

the poised balance, and made souls outweigh silver, and eternity outweigh time. Would that I could lift up my voice this morning in every academy, college, and university on this broad continent. I would say to every gifted Christian youth, "God and humanity have need of you." He who redeemed you by His precious blood, has a sovereign right to the best brains and the most persuasive tongues and the highest culture. Why crowd into the already overcrowded professions? The only occupation in America that is not overdone, is the occupation of serving Jesus Christ and saving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian cannot serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the Gospel ministry; but I do affirm that the ambition for worldly gain and worldly honors is sluicing the very heart of God's Church, and drawing out to-day much of the Church's best blood in their greedy outlets; and I fearlessly declare that when the most splendid talent has reached the loftiest round on the ladder of promotion, that round is many rungs lower than the pulpit, in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world. When Lord Eldon from the bar, what Webster from the Senate chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realms of romance, what Darwin from the field of science, what monarch from Wall street or Lombard street can carry his gold up to the judgment seat, and say, "These are my joy and crown!" The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if so a humble servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor, can ever point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?"

Good friends, I have told you what aspirations led me to the pulpit as a place in which to serve my Master, and I thank Christ the Lord for putting me in the ministry. The forty-four years I have spent in that office have been unspeakably happy. Many a far better man has not been as happy, from causes beyond control. He may have had to contend with feeble health, as I never have; or a despondent temperament, as I never have; or have struggled to maintain a large household on a slender purse; he may have been placed in a stubborn field, where the Gospel was shattered to pieces on flinty hearts. From all such trials kind Providence has delivered your pastor. My ministry began in a very small church. For that I am thankful. Let no young minister envy a large parish at the outset. The clock that is not content to strike "one," will never strike "twelve." In that little parish at Burlington, N. J., I had opportunity for the

two most valuable studies for any minister—God's Book, and individual hearts. My next call was to organize and serve an infant church in Trenton, N. J., and for that I am thankful. Laying the foundation of a new church affords capital tuition in spiritual masonry, and the walls of that church have stood firm and solid for forty years. The crowning mercy of my Trenton ministry was this: that one Sunday while I was watering the flock, a goodlier vision than that of Rebecca appeared at the well's mouth, and the sweet sunshine of that presence has never departed from the pathway of my life. To this hour the prosaic old capital of New Jersey has a halo of poetry floating over it, and I never go through it without waving a benediction from a passing train.

The next stage of my life's work was a seven years' pastorate of the Market-street Church in the City of New York. To those seven years of hard and happy labor I look back with joy. The congregation swarmed with young men, many of whom have risen to prominence in the commercial and religious life of the great metropolis. The name of Market street is graven indelibly on my heart. I rejoice that the quaint old edifice still stands, and welcomes every Sabbath a congregation of landmen and of sailors. During the year 1858 occurred the great revival, when a mighty wind from heaven filled every house where the people of God were sitting, and the glorious work of that revival kept many of us busy for six months night and day.

Early in the year 1860 a signal was made to me from this side of the East River. It came from a brave little band then known as the Park Presbyterian Church, who had never had any installed pastor. The signal at first was unheeded, but a higher than human hand seemed to be behind it, and I had only to obey. That little flock stood like the man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us," and after I had seen the vision, immediately I decided to come, assuredly concluding that God had called me to preach the Gospel unto them. This morning my memory goes back to that chilly, stormy April Sunday, when my labors began as your first pastor. About two hundred and fifty people, full of grace and grit, gathered on that Easter morning to see how God could roll away stones that for two years had blocked their path with discouragement. My first message many of you remember. It was "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Of that little company the large majority has departed. Many of them there are among the white robed that now behold their risen Lord in glory. Of the seventeen