

ployment. The welfare of this church is inexpressibly dear to me—nothing is dearer this side of heaven. If, therefore, while this flock remains shepherdless, and in search of my successor, I can be of actual service to you in supplying at any time this pulpit, or performing pastoral labor, that service, beloved, shall be performed cheerfully.

The first thought, the only thought with all of us, is this church, *this church!* THIS CHURCH! I call no man my friend, you must call no man your friend that does not stand by the interests of Lafayette-avenue Church. It is now called to meet a great emergency. For the first time in twenty-eight years this church is subjected to a severe strain. During all these years you have had very smooth sailing. You have never been crippled by debt; you have never been distracted with quarrels; and you have never been without a pastor in your pulpit or your home when you needed him. And I suppose no church in Brooklyn has ever been subjected to less strain than this one. Now you are called upon to face a new condition of things, perhaps a new danger—certainly a new duty. The duty overrides the danger. To meet that duty you are strong in numbers. There are 2350 names on your church register. Of these many are young children, many are non-residents who have never asked a dismission to other churches; but a great army of church members three Sab. baths ago rose up before that sacramental table. You are strong in a holy harmony. Let no man, no woman break the ranks. You are strong in the protection of that Great Shepherd who never resigns and never grows old. "Lo! I am with you always. Lo! I am with you always." seems to greet me this morning from every wall of this sanctuary. I confidently expect to see Lafayette-avenue Church move steadily forward with unbroken column led by the Captain of our salvation. All eyes are upon you. The Eye that never slumbers or sleeps is watching over you. If you are all true to conscience, true to your covenants, true to Christ, the future of this dear church may be as glorious as its past. And when another thirty years have rolled away it may still be a strong tower of truth on which the smile of God shall be like the light of the morning. By as much as you love me, I entreat you not to sadden my life or break my heart by ever deserting these walls, or letting the fire of devotion burn down on these sacred altars.

The hands of the clock run to the close. This is one of the most trying hours of my whole life. It is an hour when tears are only endurable by being rainbowed with the memory of tender mercies and holy joys. When

my feet descend those steps to-day, this will no longer be my pulpit. I surrender it back, before God, into your hands. One of my chiefest sorrows is that I leave some of my beloved hearers out of Christ. O you have been faithfully warned here, and once more, as though God did beseech you by me, I implore you in Christ's name to be reconciled to God. This dear pulpit, whose teachings are based in the Rock of Ages, will stand long after the lips that now address you have turned to dust. It will be visible from the judgment seat, and its witness will be that I determined to know not anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. To-day I write the last page in the record of thirty bright, happy, heaven-blessed years among you. What is written is written. I shall fold up the book and lay it away with all its many faults, and it will not lose its fragrance, while between its leaves are the pressed flowers of your love. When my closing eyes shall look on that record for the last time, I hope to discover there only one name, the name that is above every name, the name of Him whose glory crowns this Easter morn with radiant splendour, the name of Jesus Christ, King of kings, Lord of lords. And the last words I utter in this sacred spot, are unto Him that loves us and delivers us from sin with His precious blood—and unto God be all praise and thanks and dominion and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

At the conclusion of the service the people thronged about the pulpit, and when Dr. Cuyler came down the steps, his old parishioners and friends pressed forward to grasp his hand. The Doctor repeatedly declared that he would not say good-bye, as he expected to be with them for a long time to come. But for some times it was impossible to restrain the feelings of those present. Many of the men gave way more completely than the women, sobbing and burying their faces in their hands. Some of the oldest veterans, recognized as men of granite, were among those to give most forcible demonstration to their grief. The scene became so oppressive, that the Doctor, feeling the severity of the strain, hastened from the church to his study.

"Whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ."

"How much more thou knowest, and how much the better thou understandest, so much the more grievously shalt thou therefore be judged, unless thy life be also more holy."