realized a good success.

Congratulation is due, also, to the people of this Church ; they have *appreciated* and *supported* this ministry. There has been a burning and a shining light in this pulpit ; but the brightest light owes its brilliance very much to good reflectors—its power and beauty are impaired if its rays fall upon a black and deadened surface ; so the success of this ministry bespeaks the intelligence, faithfulness and piety of those to whom it has been rendered.

Accepting the suggestions conveyed by these emblems [over the pulpit], while continuing to bear the *cross*, hold fast to your *anchor*, and then (at the Lord's appointment, which is his servant's hour), you shall receive your *crown*.

REV. MR. McNULTY'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Mr. McNulty, of Woodbridgē, said :

Presbytery has had trying times, but Dr. BLAUVELT's wise counsel often guided it to a safe haven. He was reminded of the old Roman General, who said of the veterans, "Who will take care of Rome when these ere gone?" and the answer came back from the boys, "We will!" So the answer must come back from the children of Lamington when the fathers have gone.

REV. C. T. ANDERSON'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Chas. Anderson, of the Reformed Church of Peapack, said :

It has been my happiness to participate in two Centennial and one Semi-Centennial celebration. The audience must not conclude, however, that I am 250 years old. I participated with you all in our National Centennial celebration last Fourth of July. I am participating to-day in this Semi-Centennial. Eleven years ago I took part in a family Centennial celebration in an old homestead at Liberty Corner. It was in that old homestead that I first heard the name of Dr. BLAUVELT. It was a household word there. Before I was able to appreciate their feelings I noted their expressions of pleasure when ever they heard that Dr. BLAUVELT was going to preach for them. They were not less able to judge of good preaching because they were accustomed to hear Rev. Mr. English, a preacher of more than ordinary acceptability.

Dr. BLAUVELT was a member of the Presbytery of Elizabeth, which, four years ago, licensed me to preach the Gospel. He conducted a portion of the examination. At the close of the examination he came up to me and kindly placed his hand upon my shoulder, and said : "Now, if you want a Church within our borders, go for it, and I will help you get it." It was just like Dr. BLAUVELT. I am happy that my lot is cast so near him, and that I enjoy his friendship and sometimes his social conversation. Young men should seek the society of old men. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." I am happy in Dr. BLAUVELT's happiness to-day. How does he salute us younger brethren, standing upon the hight of fifty years of ministerial labor. The battle is fought, the victory is won. He now awaits the crown.

REV. J. L. MCNAIR'S ADDRESS.

Rev. J. L. McNair, of the Bedminster Reformed Church, said :

Last January I came into this County, a stranger, driven away from a pleasant charge and a united people by the severity of the climate. Among the welcomes extended to me, none was more hearty or heart-felt than that contained in a note from Dr. BLAUVELT, whose age and consequent infirmities prevented him from making a formal call in mid-winter. I read it carefully a second time and from it formed an estimate of his character. From what has been said to-day I find I was not mistaken. That is my only reminiscence connected with him. I had never looked upon his face then, but the recollection of his note, and the joys of this day, can never be effaced from my memory.

The relation between pastor and people is second only to the family tie. A long pastorate, therefore, has many advantages. Heart love and home associations remain unbroken by rude efforts or ecclesiastical action. A generation or two has been born, educated, ripened and passed into glory under one ministry. Many improvements in families, in the neighborhood and the Church, have been shaped by his own hand. Many who have migrated elsewhere are sowing the seed they harvested here, and the influence rolls onward and upward. O, what a cluster of influences gather here to-day, which none can appreciate so well as this pastor and this people !

Then turning to Dr. BLAUVELT, the speaker said : My dear brother, I join most heartily in all the congratulations of this day, and I envy you, not so much the honors of the day, as the near prospect of eternal rest and blissful reward. Patience, brother ! it cannot be long. Your work is almost done, and, I trust, well done. So, as you look upwards to the mansion of rest, you can say with Guthrie, of blessed memory :

“ I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.”

REV. J. A. DAVIS' ADDRESS.

Rev. J. A. Davis, of the Reformed Church of Pottersville, said :

Everybody knew he came to the Lamington pastor for help and sympathy. The Pottersville Church was but a slip from Lamington Church. His congregation loved Dr. BLAUVELT tenderly. It was a great day, but God should have the credit. God must take delight in such an occasion, for He counts pastorates as above Presidents.

Rev. Geo. Blauvelt, son of the Dr., pastor at Tappantown, New York, concluded the addresses, in a speech which needed to be heard to have its power felt. His words were short, but very tender. Then “All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,” was sung standing, and the large audience was dismissed with the benediction pronounced by Dr. BLAUVELT himself.