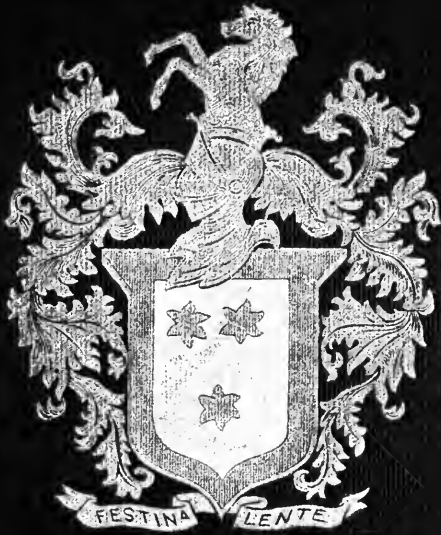


IN MEMORIAM



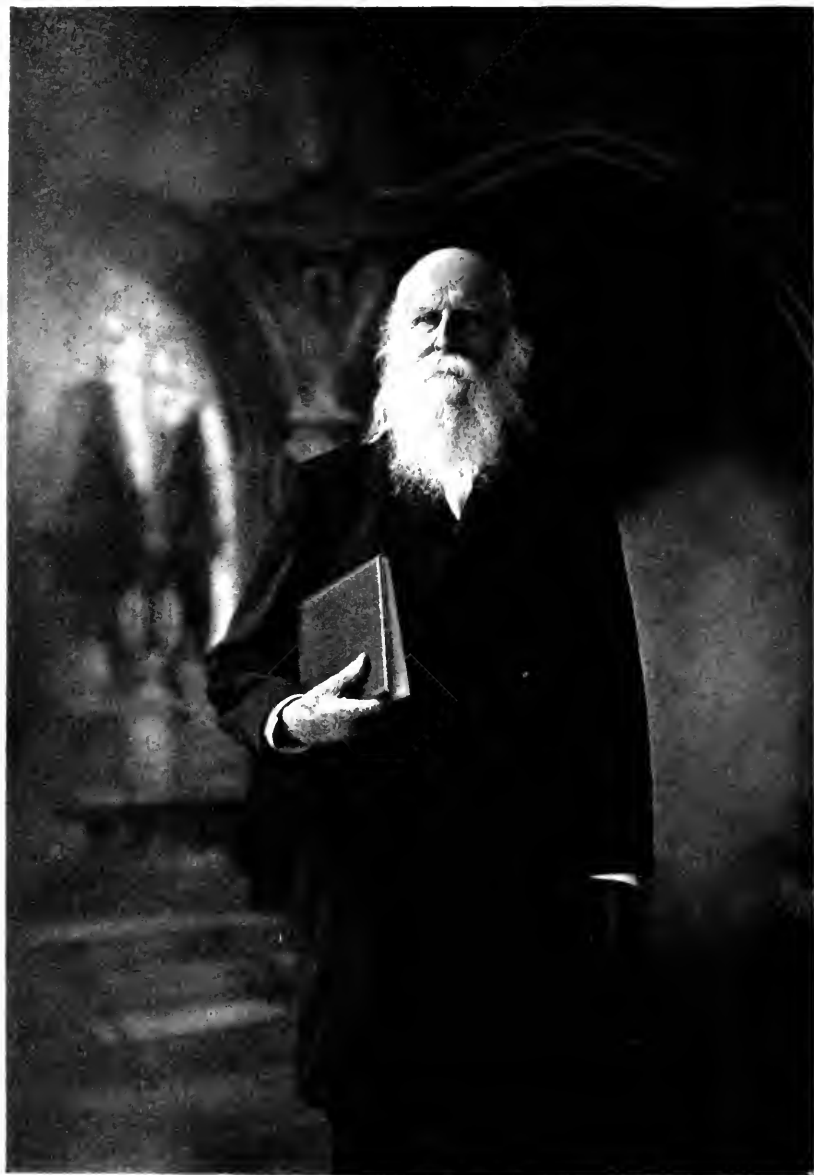
ELIJAH WOODWARD STODDARD



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E. W. Stoddard

**Records**  
from  
**Ninety-four Milestones**



**The Knickerbocker Press**  
New York  
1914





TO  
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
OF  
SUCCASUNNA, NEW JERSEY

whose loving appreciation of the pastorate of half a century made it the joy and crown of the sixty-one years of active ministry, and of the ninety-three years of a life which will live on and on and on in the lives of those inspired by its supreme desire to glorify God.

As the stars beyond our sight  
By their ministry of light  
Gently hold us in our sphere,  
Absent loved ones draw us near  
To the Home whose gates ajar  
Send the guiding ray afar.

ELIZA A. STODDARD.



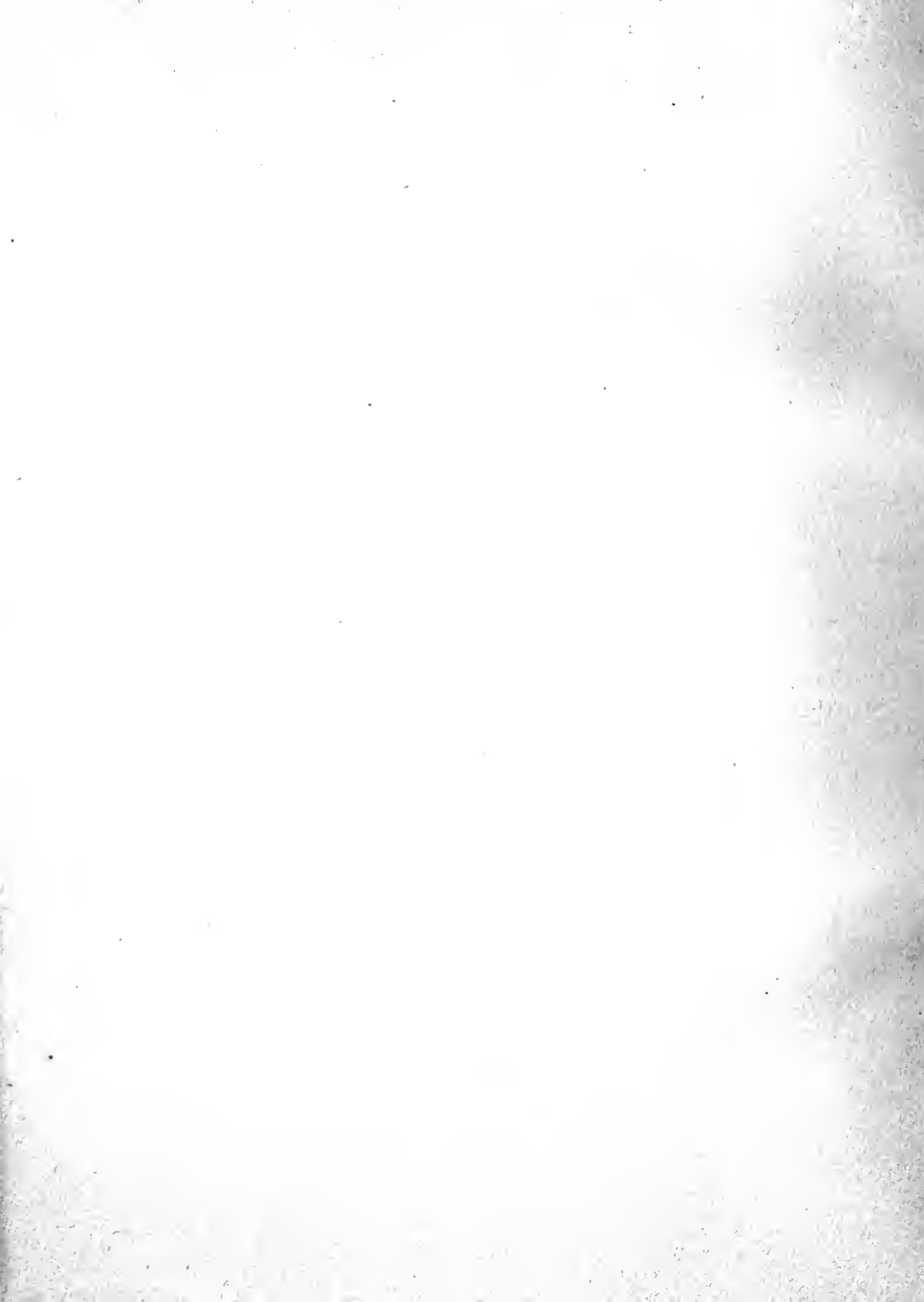
IN MEMORIAM

THE REV. ELIJAH WOODWARD STODDARD, D.D.

Sent to the home of earth, April 23, 1820.

Called to the home of Heaven, October 30, 1913.

“All life is an ascent and its ultimate climax and glory is where they gather on the hills of God.”



DR. STODDARD'S MESSAGE TO HIS HOME AND TO HIS  
PEOPLE BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE ON  
OCTOBER 30, 1913

"I am going away; I am going to Jesus; I am going home."

"Your work is not done; by and by you will come to me and we will be together again,"

"I have prayed that you may have grace and wisdom for your heavy care."

"The waters will be deep, very deep, but they will not overflow. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken."

Isaiah xliii, 1, 2; Isaiah xli, 10 were repeated. Again he said, "I wanted to live and work, but I am going home."

"I want Jesus to be with me to my latest breath and then I want that breath to enter into your life to carry on my work. Let everything be done for God's glory!"

As in Bunyan's dream and vision,  
Those who came to Beulah Land  
Found the Master's sweet provision  
For each need, from His own hand.

While from Posts across the river  
Came the messages of love,  
One was read: "Stay here no longer,  
You are needed up above."

## ELIJAH WOODWARD STODDARD

And the precious loved one told us

“I am going—going Home,  
Going to my blessed Jesus;  
By and by when work is done,

“You will come and all together  
Once again we all shall meet,  
And forever and forever  
Every joy will be complete.

“I have prayed for every blessing,  
Grace and wisdom as you need  
Consciousness of present guiding  
And the strength for which you plead.

“Though the waters shall grow deeper  
They will NEVER OVERFLOW,  
For the Lord Himself is Keeper  
Of His own where'er they go.

“Jesus with me to the ending,  
Then into your life, my own  
I would wish to come, with blessing  
To my people and my home.”

Thus the Patriarchal vision  
Left a legacy sublime,  
That involves a sweet commission  
For the years of passing time.

And the fifty years are with us  
In a constant ministry;  
While the Pastor is with Jesus,  
Work for half a century

Has left sheaves for us to gather.  
We must sow and reap the plain  
Until one and all together  
Still to serve, we meet again.

Thus at closing of life's story,  
Once again was message given,  
"Everything for God's own glory,"  
Brings to earth the life of Heaven.

E. A. S.









THE STODDARD FAMILY

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

“As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.” John xvii, 18.

If we are sent on an errand, there is a plan in the life, and when, on April 23, 1820, the second son of the household was welcomed, he was recognised as one sent on an errand, and very frequently in his maturer years he made grateful mention of the careful training of that home where the supreme object of life was to glorify God.

The Rev. E. W. Stoddard, D.D., was a descendant of Anthony Stoddard of Boston, who, in 1639, emigrated from London where the records of the family are traced back to 1490. The tradition is that their ancestor came with his cousin, William the Conqueror, from Normandy in 1066. The name Stoddard is derived from the office of standard-bearer, and a large number of gospel ministers honored the name of “Standard-bearers” as ideal pastors in long pastorates. It might be mentioned here that Dr. Stoddard’s recreation in the sixty-one years of active ministry was in the line of genealogical research and he gave to his family several volumes as the result of his study.

Of the descendants of the knight, William Stoddard of Normandy, there is a record of Richard of Nottingham, Kent, near Eltham, about seven miles from London Bridge, where was located the family estate of about four hundred acres which was in possession of the family in 1490,—how long before is not known,—and it continued until the death of Nicholas Stoddard, a bachelor, in 1765.

Anthony Stoddard emigrated to Boston about 1639. There were fourteen children in his family. The eldest, Solomon, born

in 1643, was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1662. He entered the ministry and was called, in 1669, to the church at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he married Mrs. Esther Mather, the widow of his predecessor. They had twelve children. Of these the oldest three were daughters and married ministers. The second, Esther, became the wife of Rev. Timothy Edwards, whose son, Jonathan Edwards, became well known as a theological writer.

The seventh child, Anthony Stoddard, was born August 9, 1678, was graduated at Harvard in 1697, and settled as a minister in Woodbury, Connecticut, where he continued for sixty years. His predecessor had remained there forty years, and his successor held the pastorate fifty years. Eliakim, one of the eleven children of Anthony Stoddard, was born April 3, 1705, married Joanne Curtis in 1729, and resided in Woodbury, Connecticut. John, the eldest son of nine children, born January 26, 1730, was married April 15, 1751, to Mary Atwood, and resided in Watertown, Connecticut.

John, the fifth child of nine, born July 1, 1763, married Sarah Woodward in 1785. Their home was in Watertown, Connecticut, until 1802, when they removed to Coventry, Chenango County, New York.

Central New York was then almost an unbroken wilderness, famous for its large pine, hemlock, and maple trees. The fathers and sons of these New England families began the work of clearing the forests. John, the third son and fourth child of nine, was born July 15, 1794, and married Merab Parker, in September, 1817. They had seven children.

Elijah Woodward Stoddard, the second son, was born April 23, 1820. His first view of life was on a forest farm, and during all his minority the clearing of new land was a part of each day's toil. The log houses and the log schoolhouses were to be seen in all directions. The seats of the schoolroom were slabs of pine logs,

with two oaken pins at each end for support. The writing-desk was a smooth board fastened against the wall and the writer turned his back to the school. The pupils usually recited singly, rarely in classes. The blackboard for object teaching was not known. School going was for three or four months in the winter, and a lady teacher took charge of the small scholars in the summer. Books were few and every child was needed in the daily toil. Fondness for study alone could insure success, and Elijah Woodward gave every moment of leisure to the acquisition of knowledge. The Bible was emphatically the book in that Christian household, and the lad was taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." At the age of twelve he united with the disciples of Him who at that age commenced to teach in the temple.

At eighteen such mastery of the ordinary English branches as enabled him to pass an examination permitted the beginning of school-teaching. Here was enjoyed a privilege at this day unknown, that of "boarding around." Such a knowledge of parents and teachers was thus gained as cannot be under the present system. Five winters were spent in teaching, the summers being passed at home. The summers of 1844 and 1845 were spent at Norwich and Oxford Academies, while in the winters he taught school in the county districts.

It is interesting to note from his diaries that he was working for Temperance even in those early days.

While developing his wonderful voice for future serving in speaking and singing, he was active in social and religious work, manifesting that all roundness that was to make him so useful as a citizen, a teacher, a preacher, as well as a pastor, the keynote of it all being expressed in the prayer, "O Lord, give me wisdom," and "Let everything be done for Thy glory."

In September, 1845, he started for Amherst College. The first one hundred and fifty miles was by a four-horse stage-coach, after which there was eighty miles to complete by railroad.

The Class had thirty-two members, many of them becoming eminent as theologians and teachers; one, Prof. Wm. J. Rolfe, of Shakesperian fame, another, Professor Seely, a later president of Amherst College, and Dr. Hitchcock, one of its most honored professors. Still others were missionaries in Africa and in China. Nearly all of them have been called to their reward.

After three years in Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Stoddard was licensed to preach by the Third Presbytery of New York City, and ordained by the same Presbytery, in June following, in the Presbyterian Church at Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue.

He was married July, 1852, to Miss Eliza West Concklin of New York. For many years an invalid, but devoted to the Master's work until called away October 23, 1874, she was laid to rest by her baby boy in the Nyack cemetery.

Dr. Stoddard commenced his ministerial work at Momence, Illinois, as a Home Missionary, but the climate was uncongenial and he removed to Hawley, Pa., where he labored three years, and afterward in Amenia four and a half years, and in Angelica four years, until May, 1864, he came to the Presbyterian Church at Succasunna where he was installed Pastor, June 30, 1865.

The students of this parish also benefited by his love of teaching, as they pursued their Latin or Greek or mathematics, finding helpful hours in the Pastor's study.

In September, 1880, Maryville College, of East Tennessee, conferred upon him the unexpected degree of D.D., while those who know him best feel that it was an honor given where honor was due. His faithful ministrations have given a title to that heart reverence that has no synonym in letters.

If we were to note some of the characteristics of the man at work, we would say, an intense love of delving into the depths of a subject, which inspires to thorough research; a willingness to undertake any hard work in the line of duty and follow it to the end; a practical remembrance of the commission, "Feed my sheep"





DR. STODDARD. MOTHER, SISTER AND WIFE



a desire to spend and be spent in service; a faith that overcomes the world in its every-day toils and trials and gives abiding peace; a steadfastness in purpose that proves the anchorage of hope; a courtesy that illustrates the charity that never faileth; an equipoise that will restrain from an impetuous assault on the enemy, but that holds, and guards, and moves steadily forward.

On November 28, 1877, Dr. Stoddard was married to Mrs. Eliza Platt Stoddard, the widow of Prof. John F. Stoddard, the famous mathematician and author. A daughter of eight years, familiarly called Linnet, came with her mother and for eight more years was the light of the parsonage, being called away May 19, 1886.

On May 19, 1887, the corner-stone of the Memorial chapel was laid, and on May 19, 1888, this chapel was dedicated and it has since been of great service to the social and religious development of the community.

In another place more will be said of the Sunday-school, which was his joy and pride, in which he had few peers, of the Singing-school that he taught in the absence of helpers, of the Boys' Brigade, and their drills and receptions, of the educational lectures, illustrated by stereopticon, giving his own journeys abroad as well as pictures of the art and architecture and scenery of many lands, which he shared also, with many of the churches of the State, and even beyond its limits. But nothing was dearer to his heart than the neighborhood prayer-meetings. He would drive miles away in every kind of weather to meet the circles of prayer, in the schoolhouse or home.

Becoming thus intimately acquainted with the life of the people in all its activities, reaching out into other parishes where there was union effort or a call for assistance in special work, Dr. Stoddard was prepared to write up the township of Roxbury for the History of Morris County in 1882.

He also prepared a Historical Memorial for his own church on its one hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary in 1895.

Diligent study, patient research, a large correspondence, and personal investigation gave the work its value. But nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the regular pastoral duties.

Ordinarily a new sermon was prepared every week which studied the needs of the hour, and revealed a man not only conversant with the Word of God, but with the records of an age of progress and development that called for an intelligent answer to its problems in daily life.

In all his relations with his Presbytery and with Christian work in outside circles, there was the same steadfastness of purpose and consecration of time and whole-heartedness of service.

Thus he was indeed a Shepherd that was always vigilant and faithful. In his work among his young people he was continually renewing his youth, and he had many honors as he made one with them in the Junior gatherings of the great Conventions.

In July, 1911, at Atlantic City, he was called to the platform to stand with Fanny Crosby, who alluded to him as her twin brother, she being only thirty days older, and even as late as October 14, 1913, from the meeting in Camden, New Jersey, came the message of greeting and congratulations and best wishes with this Scripture, Ephesians iii, 17, 18, 19. At the General Assembly in 1911, also at Atlantic City, with his beloved Brother Phraner, he was accorded the freedom of the platform, a graceful appreciation of years of service. At the dedication of the New Theological Seminary in New York, November 29, 1910, he had a seat of honor and every courtesy was shown to the oldest Alumnus, and also at the Waldorf-Astoria in the evening, where he was the guest of the President, but he always esteemed himself simply a servant of the Lord.

His one ambition, expressed in his diary while at Norwich Academy, and which was the inspiration of his life, was embodied in his last message: "Let everything be done for the glory of God." His ideals were so high, so pure, so Christlike, that one said of him: "The portrait of the Christ was imprinted by the indwelling

spirit on the features of the face." And it was not an isolated experience for the Pastor was once told by one of his sick people: "Your visits do me so much good; you look to me so like Christ. I feel His presence when you come." And often by strangers: "You remind me of John the Baptist or one of the Patriarchs."

Even a Syrian woman asked Mrs. Dr. Jessup, with whom Dr. Stoddard had attended the Mission church, "Was that the Prophet Elijah?" How truly, "They that honor Me I will honor."

On October 14th, realizing that he was not long to stay with us, he said in his clear, calm manner, in a strong, sweetly intoned voice with its peculiar emphasis: "Mamma, I am going away. I am going to Jesus. I am going home." In answer to the question, "Going without Mamma?" he said: "Your work is not done. By and by you will come to me and we will be together again." In response to the protest of love he said: "I have prayed that you may have grace and wisdom for your heavy care. I know that the waters will be deep, very deep, but they will not overflow."

The mouth of the Lord hath spoken. Isaiah xliii, 1, 2, and Isaiah xli, 10, were repeated, and again he said: "I wanted to live and work but I am going Home." In a moment more he added: "I want Jesus to be with me to my latest breath, and then I want that breath to enter into your life to carry on my work." And after seeming to study the inevitable needs of the hour as to a service, he said: "Let everything be done for God's glory."

Considering that this message belonged to his people, it was printed for them as given on an earlier page.

A message was dictated to his people on his last Sabbath and also to his Sunday-school. There were frequent requests, all relating to his going home, and when, sweetly and gently, God took him, we knew that absent from the body he was present with the Lord. We let him rest in his study the three days of waiting and on Sabbath, November 2d, early in the morning the family gathered there for prayer. About nine o'clock he was taken to the parlor.

Members of the Presbytery came, his dearly loved friend, Dr. J. M. Buckley of the M. E. Church, Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, of New York, the neighboring ministers who had closed their churches in his honor, and a large delegation of relatives and friends from the city, and the Rev. Robert E. Zeigler and mother from Baltimore, Maryland.

Rev. Robert E. Zeigler read the Scripture at the house, and Rev. John Bovenizer led in prayer. As Mrs. Zeigler describes the going out from the parsonage to the church, I quote from her letter:

“Never was the work of the minister so exalted, so glorified, in my mind as on that Sabbath. All the time I kept saying to myself, ‘The white flower of a blameless life.’ He wore it every day and in the midst of common strife. He was calm and serene alway. His influence in the community, the effect of his personality, proved, ‘In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.’ ”

I seem to see again the perfect day for which nature seemed to have reserved the richest colors of the autumn. In a silence unbroken only by the tolling of the bell that had called him to fifty years of service in the historic church, the triumphant procession,—not the funeral procession,—took its way from the manse, first his brethren in the ministry, and one who had been his son in the faith, then the Elders, a body-guard to the man of God who had endured valiantly to the end. Above the voice of song and organ, I could almost hear the triumphal-like proclamation: “Victory! Victory! and the victor cometh to his coronation!” The note of sadness was for the living, and never was a church more encircled with real grief than when Dr. Stoddard’s people gathered with their tributes of grateful love on that day of days in the history of the church of Succasunna.

That historic church, overflowing with mourners, was decorated with palms and floral offerings, and the beloved Pastor rested among the choicest blossoms that so well expressed the love of his people, of every organization of the church and the community.

At the church the services were introduced by Dr. J. M. Buckley, by an impressive invocation, Rev. H. M. Dare, of Ledgewood, gave Scripture readings, and prayer was offered by Rev. T. A. Gessler. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. D. R. Frazer. Rev. R. E. Zeigler read selections from letters of sympathy. The sermon and selections will be given elsewhere. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, a kinsman and lifelong friend of the departed, paid the tribute of the Stoddard clan. The male quartette of the Presbyterian Church tenderly sang a number of selections, among which were: "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping We Shall Be Soon," and "The Christian's Good-night."

When the opportunity was given, those who had not been at the house, came for the last look and the unspoken word, and over five hundred passed in that solemn procession, and then we went out to lay the precious form to rest in God's acre, where the stone bears the record that will ever repeat the story of his life as given on his last birthday.



## POEM FOR THE NINETY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

The Lord is my Shepherd, the voice of the child  
Can join with the mother and those at her side  
In the beautiful story that never grows old,  
By her lips and her life, at the hearthstone, retold.

The Lord is my Shepherd, the lad in the home  
Learned more of its beauty and made it his own,  
The rod and the staff that had guided his youth  
Were preparing the life to be valiant for truth.

The Lord is my Shepherd, to Him I belong,  
Was the pride of his manhood, because he was strong  
He asked of the Shepherd a life work to keep  
A watch care with Him of His lambs and His sheep.

The Lord is my Shepherd was still the refrain  
Of each Birthday Anthem, until once again  
Amid ninety-four roses and flowers of each clime  
These Birthday Bells sounded their ninety-fourth chime  
As the Patriarch spoke of the blessings of yore  
And the brighter reunions of that other shore.

But before that new year could its circle complete  
The Shepherd had gone to the ingathered sheep  
In the pastures beyond, where the fold will be one  
As the flocks on both sides will at last meet at home.

And there may we welcome with all of this fold  
Some who followed the footprints in pathways of old,  
While our work shall go on as the trust we confide  
While we rest with our Shepherd, our guardian, and guide.

E. A. S.



1874

AND ITS MOST EVENTFUL DATE OCTOBER 23D

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ELIZA WEST STODDARD

“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction,” said the Lord, by the Prophet of old, and engirdling the ages, a band of sufferers bring interpretations of truth, inspirations to holy living, and illustrations of the beauty and the power of faith. A brief record of the life of “our Sufferer” may convey a message to kindred and friends.

ELIZA WEST CONCKLIN, daughter of the late Jonas W. and Eliza Concklin, was born in New York City, April the 26th, 1829, and educated in the Young Ladies' Institute of Misses Foster and Powers. At the age of eighteen she united with the Tenth Presbyterian Church,—proving an earnest and faithful laborer in this Zion. On July 14th, 1852, she married the Rev. E. W. Stoddard, and in heart and in life sympathized with his devotion to the Master's cause. Her plans for usefulness, of an active form, were interrupted by illness, which began in 1852, and for twenty-one years she was an invalid—fourteen of acute pain and seven of paralysis and decline. Still whenever it was at all practicable she was among the worshippers, and when detained at home the spirit joined in the service. We read of the “golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints,” and the blessings that flow from heart breathings, the mercies that we receive through the quiet, retiring lives of God's afflicted ones, the benefits that are bequeathed by the hidden workers

will never be estimated by human thought. On the very last Sabbath of her earthly life the usual request to accompany her husband was expressed with peculiar earnestness; but when convinced of her lack of strength, she said brightly: "If I cannot go with you, I can pray for you. God will bless you; He has said He would." And on the return she queried: "Did the Lord help you?" and added, "I knew he would. I prayed." On the Wednesday following she was attacked by convulsions, which destroyed all consciousness. She continued to breathe until Friday when just as the sun was setting here, the dawn of her eternal life commenced. She had often remarked: "I am only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown—only waiting," and as they stretched far eastward she was not, for God had taken. Patiently and cheerfully she met disease in its various forms; the secret of her strength being confidence in God, love for Him, and for those who anticipated the every wish. Her gratitude for the tenderness and care of her beloved was intense and touching. Indeed, the influence of her loving and long-suffering trust pervaded the household, and many who came to sympathize felt that they entered an ante-chamber of the home where love reigns supreme. She could not work in the vineyard, but she could water the seed sown; she could not be careful about many things but she could sit at the feet of Jesus, and a loving heart could testify of His faithfulness. She could not go about doing good, but she could reflect the image of her Lord, as He, sitting like a refiner, was holding her in the furnace. She could suffer, and thus honor Him by patient submission to his will, while she encouraged His people by her sympathy and her prayers. Thus the branch, pruned over and over again, brought forth the rich fruitage of soul-affections and services. "She hath done what she could"; and as answers to heart petitions bring blessings, we shall realize more and more the importance of her work and the reason why it was chosen and assigned. Taught by its lessons may we follow those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the

promises; coming up out of great tribulation, into the rest prepared, they dwell with Him, who was made perfect through suffering, and entered into the joy of their Lord, they realize that the afflictions of earth are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory.

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The golden sunbeams pave  
A pathway hedged with flowers,  
And gala banners wave,  
As pass the happy hours  
Of infant glee and childish mirth,  
The morning of the life of earth.

The girlhood step is light,  
As graces circle round,  
Her tasks are one delight;  
Her ministries abound.  
And crowned by joys that love may glean,  
The noontide, brilliant and serene.

The fair and cherished one,  
A thorny way must tread.  
"Thy will, not mine, be done,"  
The trustful spirit said;  
In Him all blessedness I find,  
For wisdom chose what love assigned.

The busy throng passed by  
Inviting to their band,  
But heard the calm reply:  
"The Master bade me stand  
And wait and watch the shadows grow,  
When they are longest I will go."

The welded links of pain,  
A message trace, as pressed  
The heavy clinging chain  
Upon an aching breast.  
“My child in suffering you serve,  
Be patient, much is in reserve.”

Without a murmur, or a sigh,  
For twenty years and one  
She waited. Eventide drew nigh;  
The shadows lengthened, and her sun  
Behind the cloud had set to rise  
In morn Eternal in the skies.

The wonderful beyond!  
The glory and the bliss,  
As faded every bond  
That fettered thought in this,  
The faculties of soul expand,  
All mysteries to understand.

The precious form arrayed  
In robes of matchless grace;  
The Master's look portrayed  
Upon the lovely face.  
What raptures must the spirit feel  
As harp and crown the welcome seal.

The golden vials filled  
With odors rich and rare,  
From buds of faith distilled,  
Borne thence on wings of prayer,  
Her work and mission here on earth  
Explain, and prove of priceless worth.

Her life inspired the thought  
To seek the things above,  
And thus for Jesus wrought  
As faith, and hope, and love  
Were illustrated hour by hour,  
In simple beauty, but in power.

The sympathy that reigned,  
The tenderness of care,  
The gratitude it claimed,  
Developed graces here  
That seldom bloom beside the hearth—  
Immortal buds in vase of earth.

The yearning heart could speed  
The toiler on his way,  
And tenderly would plead  
The Lord to be his stay;  
The watcher helped the working one,  
For what she could was gladly done.

The earnest, trustful cry  
For Zion will be heard,  
And answers from on high  
Will come, though long deferred;  
The years will bring the mercies new,  
Implored for friends and strangers too.

The fruits by pruning grown,  
The gold refined by fire,  
The seeds in patience sown,  
To faithfulness inspire;  
A rare bequest to us she leaves  
More lasting than autumnal sheaves.

## ELIJAH WOODWARD STODDARD

This legacy would tell  
In characters of light,  
"He doeth all things well,  
His way is always right."  
Our part to serve for truth and heaven  
As opportunity is given.

For by and by a word  
Will still the throbbing heart,  
And homeward to its God  
The spirit will depart;  
Then sainted ones will haste to guide  
Through gates of pearl to Jesus' side.

No sorrow and no care  
Intrude on joy's domain,  
No partings rend the air,  
No memory of pain,  
But praise and greetings fond as come,  
The weary ransomed pilgrims home.

MRS. J. F. STODDARD.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE YEARS

It would be interesting to bind the calendars of half a century, marking dates of special service together. Many of the events would have only a local interest but they would have a message for some one of the departments of work.

1863

In March Dr. Stoddard was sent by the Christian Commission to the Army of the Potomac. The journal of three months gives pictures of camp and field life that stir the heart with gratitude for our soldier heroes, some of them from our own families, as Wiggins, and Buck, many from our county and State. The Rev. Samuel A. Stoddard was one in official position, as well as Lieutenant Ferdinand V. Wolfe and Captain David S. Allen.

1864

From the journal of the Hon. Hervey C. Cook, one of those who welcomed the new Pastor, we read: "Sunday, May 1, 1864. Listened to Rev. Mr. Stoddard. Text, Rom. iv, 5. A very interesting and inspiring discourse. Evening service. Luke v, 22. A large number out."

"Sunday, May 8. Text, John iv, 6. Evening, James i, 2, 3." And the son writes in 1913: "My mind is filled with memories of Dr. Stoddard and especially of the good Christmas times, when he used to make the wonderful story so attractive to us all; and the Sunday-school in which his strong voice led us in selections from the 51st Psalm, and in the 23rd Psalm, and in the Lord's Prayer. He was

a true Shepherd of his flock and they all knew his voice and loved to follow him as he followed the Christ."

These selections, from an *Autograph Book of Reminiscences* presented in 1911, are given to illustrate the earlier pastorate.

One of the oldest members of our congregation told this incident. Soon after the new minister came here he was introduced to him on the street. His hand was taken cordially and this greeting given: "I have not seen this face yet in church." Sufficient to say, he did many times later.

When I first knew Dr. Stoddard, I was much impressed by his memory of faces and names. It seemed wonderful when I heard him call every child in Sunday-school by name.

Another recalls the hearty, "God bless you, girls," that greeted a young friend and herself as they went to shake hands with the new Pastor. Each Sunday since, after a helpful sermon, the same hearty greeting has been given, only the form has changed, for alas! the "girls" have long ceased to be girls.

In the long ago I recall a prayer-meeting at a schoolhouse of a village some distance from the home church, where the company gathered to find the house not lighted, and no one present had a match. Following our leader, in the dark, we found seats and joined in singing a familiar hymn. Prayer was offered, a portion of Scripture recited, a good practical talk by our ever-ready Pastor, then another prayer; and the hymn, "*Let us Walk in the Light*," closing the service, everyone feeling a new light in the soul, though all was dark outside.

I shall never forget the comfort I received from a prayer Dr. Stoddard made with just a few of us in our own home in time of deep sorrow.



Sunday afternoon services at Ironia are remembered by those who have had the opportunity of listening to Dr. Stoddard's sermons. To his help and counsel can be attributed much of the spiritual uplift and temporal prosperity that has come to that group of worshippers.

Our dear Pastor's life among us has been a benediction since the time when as little children he always gave the sympathetic, kindly greeting, down to the present time when he baptizes our children and rejoices with us as they are gathered into the church. No one on earth has done so much to lead us into eternal life.

The young, energetic, indefatigable, sympathetic man was the life of his Sunday-school and of his church. One of the scholars of those olden times said: "Dr. Stoddard was the most earnest worker in the Sunday-school I ever knew." When once a month the Pastor was at Ironia, the school here seemed to miss something, and one said: "The only way to know what the school is in your absence is to be there when you are not there."

When I was a child attending school I remember Dr. Stoddard's bringing some early cherries, gathered from the trees in the parsonage yard, to treat the children, and what a treat it was! I remember too, as he was driving black John, he would always wave his hand in recognition, or if walking would stop and have something to say to show his interest.

In the fall of 1875, I, a young lad, a stranger, and away from all my own people, went one Sunday evening to church. Dr. Stoddard greeted me and, after ascertaining my name, asked, "Are you a Christian?" When I replied I was not, he put his soft hand on my head and said: "Don't you think you ought to be?" and I said, "Yes, sir." For twenty-seven years now I have been a member of the church.

I remember that Dr. Stoddard was always ready in giving a boy a ride to school.

My first church going was at Succasunna and Dr. Stoddard the first minister my eyes ever beheld. With the respect I was taught to have for the church, the minister seemed to me a sort of Divinity in my early years. I was always highly pleased to have him shake hands with me and show his pleasure in seeing me at church. On one occasion a Bible having fallen on the floor it was given a kick by a thoughtless boy. The reverent manner in which Dr. Stoddard picked it up, brushed it, and put it in a safe place, at the same time administering reproof and looking shocked beyond measure, made an impression upon me never to be forgotten. In later years, when in his Bible Class, I was impressed by the fresh interest which he always brought to the lesson making the period only too short to cover the portion of Scripture chosen.

Aside from his goodness, I admire most Dr. Stoddard's wonderful dignity, both in the pulpit and out of it. One never forgets he is a clergyman. Yet he can and does take notice of the smallest or meanest. No little child can pass him without receiving a wave of his hand and a smile.

We were going to the Lake on canal boats. When we reached the plane some of the boys jumped off the boat and started to run up the tow path, some one called them back, but Dr. Stoddard said: "Young activity—what are you going to do with it?—Let it run."

At a time when about to take a position of great responsibility and shrinking from it, I told Dr. Stoddard about it, and he said: "Just keep saying, I will! I will! I will! and you will be given help to go on."

He loves to have the children at the church service, and greets each one cordially. Even the babies are welcomed by him. The children on the street take his hand and walk with him.

He is the best knot-tier there has ever been in this community. He tied one for me thirty-nine years ago and it hasn't slipped yet.

When he performs a marriage ceremony his dignity makes the vows seem more binding; while at the baptism of little children he makes the service very impressive. He married my mother, he married me, and baptized my children. No wonder the tie that binds is so strong.

A lady walking with a five months old boy, was asked the old, old question: "Why do you not come to church?" She replied, "Oh, I would like to; my husband is in church now and I am waiting for him." "But why don't you come inside and bring the boy?" "I am afraid I will annoy the rest of the congregation as the baby may cry." The reply came moderately but decidedly: "You may perhaps disturb the people, but you can't bother the sermon with one boy. I never complain until there are seventeen babies all crying at once, and then I would have to stop."

Two boys were so busily engaged in beating each other that they did not notice the approach of the Pastor. His quiet, "Boys, can I help you?" broke up the fight at once.

A saying of Dr. Stoddard's that has been helpful to me is: "Remember that the darker the place you are in, the brighter your light will shine, if it is the true light."

A young lad had gone to help his Pastor with the chores. He neither desired nor expected any remuneration, but the Pastor said, handing him a bill: "I want you to go to the Centennial and this is something toward it." He now says: "If it had not been for Dr. Stoddard I would not have gone to the Centennial."

He has been a faithful Pastor to me for many years. Nothing is ever too much trouble for him to take for his people.

In looking over my life, I am surprised to see what an influence Dr. Stoddard has had over me.

One who visits here writes: "I really think I have a greater affection for Dr. Stoddard than for any minister I ever knew, and it is so good to see him in his accustomed place each time I come."

In all entertainments given in the church, our Pastor has always taught us a reverence for God's house by asking God's blessing upon the exercises.

I remember that during the long ministry of Dr. Stoddard in this parish, our minds were never diverted from the truth by a word in the pulpit of frivolity or levity. Nor have I ever heard him make an unkind remark when speaking of any person, or criticize any one even though he could have justly done so. Truly a peacemaker.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

"To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It is the desire of those who have gathered together these reminiscences of their honored Pastor and his work in Succasunna that his mind may be refreshed by the memory of by-gone years; that he may learn in some instances perhaps of impressions made

for which he has hoped and prayed but of which he had not certain knowledge. We have been able to express so little of what we feel.

You have been **OURS** in our times of joy and in all our sorrows you have suffered with us. Truly you have been a shepherd that cared for his sheep. Each passing year only adds a strand that strengthens the blessed cord "that binds our hearts in Christian love."

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

1878

Eighteen hundred seventy-eight was a most memorable year in the history of Succasunna and in the life of the Pastor. One of the most helpful and beloved children of the church, Miss Hattie Riggs, a daughter of Elder Albert R. Riggs, having been married to the Rev. Dr. Joseph L. Potter of Teheran, Persia, started on her mission to the East. Dr. Potter was born February 22, 1848. After graduating from Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary, he was ordained and assigned to Teheran, Persia, and when he came for his bride in 1878, the entire community felt that they were giving of their best to the Orient.

The community, in their reception at the parsonage and at the farewell service in the church, expressed a little of what was in its heart of hearts.

We insert one of the hymns prepared for the occasion, and one for their first return visit.

If our mission be to carry  
Messages across the sea,  
If the Master bid us tarry,  
Wisdom is in each decree;  
Only lead us,  
We desire to follow Thee.

We are one in holy service,  
One in Christ on either shore,  
One with angel friends who point us  
Onward, upward evermore,  
One in service,  
One in Christ forevermore.

Thus inspired to new endeavor  
 By the love of Earth and Heaven,  
 Absent, yet we work together,  
 Christian ties are never riven;  
 Near to Jesus,  
 Near His loved of Earth and Heaven.

When shall end the toil, and watching,  
 Joys beyond the touch of time,  
 An eternity of meeting  
 Waits us in a fairer clime,  
 And rejoicings  
 O'er the gathered sheaves of time.

E. A. S.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.—Dan. xii, 3.

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.—Ex. xxxiii, 14.  
 At the time appointed he shall return.—Dan. xi, 29.

“My presence shall go with thee  
 And I will give thee rest”;  
 The Master planned the journey  
 To Eastern shore, or West,  
 He held each hand at parting,  
 He walked each path beside,  
 Through varied scenes, one leading,  
 One Omnipresent Guide.

“And at the time appointed  
 He shall return,” we read;  
 No promise disappointed,  
 The long, long years have sped,

With welcomes yet unspoken,  
We come to thank the Lord  
For every mercy token  
And for His faithful word.

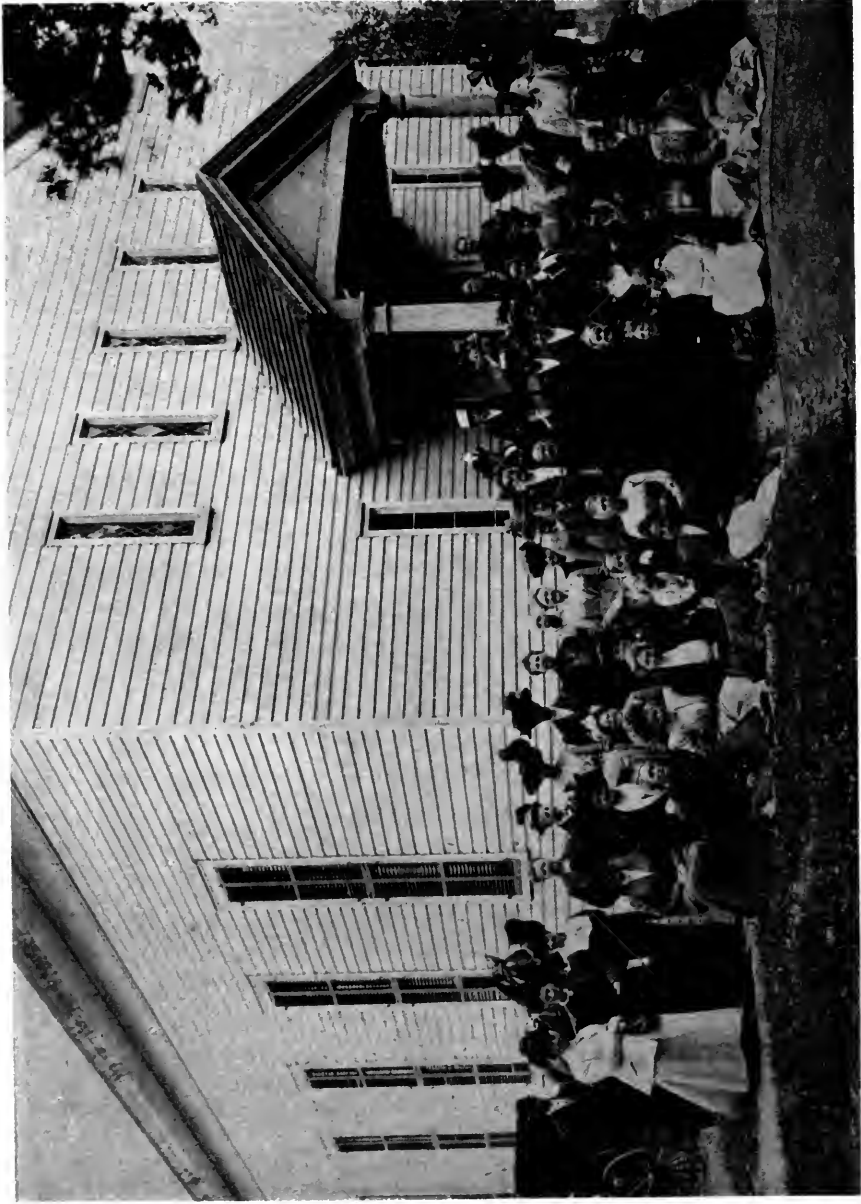
And as we bring the tender  
The loving thought to-day,  
We bid you also welcome  
For those who are away;  
Unseen they watch our greeting,  
They wait until we come  
With all our loved ones meeting  
In our eternal home.

E. A. S.

Dr. and Mrs. Potter have been welcomed home on visits, but they are still in active service, and the faithfulness of these years is doing much to make up the records of Persian Missions.







DR. STODDARD AND THE LADIES MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
OCTOBER, 1912

1878

## LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Ladies' Missionary Society was organized in May, 1878, as an outgrowth of the Missionary Prayer-Meeting of The Mothers in Israel. Mrs. Fordham Corwin was our first president, and when she was called to the higher service Miss Henrietta Meeker, our vice-president, accepted the chair, and when she was also needed beyond, Mrs. Albert R. Riggs came to our help, and we are grateful to state that, while she is not in active work, the benediction of her presence is still with us in her ninety-eighth year.

Mrs. Mary E. Marsh followed in the presidency of the Society, and after a long and useful term, at her request, Mrs. Joseph L. Potter, of Teheran, Persia, gave us the inspiration of a missionary in touch with the work.

Mrs. N. H. Adsit was suggested by Mrs. Potter as her successor, when she returned to Persia, and chosen by the Society that she served faithfully for two years.

Declining a re-election, Mrs. Mary E. Marsh, once more with us, consented to take up the work. Two years ago at her earnest desire she was released and Mrs. Wm. E. King was pressed into the service and enlisted the loyal support of the membership.

We have a Devotional Meeting as well as a Missionary Study Hour on the first Thursday of every month in the chapel, and an all-day Ladies' Meeting at different homes.

The Home and Foreign Missionary boxes sent during the years furnishes the record of these gatherings.

One secretary has served all these years—Miss Lydia A. Cook, of Ledgewood.

Two years ago Mrs. William Young was made assistant. Our treasurer, Miss Anna Meeker, still holds the accounts.

One of our efficient vice-presidents who has acted as president in many times of need—Mrs. George A. Gillig—holds an honorary life position.

The Silver Anniversary of the Society was celebrated at the parsonage, the favors being a souvenir spoon with the dates 1878–1903.

The picture was taken at the October meeting of 1912, in recognition of their Pastor's sixty years in the ministry, in the forty-ninth year of his pastorate.

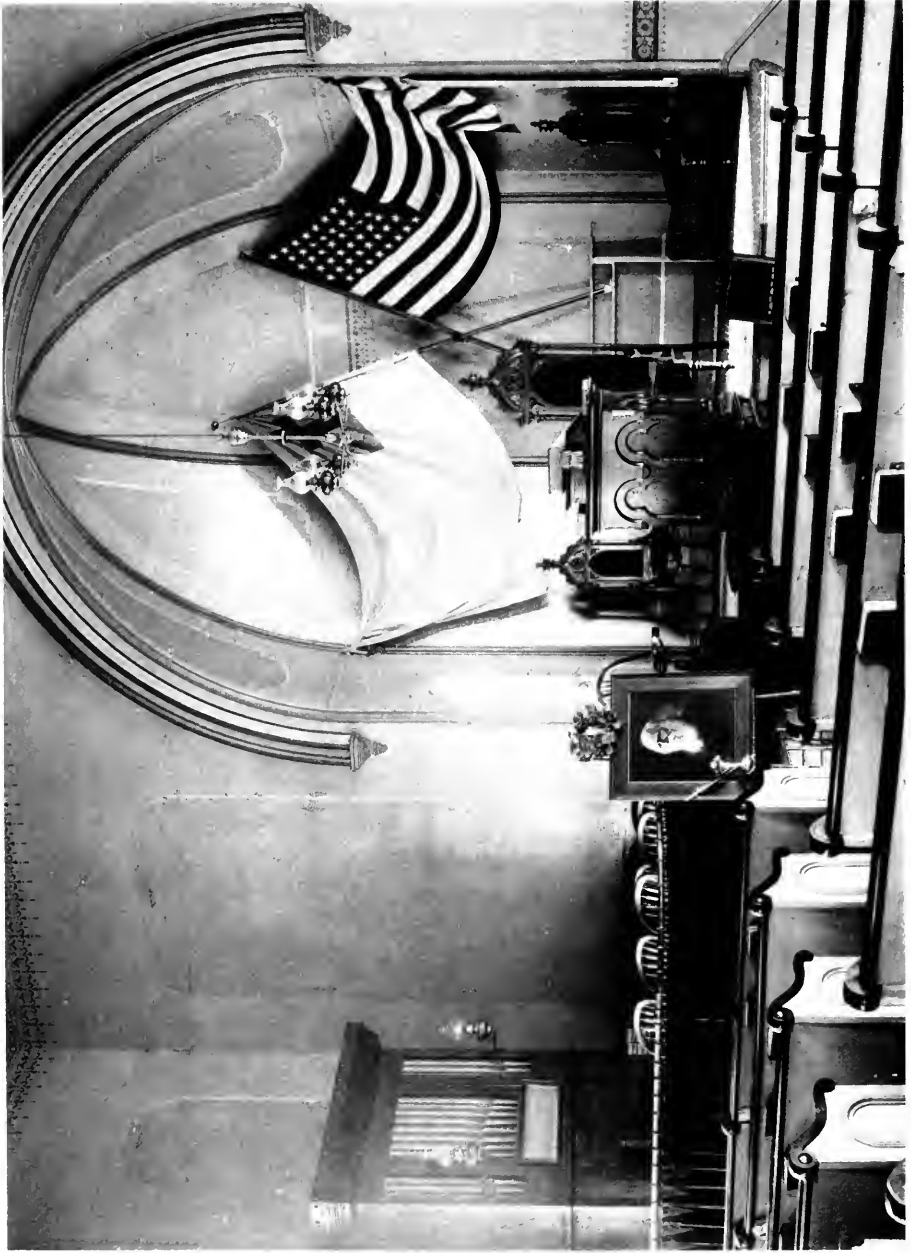
It will be appropriate to state here that Dr. Stoddard in the earlier years of the Society, called for those living at a distance, month by month, Linnet driving a carriage in a different direction on the same errand, and later the village stage was employed, returning their guests after tea at the parsonage, thus promoting the social life of the church and uniting for service.

Dr. Stoddard was also the escort by carriage or train to the Presbyterial meeting, at one time relinquishing an invitation that was a great personal honor, because he would not leave the thirty ladies who must reach home after dark. They did not know what a pleasure he took in this service. He never thought it a sacrifice.

At the December meeting of 1879, the representatives of six neighboring Societies met with our ladies at the church, for a service of prayer and conference, and, after a luncheon in the dining-room of the parsonage, they gathered in the parlors to organize the Ladies' Missionary Union in the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, which to-day calls for our largest city churches for its annual gatherings.

At the Twenty-fifth Anniversary in Orange, our young ladies were chosen to act as ushers to honor the birthplace of the Society. And at the celebration in December, when we invited our Presbyterial president and neighboring Societies, some of our young people





INTERIOR OF CHURCH

greeted them in the costumes of the missionary countries, presenting the flag of each as a souvenir. And others served in the church and at the chapel supper. Thus we celebrated that eventful twenty-fifth year.

It is "Twenty-five Years" since a little band  
Joined the heart to heart, and the hand to hand,  
That a circle formed of their lamps alight  
Might shine out afar, in the world's dark night.

Of these vanished years, with their hopes and fears,  
With their cares and toils, with their joys and tears,  
The recording Angel, account has given  
In the Book we shall read in the home of Heaven,  
Where the Circle that joined their hands that day,  
And the Circles reflecting the steadfast ray,  
In the circle that widens to every clime  
Will herald the dawn of prophetic time.  
When the nations shall meet at the open door,  
With the gathered sheaves from each distant shore,  
As uplifted lamps have revealed the road,  
And a guiding hand has helped home to God.

E. A. S.

## EVENTFUL DAYS

1879

February 7, 1879. A Temperance Alliance was organized. After devotional exercises Dr. Stoddard gave a most able address on the "cost and come to" of the liquor traffic. Rev. T. H. Landon followed and Dr. Stoddard explained the formation and work of State, County, and Township Alliances.

When the question was put to a vote the people of both churches expressed their desire to unite in the work.

It was resolved to hold temperance meetings in the various neighborhoods of the county.

Beginning in 1878, a series of Union Temperance Meetings brought to this community many of the most noted leaders in the work.

On one ever to be remembered evening, the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, was the guest at the parsonage as well as the orator at the church. At another time a large delegation went to Morris-town to hear Dr. Buckley's masterful address, and at another date to Hackettstown to listen to John B. Gough, with whom Dr. Stoddard had formed acquaintance while a student at Amherst, being invited to the home of the already famous temperance lecturer, a few miles from Amherst, and hearing his life story from his own lips.

The Rev. T. H. Landon, then pastor of the M. E. Church at Succasunna, was most enthusiastic in this work; and Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate* for so many years, encouraged us by his presence and his interest.



Meanwhile the ladies were active, and later on, Mrs. Mary E. Marsh had one of the most flourishing Union Junior Bands.

We were also encouraged by visits from missionaries representing almost all the foreign and home fields. These gatherings promoted unity and strength.

On one occasion, the Rev. Dr. Irenaeus Prime, of the New York *Observer*, was the guest of the Missionary Society. After his incomparable address in the church, seventy ladies had lunch with him at the parsonage, and then Dr. Stoddard, as was his custom and pleasure, personally escorted to the train, while the guest said, "I must come again. I have so enjoyed this visit."

In a week or two, the *Observer* gave so beautiful a description of the place and the people, that we received many letters from strangers asking if accommodation could be found for them to board in so ideal a place for the summer.

This little glimpse of the activities of all departments reveals the Pastor's unconquerable ambition to secure the best for his people and for the community.

Many of the most prominent divines of the Baptist and the Methodist Episcopal Churches, as well as of the Presbyterian Church, have responded to the invitation of their valued friend and given sermons and lectures and inspiration.

The beloved Ira D. Sankey sang for us some of his sweetest hymns, prefaced by his little heart talk of appreciation and love.

Miss Fanny Crosby honored our invitation when it was one of a large number for the same evening. As she stood side by side with the one she called her twin brother, because she was only thirty days older, she greeted Dr. Stoddard as she did afterward at Atlantic City at a Christian Endeavor Convention. Then, turning to the audience, she captured their hearts, as they sat spell-bound, listening to her message and her songs.

A part of her little address was directed to the Brigade seated in the front rows at her left. They afterward marched to the plat-

form to express their thanks, and the manly way in which this was done, left so great an impression that she alluded to it in her little reminiscent talk to Dr. Stoddard on the platform at Atlantic City.

Thus the indefatigable energy, the unwearied devotion, and the wide acquaintance of Dr. Stoddard, gave to his pastorate many privileges which have left inspiring memories.

We must not omit mention of Professor Corning, the most finished scholar and lecturer, who came many times to help in our stereopticon and free lecture course, or of Professor West, of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, who placed his three thousand slides at Dr. Stoddard's service, and while not able to give a public address on his visit, he was glad to render assistance, as was also Dr. Charles A. Robinson, of New York, and Professor Bickmore.

Thus Dr. Stoddard gathered from many fields for his own, and no honor received abroad, and no privilege of the outside world meant as much to him, as the opportunities furnished by them to do more for his beloved people. And he had the joy of knowing that when the problems of life called them to the east or the west, to the north or the south, they were equipped for service.

Dr. Stoddard often said: "If our young people must go, let them have the culture and training that will honor any place. This church, if it is a nursery of God's planting, must send out trees that shall bear all manner of fruit, in all varieties of climate. Our part is to train, to nourish, to give direction to the early growth, and all that develops the best life."

For this, fifty years of work and of prayer were unreservedly given, and it is ours to guard and nurture the growth of all that is pure and true and Christlike, for it is still true, "The Lord hath need."



LINNET STODDARD



## THE MISSION BAND

The Mission Band was organized March 1, 1882, at the parsonage. Efficient work was done in helping to fill a box for Persia, the girls earning the money for materials, some by doing amateur gardening. Linnet subscribed for sixty copies of *Over Sea and Land*, and as the subject of each month was illustrated by the Pastor with missionary curios or pictures, the idea of the stereopticon was developed, first with a lantern and screen at home, then with the larger arrangements at the church. The Pastor gave a free lecture once a month, covering ancient and modern art, especially as related to Bible and missionary topics. These lectures became an educational influence in the community, personal travels abroad adding to their interest.

“I WANT TO DO REAL WORK FOR CHRIST.”—LINNET.

Work, real work for Jesus,  
Some real work each day,  
As He shall guide and use us,  
And when we pass away  
The little seeds we scatter  
To harvests will have grown  
That vesper hours may gather  
As we are going home.

Work, real work for Jesus,  
What is our work to-day?  
Where does the Master need us?  
What does the Message say?  
Near, very near to Jesus,  
The blessing will be given,  
As work on earth prepares us  
For better work in Heaven.

E. A. S.

1884

To gain strength after an illness, Dr. Stoddard, with his wife and daughter, left New York, August 16, by steamer *Anchoria*, meeting providentially, Prof. W. J. Rolfe and his two sons, with whom they travelled about two months, visiting Scotland, England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, returning by the steamer *Austral* October 12, 1884, with stereoscopic pictures to review the trip with Succasunna and neighboring towns in a series of lectures in following years.

1886, 1887, 1888

On May 19, 1886, the Lord called to a higher service Eliza Platt Stoddard, the only daughter, in her seventeenth year. On May 19, 1887, the corner-stone of the Memorial Chapel was laid. On May 19, 1888, it was dedicated to God and to his work, and has since been the home of the Sunday-school, of Christian Endeavor, of the Ladies' Missionary Meeting, the Mission Band, and social gatherings.

Of these there has been a great variety from High School graduations to Christmas cantatas. On Linnet's birthdays we have had Pageants illustrating the life of the Orient, Persian scenes, Syrian life, Chinese customs; also America's Welcome to the Nations, and The Twenty Christian Centuries. Following the Missionary Centennial in New York, we had The Pilgrims of the Night and the Heralds of the Dawn. In this Pageant representatives of all the Eastern Nations came groping their way, as in search of light, while the choir sang:

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

From fertile vales, once chosen  
As our ancestral home,  
The plea ascends to Heaven  
That Eden may return,  
While Bethlehem is yearning  
To hear the angels sing,  
Jerusalem is waiting  
The coming of the King:

And still the Persian sages  
Would journey from afar,  
As guided down the ages  
"The Wise Men" seek the Star.  
The Crescent's power is waning  
Before the dawn of light,  
The Herald of the Morning  
To Pilgrims of the Night.

Shall we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation O! Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

Then the distant melody of the angels announced, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come." The angels enter; the pilgrims listen and follow, and all sing together, "Crown Him Lord of all." At

the last verse, three of the angels knelt as they sang, "Oh, that with yonder sacred throng, we at His feet may fall." And our hearts respond, "We'll sing the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all."

The dedicatory hymn for the chapel was suggested by Linnet's words written in her last letter to a friend:

"YOU NEED CHRIST, AND CHRIST NEEDS YOU TO WORK  
FOR HIM."—LINNET

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
As life's journey you pursue,  
Guided by the Morning Star,  
Send its cheering beams afar,  
And reflect the noontide ray  
On each dark and shadowed way.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
As you find each promise true,  
For the faint and weary care,  
With the sad and lonely share,  
Freely give, as it is given,  
The unfailing balm of Heaven.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
There is work for each to do,  
Go with Him to seek His own,  
Call and lead the wanderer home,  
And thus add another gem  
To the Saviour's diadem.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
Many years may come, or few;



One with Christ in either land,  
One in service with the band  
Singing with a meaning new  
You need Christ, and Christ needs you.

E. A. S.

POEM FOR LINNET'S BIRTHDAY

BY

EMMA SMULLER CARTER

A tiny bird flew down to earth  
In summer's golden days;  
The mother-heart sang at its birth  
A grateful song of praise.

And soon the Linnet learned to sing,  
The song that home loves best,  
Sweet twitterings of brooding wing,  
And of the sheltering nest.

The days flew lightly by, the lay  
Grew sweet with maiden glee;  
No bird upon the bending spray  
Sang blither song than she.

The golden light of morning gleamed  
The day rose clear and bright,  
But in her eyes already beamed,  
A purer, holier light.

It fell upon her forehead fair,  
More beautiful than day;  
The angel-hand had rested there,  
That beckoned her away.

And as the bird that mounts and sings,  
Forever as it flies,  
Upborne by song and snow-white wings,  
She vanished in the skies.

But ever down the summer air  
Float echoes sweet and strong  
That call on us to follow there  
And join the angel-song.

Oh, sweet, that ever she was sent  
To draw us to the skies;  
To show our feet the way she went,  
The path to paradise.





The New Testament  
Matthew  
Mark  
Luke  
John  
Acts  
Romans  
First Corinthians  
Second Corinthians  
Galatians  
Ephesians  
Philippians  
Colossians  
First Thessalonians  
Second Thessalonians  
First Timothy  
Second Timothy  
Titus  
Philemon  
James  
First Peter  
Second Peter  
First John  
Second John  
Third John  
Jude  
Prophecy  
Revelation

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL

## ANNIVERSARIES FROM 1891 TO 1899

We gather these records of Anniversaries to show the appreciation of the Church, the Sunday-school, the Christian Endeavor, the Missionary Society, the Boys' Brigade, and the Mission Band, as well as the interest of the community in each of them as the passing years were brightened by the fragrant expressions of esteem and love that were the inspiration and the joy of this long pastorate.

May 1, 1892. From the local paper

### A LONG PASTORATE

Dr. Stoddard, of Succasunna, finished his twenty-eight years as Pastor of the Succasunna Presbyterian Church Sunday, May 1st. As his health is much improved he was able to occupy his pulpit in the morning, and it being communion Sunday made it a solemn and impressive service. The chapel was well filled and all were glad to welcome their faithful leader back again. Six united with the church on confession of faith. In the review of the preceding years Dr. Stoddard read the following verses, composed for the occasion:

The Fathers where are they?  
The godly men who came  
To welcome on that day  
To this new Sabbath home.  
A part have gone to their reward  
A part are walking here with God.

And of the faithful Band  
Who clustered round me then  
The sixteen with me stand;  
The full three-score and ten  
Are in the Father's house on high  
Where we shall gather, by and by.

The eight and twenty years  
With changes have been fraught,  
Through toils and joys and tears,  
A guiding hand has brought,  
And mercies ever fresh and new  
With gratitude we would review.

The God of all these years  
Must be our trust to-day  
And with our hopes and fears  
We humbly bow, to pray  
Whatever may to us betide,  
With us, dear Lord, with us abide,

Until the setting sun  
Shall find us at the door  
That welcomes one by one  
To life forever more.  
And we review the blessings given  
With the dear church of God in Heaven.

E. A. S.

## BOYS' BRIGADE

1894

A Brief History of the Boys' Brigade, taken from the book dedicated to them in the hope that by choosing and defending the right they may be more truly the guardians of these hills and plains than an army with banners.

Mrs. Mary Marsh, in conference with the Pastor evolved from the Class in Calisthenics, the Boys' Brigade. Mr. Albert Marsh acted as Captain until Mr. Isaac Alward of the 23rd Regiment of Brooklyn, New York, consented to give weekly drills.

A reception once a month promoted social and intellectual activity. Dr. Stoddard's address of May, 1894, should be given with the constitution of the Brigade because it represents one of the ways in which the Pastor's love found expression.

### ADDRESS OF REV. E. W. STODDARD, D.D., BEFORE THE BOYS' BRIGADE

May, 1894

On the next day, much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried, "Hosannah; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." John xii, 12, 13.

Mark tells us that they also spread their garments in the way. This is called the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It is a type of the grander triumph in which we may also have a share.

I have chosen this incident, not to talk of the facts stated, but of the things suggested. Was there ever a grand procession, or a stir of people in the streets, that did not call out the boys? And are they not always the first to climb trees and secure leaves and branches for decoration? Is it not a natural inference that the lads were in full force on that eventful day, and that they gathered the palms for that procession? If so, an impromptu Boys' Brigade was organized. The germ life, the spirit of the Boys' Brigade, was certainly there. They were most efficient helpers in preparing the way for the Son of David coming in the name of the Lord.

There is a work that a Boys' Brigade can do, and do better than any one else. There is something for youth and strength and restless activity in preparing for the triumphal march of truth and righteousness. Did the boys of two thousand years ago ever do anything more noble than on that day? It is true, branches of trees were not expensive gifts; they were those at hand, and they were accepted. When Christ enters the gates of the New Jerusalem in triumph, it will be the pride and joy of the lads of His time that they were privileged to do some humble service on the earthly journey. Let us do our part toward preparing the way of the Lord.

About eight hundred years ago, Peter the Hermit, and other enthusiasts, called out great armies in religious wars that were called Crusades, because of the Cross on their standards and on their apparel. They gathered to rescue the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from the Turks, who held possession, and would not allow Christian pilgrims even to visit the sacred spot. From all parts of Europe, thousands responded. Some of these eight crusades were longer and of more importance than others; but all appealed to the emotional part of the religious world.

In 1212 occurred a Children's Crusade. It was really a ripple of the wave of the Fifth Crusade. Thirty thousand French children and twenty thousand German children followed Stephen of Colyes and Nicholas of Hungary. Both Boys' Brigades set out



unarmed, and by different routes, to reach the sea. One German division crossed the Alps and reached Brindisi; the other attempted to cross Mt. Cenis, and were mostly lost. A portion of the French party reached Marseilles, and being disappointed that the sea did not open to give them passage, they were induced to go on seven vessels that proved to be slave traders. Thus they perished, either by shipwreck or by being sold into slavery.

They had a zeal, but not according to knowledge. Enthusiasm must be guided, controlled, used by wisdom, if it would attain its noblest end. We learn by failures; the mistakes of others are beacon-lights of warning, that we may avoid the unwise and the harmful.

The young people of to-day are called to engage in a holy war. Holy places, holy things, are to be rescued and guarded.

An army of devoted men and women have gone before, and I exhort the Boys' Brigade to heed the lessons of the past and do great things in the future.

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

The following lines were written for the Boys' Brigade, to embody the lesson of this hour:

Around the brow of Olivet  
A wonderful procession swept,  
Two thousand years ago.  
The old, the young, were in that throng,  
As with the palm-branch and the song,  
They strewed their garments all along  
The valley road below.

Ascending then the sacred way  
To herald the prophetic day  
    When all the world shall bring  
The choicest gifts to line the road,  
By one triumphant army trod,  
To crown the Son of David Lord,  
    The all-victorious King.

And there beneath the palm-tree shade  
Was organized the Boys' Brigade,  
    The work that we now share.  
As Christ the Lord was drawing nigh,  
They broke the branches hanging high,  
And gave them to the passer-by,  
    The highway to prepare.

Upon the hilltop, on the plain,  
That way must be prepared again,  
    With palm-branch and with song;  
For this we need the Boys' Brigade,  
By nought deterred, by nought dismayed,  
Because God's word believed, obeyed,  
    Has made them true and strong.

And as there was a Boys' Brigade  
Connected with the Fifth Crusade,  
    That marched its weary way  
To rescue from the infidel  
The sepulcher and citadel;  
Who by the sacred ensign fell  
    The martyrs of that day;

So now there is a true Crusade,  
For this our loyal Boys' Brigade,  
    Against all sin and wrong.  
You need the Christ, and Christ has need  
Of you, the earthly work to speed;  
Be true to every noble deed,  
    "Quit you like men, be strong."

You have the sword, you have the shield;  
On every moral battle-field  
    How much depends on you!  
At dawn of light, in midnight shade,  
Your banner in the front displayed,  
A faithful, noble Boys' Brigade,  
    Stand by your colors true.

And when the victory is won,  
And all earth's kingdoms are but one,  
    The King Himself shall own  
Each loyal, earnest Boys' Brigade,  
Of every clime, of each decade,  
With laurels that can never fade,  
    For an eternal crown.

E. A. S.

1894

CLIPPING FROM THE *IRON ERA*, MAY 1, 1894.

Dr. E. W. Stoddard preached his anniversary sermon last Sunday morning as he completed thirty years of active service for the Master in our village. But fourteen of the members who welcomed Dr. Stoddard as their Pastor thirty years ago the first day

of this month remain to clasp hands with him and bravely take up the work for the new year.

The anniversary exercises of the dedication of the Memorial Chapel will be on May 19th. Dr. Chas. A. Stoddard, of the New York *Observer*, will be present and deliver the anniversary address at 3 P.M.

A week ago in recognition of Dr. E. W. Stoddard's seventy-fourth birthday the Boys' Brigade had a little surprise of seventy-four iced cakes, each cake representing a year. Last Saturday the Mission Band had their surprise. Three large cakes containing seventy-four candles, the center one having thirty as representing the thirty years of the pastorate at Succasunna. The candles were lighted just before the Band came to the dining-room, and as they encircled the central table a little address was made which was concluded by these very appropriate lines written by Mrs. E. A. Stoddard:

Each candle represents a year,  
Each light a symbol of the cheer,  
That love of purity and truth  
Can give to all the years of youth,  
To brighter grow in darkest day,  
Until amid the twilight gray,  
It shows the most at eventide  
The comfort of the ingleside,  
Reflected on the shades of night,  
To guide unto the perfect light.  
These candles number seventy-four,  
We trust there may be many more,  
And each one brighter year by year,  
To kindle many candles here,  
That shall out-shine in service done,  
The mid-day glories of the sun.

And as is given to every one  
A candle to be taken home,  
In fond remembrance of this hour  
We ask the wisdom and the power,  
To make our lives at home, abroad  
As little candles of the Lord:  
In circles small but full of cheer,  
And usefulness from year to year,  
As earnest, true, aflame with love,  
As seeking things that are above.  
Light bearers in this world of tears,  
Amid its gloom light giving years,  
In widening circles, each more bright,  
Reflecting more and more of light,  
Until with those who ever shine  
In presence of the Light Divine,  
To each of us the joy be given,  
To number endless years in heaven.

1895

In 1895 the Succasunna Presbyterian Church celebrated its 139th anniversary by welcoming its children in the old Sabbath Home, May 19th, 20th, 21st.

Dr. Stoddard had by great effort secured pictures of the ministers and incidents of their work and these were printed in a Historical Memorial with the gleanings of the harvest week.

In this book was also a record of the stones in God's acre, around the historic church.

## MEMORIAL HYMN

*Tune of Webb*

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-Stone."—Eph. ii, 20

Upon the Rock of Ages  
The Walls of Zion stand,  
Built by the ancient sages  
The apostolic band,  
The royal line of martyrs  
The toilers all unknown  
And by our *Honored Fathers*,  
Upon the Corner-Stone.

And on this sure foundation,  
The Temple must arise,  
Whose gates shall be salvation,  
To all beneath the skies,  
The light of Heaven reflecting  
From every polished stone,  
Until the Lord descending  
His finished work shall crown.

Upon the Gold of Ophir,  
And gems from land and sea,  
That those we love to honor  
Have offered Lord to Thee.  
Some humble place be given  
The tributes that we bring  
On every one engraven  
The signet of the King.





PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SUCCASUNNA  
WITH THE SUNDAY SCHOOL 1878



On every one some token  
That those who serve above  
In fellowship unbroken  
Inspire our faith and love  
To every new endeavor  
Until the work is done,  
And we rejoice together  
In our eternal home.

E. A. S.

1895

HISTORICAL SERMON

*On the occasion of the One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Anniversary  
of the Succasunna, New Jersey, Presbyterian Church.*

BY REV. E. W. STODDARD, D.D.

Isa. xlv, 7-8—"Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of hosts. I appointed the ancient people, and the things that are coming and shall come."

History is the record of God's dealings with men. The history of a nation or of a church is a record of what the Lord has done for them. We review one hundred and thirty-nine years of providential guidings and blessings. Commencing with the years of the honored fathers and tracing the line of mercies up to this day we render thanks unto the Lord who appointed the ancient people and the things that are coming and shall come. It is an inspiration at certain periods to look backward.

The Succasunna Presbyterian Church is one of the oldest in the county—about 1755—the church at Morristown being about twenty years older—1735—and that of Hanover, about thirty-five years older. The deed of this church property was executed

in 1756 by James Parker, one of the West Jersey proprietors. This deed, for the sum of five shillings, conveys one acre for a church and burial ground to Levi Lewis, Daniel Cary, and others. The first church building must have been erected about 1760. It is said that Levi Lewis owned a saw mill at Combs Hollow where he sawed the timber for the church. This first church building had only the floor finished and plain seats, no plastered walls and no ceiling. The swallows twittered from the rafters even while the people worshipped, nor were they disturbed by the use of the church for barrack and hospital purposes, when the larger cannon, some of which required three yoke of oxen to draw them, were ranged and sheltered outside the buildings and the munitions in the church. They were trophies from the capture of General Burgoyne, near Saratoga, N. Y. When the new Centennial bell for Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was to be cast the United States Government contributed one of these cannon for bell metal. When the smallpox raged in the army, this church and that at Hanover were used as hospitals, and this old graveyard has many nameless graves.

On January 28, 1818, in the ministry of Rev. Jacob Green, the congregation resolved to repair the meeting-house, put on new covering, put in new windows and new timbers and lath and plaster. This house, which was nearly square, 35 x 40 feet, with its pulpit on the side, accommodated the people until January 1, 1853, when in the ministry of Rev. Josiah Fisher the parish resolved to build a new church. The last day of service in the old church of nearly one hundred years was held on the first Sabbath of May, 1853. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Fisher, the father-in-law of Pastor Fisher, preached in the morning from the text, "Keep yourselves in the love of God." The Rev. Josiah Fisher preached in the evening. The old church was taken down and a new one erected on its site. There may be those present who helped to take down the old timbers and set them in the new house. The corner-stone of the new church building was laid May 26, 1853. A brief history of the

church, the names of its officers and members at that time, certain newspapers, and a bullet found in removing the old building, bearing date in etching July 4, 1776, and other relics were placed in the corner-stone. The new house was dedicated October 11, 1853. At this point it may be interesting to mention that the first service held in this church was the funeral of the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, died October 5, 1853, service October 8, 1853. He had been the largest contributor to the building fund.

In August, 1872, it was resolved to enlarge the church by adding twelve feet to its length and a pulpit recess 14 x 7. The church was re-occupied January, 1873.

The records of the church from its organization to 1817 have been lost.

The recorded membership at that time, 1817, was 35. From that date to this over six hundred have been added. The present membership is 174.

The first pastor known to have been settled over this church was Rev. Wm. Woodhull, who graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1764 and belonged to the Presbytery of New York. The call bears date September 1, 1768, and contains the signatures of Daniel Cary, Levi Lewis, Jacob Drake, Jeremiah Rogers, Eliphalet Lewis, Benjamin Clark, and Elisha Drake.

Succasunna and Chester pledged the Presbytery of New York, for the encouragement of the said Rev. Wm. Woodhull, forty pounds, the use of the parsonage, and his firewood. So easily were the ministers of a hundred years ago encouraged and freed from worldly care.

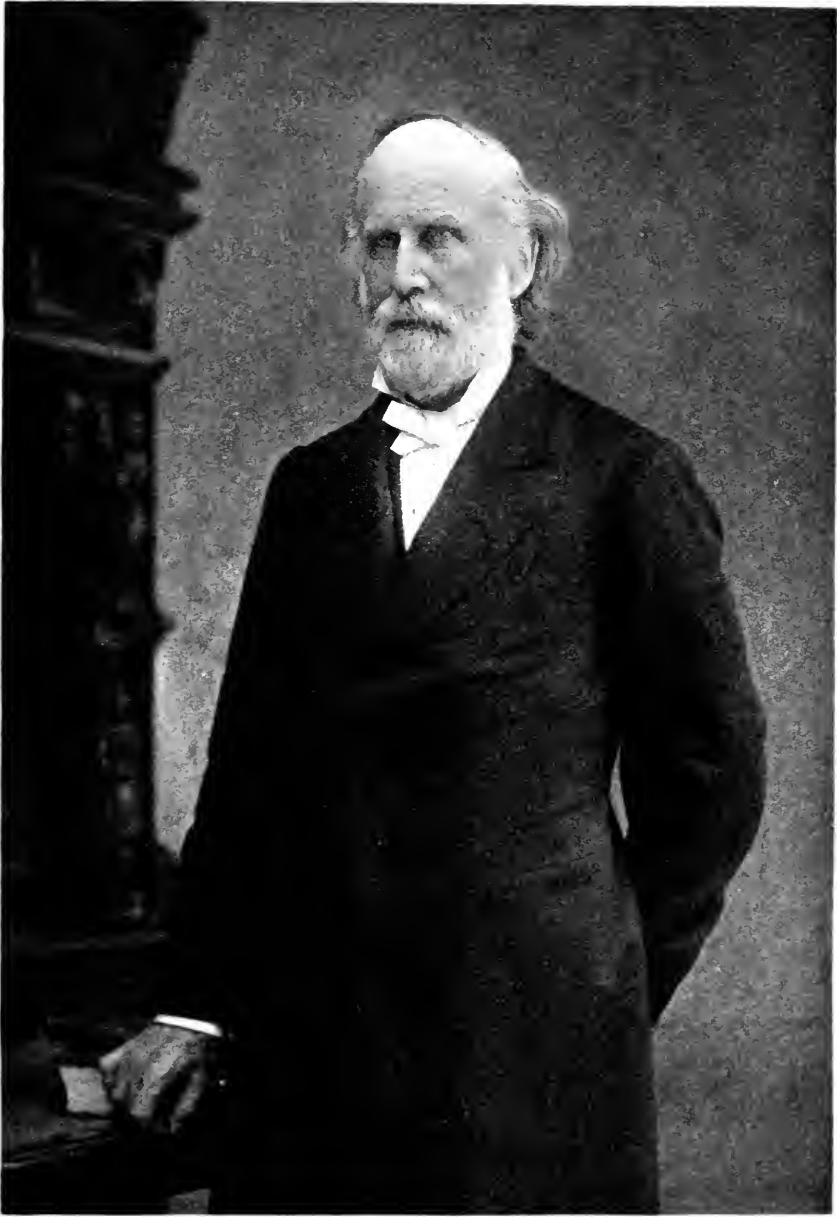
Only fourteen remain who were members thirty-one years ago. The Master says, Work for the night cometh when no man can work. A historical poem will give us incidents and teachings:

## HISTORICAL POEM

Our Father's God, whose loving care appears  
On every line of this long scroll of years,  
As we unroll with grateful hearts to-day  
We would acknowledge Thee in all the way.  
Upon the cloud as on the wall of flame  
We trace, with those of old, Thy sacred name,  
Across the desert, at the restful fount,  
Within the valley or upon the mount,  
As Thou hast gone before in all the time  
We trace the years, one hundred thirty-nine.

To-day it is our pride and our delight  
To follow all along the *trail of light*  
That passed so often by the clefted rock,  
As loving pastors led the little flock.  
The name of Woodhull is a worthy name  
To lead the list upon this roll of fame;  
The Rev. Bradford serves as a supply,  
Then wisdom sought is given them from on high,  
And Pastor Lemuel Fordham comes to bless  
With thirty years of loving faithfulness,  
A fruitful and a happy pastorate,  
That saw the babes attain to man's estate.

Then follows Jacob Green, in whose four years  
And good nine months a change of form appears  
In the old meeting-house, upon whose eaves  
The swallows built their nests of twigs and leaves,  
And while the congregation sang their hymns  
The birds responded with their twitterings,  
Inviting also to the open door,  
And all the blessings that were held in store.



*E. W. Stoddard*



Six months for Osborne, then Kanouse was given  
Five years of service by the grace of Heaven.  
For a few Sabbaths Hooper was supply,  
Then Osborne came again and this dear tie  
Held heart and hand four years and six months more,  
Then came supplies who for the two years bore  
The names of Jones, Woodbury, Pierson, then  
Fairchild and Allen, true and noble men.

The Shepherd's crook passed on to Joseph Moore,  
Who for two years six months the symbol bore,  
Then churchly records give to us the name  
For one year and six months of David Frame.  
One Sabbath morning as the record states  
The President of these United States,  
Martin Van Buren, with his honored host,  
Our Mahlon Dickerson, were at their post  
In the old meeting-house to worship God,  
And listen to the preaching of the Word,  
From 1st Corinthians, three, twelve, thirteen,  
A rich discourse from which they all could glean.  
And then another prince of royal line,  
Daniel Magie, well versed in things divine.  
For three years and three-fourths he gave the Word,  
And for two years we were supplied by Ward,  
And then by Davis, one year six months more,  
And Fisher, the beloved, half a score  
And three, meanwhile in ancient poplar shade  
The corner-stone of the *new* church was laid,  
May twenty-six of eighteen fifty-three,  
The pride and joy of his long ministry.  
His name engraven on the marble urn,  
His name engraven on the heart and home,

With those who also served, the good, the blest,  
 The crowned victors, entered into rest.  
 Our Albert Riggs of blessed memory,  
 Whose twenty years of loving ministry  
 In Sabbath-school is still a treasure store,  
 Whose Eldership of thirty years and more  
 Has left an imprint on all coming time,  
 For Christlike living makes our lives sublime.

And almost at his side a comrade lies,  
 Our Fordham Corwin, patient, tender, wise,  
 In each department of the service true,  
 Delighting in the work he found to do,  
 And full of faith in every promised word  
 While waiting long the message of his Lord.  
 And Elder Hopkins, who three weeks ago  
 So large a place left vacant here below.

They gather thus the cloud of witnesses  
 From all our ranks and years of usefulness.  
 The Father's rest, in God's own acre near,  
 Their virtues in their children reappear;

Our Hiram Hulse, the genial, tender, true,  
 Whose noble sons a noble life renew.  
 Our Coes, our Corys, our Dalrymple too,  
 Our Carys and our Byrams staunch and true,  
 Our Fordham, our LeFevre, our McCord,  
 The Elders in this ancient church of God.  
 Our Meekers, and our Condit, and our Kings,  
 And all the worthy host that memory brings  
 In honored names and in the Christian graces



Thus borne by those who rise to take their places,  
Who wear the mantles and adorn the name,  
That found in serving its immortal fame.

Our sons and daughters have been scattered wide  
Across the continents across the tide,  
On Persian soil and on the Western fields  
To gather home at last with golden sheaves.  
Our sons and daughters on the other shore  
Who gather at the Father's open door,  
Or watch us from the height, inspire to-day  
To persevere along the homeward way.  
One heart, one aim, in Pastor and in flock,  
To feed in pastures by the clefted rock.

As thirty years and one we would review,  
Our pledges to each other we renew,  
As when in eighteen hundred sixty-four  
The record first the name of Stoddard bore,  
To hold it thus these thirty years and one  
Until one hundred thirty-nine have gone,  
And we recall the labors and the word  
Of those who came as they were sent of God.

Ten pastors and the nine supplies in all,  
And each save two, have heard the higher call,  
Have crossed the stream, and on the peaceful strand  
Have joined the flock of our Immanuel's land.

In August eighteen hundred seventy-two,  
The church resolved to add a portion new,  
And build a pulpit recess, and to crown  
Our work, the Lord has added of His own

The pillars that in earthly temples rise,  
Are fashioned for the Temple in the skies;  
Enwrought perchance by sorrow's ministry  
For blessed service in eternity.

Three years ago another change was made,  
In charge of chosen men who felt repaid  
For time and thought and service, day and night,  
By added beauty, comfort, joy and light.

Your pastor found some eighty members here,  
It has been given his ministry to cheer  
The dear three hundred and the fifty-eight  
The joy and comfort of his pastorate.  
And as the blessed seasons shall return  
He yearns to welcome others in your name,  
Until our households and our neighbors given  
We number all when we shall meet in Heaven.  
Your Pastor of the thirty years and one  
Thus overlooks the work that has been done.  
As hand was joined to hand, the wedding chimes  
Have echoed the one hundred sixty times.  
To voice the sorrow of the stricken soul  
The funeral bell has often had to toll.  
Your Pastor in these hours of sorrow given  
To speak four hundred times and thirty-seven.  
Your Pastor has received *your* words of love  
When *his* beloved have been called above.  
Your Pastor comforted on that sad day  
Nine years ago when Linnet passed away,  
Your Pastor strengthened by the Mission Band  
Who take up Linnet's work with heart and hand.

And by the ladies' missionary zeal,  
Upon whose work the Lord has set His seal,  
The praying circle to whose faith is given  
To link this church with that which serves in Heaven.  
Your Pastor looking to the Boys' Brigade  
To be in very truth the Pastor's aid.  
As we its noble record thus recall,  
Christian Endeavor intertwining all,  
Recruited by the Junior nursery  
For fruitful years in the next century.

A faithful band of singers in the choir,  
A faithful band of hearers to inspire,  
A faithful band of trusted, tried trustees,  
To plan the wisest uses of the keys.  
An eldership united to conserve  
The interests that they are called to serve.  
A faithful band of workers here for God,  
And honored names to bear the name abroad.  
A record to inspire the present hour  
To do its best, to add new zeal and power,  
To make each year more useful than the last,  
Uplifting ever by its worthy past.

Your Pastor of the thirty years and one  
Can never feel his truest work is done  
Until the seal of God, His love attest,  
His benediction on each household rest,  
And in this year one hundred thirty-nine  
This church and people share the grace divine.

ADDED, 1913

The records tell us at the present time  
 Of marriages four hundred eighty-nine,  
 Of funerals eight hundred ninety-seven,  
 And could a message come to us from Heaven,  
 Your Pastor of a half a century  
 Would add this prayer to crown his ministry,  
 "In blessing others may the church be blest,  
 God's benediction on each household rest,  
 Until the higher service calls together  
 And we are one, forever and forever."

## ITEMS REGARDING THE ELDERSHIP

In 1768 the Church at Succasunna joined the Church at Chester in a call to the Rev. Wm. Woodhull.

The following were Elders at that date: Eliphalet Lewis, Elisha Drake, Jeremiah Rogers.

The next record of Eldership is December, 1817. They were Ebenezer Coe and Hiram Condit in the ministry of Rev. Jacob Green. September, 1818, Caleb Jennings, Samuel King, and Abraham Coe were chosen Elders.

July, 1823, Mr. Absalom Woodruff, Mr. Daniel Dalrymple, and Calvin Thompson were chosen Elders. Mr. Woodruff did not serve on account of ill health.

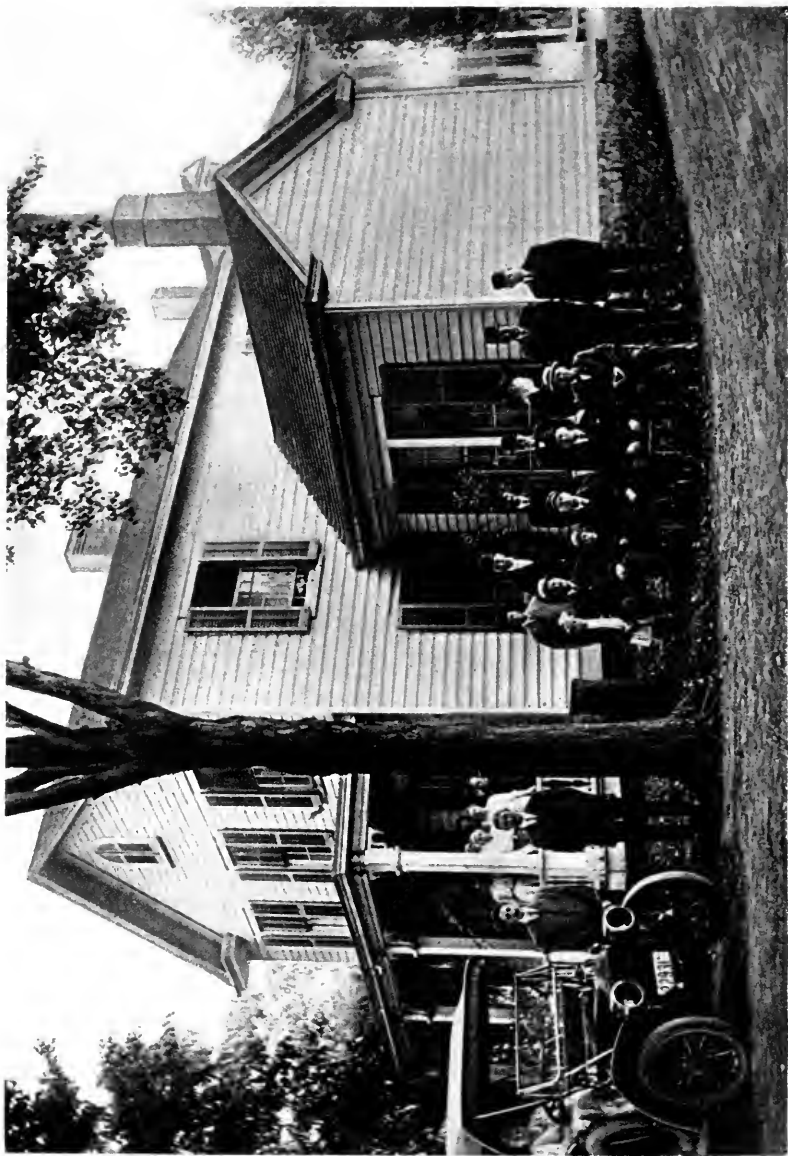
June 14, 1835, Silas Riggs, Daniel Cary, and Wm. B. Lefevre were chosen Elders.

January 29, 1837, Stephen F. Fordham, Silas Byram, and Henry Concklyn were chosen Elders.

May 2, 1841, Samuel McCord, Martin S. Moore, and Isaac W. Crane were chosen Elders.

January 2, 1846, Mr. L. F. Corwin and Mr. Lewis Meeker were chosen Elders.





OFFICIAL BOARD WITH THEIR PASTOR

October, 1848, Mr. Geo. W. Packard and Mr. A. R. Riggs were chosen Elders.

March, 1864, Mr. Joshua G. Corwin and Mr. Josiah Meeker were chosen Elders.

May 6, 1874, Mr. Silas H. Hopkins was chosen Elder.

November 27, 1892, Mr. T. F. King, Mr. H. F. Meeker, and Mr. Jonas W. Hulse were chosen Elders, and are still in service.

## GLEANINGS FROM THE 139TH ANNIVERSARY

May 19th—afternoon and evening. Mr. Ed. J. Ross related an incident that has a message for to-day. The Patriarch of the household had gone away. One said to the family, How can you get along without your father? The answer came. When any plan is before us we sit down together and ask what would father wish us to do? It is the wisdom of the ages granted to the younger. So is it with this grand old church. Pastors have come and gone, but the Word of the Lord abideth forever. The Church of this day is living on the fruits of the forefathers and this Church is to live and bring forth fruit in old age.

Dr. I. W. Condit, of Dover, was the second speaker. He said: "This is the place of my birth. I began church-going here at about four years, and while I lived with my father we always attended church on the Sabbath. The first Sabbath-school I recollected was organized by Rev. Jacob Green, and I think he baptized me. Sabbath-school was held only in summer months. We learned verses from the Bible and recited them. My brother received a Bible as a reward which I well remember.

"In April, 1842, I came from school to spend the summer. At the organizing of the school I was requested to act as Superintendent. The line of study was the Union Question Book and the Shorter Catechism. In October we had a review of the summer's work. I gave out forty-two Bibles to scholars who had committed the whole to memory, and twenty-two Testaments to those who committed to memory a definite portion. I could name some of those scholars, and one of them, Marcus Meeker, is now looking me in the face.



"In those days this congregation covered a great deal more ground than it does now. The people of Flanders and Ironia and Mt. Freedom, Mine Hill, Mill Brook, Berkshire Valley, and Stanhope worshipped here. The street here was filled with horses and wagons, and I recall one yoke of oxen that used to come.

"I remember the old church building well, but not as it was first used. Then they had boxes and boards for temporary seats. A sounding-board was over the pulpit. Then they laid a floor and put in square upright pews with doors. Then the sounding-board was removed, and one of the panels of that sounding-board for a long time covered my mother's cream pot.

"But the times change, and the buildings change, but this thing does not change. The boy is the father of the man. Remember that, I want you to take in all that it means. If the boy is a good boy, if he is governed by right motives, the man will be right. If the boy is a Christian the man will be a Christian. Now, what benefit has the Sabbath-school been to me? What has family instruction done for me? I want to say to all these young people—they taught me to respect all that is true, just, proper, and right."

Mr. John McDougall, who is about eighty-four years old, next spoke: "When I look over this congregation I do not see one person as old as I am. I have known this Church for years. I have seen much good work for Christ done here. One question is hard to answer, What of the next 139 years? Who is going to take the places of all the people and workers who are passing away?"

Mr. J. C. Buck came next. In his "looking back" over forty-two years he felt that the young are the bulwark of the Church and Sunday-school. Honor the Sabbath and keep it holy. Honor your parents and attend Church and Sunday-school.

Mr. Ferdinand V. Wolfe speaks: "When I was a little boy my father lived near where William Corwin now lives. Miss Mary Ann Corwin, now Mrs. Byram, led me many times to Church and Sunday-school. Among the peculiarities of that place was the

pulpit set up on stilts. Under the pulpit was the library. In the high seats with doors the boys and girls were in classes. We could not see out very much because of the high partitions and doors. But many of the brightest and best days of my boyhood were here. We got impressions and teachings we have never forgotten. This was my home and when I come back here I come home and I am very glad. It is a great pleasure that I was invited to come here to-day. My hope is that the children of this day and this Sunday-school will find the benefit that we found here many years ago. I had a good praying mother and she loved this church and Sunday-school. Here too the Lord raised up for me a dear, sweet wife. The Lord has taken them both and by and by He will take me to join them."

In the evening letters were read from the absent, and by a singular coincidence just as the message from Mrs. E. Durham was being read, in her distant home in Lebanon, Pa., she was passing away, thus linking the Church below to the Church above. After which Hervey Cook, Esq., one of our own young men, came back with gleanings from contemporaneous history that showed the student and the scholar, as well as the man. The discourse was of profound interest and full of instruction. Next followed the address of Mr. Frank Merchant, which alluded to his early acquaintance with the pastor and recalled some very happy reminiscences.

Mrs. McDowell, a daughter of Rev. E. A. Osborne, gave a word of greeting. Rev. Mr. Hampton, of the M. E. Church, brought congratulations and hoped that the excellent things that characterized this church might also characterize his own church.

On Monday, May 20, at the reception in the Chapel by the Session—Miss Cary, an honored teacher of the earlier days, was present with many other faithful workers.

On Tuesday from 4 to 7 P.M. a reception was given to the Sunday-school, Mission Band, Boys' Brigade, and Junior Endeavor. Miss Louise Wiggins, who has been for more than twenty years the

teacher of the infant class, received with the Pastor. The guests were then entertained by music and a sight of the curious relics gathered on the platform of the church, including the foot-stoves of the olden times and a bench from the Friend's meeting-house, at least one hundred years old, a picture of Christ teaching in the Temple that is five hundred years old, a drum that served at Bunker Hill in the Revolutionary War, pictures, vases, candle-sticks, mortars, pictures worked in silk, ancient books and chairs, the study chair of Rev. Fordham and the brass kettle from which his tea was made. After a sight of these and other interesting and curious relics the company returned to the Chapel and were served in the dining-room. On the center table was a large cake containing the names of all the pastors and the supplies of the one hundred and thirty-nine years with the dates 1756 and 1895 and Succasunna Presbyterian Church, the lettering in deep pink on a white icing. Old-time candle-sticks gave the lights and from the old-time memories came much to cheer. The Reunion and Review has been full of instruction and enjoyment, and we trust the Reunion and Review of the next one hundred and thirty-ninth year may be as profitable to those who shall take up our work in this honored church, while we look on from the heights above to see Zion going forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

## SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

1897

Dr. Stoddard's seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated in the chapel with cakes and candles, Mr. Elmer Harrington presiding.

A letter from Dr. Charles Hastings Dodd of Newark, was read expressing regrets at absence and devoted wishes for the occasion and many returns of its sweet household joys, adding:

"If I could look forward to such an evening of my days, I would heartily choose the conditions of your life as my model. What a precious happiness is yours indeed!

"Only love and loving presences will grace the feast. And best of all—the one presence of the incarnated Son! My dear Doctor, go on—go on,—your influence is an achievement, with vastly more momentum than the busy labors of any one of us.

"God grant a clear day, a dear day, and Heaven above your roof true."

After the reading of the letter Mrs. Nannie Riggs King stepped forward and read a tribute to our beloved Pastor of thirty-three years on his seventy-seventh birthday.

"Behold I bring you tidings of great joy." Luke ii, 10.

"Many shall rejoice at His birth." Luke i, 14.

As angels sang at Bethlehem,  
Rejoicing at the Saviour's birth,  
When laying down the diadem  
He came to share the life of earth,  
His little ones awake the strain—  
Their angels sing the sweet refrain.

Thus fragments of that song have come  
With every child that God has given,  
To every loving Christian home  
That consecrates its gifts to Heaven.  
Thus on and on they still renew  
In other lives, their service true.

Within a household far away  
A joy was known in which we share,  
When seventy years and seven this day  
The cradle formed an altar there,  
An altar to the Holy One  
For whom the mother trained her son.

Then as he reached the age of eleven,  
He ratified his parents choice,  
And all the years since then were given  
To work in which the good rejoice.  
Of them we claim the thirty-three  
Of one continued ministry.

As we recall the past again,  
The ties of love we would rebind,  
Each link of this unending chain,  
With best of wishes intertwined.  
The seventy links and seven are one,  
To represent each heart and home.

An emblem of the bands that hold  
In fellowship the most complete.  
The words the fathers spake of old  
Their children's children can repeat.  
While unseen guests may also bring  
A birthday wish and offering.

In every link with every name  
 Are seventy wishes and the seven,  
 The thought in one and all the same,  
 Enfolding all a prayer to Heaven.  
 For countless blessings from above  
 To crown a life of faith and love.

With gratitude for vanished years,  
 Committing those that are to come  
 We look beyond our joys and tears,  
 And see the circle gathered home.  
 Where all these links of time have given  
 Their jewels to the crown of Heaven.

On behalf of the seventy-seven,

E. A. S.

As the "links" were mentioned Mrs. Marsh threw aside her cape and displayed a brilliant chain of ribbons—which, after the words, "crown a life of faith and love," she gracefully draped over Dr. Stoddard's shoulders. Mrs. King then resumed her reading; at the close Mrs. Marsh added, "We had designed one chain of seventy-seven links but it has grown to be two chains. Let one represent our grateful love for the years that are past, the other our best wishes for the years that are to come, of which we hope there may be many and each crowned with God's blessing." She then delicately bound Mrs. Stoddard to Dr. Stoddard with the ribbon chain—saying some touching words to which the heart replied:

"The kindness of this people has bound me to them with ties of steel. Each year has linked us more closely in mutual sympathy and service. And we trust whatever the future brings of joy or of sorrow, that we all may be one in thought, in purpose, and in effort,—united in Christ, by Christ, and for Christ, and by and by with Christ."



*Eliza A. Stoddard*





## THE TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND

1898

Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard made part of the Aller family in the visit to the Holy Land, stopping at Gibraltar, Malaga, the Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo, Malta, and Joppa, spending eleven days in Jerusalem, which gave time for glimpses of many sacred places within driving distances, enabling them to collect souvenirs for all the friends of the home-land. Returning, they visited Rome and Constantinople. While in the Bosphorus, Dr. Stoddard preached on board ship on, "Our Father," and Dr. Charles Robinson of New York said of it at its close, "It was inspired." And many touching incidents revealed its benefits to a congregation made up of the most varied elements.

Arrived at Constantinople, a drive of nine miles brought them to Robert College, where they were guests for the night, and on the morrow were enabled to visit all educational centres as well as to indulge in museums and bazaars, under the escort of students. One of the most interesting calls was on Dr. Elias Riggs, the senior missionary of the Board, at his residence in Scutari, Asia, which was reached by crossing from Stamboul in Europe by a ferry-boat.

On the return Dr. Stoddard was allowed by the courtesy of the collector of the port of New York to pay duty on his immense boxes from Jerusalem, and then the frail things were not sent to the Custom House but to Succasunna. These boxes contained curios and remembrances from Egypt and the Holy Land.

As symbolical of the staff of office, the elders and trustees of the church were presented with canes from the oak of Bashan. Olive wood in a wonderful variety of ornamental and useful articles gave the ladies and friends attractive souvenirs. There were six hundred albums of pressed flowers with covers of olive wood, and cards of

the preserved blossoms in great abundance, also little olive wood tablets for the pulpit with the monogram of Jerusalem, Jordan water for the baptismal font, soil from Gethsemane, water from the Dead Sea, shells from Joppa, the port of Jerusalem, stones from ruins, models of domestic articles, dolls to represent the babe in swaddling clothes and a Bethlehem bride, embroidered suits and veils, peasant dresses, an Arab costume with the John the Baptist camel's-hair garment.

These have been very useful in illustrating Oriental life in connection with the stereopticon record of the journey.

1898

## THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

### RECEPTION TO DR. STODDARD

Last Tuesday evening a reception was tendered by the Church people to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Stoddard. It was intended as a welcome back home after his trip to Palestine, also to commemorate his seventy-eighth birthday and to signalize the completion of his thirty-fourth year as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The exercises were held in the Chapel and a large number of friends were present. Rev. J. E. Hancock of the Methodist Church presided. Rev. Dr. David Spencer offered the opening prayer, followed with a solo by Joseph Harris accompanied on the organ by Miss Sue Coursen, in singing the following welcome-hymn, composed for the occasion:

*Tune—"Even Me."*

Hear, our Father, our thanksgiving,  
 As our greetings we would bring,  
 To our well-beloved Pastor,  
 While with grateful hearts we sing,  
 Welcome home, welcome home,  
 Faithful Pastor, welcome home!

O'er the trackless waste of ocean,  
O'er the deep, blue, inland sea,  
Over mountain, vale, and desert,  
Jesus safe—did pilot thee;  
Welcome home, welcome home,  
Faithful Pastor, welcome home!

Thou hast stood by Bethlehem's manger,  
Walked in sad Gethsemane,  
Traced the paths of love and blessing,  
To the Cross of Calvary,  
Welcome home, welcome home,  
Faithful Pastor, welcome home!

Welcome home! enthused, enladen,  
With the thirty years and four,  
Wear the crown of sheaves you gathered  
From the "foot-prints" of that shore;  
Welcome home, welcome home,  
Faithful Pastor, welcome home!

Seventy years and eight are numbered,  
On the milestone of this day,  
Gratefully are they remembered,  
While for years to come we pray,  
Welcome home, welcome home,  
Faithful Pastor, welcome home!

Tell again "the old, old story,"  
Learned anew at Calvary,  
Till in realms of endless glory,  
Gathered home beyond the sea;  
Safely home, safely home,  
Pastor—flock, all welcomed home!

E. A. S.

Rev. J. E. Hancock made some pleasant remarks. He was followed by Dr. Spencer. Then came a musical trio consisting of cornet, Joseph Harris; violin, Elmer Gardner; organ, Miss Sue Coursen; which rendered very sweetly, "Home, Sweet Home." Rev. W. H. Morgan, of the Central M. E. Church, Newark, formerly of Port Morris, made an address full of interest and pathos. Dr. Stoddard spoke with great fervor and appreciation of the interest shown. "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, when all repaired to the basement and were served with ice cream and cake.

1898

This year's record had another specially marked day. On April 20th, in the Peddie Memorial Church of Newark, Dr. Stoddard stood at the marble altar with the happy groom to welcome the incomparable bride, who from earliest childhood had been so dear to the parsonage at Succasunna.

The beautiful scene and service was the theme in many homes after the great congregation had been permitted to express their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage in their own home, where the most elaborate refreshments were in keeping with all the appointments of the day.

The dedication of the Peddie Memorial Church had been an event in the fifty years of this pastorate. Dr. Stoddard had been honored with an invitation to the laying of the corner-stone, and at its dedication, standing in the cathedral pulpit, the rich, deep tones of the man of God seemed to bring a message from the Word to every heart, and the wonderfully impressive prayer drew all very near to the Father who is in Heaven because of the deepest sympathy with the purpose of love and gratitude that had devised and given this new Sabbath Home.





PEDDIE MEMORIAL CHURCH. NEWARK. N. J.

MEMORIAL AND DEDICATORY HYMN TO  
THE PEDDIE MEMORIAL CHURCH,  
NEWARK

Between the cherubim to dwell,  
O Lord, the God of Israel,  
    To this new Temple come!  
The Ark of Covenant divine,  
The mercy seat, the holy shrine,  
    With Thy Shékinah crown!

The men of God who fed the light,  
And kept the altar fire so bright,  
    Within the sacred place,  
Beyond the veil the incense bear,  
In golden vials full of prayer,  
    Before the throne of grace.

And clouds of witnesses are given,  
As we would dedicate to Heaven,  
    A gift of grateful love.  
Rejoicing with the sainted one  
That this, his cherished work, is done  
    They come from realms above.

The absent are, in spirit near,  
Uniting in the service here,  
    In song almost divine;  
Presenting this thank offering  
For guidance in the journeying  
    Of all the years of time.

## ELIJAH WOODWARD STODDARD

A record of the coming age  
Is graven on this stony page,  
That earthly gifts abide,  
If linked in holy word or thought,  
And into loving service wrought,  
Before the eventide.

The portals of thy house, O Lord,  
We open, at thy spoken word,  
Inviting all to come;  
Give blessing to the stranger guest,  
And to the faint and weary rest,  
In this their Father's home.

And when we join the bright array  
Who fill these arches here to-day,  
The unseen angel band,  
May thousands, from this Temple gate,  
Be welcomed by the friends who wait  
In yonder Heavenly land!

E. A. S.



MAY 1, 1899

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

REV. DR. E. W. STODDARD PREACHES HIS THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SERMON

Rev. E. W. Stoddard, D.D., completed his thirty-fifth year as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Succasunna on May 1st. He preached the anniversary sermon of the event from the text, Matthew xiii, 3, "A sower went forth to sow."

The sermon was a rich unfolding of the thought in the text and of the scenes which suggested it. God was the first husbandman and man was His gardener. God committed precious seed to-day to His ministry, the seed for the nourishment of the soul. Very touching tributes were paid to the Elders and to the members who have been welcomed to the fellowship of the Church of the first born. The work of the Church has been sowing, cultivating, and harvesting.

During these thirty-five years, 375 members have been added to the church, 227 have removed or died, and 148 are on the church record to-day; fourteen of these are of the original members. All the Elders and Trustees who signed the call have passed away excepting one Trustee. There remains still work in seed sowing and harvesting and what the Church needs is renewed consecration in the work of the Lord. During the period, 533 funerals have been attended, indicating that death is harvesting faster than the Church. The following lines closed the sermon for which they had been prepared:

Beside the Galilean sea,  
Two thousand years ago,  
A part of spring-time history,  
"A sower went forth to sow."

And Jesus used the simile  
To illustrate the word  
Committed to His ministry,  
"The seed, the word of God."

He sends them forth the fields to sow  
As faithful hands prepare.  
Thus thirty years and five ago  
I came your work to share.

Around me gathered such a band  
As makes the weakest strong,  
And heart to heart and hand to hand,  
As one we labored long.

But there are fields beyond the stream,  
And some are wanted there,  
This border land that lies between  
The chosen ones must spare.

But while the fathers pass away  
They leave the precious Word,  
Their children sowing in their day  
To meet a coming need.

Thus year by year the budding leaf,  
Maturing into grain,  
Will yield the full, the golden sheaf,  
To plant and sow again.

Until the day of days shall come,  
When all who toil or wait,  
Shall help to bear the harvest home  
Through yonder open gate.

APRIL 23, 1899

## DR. STODDARD'S BIRTHDAY

## AND A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED BY HIS CONGREGATION

The Presbyterian Church of Succasunna last Sunday recognized the seventy-ninth birthday of the Pastor of thirty-five years by a very full attendance and by many beautiful floral gifts. Behind the pulpit, just above the Pastor's chair, was a large and beautiful Christian flag the remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage, of Newark.

The Pastor made some most touching remarks about the flowers, the flag, and the years. He alluded to the near completion of thirty-five years, saying the service had been very pleasant to himself; he had tried to do all that he could for his people. It had not yielded all the fruitage desired but the promises were unfulfilling. He remarked also that it was evident by these tokens all around him that his people were not reserving "the alabaster box or vase." He assured them of his appreciation of these expressions of remembrance and then he gave a most excellent sermon on, "Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life," John xiv, 6.

At the close of this service a new service began. In accordance with a notice from the Session and Trustees the Pastor had requested the congregation to tarry five minutes. He supplemented this notice with remarks concerning the recent parish meeting, as he evidently supposed the present call was in some way connected with that meeting, and concluded with, "if we stay we shall know the

reason of the call." He little realized that the people knew already. Immediately after the benediction the Session and Trustees formed a circle around the desk and Henry Meeker spoke as follows:

"Dr. Stoddard, on this, your seventy-ninth birthday, the official members of the Church and congregation and all your friends wish to extend to you the hand of Christian fellowship and congratulation. Very soon, thirty-five years of faithful service will be completed. Yours, indeed, is a peculiar position. Since your coming here a generation has grown up and another generation has passed away. The generation that has passed away were comforted and strengthened by your prayers, wise counsels, and kindly ministrations. The present generation owe much to you for what you have done for them in the Sunday-school, the pulpit, and by personal work, and it is our prayer, Dr. Stoddard, that the Lord may grant you many days and years of usefulness with us, and may the work you have done be prospered and the seeds of truth you have sown in the hearts of your people find root and bear rich fruitage, even a hundred-fold."

After the reading the Session and Trustees shook hands with their Pastor, who, coming to the front pew in the middle aisle, received the congratulations of the entire congregation as they passed in one unbroken stream around the aisles. It was to him a most complete and touching surprise and it was most gratifying. Thirty-five years implants and nurtures many ties between a Pastor and his people and an opportunity for expression is a mutual benediction.

JUNE 27, 1899

## AN INTERESTING REUNION

DR. STODDARD ELECTED PRESIDENT OF HIS CLASS, AMHERST, '49

Among the interesting features of commencement week at Amherst, Mass., was the jubilee reunion of the Class of '49. Eight of the sixteen survivors of the fifty-one members of the original class gathered on the porch of Professor Hitchcock's beautiful home, when the Rev. Dr. E. W. Stoddard was elected president of the Alumni Class of '49. Letters were read from absent members—one from China, one from San Francisco, one from Pennsylvania, where a classmate has been in one parish forty-six years. The class poem was read, a bountiful luncheon was served, and then the class rode to call on an old lady of ninety-eight years, a Mrs. Emerson, the mother of the class valedictorian. They also drove to the college buildings, where they were greeted and welcomed with much enthusiasm and great honor by class after class. At the alumni dinner on the following day they had central seats and received marked attention, Dr. Stoddard being called upon to give thanks for the engathered five hundred. Their class had included a president of Amherst College, a professor of thirty-eight years standing, Dr. Hitchcock, to whom was presented a loving cup, and on whom was conferred the honorary degree of LL.D., which had been conferred on Dr. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass. Missionaries and judges and men in high esteem in business circles were also once students in this class and their reminiscences and reunion was of an unusually interesting character.

“Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and return  
Every one to his own, was the mandate Divine.  
In our jubilee year, where the camp-fires still burn  
We would gather once more as the class “Forty-nine.”

There were fifty-one students in that olden time  
Who thus honored the class by long hours and hard toil,  
There were thirty-two names in the year forty-nine,  
And their parchments gave witness to much midnight oil.

As the roll call is answered to-day by a few  
They respond for the absent who still are our own,  
For the friendships we formed are so loyal and true  
That as one in all records of time we are known.

And perchance as we listen some message may come  
In some sweet benediction to hallow the day,  
That each memory fond, of this dear college home  
May inspire and encourage for life's work and way.

And when folded the tent that has sheltered in time,  
And the new life shall open, may welcomes be given  
To a band reunited—the class “Forty-nine”—  
In the friendships and service and glory of Heaven.

E. A. S.

Amherst, Mass.

## A RECEPTION FOR DR. CONRAD OTTO STUMPF, AUGUST, 1899

The reception for Dr. and Mrs. C. Otto Stumpf on Tuesday evening brought together more than a hundred of their friends and a host of others sent regrets and best wishes. The room was tastefully decorated. The large silk Christian flag was draped over the alcove so that the cross was just at the centre. The flag of China was arranged with that of our own beloved land, which we esteem as the more worthy of the title of the "Celestial." The Persian flag was also placed by the Stars and Stripes, thus representing the Son and the Daughter who represent the mother church on the foreign field.

After the congratulations and pleasant exchanges, Joseph Harris sang the hymn prepared for the occasion and the choir led the friends in the chorus. Then Mrs. Marsh, escorted by two little girls carrying a chain of ribbons, came up the aisle to Dr. and Mrs. Stumpf and presented the hundred silken links, as an emblem of the linking and interlinking of our work and of our sympathy. As each ribbon contained the name of the donor (and some of them were elaborately painted or embroidered), and as the arrangement of colors was most tasteful, the chain was very ornamental as it encircled Dr. and Mrs. Stumpf where Mrs. Marsh entwined it after the touching and appropriate remarks, which had voiced her own heart and the hearts of the friends thus represented.

After the singing of the hymn, "Moment by Moment," Dr. Stoddard and Henry Meeker approached Dr. and Mrs. Stumpf, Mr. Meeker holding the beautiful clock, which, as president of the Christian Endeavor Society, he was to present on behalf of the

Society. Dr. Stoddard made some happy allusions to the striking of this clock and the answer of our own. Each would number twelve, but one would announce the midnight and one the noon hour, yet we would both count twelve and remember one another for we will still be one in heart, in purpose, in hope, and, by and by, one where the hours are not measured or the joys numbered.

After the presentation, cake and cream were served, and at the close of this social hour Dr. Potter was requested to lead us in prayer for the safety and blessing of the friends going out from us and bearing so much of our love and thought into their distant home. At the close of this petition and benediction Dr. Stoddard started, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the company parted, saying in their hearts, "God be with you till we meet again."

The following were printed on the souvenir programme:

"And sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come."

"Heal the sick that are therein and say unto them, 'The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.'" Luke x, 1, 9.

Before His face to every place  
Where He Himself would come  
Our Lord is sending by His Grace  
To every heart and home.

The messengers to every clime  
Go forth at His command,  
That earth redeemed by touch Divine  
May be Immanuel's land.

He honors by a mission high  
Another of our own,  
And in the coming by and by,  
When reaped the harvests sown,



The Lord will give as has been given,  
And at the Father's door  
The welcomes of the home of Heaven  
Unite forevermore.

CHORUS

With the cross, with the cross,  
And its shadow of light,  
That has healing and strength in each ray,  
You go forth by faith, precious in His light.  
Who will guide, who will guard all the way.

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee.” “The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.” “The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.” Numbers vi, 24-26.

## EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

1900

The eightieth birthday engathered the invited guests of the parish with kindred and friends from near and afar.

Addresses were made by ministers and laymen. They were most beautiful tributes of the fellowship of neighboring churches. Letters came from the absent. A mysterious box containing eighty silver dollars was presented with appropriate remarks. A line enclosed therein explained the addition of a few gold pieces and some crisp bills as looking forward to years still to be numbered.

The response was worthy of the man they delighted to honor.

His appreciation was beyond expression but somehow he contrived to let the people understand that their message was understood and called forth the deep love of a grateful heart. The social hour with its refreshments gave opportunity for many exchanges of friendship, and we are all thankful for the privilege of bringing our flowers when they could be so thoroughly enjoyed.

1900

TO REVEREND DOCTOR ELIJAH W. STODDARD, ON HIS  
EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL THE TWENTY-  
THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED

*Serus in cælum redeas.*—Horace.  
(May your return to Heaven be long hence).

Moses in his lofty psalm  
In his philosophic calm,  
Muses o'er life's little round  
With sublimity profound,

Thinking of the time of man  
As a very narrow span,  
Even in its fourscore years,  
Seen awhile, then disappears,  
And within the heavenly care,  
Seeks for wisdom in his prayer.

Doubtless he was then as old  
As those numbered days he told,  
Feeling that his work was done,  
And its honors had been won,  
Seeming to forget his eye  
Had its wonted brilliancy;  
Overlooking he was strong  
As the youthful in the throng,  
Learning that his country's story  
Would illumine him with glory  
Later in his victory,  
That would set his people free.

Now, my friend, in youthful age,  
With the wisdom of the sage,  
In the midst of prayer and praise  
Going up from many ways,  
Do not think it is Good-bye  
To thy further ministry.  
Still with head, and heart, and hand,  
Onward is a goodly land.

Thou wert favored in thy birth,  
In a line of pious worth,  
Running back with pride to meet  
Those in memory ever sweet.  
Edwards, great as he was good,  
Had in common Stoddard blood,

And if talents we inherit  
From our mothers, rare in merit,  
Then that thinker has his fame  
From the worthy Stoddard name.

Happy childhood comes again,  
When we see the future men  
And the women who will be  
Loved, or in unloved degree,  
And thou art in childhood's ways,  
Romping in its rounds of plays.  
Youth has morning's rising glow,  
Hopes of manhood soon to know,  
Full of duties, joys, and cares,  
Rich with father's, mother's prayers.

Tasks upon the homestead farm,  
Without love, may have a charm,  
And the teacher, rule in hand,  
Learns obedience to command,  
With the college on before  
With its depths of classic lore,  
With divinity in view,  
To be faithful there and true.  
Honored Doctor, they who win  
Many from the wiles of sin  
To the righteous, stars shall be!  
Such reward shall come to thee!  
Then thy Saviour shall thee crown  
With His wreathings of renown.

Heaven and earth will witness now  
All that kindles up thy brow.  
God may have in goodness yet  
E'en some brighter coronet

To adorn thee further here.  
 Be thy going far or near,  
 When it comes, 'twill glorious be,  
 Like Elijah's,—heaven to see!  
 Music, song, and speech have blest!  
 Blessings on thee ever rest!

J. HERVEY COOK.

Fishkill-on-the-Hudson.

TO THE HONORED PATRIARCH, REV. ELIJAH WOODWARD  
 STODDARD, D.D., ON THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

We bid thee hail on this memorial day,  
 And thank kind heaven that bids thee longer stay  
 To shed the blessing of serene old age  
 Upon a host of friends who throng life's stage.

Friendship and love unite in sweet accord,  
 To honor thee, dear servant of the Lord,  
 Now eighty years have crowned thy blameless life,  
 Enshrined its virtues, smoothed all toil and strife.

Long may'st thou live, in piety and peace;  
 Until the Master gives benign release,  
 And bids thee enter into endless joy,  
 Where praise and love shall be thy blest employ.

April 23, 1900.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD.

MAY 19, 1901

THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHAPEL

Miss Fanny Parsons, of Joppa, Syria, spoke in the morning of the features of the work in Palestine and the race prejudice to be met; in the afternoon she illustrated domestic life and customs by a rare selection of Oriental articles, among them a fishnet such as was used in the time of Christ, and dresses of natives together with specimens of their work.

The Mission Band, the Boys' Brigade, and their guests wore little sickles made of stout card-board, with the word "Reapers" on the crescent of the sickle and on the reverse the text: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." "Will you be one?" All joined in singing the hymn written for that question:

To fields already white,  
And for the sickle ripe,  
The Reapers come.  
With sheaves of golden grain  
Engathered from the plain,  
They join the homeward train,—  
Will you be one?

The harvests rich have grown  
Where our beloved have strewn,  
Their work goes on  
As Reapers join the Band  
To glean their Master's land,  
For those across the strand—  
Will you be one?

Then as the Lord receives  
The last of gathered sheaves,  
    You may be one  
With those whose harvests sown  
You reap to carry home  
Where Christ Himself shall crown  
    With His "Well Done."

The assemblage listened to Miss Parsons with the closest attention. "You need Christ and Christ needs you," was sung, and then all went out to the music of a processional to lay flowers on Linnet's resting-place.

In the evening Miss Parsons gave her personal experience in mission work in Jerusalem and Joppa, with many interesting incidents of school life, one of which should be repeated: Her little girls had heard some one speak of the great wretchedness and wickedness existing in Jerusalem, and going alone to pray they earnestly asked God to help and bless these people. Then they sang a very joyful hymn, and when asked about it said: "We prayed; God will hear because He has promised, and we thought we would thank Him by our hymn of praise." As Miss Parsons said, Jesus loves the land of his earthly home, and He will in his own time redeem it unto himself.

APRIL 23d, 1902

A RECEPTION AT THE PARSONAGE WITH FAVORS RECOGNIZED  
THE EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Selections from a letter of John L. Kanouse.

Owing to my advanced age it will be quite impossible for me to be present, but I wish to extend to you my congratulations, both on the years you have lived, and your long connection with the church at Succasunna.

I am now walking in my ninety-second year, and if I could be present, I would probably be the only one whose memory dates back to the days of the first church building erected in Succasunna which we find stated in the history of Morris County, was in 1760.

During the pastorate of my uncle, Rev. Peter Kanouse, which commenced in 1823, I was for a time a member of his family. I was a student at the Academy which Ezra Fairchild had established and conducted successfully for the education of pupils, both in the primary and more advanced branches of study, including Latin and Greek and Mathematics, intending to fit young men for entering college.

The Academy occupied a two-story building with a cupola and a bell, and at that time stood on the side of the Main street near where now stands the hotel building.

I well remember the old church as it was in my school days; it was a building whose main characteristic was its strength, for the timbers used in its frame were massive; the corner posts evidently were hewn out of large oak trees; there was no steeple and no bell; there were rudely formed seats, very unlike the cushioned



and upholstered seats of the present day. The pulpit was quite elevated from the floor and plainly furnished. But we can imagine that those bare and homely seats were occupied by a sturdy people, many coming a long distance, and all eager and attentive listeners to the words of the Pastor,—words of truth, holiness, and power.

We cannot but feel the strength of the church was not confined alone to the building. There were godly men and women in those early days, who were willing to make sacrifices that the church might be maintained.

In reverting again to my school days in this place I would like to speak of the main industry of that time. Iron-ore mining operations were carried on extensively, and daily could be seen wagons laden with ore, passing through the place, conveying it to the different forges in this region. The Governor Dickerson Mine was the most noted at that time in Morris County. Governor Dickerson was a regular attendant upon the services of the church; every Sabbath saw him in his pew.

In the time I spent in Succasunna communication with the outside world was of a limited nature; no railway trains, electric cars, or automobiles; the slow but steady-going stage-coach carried the mails and passengers, through storm or sunshine, wind or rain or snow, through mud or dust, daylight or darkness. The present generation can hardly realize the discomforts of such a mode of traveling.

During the visit of General Lafayette in 1825, we school boys had heard he would be in Morristown on a certain day; our patriotism was kindled and we felt we must see him; it would be an event never to be forgotten by us. Our teachers shared our spirit, and together we rode in large open wagons the ten long miles. But our weariness counted for nothing, for we saw General Lafayette as he walked in a procession down what is now South Street, Morristown.

I can after the lapse of so many years recall to mind his looks

and general appearance. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a slight limp in his walk.

And now I must close, again extending my congratulations. Please accept them,

From your friend,

JOHN L. KANOUSE.

Boonton, June 2, 1902.

Written in his own hand.





CHURCH CHAPEL AND PARSONAGE AT SUCCASUNNA, N. J.

JUNE 3, 1902

ANNIVERSARY YEAR—MARKING THESE DATES

- April 23. Dr. Stoddard's eighty-second Birthday.  
May 1. Completing thirty-eight years of pastorate in Succasunna.  
June 7. The fiftieth anniversary of graduation from Union  
Theological Seminary, N. Y.  
June 14. The fiftieth anniversary of ordination to the ministry  
by the Third Presbytery of New York City.

Also the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the organiza-  
tion of the church at Succasunna, N. J.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN

Over the Bridge of Memory  
The laurels we entwine  
To crown a *half a Century*  
Of consecrated time.

Over the Bridge of Memory  
We number, one by one,  
The *Thirty-Eight* of ministry  
In this, our Sabbath Home.

Over the Bridge of Memory  
The "*Eighty Years and two*"  
Are chiming their own melody,  
While passing in review.

And in the dear Church History,  
 That we to-day unfold,  
 The years one hundred forty-three  
 Pour out their wealth untold.

Over the Bridge of Memory  
 With golden sheaves we come  
 The harvests that so cheerfully  
 We reap for those at home.

Over the Bridge of Hope we come  
 Along the pathways trod  
 By those who wrought, by those who won  
 As they have walked with God.

Over the Bridge of Hope whose arch  
 Has borne the Centuries  
 We follow in triumphal march  
 For future ministries.

Until the meeting on the strand  
 Where Hope and Memory  
 Entwine their blossoms in the land  
 Of Immortality.

E. A. S.

#### TRIBUTES OF GUESTS

Selections from a sermon by Rev. Dr. T. F. White, representing the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, who was commissioned to present their thanks for the past, their congratulations for the present, and their best wishes for the future.

What does a Pastorate in a church for thirty-eight years mean? Though he has preached to the same intelligent congregation until they have come to know every habit of his speech, every inflection

of his voice, and every feature of his manner, and his way of putting things, yet he is not preached out because he has been drawing the water of life from the wells of salvation in the word of God.

It is said that there is hardly a man of whose methods and peculiarities men will not tire in half a score of years, and yet here is one Brother, for more than a third of a century in one parish, holding a firmer grip on their hearts and a deeper place in their confidence than ever before.

What emergencies he has had to meet, what problems to solve, what need of almost superhuman wisdom, we only who are pastors know,—what prudence, what tact, what skill, what tender sympathy in affliction, what gladness in prosperity, what shepherding in the bright and dark days, what development of love to meet all the ordinary duties and the emergencies of the years, always inspiring toward the better things beyond.

Dr. Halloway spoke for the Ministerial Association, alluding to the fact that not only because Dr. Stoddard had lived so long, but also because he had lived so well, so many to-day rise up and call him blessed.

Professor Sauvage, of Newark, sang, "Saved by Grace."

Charles A. Stoddard of the New York *Observer*, a kinsman of the Doctor's, was then introduced. He said that a good name was to be chosen rather than great riches and that their name was untarnished. He spoke of the staying quality of the family, saying that Solomon Stoddard had preached to one congregation sixty years.

Rev. J. B. Beaumont, who graduated from the same college with Dr. Stoddard, gave many reminiscences in the Doctor's life, and mentioned the fact that he was always among the children and youth of his congregation.

Rev. D. M. Ryder made a few pleasant remarks, after which Mr. Theodore F. King, on behalf of the church, presented the Doctor with a fine gold ring, which so completely surprised him that for a

time he was speechless. He soon recovered, however, and made a few remarks in his usual happy style.

Rev. T. F. Chambers then read the letters from clergymen expressing regrets at not being able to attend, and extending good wishes.

The choir then sang two verses of a hymn, when the audience arose and all joined in singing, "Blest be the tie that binds"; then the audience was dismissed with the benediction after an invitation to lunch in the chapel.

After a fine luncheon, a reception was held in the church and many affectionate words were spoken to the well-beloved Dr. Stoddard by the loving friends who pressed about him and received his blessing.

The birthday cake was decorated with eighty-two beautiful pink roses, each representing a milestone on the journey of eighty-two years. One not quite so large represented his fifty years in the ministry by fifty yellow roses. The third was beautified with thirty-eight white roses, one for each year of his pastorate at Succasunna. Another was ornamented with a list of the pastors and supplies of the church during its 143 years of existence since 1739.



## EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

1903

The eighty-third birthday reception was at the parsonage. It brought a postal and a letter shower. From several hundred messages we can give only a few. All were appreciated and cherished. We are so glad he read them and enjoyed their individual messages.

The Honorable Darwin R. James of Brooklyn voiced the gratitude of many of the boys in Dr. Stoddard's classes when he prepared for his own work by teaching.

Dr. Isaiah Hopwood of Newark delighted to call Dr. Stoddard one of his Theological Boys because Dr. Hopwood was pastor of the home church during Dr. Stoddard's young manhood.

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate* said, "On such occasions it is customary to offer original good wishes, but, in this case, invention is taken beyond its limit to respond."

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd, of St. Louis, alluded most touchingly to the fellowship of seven years shared in the Newark pastorate, where Dr. Stoddard was always a welcome visitor.

Dr. Boyd writes: "We join with your many friends in heartiest congratulations on the anniversary of your birth, which gave to humanity a noble soul in a noble body; a Christian gentleman, a loyal friend, a devoted pastor, a model husband; the friend and lover of all that is good and true and beautiful."

A selection from a letter of Dr. Epher Whittaker of Southold, Long Island:

"I have vivid and grateful recollections of our intimate friend-

ship and associations when we were fellow students for the ministry in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, more than fifty years ago."

A word from Dr. Robert E. Speer:

"I received an invitation to the most interesting anniversary service. I am very sorry that it was not possible to have the pleasure of being present with others, to rejoice in the completion of so many years of useful life and fruitful service. I trust that many more years may be added before your work is done."

The Rev. Dr. James Carter of Lincoln University, Pa., alluded to his grateful remembrance as a young pastor in a neighboring parish.

Dr. T. H. Landon, of Bordentown Military Institute, reproduced some of the scenes of thirty years ago, when in temperance and neighborhood work they labored as one heart and hand.

Dr. A. C. Dixon now of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, sent congratulations and remembrances of his Brooklyn pastorate, where Dr. Stoddard was frequently called to the pulpit.

From Dr. John Willis Baer comes this message: "We have learned that you will celebrate to-morrow your eighty-third birthday. Permit me to send you greetings from the Board of Home Missions and personal greetings, and to wish you many happy returns of the day."

A cheery word from Dr. Eldridge Mix: "Eighty-three! Still hale and hearty; step light and free; face illumined with the light beyond; happier than ever in your work; fireside not overshadowed by sorrow; loyal and loving people about you; youthful in spirit, though aged by the count of years; held in honor by all your brethren in the ministry; a tower of strength in the Presbytery; the dear good man whom everyone that knows you loves,—this is the way I think of you.

"Congratulate you! Why a thousand congratulations well up from my heart and seek for expression in this note of remembrance. So many of the good men of other days, have gone on before, that

you while still tarrying with us must consent to be the recipient of all the more affection from your brethren. My heartiest Easter greetings to you and Mrs. Stoddard."

The humor of this selection from the old-time friend, Dr. J. B. Beaumont, was heartily enjoyed:

"If memory serves me correctly, you are likely to have an eighty-third birthday on or about the 23rd inst. Comparatively few good men are so favored. How would it do for you on that memorable day to write out a new series of resolutions, entitled, 'What I ought and mean to be,' and 'What I ought and mean to do,' followed by the ten commandments of Scripture and the Constitution of the United States.

"You have always been good to me, and a model of patience, endurance, perseverance, and faithfulness to brethren in the ministry."

The Rev. James M. Thomas writes: "One of the hardest commands of Scripture is, 'Be not weary in well-doing.' So many start well, but soon get tired. All honor to the grit and courage that keeps steadily at the hard day's work and is not weary even at eighty-three!

"As one of the younger members of Presbytery, let me thank you for the example of faithfulness, enthusiasm, and energy you have given us."

From Chas. Rolfe:

"I am writing from Plymouth, the home of our religious freedom, to you who have done so much in living Christianity, loving Christianity, and in teaching and living and loving Christ. May every blessing be yours to-day and always."

To our dear friend, Dr. Stoddard, on his birthday.

O friend, whose sheaf is swelling  
With fourscore years and three,

How shall thy friends be telling  
The joy they share with thee?

Across the mountain ridges  
On this thy festal day  
The thought of friendship bridges  
To greet thee on thy way.

May Heaven's light fall o'er thee,  
As in the long ago,  
And may the years before thee  
With blessings overflow.

EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

From Rev. T. F. Chambers:

"Allow me to send to you my warmest congratulations upon your vigorous health, and unimpaired usefulness at the ripe old age of fourscore and three.

"Like Tennyson's brook, you seem bound to go on forever. And like a brook, the longer you run, and the farther you flow, the more freshness and life you seem to have in yourself, and be able to give to others."

From Rev. J. L. Watson:

"The records say it is eighty-three; but I think you are entitled to much more than the usual clerical discount. Clear-eyed; a voice like Boanerges; a ruddy countenance; erect carriage; and a vigorous intellect, surely this is not the description of an octogenarian. I fraternally congratulate you therefore,—not according to the dictum of the birth register, but as to the above stated youthful facts."

From Rev. Charles B. Bullard:

"Accept hearty congratulations on your eighty-third birthday from one whom you helped to ordain to the ministry more than twenty years ago. May it always be springtime with the Sun of righteousness shining upon you!"

From Rev. Robt. G. McGregor:

"Eighty-three years! No, I don't congratulate you on this fact. I *do* congratulate you on your deeds. Emerson says that a man counts his years when he has nothing else to do; you are not there yet, and God grant you never will be.

"Instead of congratulating you, dear Doctor Stoddard, I congratulate the people with whom you have spent your years."

From Rev. David O. Irving:

"It gives me great pleasure as a young man, to express my congratulations to you, an old man, so well preserved, so happy and so healthy, on your eighty-third birthday. You are certainly a wonderful example to the rising generation. I can only hope that if I am privileged to live to the allotted time for man, that I may bear my honors as gracefully as you do yours.

"May God bless you and keep you and make you a still greater blessing to His church."

From Rev. Dr. Halloway:

"With all my heart I congratulate you on your eighty-third birthday.

"With all my heart I pray that your long life of eminent usefulness in the Lord's work may be prolonged yet a long while.

"With all my heart I join with your host of friends in the endeavor to make this day in your life's journey one of sweetness and light."

From W. E. Honeyman:

"Such a young, active, and vigorous man as you are, it seems is determined to be eighty-three years old on the morrow. I can hardly believe it and had to read the announcement over three times before I gave it credit.

"Well, since it must be so, I want most heartily to congratulate you, or rather I should congratulate your wife and your congregation that you have been spared so long to cheer and comfort them, and brighten their lives, and bring untold blessings to them.

“May you be spared for many more years of usefulness.”

From Rev. Dr. J. A. Ferguson:

“In addition to the fraternal association of thirty-three years, I recall some facts which drew me towards you at the beginning of this period. I was a seminary mate of your brother Samuel. It was at Succasunna that I became a fellow Presbyter with you. Your home was the first one in the Presbytery in which I was entertained. At my examination for ordination you questioned me in church government. Your hands were placed upon my head at my ordination. At my installation as pastor at Hanover you delivered the charge to me.

“May you have more years of happy ministry, and, at the end receive the crown of life, the crown of righteousness, and the crown of glory.”

“Dear Uncle Stoddard,

We venerate thy golden years;  
We honor thy noble character;  
We admire thy sweet life;  
And love thee for what thou art.”

Our Pastor dear, to-day we come  
With a message of love to thee;  
Rejoiced to know that one by one  
You number the years of eighty-three.

Congratulations we send to you,  
On this fair day in the early spring,  
Among them all, there can be but few,  
More sincere than this, from E. L. King.

From Rev. Edward P. Gardner.

I am glad that, though some snow has fallen on the roof of your cottage, the fire still burns bright on the hearth-stone inside. May it be so for years to come.

1903

The Crystal Anniversary of the Christian Endeavor Society was celebrated in the chapel with representatives of the County Societies. The favors were glass tumblers, chased with C. E. and the dates. Dr. Stoddard was very happy in their presentation after refreshments.

## ANNIVERSARY HYMN, JULY 17, 1903

A crystal anniversary  
We celebrate to-day;  
Its fifteen years of ministry  
Have cheered the pilgrim way.

As pure as flows the crystal stream,  
Fed by the crystal spring,  
As bright as is the crystal gleam  
Of dewdrops blossoming.

As beautiful as crystal snow,  
With all its crystal stars,  
And as the many tinted bow  
Of summer's crystal showers.

And richer than the crystal gem—  
The *Crystal years* that bring  
Their choicest, for His diadem,  
Love's tribute to her King.

And if the Silver and the Gold  
The coming years record,  
Christian Endeavor will unfold  
Her treasures for her Lord.

E. A. S.

A CLIPPING FROM A MORRISTOWN PAPER OF JUNE 14,  
1903

The First Presbyterian Church held its services at 3:30 and the children and their friends attended in large numbers, but if they had known what was in store for them they would have been present in larger numbers. The Rev. E. W. Stoddard, D.D., of Succasunna, delivered the address to the children, and at the close he gave a description of his late visit to Palestine, which he had longed to take for over eighty years. He presented each member of the Sunday school with a flower from the Holy Land. The flowers were attached to cards, and he expressed the hope that those that received the flowers would always keep them in remembrance of the land where Christ lived and died. The music was furnished by the Sunday-school orchestra.

Dr. Stoddard preached in the South Street Presbyterian Church the same Sabbath evening.

### CHILDREN'S DAY SERMON

Taking as his text John x, 16, Dr. Stoddard preached the following sermon, Children's Day:—The fable of the Persian tent has a new meaning as we think of all the children of the world as gathered under one loving care. You remember the tent originally covered only the King and his Court, but it could expand to house the army and the nation.

God's love shown in Christian homes and in Christian schools



and in Christian nations is large enough to cover the whole world and while we guard most tenderly the lambs of the flock let us remember there are those "on the mountains cold and bare, away from the tender Shepherd's care," and we must join in His loving quest if we would "rejoice when the Lord brings back His own." Our children are God's children, His gifts to the home. The poet expresses it thus, "The soul that rises with us, our life's star has had elsewhere a setting and cometh from afar."

In trailing clouds of glory do we come, from God, who is our Home."

Since God has said to every parent, "Take this child and train it for me," how important it is that we gather them around the family altar and teach them out of the Word of God. It is an easy step from the family altar to the home of God, where we can say, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given me." Many of us remember when we came as children to the house of God with our fathers and mothers who taught us by example as well as by precept, the true value and use of life.

President Schurman of Cornell University said in substance in a recent address before the students, "A man who knows his Bible cannot be an ignorant man. His mind is trained and expanded to use knowledge in any form, and his soul is guided in right choices. He who knows his Bible well is, in a very important sense, educated, and the man ignorant of the Bible, whatever his attainments in other studies, is in a measure uneducated."

"The word of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fellowship with high themes, the entertainment of lofty thoughts will exalt and develop.

Let us take hints from our educators. During the Revolutionary War, Benjamin Franklin was our representative at the court of France. Himself a self-made man—a man of the people—a man educated in a God-honoring Bible-loving home. He had the sterling qualities that command respect in the most educated circles.

The diplomats at Paris were accustomed to meet for mental entertainment and culture, each bringing some gem of literature gathered in reading or study.

At one time during a quiet moment, Dr. Franklin commenced to read from an old book.

The circle listened with increasing attention, and at its close demanded the author. "This is from the Bible," said Franklin—"the discarded book, and it is full of such beautiful lessons, such literary gems, such majestic utterances."

We teach our children by object-lessons—of nature—of science—of history—some of the laws of God and how to think God's thoughts after Him, but the Word is to make them wise unto salvation. A knowledge of the Bible interprets and explains and applies and makes useful the knowledge we gain from all other books. "The fear of the Son is the beginning of wisdom." This wisdom is for the every-day need. It is profitable for the word that now is and for that which is to come.

It teaches us, just to be tender, just to be true,  
Just to be glad the whole day through,  
Just to be trustful as a child,  
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,  
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,  
Just to drive sadness away with song,  
Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
Just to be loyal to God and right,  
Just to believe that God knows best,  
Just in His promises ever to rest,  
Just to let love be our daily key,  
That is God's will for you, and for me.

Thus living we will help others to live. Professor Drummond says, "No man can meet another on the street without making some mark upon him; we say we exchange words when we meet;

what we exchange is souls." That is another way of saying we lead others unconsciously into the paths we choose.

You all know how easily the flock follows the lead of one sheep. How important that the leader is directed by the Shepherd.

Christ desires one fold for all the scattered flocks. The world is becoming one in interests. Communication is so close that sympathy is binding together with new links year by year. This world is to be one under the rule of Him whose right it is to reign. What are we doing to help forward that day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the world as the waters cover the sea, when there shall be indeed "One fold and one Shepherd," as the prayer shall be answered, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in Heaven."

1904

On September fifth, Dr. Stoddard was accorded the honor of laying the corner-stone of the Roxbury High School. The silver trowel used on the occasion was an heirloom in Mrs. Stoddard's family, and is preserved in the High School building with the photograph of the event.

DEDICATION OF THE ROXBURY HIGH SCHOOL,  
SEPTEMBER 5, 1904

The story of the past inspires,  
As from the schoolhouse of our sires,  
The embers of the long ago,  
Upon the silent hearthstone glow,  
Enkindling ours—as we receive  
All that a hundred years bequeathe.

From Academic halls we trace,  
In useful lives, in honored place,  
The sons and daughters who were taught  
The principles, that well enwrought  
Make noble men and women, too,  
And keep the generations true.

The School House built upon the hill  
Had its great mission to fulfil,  
While those upon the Plains, unite  
In sending forth a Beacon Light,  
And this reflected, prints the name  
Of many on the scroll of fame.





DR. STODDARD LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE ROXBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
SEPTEMBER 12, 1903

The High School that we dedicate,  
More perfectly would educate  
In all that stands for right, and truth,  
That Wisdom, treasured by our Youth,  
May give a blessed ministry  
To every coming century.

E. A. S.

1904

An interesting event of 1904 was the Centennial of the Church in Dr. Stoddard's native town of Coventryville, New York, where his welcome was as enthusiastic as it was sincere. Every service gathered the people from far and near. On the Sabbath he attended four meetings, preaching morning and evening. His voice was clear and strong and impressive as he urged them to,

“Make each year more useful than the last,  
Upholding ever by a worthy past.”

concluding with,

“The sowers and the reapers are as one,  
Those meeting here and those engathered home.  
The sons and daughters of the other shore  
Are watching from the Father's open door,  
As we bind sheaves that ripened in the plain  
Because they scattered wide the golden grain  
Inspiring us to leave a legacy  
For all the years of the next century.”

1904

## THE EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

On April 23, the sun-parlor of the parsonage took on a very festive appearance. A card attached to a large basket of flowers explained the many floral surprises of the day. It read, "A loving remembrance from his people to Dr. Stoddard, on his eighty-fourth birthday."

On the Sabbath, April 24, Dr. Stoddard completed his forty years of ministry to this parish. The ladies had trimmed the church very elaborately. Under the Gospel flag in the pulpit recess, framed in green and lettered in gold, were these words, "Forty Years of Faithful Service," 1864-1904, being lettered in green on either side, while the entire recess was banked with flowers. On the table in front were eighty-four birthday pinks.

The senior elder, Mr. T. F. King, brought the pastor into his pulpit from which he had been absent nearly two months. Dr. Gessler, of Hopatcong, and Dr. Warden, of Ledgewood, assisted in the service.

Dr. Stoddard made the announcements, and in a few happy words alluded to the delicate and touching evidences of his people's care during his illness and at his home-gathering after the long separation. He said that what he saw about him was very impressive to him and very expressive of the labor of many hands and hearts. Alluding to the joy of his return, he said at no moment had he been absent in spirit and in interest.

Dr. Gessler, who had so faithfully filled his pulpit in his absence, was asked to give a ten-minute talk on "A Forty-Year Pastorate." The Doctor was most happy in his introduction, and in his entire



address, giving a brief but graphic outline of what forty years had wrought in the history of the world.

He said among other things that those forty years almost compassed the reign of steam. It was coming in. It is going out, as a ruling agency, electricity taking its place.

Forty years ago, if one had spoken of communicating with a friend in New York or Chicago, in his own tone of voice, it would have seemed incredulous.

Turning to Dr. Stoddard, Dr. Gessler said, "When we were boys we studied about the great American Desert. Now you search in vain for this Desert on the map. Modern students know nothing about it." Then in an aside to Dr. Stoddard, "We knew many things that they do not know."

Dr. Gessler alluded in a felicitous manner to his own pastorate in Elizabeth.

Dr. Warden followed in brief but most appropriate remarks. He said among other good things, that forty had as many letters as Jesus; that it was forty years of service for Jesus. He alluded most touchingly to Linnet's Memorial which he had found on a table in Ledgewood.

At the close, Dr. Stoddard introduced the hand-to-hand greeting. Then those whose acquaintance dated back to forty years, came away with one of the forty pinks, and the forty-four pinks were given as mementoes of a very interesting and remarkable gathering.

1905

NEWSPAPER NOTICE OF THE EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTH-  
DAY. SABBATH, APRIL 23

At the last Easter service the pastor celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday by preaching at both services upon the Resurrection of Christ. The venerable man is like Moses—tall and straight as a pine tree, with eye undimmed and no use for glasses; a strong and resonant voice, and a bright and vigorous mind. He has been in the ministry for fifty-three years, and has completed forty-one years of fruitful labor at Succasunna. At the birthday service the church was one mass of flowers, and on a table in vases were eighty-five daffodils, to represent the age of the pastor. After the morning sermon a member of the church read the following touching lines, written for the occasion.

The melodies of Easter time  
Ring out the sweet, the joyous chime,  
"The Lord is risen," "the Lord is risen,"  
"He lives," He lives enthroned in Heaven,  
And Angels wave triumphant palms  
As we are chanting grateful Psalms.

Amid the music of the spheres  
A Birthday note this date endears  
A life, that to the world has given  
So much that it received from Heaven,  
Its four-score years and five may bring  
As this year's Easter offering.

The life of our ascended Lord,  
According to His faithful word,  
Is still the light and life of men  
As Christ shall live and work through them  
And since His mission is their own  
His glory year by year will crown.

And thus the bells of Easter time  
May ring to-day a Birthday chime,  
As eighty years and five would tell  
The story that we love so well  
And Heaven and Earth as one, adore  
The Risen Christ forevermore.

E. A. S.

1907

The eighty-seventh birthday had the usual afternoon and evening reception with cakes and candles and sweets.

Again the ladies had planned a surprise. Mrs. Dr. Wiggins came early and carried a little package to Dr. Stoddard in the sun-parlor. The dainty box held a beautiful crystal embossed with gold on which lay the gold coins representing eighty-seven years.

The Pastor who had given these years to the Lord mentally consecrated their golden representatives,—and two of them very recently were laid in the plate to aid in the church's contribution to Educational and Ministerial Relief. These two boards, introducing into the ministry and making comfortable its close, were very near to the Pastor's heart.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE  
AND  
DEDICATION  
OF THE  
UNION CHAPEL, IRONIA, N. J.

JUNE 2, 1907

SERMON BY THE REV. E. W. STODDARD, D.D.

DEDICATION HYMN

The sons and the daughters of Zion have come  
Once more to bid welcome to their Sabbath Home.  
In this Dedication each heart has one prayer  
For still better service this day must prepare.

It is thirty-four years since was kindled the light  
That shone like a Beacon afar in the night,  
Over hills over valleys by willing feet trod,  
It led to the worship and service of God.

A part of the pilgrims have passed on before,  
We follow to meet at the wide open door,  
Where the earnest endeavor a blessing is given  
As the households of earth form the household of Heaven.

The sons and the daughters of Zion thus come  
To bid you all welcome to this Sabbath Home,  
To share in its service, to claim as your own,  
The joy of this present, the future's bright crown.

E. A. S.

1908

An interesting surprise of the evening reception upon Dr. Stoddard's birthday, was the presentation of a beautiful silk umbrella by Elder T. Y. Crater, on the behalf of the guests.

This umbrella was the traveling companion of Dr. Stoddard for many years, in his journeyings to and fro. The last time he used the umbrella it created quite a sensation. Dr. Stoddard and the young Rev. W. G. Greenslade were walking arm in arm in New York from the trolley to the ferry, when a little shower called for the opening of the historic umbrella. The long service had left its marks upon the umbrella, but the happy pair walked on unconscious of the second looks of passers-by.

1908

A Selection from a Letter of a Classmate.

Southold, New York,  
January 28, 1908.

Dear Dr. Stoddard:

I have not forgotten my debt to you for guiding me through the impressive and serious ritual of a marriage fifty-six years ago to-day. My beloved wife, the fair bride of that day, is here with me in my study, while I write these lines in this most thankful mood.

Yours truly and fraternally,

EPHER WHITAKER.

1909

The Rev. J. M. Buckley and Mrs. Buckley of Morristown, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Seward of Madison, N. J., and Mr. John H. Washburn of New York, Vice-President of the Home Insurance Company of New York City, celebrated Dr. Stoddard's eighty-ninth birthday with him at an informal luncheon, after which a reception to the parish and friends gathered a most interesting and interested circle, who enjoyed the great variety of choice flowers, among them eighty-nine roses, eighty-nine pinks, and five tall vases of American Beauties.

## WELCOME

1820

TO

1909

## EIGHTY-NINE YEARS

The milestone of the Eightieth year  
 Was circled with a loving band.  
 Kindred and friends engathered here,  
 The Parish its surprises planned.  
 The brethren in the ministry  
 Brought words of cheer and wishes best.  
 That seemed almost a prophecy  
 As Nine eventful years attest.

They are the answer to the prayer  
 That health and vigor might be given  
 As sent adown the golden stair  
 The angels should bring gifts from Heaven.

The Eighty-Second milestone bore  
 The touch of half a century.  
 The student fifty years before  
 Had entered on his ministry

And comrades of those earlier years  
And those who shared a smaller part  
Talked of the things that man reveres,  
And of the things that hold the heart.

The Eighty-Third by messengers  
Sent letter showers from far and near.  
To which a quiet hour refers  
With much of comfort year by year.

The Eighty-Fourth, a Sabbath day,  
An Easter with its peaceful hours  
Heart blossoms do not fade away  
And these entwined the springtime flowers.

With less of demonstration came  
The much desired Eighty-Fifth.  
Appreciation was the same  
As also in the Eighty-Sixth.  
The Eighty-Seventh its signet bore  
Of loving thought and Eighty-Eight  
Has but increased the treasure store  
That years cannot enumerate.

And now the Eighty-Ninth is here  
Another milestone on the road  
On which an altar new to rear  
In the sweet service of our God.

What can we say that was unsaid  
When open doors, so cheered each guest?  
What can we write that was unread  
When Birthday letters told the rest?  
Unqualified our grateful love,  
Unceasing is the earnest prayer.

Unnumbered mercies from above,  
 The precious life *still longer spare*,  
 For service waits, experience gives  
 A usefulness, a cheer, a grace,  
 The mind and heart that *much* receives.  
 Has more to lavish on the race.

With gratitude for years ago  
 The blossoms of the heart we twine  
 To crown upon this April morn  
 The Patriarch of Eighty-Nine.

E. A. S.

1909

Rev. Dr. Halloway writes:

“Congratulations upon another mile-stone passed in your life journey. What is Weston to you? He walks across the continent, taking a few months. You journey between two worlds, and take nearly a century! And your natural force is not abated.

“We will all join in singing, ‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’

A friend sends the following message:

“Amid all the shower of congratulations from your many friends do not overlook mine. I am so glad the Lord gave you to us, that I think we are the ones to be congratulated. Therefore I send you my love and the sincere wish that there will be many more birthdays, each one more full of peace and friendliness.

“You know you have often told me, ‘A man is only as old as he feels.’ Judging by that standard you are still young. And if we judge by your voice and zeal and energy in the Lord’s cause, we will never believe that they have counted the years right. They have made a mistake of at least twenty years.”



1909

## SERMON TO ROXBURY GRADUATES

Dr. Stoddard preached the baccalaureate sermon at the Succasunna church, to the Roxbury High School graduates, Sunday evening. He took as his text:

Esther iv, 14, last clause, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." The beautiful story of Esther has a special message to the young student on one of these supreme days when there opens a new door into new opportunities, new possibilities for which the discipline of the past years has prepared. Frances Willard said on a similar occasion as she addressed a graduating class: "This is your age. The best time in all the world's history is yours." The student of to-day is the heir of all the ages. What will be your legacy to a coming time?

On the wall of your schoolroom hangs a picture of this uncrowned queen. In our families, in our schools there are uncrowned queens. We know not what the future may demand of them. Our part is to train them for their destiny. In the home realm they will reign and they may leave the stamp of their individuality upon their generation. A marble statue in the Capitol at Washington is a worthy tribute to Frances Willard.

The coming years will enshrine the uncrowned queens and kings of our day, who go forth with high ideals and unfaltering purpose to make the world better and happier. "The Training of a King" was the heading of an article in the daily papers about a week ago. It referred to the grandson of King Edward VII. of England, a lad at school faithful in the humblest tasks, learning to obey that he may rule, sharing his comrades' fare that he may know how to solve the problems of every-day life.

Frances Willard said, "Character is habit crystallized." Obedience to her uncle in the home prepared Esther to save her people in the hour of need. Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this, my dear young friends. Truly has it been said: "Every life is a plan of God and the supreme desire of each heart should be to carry out that plan for the glory of God and the welfare of many." Your young friend, Mr. Zeigler, very often writes in his letters: "I do not want God to be disappointed in my life."

Could I give a higher motto to this graduating class? Does it not emphasize the words written to Esther, "who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this." Each generation has its special opportunity. The ancient and eternal truths of life repeat their lessons from age to age. There may be novelty of expression but it is the same earnest appeal to faithfulness to a passing hour.

The Mayor of New York in a recent address to a graduating class spoke of physical courage as a natural heritage of the race. Moral courage is rarer and more precious. Youth looks forward to a future, containing neither failure nor disappointment; but in order to preserve the heart of a manly boy and the fragrant beauty of girlhood; in order to preserve the ideals of young life to its crowning day there must be one steadfast aim, and there must be unvaried effort, guided by the wisdom that cometh from above. Effort is not to be avoided, time is not a plaything to be trifled with. The golden days fly with unremitting speed, but never come again, but if you determine to make every day spell progress, you will become masters of each task. It is with very especial interest that I congratulate the graduating class on the success of their earlier years, and commend them to the Great Teacher, who has a plan for each life. Make this plan your choice. You have come to the Kingdom for such a time as this.

A high and noble purpose embodying all that your faithful

teachers have so earnestly and lovingly brought to you from the richness of their experience to prepare the sons and daughters of a King for the service of the present and the glory of the future. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

Three thoughts I commend to you in seeking plans for the future:

First—"Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Second—Choose a worthy plan.

Third—Each day study hard upon it.

Luther had this motto: *Bene est studisse, bene est precasse.*  
To study well is to pray well.

1910

The Mission Band gave the welcome on Linnet's Birthday,  
July 21, to Dr. Stoddard's ninetieth birthday.

HYMN OF WELCOME

The ripened seeds of gathered flowers,  
The golden sheaves of garnered grain  
Resown by all the coming hours  
Will blossom and mature again.  
The work goes on and on and on  
Until we bear the harvest home.

The Mission Band to-day would bring  
Their clusters of forget-me-not  
To interwine the offering  
Of laurels from this garden spot  
Where forty years and six have given  
So much to earth, received from Heaven.

The ninety years of pilgrimage,  
The fifty-eight of ministry,  
The benedictions to the age  
Of counsel and of sympathy,  
Are recognized afar and near  
More valued with each passing year.

On Linnet's birthday we have come  
To welcome our loved Pastor here,  
And while she waits for us at Home  
We celebrate his ninetieth year,  
So grateful for the tender care  
We hope for many years to share.

E. A. S.

The Rev. Robert E. Zeigler, of Baltimore, spoke of the meaning and value of a life dedicated to the highest and the best,—a most impressive and inspiring address, that was much appreciated by a large audience. The social hour with its refreshments added its pleasures to the day.

Westville, N. J., April 22, 1910.

Rev. E. W. Stoddard, D.D.,

Dear Dr.,

I have just learned that you will reach the ninetieth milestone on your life journey, and I count it my very happy privilege to greet you on this your delightful journey toward eternal youth, and inasmuch as it is a journey toward the happy youthful life above, I greet you as ninety years young, for I know of no one who more forcibly illustrates to me how one can retain the spirit of youth, than your delightful self.

I first remember meeting you on the platform at the Montreal International C. E. Convention, and I have ever carried the remembrance of your kindly face and the inspiration of your genial greeting.

May the glorious and divine Brother (Heb., ii., 10, 11) who has

so long sustained and blessed you, be with you on Saturday and may you on the Lord's day have a new unction to preach his glorious Word.

From your

Christian Endeavor Friend,

W. D. STULTZ,

Vice-President State C. E. Union,

Westville,

N. J.





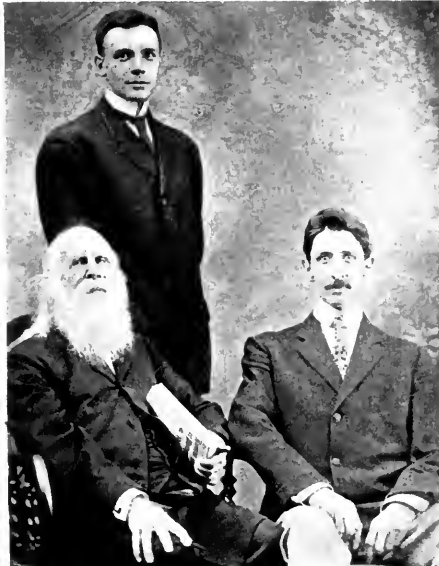
ATLANTIC CITY



HOME



CHAPEL



HOPATCONG



PHILADELPHIA



GLEANINGS FROM DR. STODDARD'S FRIENDSHIP  
CALENDARS  
QUOTATIONS AND HEART MESSAGES

All designed to represent some characteristic of their dearly beloved Pastor and Friend.

1894 and 1910

At its Christmas-tide, 1894 revealed the hidden current of many beautiful thoughts as they were crystallized in a Book of Remembrance. On the covers were sprays of apple blossoms, most exquisite in design and coloring. This was the work of our neighbor artist, Mrs. Wolfe, the wife of Dr. T. F. Wolfe, the author. She was assisted in many of the page decorations by Mrs. H. C. Wiggins.

Of the three hundred forty-two pages, seventy contain autographs of those who in the past twenty years have been called higher, among them the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Wolfe who simply wrote on her page, "Just a line for remembrance," while every page revealed her artistic touch and loving thought,  
We give

REPRESENTATIVE TRIBUTES

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

JULIA A. CANFIELD.

May your mental abilities never grow old but continue youthful and cheerful to the end.

W. S. CARY.

“Fair was the morn and the noon fleeting fast,  
Let us live as brave men what time we shall last.”

WILLIAM CORWIN.

“Stilled now be every anxious care;  
See God’s great goodness everywhere;  
Leave all to Him in perfect rest;  
He will do all things for the best.”

CONRAD STUMPF.

MY DEAR PASTOR:

Many thanks for your good sermons, also for kind attentions in sorrow and bereavement, in joy, in pleasure, as well as during the years that are past.

Hoping that we shall meet in our Father’s house on high where we shall know as we are known, I am with best wishes and kindly Christmas greetings for yourself and Mrs. Stoddard.

Very sincerely

Your friend,

NANCY RIGGS.

[Living to-day in her ninety-ninth year.]

As I look back through the long vista of years, my memory recalls your advent among us. During all these long years you have been our counselor, pastor, and friend. In joy and sorrow your sympathy and counsel have been very dear and precious to us. That you may live long and enjoy the harvest you have so liberally sown, is the earnest prayer of

Your friend,

JETUR R. RIGGS.

“Oh! happy we, if all along  
The way that we are going  
Our fellow-pilgrims catch the song  
That from our life is flowing.”

Very lovingly,

SISTER SARAH.

“Now from many an earnest mind  
Gentlest thoughts expression find  
None than mine can be more kind.”

S. B. MEEKER.

“A little while my patient vigil keeping,  
To face the storm, to wrestle with the wrong,  
A little while to sow the seed with reaping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.”

ARTHUR G. SKELLENGER.

“May many years of blessing,  
Be added to thy sowing  
Bringing sheaves unto perfection  
Not numbered in thy knowing.”

THEO. F. KING.

For thirty years thy counsel hath  
Led upward in the narrow path  
Of light and love.  
May many more be kindly given,  
To still win souls for Christ and Heaven  
And God above.

EMMA L. KING.

“Yet through all our key-note sounding,  
Angels' watchword, 'All is well.'”

ALBERT RIGGS POTTER.

The passing years have fully proved that friends at the parsonage are kind and true.

May the Lord add many blessings to those whose lives have been so unselfishly spent among us.

NANNIE W. RIGGS.

“Thrice happy lot loved flocks to lead  
From earthly on to heavenly mead!  
Songs now unite for those we love,  
And join angelic choirs above!”

J. HERVEY COOK.

“O happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe  
By deeds of holy love.”

SALLIE M. BYRAM.

For words of comfort often spoken,  
For the silken tie so long unbroken,  
Accept this humble loving token.

With kindest regards,

F. V. WOLFE.

In these days of hurry and change in the rulings of the providence of God, not many enjoy as long a pastorate as has Dr. Stoddard and the Presbyterian Church at Succasunna. That it may continue and prove a blessing for years to come is my earnest prayer.

Yours in Christian fellowship,

MARCUS R. MEEKER.

“Man's life's a book of history,  
The leaves thereof are days,  
The letters, mercies closely joined,  
The title is, God's Praise.”

W. C. SWENEY.

“God gives us ministers of love,  
Which we regard not, being near;  
Death takes them from us, then we feel  
That angels have been with us here.”

MAMIE H. SWENEY.

“The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face  
to shine upon thee and give thee peace.”

Your friend and former parishioner,

D. S. ALLEN.

“Nothing useless is, or low,  
Each thing in its place is best  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.”

GEO. A. GILLIG.

That your Christmas may be bright with the presence of the  
blessed Jesus, the company of loving friends, and with precious  
memories of an angel child, is our wish.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD,  
MARY PRIME STODDARD.

“What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each  
other?”

“Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them  
beautifully.”

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not  
that of having had one. SENECA.

I have heard you say that we shall see and know our friends  
in heaven. SHAKESPEARE.

“A whiter soul, a fairer mind,  
 A life with purer source and aim,  
 A gentler eye, a voice more kind,  
 We may not look on earth to find.”

“Contact with a strong nature inspires us with strength. Our friendship should give a new zest to duty, and a new inspiration to all that is good.”

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
 He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

“Keep evergreen the memory of the many happy years we have spent together as pastor and people.”

“Our friendship has been a golden one without a particle of alloy.”

MY DEAR DR. STODDARD,

I want to send you my love.

AUDREY.

Your little friend,

GWENDOLYN SAUVAGE.

I would like to be included in the friendship calendar.

VIVIAN SAUVAGE.

It is April now, the flowers are coming; may your spring be a pleasant one.

ELAINE SAUVAGE.

“A man who is gentle and just,  
 A man who is upright and true to his trust.”

“None knew thee but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee but to praise thee.”

“There is no end to the sky,  
 And the stars are everywhere,  
 And time is eternity,  
 And the here is over there.  
 For the common deeds of the common day,  
 Are ringing bells in the faraway.”

“A friend in need” my neighbor said to me,  
 “A friend indeed, is what I mean to be;  
 In time of trouble I will come to you,  
 And in the hour of need you’ll find me true.”

I thought a bit, and took him by the hand:  
 “My friend, ” said I, “you do not understand  
 The inner meaning of that simple rhyme:  
 A friend is what the heart needs all the time.”

The one who lives close to the hearts of men, and toils patiently and sweetly for their uplift,—the fruition of such a life will be glorious.

Joy is love looking at its treasures,  
 May your joys ever be full.

CUYLER.

“This is your birthday. On the Calendars of those who know you it is marked with gold. As both a holy and a holiday.”

“You make us happy and you make us good, by simply being with you. You bestow and think you are receiving: like a rose that marvels at the fragrance of the breeze.

“We are most glad since you were sent to earth it was while we are here; not hastened down to shine amidst the shadows of the past nor kept to grace some joyful future day, but come to share our present as it is, and leave to-morrow better for your stay.”

"This is birthday week. We are celebrating with cakes and candles. Every candle representing a light in the household in the community—in the world. May it shine 'on and on and on.'"

"Before us ever, as behind, God is, and all is well."

"'What is so rare as a day in June,' and what is so rare as the faithful ministry of a pastor for forty-five years, whose constant thought and prayer has been for the welfare of his people, that they should strive for all that is highest and most noble in life."

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKESPEARE.

"It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old."

"Thank God for the man who is cheerful  
In spite of life's troubles, I say,  
Who sings of a bright to-morrow,  
Because of the clouds of to-day.  
His life is a beautiful sermon,  
And this is the lesson to me,  
Meet trials with smiles, and they vanish,  
Face cares with a song and they flee."

"A good man is the best friend, and therefore the soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with."

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world,  
'This was a man.'"



TO REV. E. W. STODDARD:

On this, the birthday of the great Thackeray, I remember his wish for a life-long friend that he "might enjoy an age of benign restfulness and peace after an active life spent in good works," and I find it well expresses my earnest desire for my esteemed friend and neighbor.

Sincerely,

THEO. F. WOLFE.

Grow old along with me!  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was made:  
 Our times are in His hand  
 Who saith, "A whole I planned  
 Youth shows but half; trust God:  
 See all nor be afraid!"

BROWNING.

"To our dear Dr. Stoddard with a great gladness for the opportunity to tell him how we love him, who knows so well how to guide in the true path and make the Christ-life so attractive and clear and plain. May he be spared to guide us for many, many years and may his be: 'The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good.'"

"One harvest from thy field  
 Homeward brought the oxen strong;  
 A second crop thine acres yield,  
 Which I gather in a song."

"To pass through life beloved as few are loved,  
 To prove the joys of earth as few have proved,  
 And still to keep the soul's white robe unstained,  
 Such is the victory thou hast gained."

A life well spent in loving deeds,  
 A life to others given,  
 God blesses here upon this earth,  
 And crowns at last in heaven.

“The greatest Art in Life is to cultivate the love of doing good, and promoting the interests of others.”

“Your heart is as great as the world, but there is no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.”

“Nothing ending in its own completeness  
 Can have worth or beauty, but alone  
 Because it leads and tends to further sweetness  
 Richer, higher, deeper than its own.”

“O God, thou hast taught me from my youth. Yea, even unto old age and gray hairs. O God, forsake me not; until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation.”

KING DAVID.

“Many years of noble living,  
 Many years of generous giving,  
 Many years Christ’s message talking,  
 And with God your Father walking.”

“A quotation is all very well, but between lifelong friends I feel the need of something more intimate and personal. I can not remember the time when I did not look up to you with love and veneration which have grown with the years.

“Long may you live to be a blessing to all who know and love you.”

Honor to the man, who, in the declining vale of tears, continues to learn new subjects and to add to his wisdom.

ARISTOPHANES TO SOCRATES.

"May the many years of labor for the Master be productive of great results for many years when your labors shall have ended."

"Many sons have done well, but thou excelleth them all."

"Let this page bear a message of love to one who has always had the good of his people first in his thoughts."

MR. CHARLES P. ARNOLD  
happy in boyhood memories of a faithful pastor,  
and thankful that,  
though in another field yet in the same work  
that servant of the Lord has been permitted to labor on,  
sends to him,  
The Rev. ELIJAH W. STODDARD, D.D.,  
most hearty congratulations  
on the felicitous rounding out of  
three-and-eighty years  
of his still continuing life of usefulness,  
ANGELICA, NEW YORK,  
April 23, 1903.

Congratulations to Rev. E. W. Stoddard, D.D., on his eighty-third birthday.

FRANKLIN MURPHY,  
*Governor* of New Jersey.

Heartiest congratulations and thank God for the saintly character and beneficent ministry of Dr. Stoddard.

In best bonds,

KERR BOYCE TUPPER.

Hearty congratulations to the oldest pastor in my dear Mother's native county of Morris.

“And in old age when others fade  
They fruit still forth shall bring,  
They shall be fat and full of sap  
And aye be flourishing.”

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

TO THE REV. E. W. STODDARD  
APRIL 23rd, 1911

From one who styled herself "twin-sister."

A heartfelt wish in simple words expressed,  
God's richest blessings on thy birthday rest,  
Bright as the past, Oh, may thy future be,  
Till time shall end in immortality.

Sincerely your friend,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1911

On his ninety-first birthday, Dr. Stoddard was favored with a visit from his lifelong friend, the Rev. Wilson J. Phraner, D.D., of East Orange, New Jersey. The two standing in the pulpit represented one hundred and eighty years of life.

Dr. Phraner, preached the sermon, taking the text from the 91st Psalm, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." The remarks were based upon, The things that conduce to a Happy Old Age,—a good measure of health of body and mind; congenial occupation; a competence sufficient to secure against anxiety and care; faith in God; hope for the future.

At the close of the sermon Dr. Phraner recited the following poem:

Old! Are we growing old?  
Life blossoms as we pass along,  
Up the hills toward the lovelier dawn  
Of the brighter world beyond.  
It is because Heaven is in us to bud and unfold  
We are only growing young, because we are growing old.

Old! Are we growing old?

Passing along this beautiful road,  
Finding this earth a still fairer abode.

Nobler deeds by our hands to be wrought,  
A wider range for our hope and our thought;  
The thought of God's love so sufficient for all  
Who hear and give heed to his kindly call.

But it is because of the promise of the years untold  
That we are cheerfully growing old.

Old! Are we growing old?

Passing up where the sunshine is clear,  
Watching the wider horizon appear  
Out of the mists which encompassed our youth,  
Standing more firmly on the mountains of truth,

Daily rejoicing in God's wondrous love,  
And setting our hearts on things above.

But it is because of the promise of the years untold  
That we are joyfully growing old.

Growing Old! Are we growing old?

Passing on toward those gardens of rest,  
Which glow through golden gates of the West,

Where the rose and the amaranth blend  
And every path is the way to a friend—

The friends we have loved, but who have gone on before—  
The friends who await us on the heavenly shore.

But ah! It's because of the promise of the years untold  
That we are hopefully growing old.

It's because Heaven is in us to bud and to unfold  
That we are only growing younger, because we are growing old.

1911

At the spring Meeting of Presbytery at East Orange, N. J., after the approval of the examination of the Rev. W. G. Greenslade and his ordination, Dr. Stoddard was requested to give the charge to the new minister who was to go on his mission to Syria, in August.

There was no time for rest or preparation, but Paul's words to Timothy had been studied for sixty-one years, and the heart had its message, which, in tones of the clearest, richest, tenderest sympathy, portrayed the work for another of his sons in the ministry.

It was his last service to the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, and it was worthy of his record.

Recognition of the entrance into the sixtieth year of ministry

MEMORIES OF DR. GESSLER'S SERMON.

MAY 19, 1911.

"But let them that love Him be as the sun going forth in his might." Judges, v, 31, 36.

The Christian is compared to the sun. What does this comparison suggest?

First,—The majesty of the life hid with Christ in God. To be a Christian is no mean privilege. It is as high above the insignificant as heaven is above earth. The call of Christ is a summons to power. We sit down with him on his throne. We acquire a kingly bearing. There is a regal atmosphere about us. We are heirs of all things. We share the majesty of the Eternal.

Again,—This comparison suggests the beneficence of the Christian life. The sun is the friend of all. It is continually bathing the world in a flood of light. Its reign is beneficent. All

material blessings are traceable to its power. So the Christian does good to all men, loves his neighbor as himself, forgives his enemies, prays for them that spitefully use him. He follows in the footsteps of him from whom all blessings flow. If he has the majesty of a king, he has also the humble lowliness of a servant. He is among men as one that serveth. His majesty is that of one who is the servant of his people. As the sun is unwearied in pouring out its blessings upon the earth, so the Christian does not grow weary in well-doing. In his efforts to reclaim the lost he does not become discouraged through repeated failures. He seeks until he finds. His love is tireless and his patience is without limit. When he has done all, he still feels himself an unprofitable servant. There is no discharge in this war. He is ever in pursuit of a flying goal. The nearer he comes to it, the further does it withdraw. He can never say anything else but, "I press on." He is faithful to the end.

The application was in Dr. Gessler's most felicitous style, voicing his own appreciation and that of his hearers. One of them, sharing the pulpit on that occasion, has given the closing thought in the language of a later date.

Those who knew and loved the pastor of Succasunna like to think of him in the language of this verse. He was indeed as the sun going forth in his might. Who can ever forget that majesty of mien, that superiority to all things trifling and insignificant, that absorption in all things high and holy. Nor was that majesty more marked than the benevolence with which it was allied.

All through these years Dr. Stoddard has allowed his light to shine. How many have seen that light and rejoiced in it only eternity can reveal. The darkness fled at his approach. Throughout his pastorate a steady stream of good words and good deeds flowed forth from his capacious heart. He knew how to do good to all men and especially to those who are of the household of faith.

His life is an impressive illustration of the words of our text:—"As the sun going forth in his might."



1911

Poem used in Dr. Stoddard's sermon of December 31st.

LAST CHIMES OF THE OLD YEAR

The year that came on Sabbath day  
With Sabbath hours will pass away;  
The fifty Sabbaths in between,  
With visions of the world unseen,  
Have made "The Day of all the Seven"  
The crown and joy of Nineteen eleven.

The year that came on Sabbath day  
With Sabbath hours will pass away;  
What sacred memories entwine  
Around this dial plate of time  
That marks a year of blessings given  
In daily care and grace from Heaven.

The year that came on Sabbath day  
With Sabbath hours will pass away,  
But in the days and years to come,  
For every heart and every home  
Our Father's love has good in store  
As boundless as the evermore.

The Old year rings its far-off chime  
As with a melody sublime,  
The bells upon "the midnight clear"  
Proclaim the advent of a year  
That we would Consecrate together  
To every noble, true Endeavor.

E. A. S.

1912

This year Dr. Phraner once more favored Dr. Stoddard and his people by preaching in his pulpit on the Sabbath preceding the birthday, giving another recital of interesting experiences.

The ninety-second birthday was celebrated by a reception at the parsonage. Ninety-two beautiful white carnations, ninety-two sweet-pea blossoms and ninety-two frosted cakes with candles indicated the celebration of a ninety-second birthday. The cakes formed the initials E. W. S.—1820—1912—and were lighted a number of times during the afternoon and evening as groups of guests were gathered around the long table with Dr. Stoddard. Friends from a distance mingled with the home people and enjoyed the interchange of thought with one another, as well as the opportunity to congratulate their Pastor.

By request the following tribute was read, while the candles flooded the room with light:

On a very quaint card that read "Happy Returns,"  
A message was printed that most deeply concerns  
Every student of life for it said, "As you climb  
You become such a problem to poor Father Time;  
On each birthday you have, come those sighings of his  
'Why, the older I make him the younger he is.'  
Growing old as we number the ninety and two,  
Growing younger as eagles their strength may renew  
By the heights they attain and the depths they explore  
And the vision that circles the ocean and shore,  
Since life in its meaning, most true and sublime,

Can never be measured, by milestones of time,  
Its heart-throbs, its purpose, its love for mankind  
Must tell of its value, for the years but remind  
Of occasions for service, of springtime and sheaves,  
Of the promise of harvests in fresh budding leaves,  
And thus life, growing larger in promise and store,  
Is a part of the life of the great evermore.  
And as thus benedictions shall hallow the day  
We ask for new blessings, to the end of the way.  
Your birthday—how splendid, as life's hill you still climb,  
May you long be a problem to poor Father Time.  
On each birthday you have, may this sighing be his,  
'The older I make him, the younger he is.'"

E. A. S.

Upon the ninety-second birthday Rev. Dr. Gessler writes:

"So you are ninety-two years young. It is according to a well-indorsed promise that they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, so that there is really nothing marvelous or miraculous about you. You have tried to do your part of the bargain and the Lord is simply keeping his word as He always does.

"May every year bring to you its own handful of blessings."

1913

The ninety-fourth birthday, at the completion of ninety-three years, was celebrated at the parsonage. The ninety-four candles on the little frosted cakes, grouped into E. W. S., and 1820, and 1913, were lighted a number of times and given as souvenirs, as in other years, both afternoon and evening.

About eight P.M., Dr. Stoddard, finding himself surrounded by a very large circle, asked for the reading of the poem, "The Lord is My Shepherd," that was suggested by the sermon of the Rev. Robert E. Zeigler, who came from Baltimore to preach on the Sabbath nearest this birthday.

After the reading, Dr. Stoddard, in a clear, sweet, resonant voice, gave some touching reminiscences, and most loving, tender, counsel. They came from the heart, they entered into the heart, and no words can reproduce them on paper.

As Dr. Stoddard's picture had been placed in the *Christian Endeavor World* of that week, copies were given to the friends. We give selections from the article:

#### A 93-YEAR-OLD ENDEAVORER

The *Christian Endeavor World* gives a hearty birthday greeting to the beloved Pastor and enthusiastic Christian Endeavor worker, Rev. Elijah W. Stoddard, D.D., who was born April 23, 1820, and this week reached the splendid age of ninety-three.

Notice his Christian Endeavor pin on his scarf in the portrait. This little emblem seems a part of Dr. Stoddard. Though ninety-three years old, he is still the active pastor of the Presbyterian

Church of Succasunna, N. J., after *fifty years* of service in that parish, and *sixty-one* in the gospel ministry.

He attends national and international Christian Endeavor conventions, and brings from them inspiration to the societies at home. Our readers will remember that he stood on the platform at Atlantic City with Fanny Crosby, who claims him to be her "twin brother," as there is but one month's difference in their ages. Dr. Stoddard was made a life member by the Morris County Christian Endeavor union.

Young people are often supposed to oppose aged ministers and to rally around young pastors only. This is not the case. When a man of many years carries, like Dr. Stoddard, a young and fervent heart, young folks will always love him, and honor him all the more for his silver hair.

## DR. STODDARD AND HIS OFFICIAL MEMBERS AT THE PARSONAGE

The parsonage was built in the pastorate of the Rev. Josiah Fisher, the predecessor of Dr. Stoddard. It was enlarged in 1899 by the rebuilding of the dining-room and the kitchen, and the addition of another story with a sun-parlor and modern improvements.

In the autumn of 1912 a sun-parlor was erected over the southwestern part of the porch, giving a fine view and abundance of air.

In 1913 an elevator was put in so that Dr. Stoddard could have the freedom of the house and attend church; and although sometimes in much pain, his face was radiant with delight. He was glad when they said, Let us go to the house of the Lord; and his presence was a benediction. Taking some part in each service, entering into the theme of the morning, emphasizing its thought in the prayer, welcoming his people as they gathered around him, his Sabbaths were foretastes of heaven.

Only three weeks before his translation, he enjoyed this privilege. At that time he led in the congregational prayer. Its scope, its fervor, its tone, its manner, thrilled the hearts of the audience, revealing the wonderful strength of his mind, as well as the unconquerable love of his heart.

Before the benediction, as if he felt it to be the last, he uttered one more prayer that God would bless the families of this church and community. It seemed as if an angel spake.

A message was sent even to the last Sabbath, and many feel that messages still come from Home.



DR. STODDARD AND HIS OFFICIAL BOARD





1913

Written by Dr. Stoddard for The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Christian Endeavor Society.

While the poet cautioned wisely when he said, "Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine, go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart," there is a backward look that inspires to present duty and prepares for future usefulness.

This Christian Endeavor Society has attained its twenty-fifth year. These twenty-five years emphasize three facts:—First, The Church must depend upon and culture its young people. Second, This Society has demonstrated and illustrated the wisdom of the methods employed to cultivate piety and prepare for Christian work. Third, Study of the word and prayer, that have been the means of its growth in grace and in knowledge, are of the greatest importance to-day; Study of the word and prayer, the efficient preparation for the work of the present and the future. This work is personal work, involving individual responsibility.

No one can do it for another. We can help each other, we can work together, but it is a personal endeavor for Christ and the church that wins the blessing.

I am glad to-day to wish you God-speed.

For down the future through long generations,  
The work is to go on and still increase,  
A Psalm of life whose sweet vibrations  
Give to the world the messages of Peace.

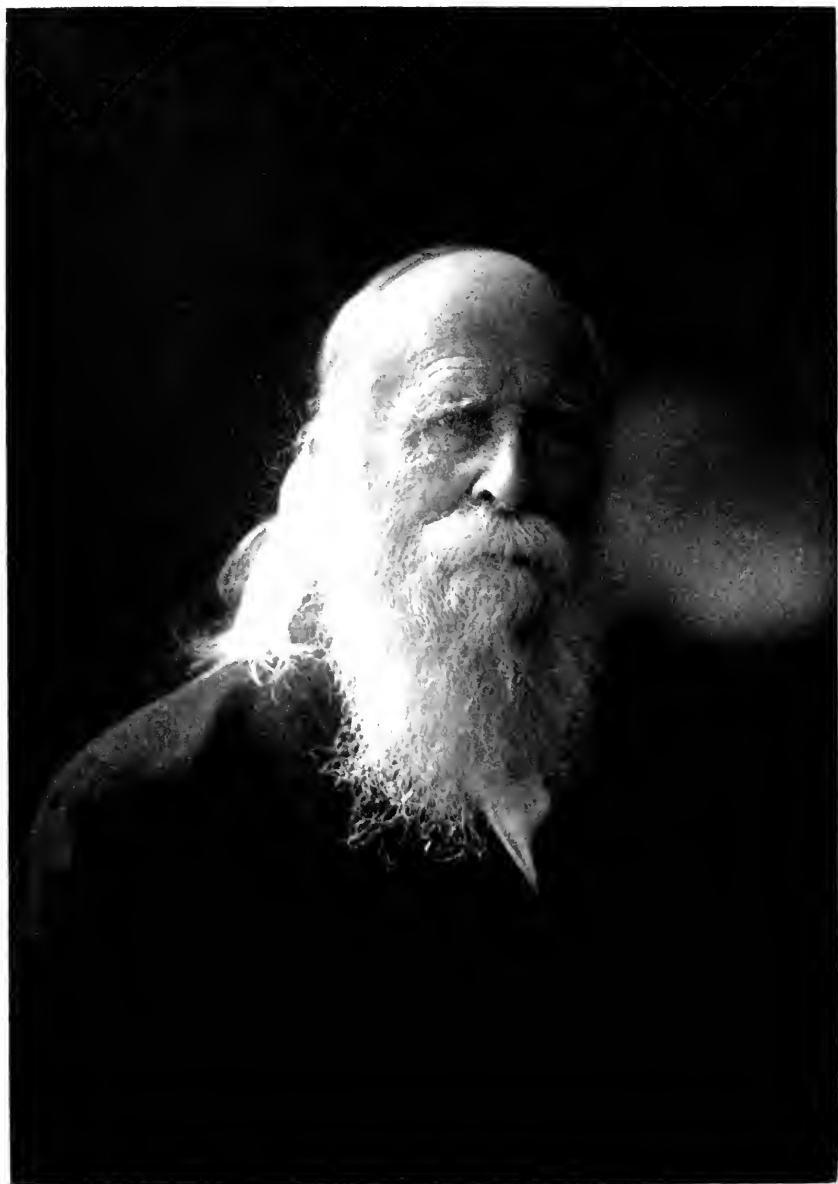
The Five and Twenty years of your Endeavor  
Are prophecies of half a century  
That may be yours as working on together  
You celebrate a well-earned Jubilee.

And looking back trace inspirations given  
As a new altar crowns the milestone here,  
And gathered at the very gate of Heaven  
Recount the mercies of a Fiftieth year.

Thus on and on, and on and on forever  
Until the sunset bells ring out their chime,  
And then the rich fruition of endeavor  
And better service in a holier clime.

E. A. S.





E. W. Stoddard

## DR. STODDARD'S LAST SERMON

As the last funeral service of the Pastorate, this sermon for Mrs. Wm. Cary, at Cary's, on May 15, 1913, is given in full.

JOHN xiv, 2, 3.

“I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself.”

One more of God's dear children has gone home. A long life of devoted service has endeared her to this household, to this community, and to the church of God.

Her going takes with her loved personality, the tender counsel, the unfailing sympathy, the sweet helpfulness that made the earthly home so full of comfort. The place is conscious of her presence still. Her work will go on and on and on in its inspiration to a true life, even while she rests in the Father's home above.

There is no more solemn moment in life than when we watch the going away of a loved one. Every breath is noted, falling on the ear like the retiring footfall of one about to journey beyond; but on the quiet face is the record of God's peace that He giveth to his own, as He takes them to Himself.

Last Sabbath afternoon, as we bowed in prayer beside the seemingly unconscious form, the eyelids opened once more and there was the faintest sound of recognition, a sweet farewell as she was passing away,—a pause in the going to give one more dear message to the beloved,—a token for earth almost from the Father's door of Heaven.

She had early given her heart to God. She had lived the life of the Christian; she had kept the faith; she was ready to go home.

Eleven years ago, her beloved husband, the honored William S. Cary, was gathered to his fathers. In the long years of bereavement this home and this church have realized the blessedness of prophetic words uttered by our Brother Cary to his pastor in answer to the remark, "God is faithful to His promises. We can trust Him at all times." With kindled eye, and outstretched hand, and an emphasis of tone that carried conviction, our Brother said, "And He will do it."

Let the household again bereaved, let the community once more in sorrow, let the church in her hour of need, lay hold on the promises of God, and repeat after every one, "He will do it." God will redeem his word; it is a part of Himself. He will do it.

We have watched and waited long with our beloved on this side the river. She has passed over and her going brings us nearer to the unseen.

At the moment of our Brother's passing, a clear, distinct, beautiful rainbow arched the distant blue, beneath the cloud. It was so beautiful that it seemed almost a reflection of the beyond, as it reminded us of the legend of the Norsemen, that the spirits of the good pass over a rainbow bridge to their home.

So our beloved Sister has followed those who through faith and patience have inherited the promise. She is not here because God has taken her to himself.

She loved the house of God. On February 7, 1869, she was one of the cluster of thirteen welcomed into the Succasunna Presbyterian Church. Two of these remain on earth, but they have removed to other church homes. Our beloved sister is the last on the record.

The interests of Zion were always near to her heart. While unable in later years to attend the services, she loved the church of God, and even in this last illness expressed great concern for its welfare.

The life of a Christian is its own eulogy. Each of us permitted to know her will cherish tender memories of her constancy and faithfulness. The dear Lord had need of her beyond. He came for her. He has said at the entrance of her new home, "This is the place prepared for you,—the place for which you have been preparing by your fidelity to all the entrustments of time. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We too are going Home.

One by one we miss the voices  
That we loved so well to hear.  
One by one the cherished faces  
In the shadows disappear.

But to us it has been given  
Walking with them day by day  
To the very gate of Heaven  
Thus to help them on their way.

And when we have filled our mission,  
With each precious absent one,  
There remains a full fruition  
In the Heavenly Father's Home.

Almost to the edge of Heaven  
Parting at the open door  
By and bye to us be given  
Welcomes there forevermore.

E. A. S.

MEMORIES OF THE EVENTFUL SABBATH  
NOVEMBER 2, 1913

Before the Pastor was taken to the church for his silent message and the last benediction of his bodily presence, a short service was held at the Parsonage by the Rev. John Bovenizer and the Rev. Robert E. Zeigler.

Dr. Stoddard's last request, "Let everything be done to the glory of God," was the one thought of the ministerial brethren. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley in the invocation lifted our souls from a present crushing sorrow to the blessed hope of the beyond.

The Rev. H. M. Dare read the selections made by Dr. Stoddard for his home reading the previous Sabbath, among them 1st Thess. iv, 13-18. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. T. A. Gessler.

The sermon, given in full on another page, was by Dr. D. R. Frazer, a lifelong friend.

Rev. R. E. Zeigler read selections from letters of sympathy and appreciation, from members of the Presbytery; from Dr. Francis Brown, President of Union Seminary; C. E. Sproul and many others, after which Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, a kinsman and lifelong friend, paid the tribute of the Stoddard clan.

The male quartette of the Presbyterian Church, tenderly sang a number of selections, among which were: "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping We Shall Be Soon," and "The Christian's Good Night."

The ladies had appropriately decorated the pulpit with palms, white chrysanthemums, resurrection lilies, and white roses. There were thirty-five floral pieces, representing the Roxbury school, and all the organizations of the church, as well as friends, near and far.

It is estimated that five hundred persons were at the church while



the chapel was filled. A special trolley car brought a large delegation from New Rochelle, N. Y., Brooklyn, and Newark.

Dr. Stoddard rests in the shadow of the church he loved so well on earth and now represents in Heaven.

His life has entered into the community as an inspiration to all that is "true and lovely and of good report."

### SERMON BY DR. D. R. FRAZER

It is a noteworthy fact that the Bible, in recording for our instruction the careers of the men and the women whose names and work find a place on the sacred page, presents their faults and their foibles as fully and as forcefully as it does their virtues and successes.

And it is equally noteworthy that these faults and foibles are ordinarily in marked contrast with, often in direct contradiction of, those peculiar traits which constituted the real excellences of the worthies named.

Abraham was the "Friend of God" and the Father of the Faithful, but that was a very shabby trick he tried to play on Pharaoh.

Moses was the meekest of men, but his self-assertion at Meribah cost him his inheritance in the land of promise.

Peter was bold, impetuous, ready to go to prison or to death for his Master, yet in the hour of greatest need he quailed under the taunts of a waiting-maid.

John, the beloved disciple and the disciple of love, was he who would have "called down fire from heaven," responsive to that lowest and meanest of sectarian considerations, "they follow us not."

Than Elijah, the Tishbite, Jehovah never had a more faithful servant, nor the truth a more loyal witness. He was the incarnation of courage. No threat could terrify, no danger alarm, no sacrifice impede.

Yet we find him under a juniper tree, dejected, disconsolate,

wanting to die rather than await the glorious translation which his gracious Master had prepared for him.

Is it any marvel that the Angel of the Lord, as if surprised at the sight which greeted him, should cry out "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Yet we can find reasons for this development perhaps better than the Angel could.

One reason would be physical exhaustion. Think of the awful strain on Carmel. Think of that fifteen-mile race before the king's chariot to Jezreel in a blinding storm, where he was confronted with Jezebel's threat, "By this time to-morrow thy life shall be as the life of one of Baal's slain prophets.

It was "the last straw"; the man was unnerved, and that it was this physical reaction rather than cowardice which prompted the flight is attested by the provision of "the cake and the cruse." Many a despondent man seeks the D.D. when he really needs the care of the M.D.

Another reason would be the prophet's loneliness.

On Carmel he faced eight hundred and fifty false prophets; dictated the test to be used, "The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." He cried, "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord," without any thought of isolation.

But then, there was the excitement of the occasion. Now, he was solitary and alone.

Solitude and meditation are good for the soul, hence Jesus enjoins, "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." But this is not the only duty or the highest good, hence the mandate, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

There may be men of sufficient force to live godly lives in the cloister, but ordinarily, piety is dwarfed when divorced from proper associations.

To meet this need the lonely prophet was told that there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

But perhaps his seeming failure was his heaviest burden. On Carmel his life mission was apparently crowned with success, for the people cried, "Jehovah, He is God."

Now he takes up the lamentation, "I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life." To correct this misapprehension, a strong wind, an earthquake, and a fire came, but God was not in the wind, the quake, or the fire.

And after the fire came a still small voice saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" directing him where to go and what to do.

Had the Angel of the Lord appeared to the venerable man on whose behalf we are gathered to pay our tribute of respect and love before we commit all that is mortal to the custody of the tomb, he would have detected none of the features which marked his visit to Elijah, the Tishbite.

Had he repeated the inquiry of the olden time, it would have been in tones of surprise to find that he who had borne life's burdens and responsibilities for almost one fourth of a century beyond the threescore and ten of mortal probation was still bearing the load. Had he been overlooked? Could he have been forgotten? What doest thou here, Elijah, when thine earthly work is done and done gloriously? What doest thou here, Elijah, when grace divine has made thee meet for the inheritance of the saints in light?

What doest thou here, Elijah, when fitted for thy coronation? It is enough, good and faithful servant. Well done and welcome. Come up higher and be forever with thy Lord.

But it is also noteworthy that when God sent the fiery chariot to bear Elijah from his work to his rest, so profound was Elisha's sense of the great loss he had sustained in the removal of his Leader, Teacher, and Friend, that instead of attempting any analysis of his character or rehearsing the exploits of his life, he simply cried out in deepest anguish of spirit, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Realizing that greater than all spoken grief is that which is un-

spoken because unspeakable, realizing that words cannot adequately portray the deepest and tenderest emotions of the heart, Elisha regarded and accepted silence as the most befitting expression of his grief. Imitating his example we attempt no high-sounding eulogium, Dr. Stoddard does not need it. His life is his best eulogy. We pronounce no measured panegyric. He would not like it, and as for anything savoring of fulsome adulation, he would despise it. He is the last man whom I would canonize simply because he is dead. Yes, dead to all earthly relations and obligations.

Without fear and misgiving our venerable father met the great certitude of human life, confronting the recognized fact, "it is appointed unto man once to die."

It is useless to raise the question as to whether God might not have ordained a system which should be free from pain and sickness and sorrow and death.

Futile has been the endeavor of the seers and sages of the past and present to solve that great problem of the ages: Is the tomb the final terminal? Does death end all?

Upon the basis of analogy and responsive to the deepest protests of our instincts, human wisdom has pronounced it "possible," even "probable," that man may live beyond the grave.

But these same instincts cry out for something more substantial than a mere possibility or probability, where such vital interests are involved.

This great problem must have remained a sealed mystery, had there not stood at the center of human history a unique man proclaiming, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

It was his simple faith and trust in a Crucified, Risen, Regnant Redeemer, that made Dr. Stoddard the man he was and can make each of us, if, like him, we are supremely jealous for the glory of God.

This was the formative, dynamic power in his life; it was the

burden of his love as he confronted death, which for him had no sting, and over whom the grave achieved no victory.

He is dead, but still lives. Lives in the grateful memories of all who knew him.

We recall the man of childlike simplicity, of marked unselfishness, of deepest piety. While endowed with those elements which go to make up the strong man, yet these were ever softened and sanctified by his singular gentleness and his winning tenderness.

Very appropriately, we have brought the veteran Pastor back once more to this the place of his toils, trials, and triumphs, but only to bear him hence to his last long resting-place.

Never again shall we see that patriarchal form in this sacred desk. Never again will that well-known voice arouse the slumbering echoes of this house of God. Never again will he administer the baptismal rite or dispense the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood.

His life-work is done and well done. He comes to his grave approved alike by God and by man, without a stain on his character or a spot on his reputation. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God and is not with us, because God has taken him. Life's labors over, he sleeps in Jesus, and we shall see him again, only when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

Could he speak once more, his charge to us would doubtless be, "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you." In the presence of the dead, let each ask himself, Am I remembering? Am I living the life in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God? Am I striving to glorify, in body and spirit, that Son of God whose atoning sacrifice for sin it was his joy to make known to me?"

Though we may not speak his worth or overestimate our loss, we may imitate his example, and by so doing enshrine among our dearest earthly memories and help perpetuate the name, the work, and the worth of that honored servant of Christ who entered into rest in the ninety-fourth year of his age, after a service of sixty-one

years in the ministry and in the fiftieth year of his pastorate of this church,—the name of Elijah Woodward Stoddard.

A MEMORY ITEM OF THE MOST APPROPRIATE AND  
TOUCHING ADDRESS OF DR. CHARLES A. STODDARD

I want to say a few words concerning my kinsman. The name of Stoddard has had an honorable history in the annals of the Christian ministry. This tradition established by such men as Solomon Stoddard in New England, was worthily maintained by Elijah W. Stoddard. Though there is none good save God, yet, humanly speaking, Dr. Stoddard was without blemish. He was gathered to his fathers with no blot on his escutcheon.

Some lines in memory of Rev. Dr. E. W. Stoddard of Succasunna, New Jersey, by one who was his colleague in the ministry from 1857 to 1860, and a yoke-fellow in Christian service through more than fifty-six years.

O comrade in the bannered line  
Of Christ our Leader, King;  
At last the victory is thine;  
The palms of triumph swing!

The end is reached, the end of road  
Trode long by toiling feet;  
With joy the pilgrim drops his load;  
God's watchman comes from beat!

A golden sheaf of ripened grain  
That waved in summer air,  
Is born from field on harvest wain  
To find the garner's care.

O brother mine, how early days  
Around me surge and sweep!  
What echoes sweet of old-time lays  
Across the distance leap!

How oft our feet together trod  
The hallowed place of prayer!  
How oft our eyes looked up to God  
And found his blessing there!

And now we toilers part a while,  
One with his Lord to dwell;  
One here below to wait in file;  
Farewell! a short farewell!

O flock of God this shepherd led  
Through half a hundred years,  
Take up this autumn day your dead  
While fall the dimming tears,—

In shadow of the old church walls  
Lay down this hoary head,  
Till trump of God the sleeper calls  
And stirs the narrow bed.

Then back to service bravely go  
With quickened heart and hand,  
The soul alert, the face aglow,  
The Master's loyal band!

T. E. VASSAR.

Elizabeth, N. J., November 2, 1913.

Selections from the most interesting and appropriate sermon delivered by the Rev. R. E. Zeigler, on Sabbath evening, November 2, 1913.

### THE REMARKABLE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE BELOVED PASTOR OF FIFTY YEARS

FIRST,—Dr. Stoddard was a good man. He was gathered to his fathers with no blot on his escutcheon. A man in whom there was no guile. His life was hid with Christ in God.

There are those who imagine that uprightness of life is a trifle compared to more pretentious gifts. They excuse from indiscretions one they term a genius. In the familiar incident of the young man who came to ask what good thing he could do to inherit eternal life, the answer was, "There is none good but God."

It is not power or wisdom, but eternal goodness, that is the characteristic glory of God. That which is first with the Almighty ought to be first in the estimation of men. No natural ability, no amount of culture, no attainments, are to be weighed against goodness. Blessed is the man whose biography can be written in that brief eulogy of Barnabas, "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

The Bible says that God made man in his own image and that man defaced the image by his sin. Yet in every generation there are men in whom we see the brightness of the Divine.

They shine as lights in the world. Such a man was Dr. Stoddard.

The springs of his piety were not far to seek. Talking to God and listening to God were his daily meat and drink. The Holy Scriptures were his dwelling-place all his life long. He was a past-master in the difficult and divine art of conversing with God, because the Master taught him to pray.

Any one who has had the privilege of being a guest at his house, will never forget the morning and evening prayers. In that deep-toned and mellow voice, which withstood the weakening of age, the Doctor invoked Him whom he was wont to style, "The God of the



morning and the evening." He never failed to include in these prayers special petitions for the sick and the sorrowing. On Saturday evenings his petitions were full of solicitude for the Sabbath and its work. It was a benediction to hear him pray.

His pulpit prayers were marvels of that simplicity and comprehensiveness which must ever characterize the speech of man with his Maker. Faith and obedience were the outcome of a daily walk with God.

SECOND,—Dr. Stoddard was a truly great pastor. He had mastered the art of shepherding the flock. His example will be a perennial inspiration to all the ministers who were associated in any way with this pastor, who shared with his Lord the supreme love for the sheep and the lambs of the fold.

Our Saviour said, "For this cause came I into the world, to lay down my life for the sheep." "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." And what was first with the Good Shepherd must be first with the pastors to whom are entrusted the flock of God.

The question is sometimes asked, Who is greater in the kingdom of God, the pastor or the preacher?

A generation of great preachers is greatly to be desired, but the sermon is the overflow of the preacher's soul, and there is nothing which more inspires thought and prepares a quickened intellect to select an appropriate message for the Sabbath, than the everyday intercourse with men in all the associations of life, and under all the varied experiences of joy and of sorrow.

Therefore the pastor and the preacher are mutually helpful. They cannot be separated. A good minister of Jesus Christ is a good shepherd. Such an one was Dr. Stoddard throughout his long life. He never forgot the words of Peter:—"Feed the flock of God which is among you." He ever studied to show himself approved unto the Good Shepherd, and when, after sixty-one years of service, he fell asleep, men recalled the words of the apostle: "And when the chief Shepherd shall be manifested, ye shall receive the crown of glory which fadeth not away."

THIRD,—Dr. Stoddard was a gift of God—not only to this church and community, but to the cause of Christianity. He was a stalwart defender of the faith. His was that highest apologetic, the apologetic of faithful service.

One will never be able to compute the value of services rendered the Christian faith by those ministers who have been content to labor in quiet country parishes, whose great gifts have been bestowed on rural churches, and who have redeemed many a village from oblivion by their self-sacrificing labors.

The pages of ecclesiastical history have records of many such pastors, whose influence extended far beyond the circle of immediate labor. In this Apostolic succession Dr. Stoddard had, and will always have, a worthy place.

The manse and church of Succasunna will be fragrant forever in many hearts because of its association with the ministry of Dr. Elijah Woodward Stoddard.

No one who ever saw Dr. Stoddard will ever forget him. Those who knew him will always be glad that their path crossed his path.

His monument is in the great company to whom he was a Father and a Guide.

The children on whom he laid his hands in baptism, the young men and women who were joined in marriage by his sweetly intoned service, the ministers of the Gospel who counted him as brother, and are inspired by the memory of his Christian life and ministry, the households whose aching hearts he comforted in times of supreme need, and the young and old whom he guided in the way everlasting, all classes and conditions of his parish, unite in grateful remembrance of this long pastorate.

May we add one word to the bereaved, in the words of the message to Queen Victoria at the passing away of Prince Albert,

“May the love of all thy people comfort thee, till God’s love set thee at his side.”





E. W. Stoddard

## PEN PICTURES

These pen pictures have been arranged in response to a request for some of the tributes that illustrate the different phases of character and periods of life.

As Dr. Stoddard was at the time of his "going home" the oldest Alumnus of Amherst College and of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and as he had completed sixty-one years of active service, he was much honored and beloved, but it was his chief joy that he had been granted the privilege of entering on his fiftieth year in the pastorate at Succasunna, N. J.

### TRIBUTE FROM AMHERST

"I shall never forget the half-century reunion of the Class of '49 in 1899. The larger number are in the better country. It was a great privilege to know Dr. Stoddard and to meet with him. His presence was an inspiration."

FROM DR. FRANCIS BROWN, PRESIDENT OF UNION SEMINARY

"Dr. Stoddard's presence with us has so often been a benediction at the annual gatherings of the Seminary, and the knowledge of the esteem and deep affection in which he has been held by the succeeding generations of his long and happy pastorate has given us such peculiar regard for him that the news of his translation affects us very especially."

"A missionary from Central Africa tells us that the Africans say of one who has died, 'He has arrived.' This is profoundly true of Dr. Stoddard, and, while our sympathy is with you, we rejoice with him."

## FROM A FORMER PASTORATE

“What pleasant days they were. The well-filled auditorium on the Sabbath and the crowded lecture-room at the mid-week service, the large and flourishing Sunday school, the Pastor’s calls, punctiliously and intelligently and spiritually made, and social amenities acceptably observed, fixed the remembrance of those years among the cherished memories of life.

“In my student days he once said to me, As in solving a mathematical problem, one goes step by step until the solution is reached, so in the matter of personal religion one having given assent to the evangelical fundamentals, ought, as with the mathematical problem, to accept fully and openly the result of such demonstration.”

“Much of his life was withdrawn from the turmoil of near-by cities, yet not withdrawn from the atmosphere of the best culture and refinement. In a place where one could be apart from the world and yet a faithful laborer of the world he esteemed it a privilege.”

“In all that he has been, and in all that he is now, have we not abundant cause for thanksgiving.”

## FROM HIS PRESBYTERY

“The translation of another Elijah leaves us a mantle that had no stain or mark of dishonor, as became a co-worker with God.”

“His wonderful youthfulness of spirit, his unvarying kindness, his extensive acquaintance and his devotion to his work make his loss seem like a public calamity.”

“I cannot imagine a more beautiful story than has been written on the hearts of men by Dr. Stoddard. Everywhere he went people were blessed and helped by the sweetness and strength of his character and influence. I felt it the moment that I met him in the

Morris and Orange Presbytery, over twenty-five years ago, and I can feel now the reality of his prayers as he led his brethren in the devotional service."

"In very truth could it be said of him that his life pathway brightened and shone more and more until he came to the perfect day and the awakening into the fullest life above."

"To some of us who in our young manhood felt the influence of his life he has meant much and I am happy to think that no one on earth can ever estimate the value of such an influence. It is unending and limitless. I shall always think of Dr. Stoddard with thanksgiving."

"I felt it a great honor to know Dr. Stoddard. What a record in the completed volume of a beautiful character gone to its fulfilment! A long life of service has been crowned."

"Dr. Stoddard was an inspiration to all of the younger men in the Presbytery. The fragrance of his ministry will linger with us until we renew our friendship in the Father's house."

"One of God's good men—the salt of the earth has been taken and life is greatly impoverished. I am glad that I knew him and knew him so well and I wish that all of us had more of his spirit. The God who has guided his steps through his long pilgrimage will abundantly comfort in the hour of sorrow."

"For the long life filled with the gracious influence of the indwelling Christ, we have reason to be grateful and to rejoice in his joy, as absent from the body he is present with the Lord."

"Dr. Stoddard's was indeed a remarkable life, not only in its unusual length of active service, but also in its rare tenderness and beauty."

“I do want to express the sentiments of reverence and admiration for Dr. Stoddard I have felt always, from the first moment I ever saw him. He was to me in the flesh, what Abraham has been to my mind and imagination—Patriarchal in form and bearing—the Man of Faith. He believed God and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. Thinking of what he was, one may sense the degree of your earthly loss.”

“We held our venerable Brother in the highest respect. None knew him but to love him. Surely his was a splendid witness, a long course, an achieved victory.”

“I would bear testimony to the warm Christian life and the faithful ministry of the Patriarch of the Presbytery.”

“The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”  
“He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”

“How often his words were an inspiration as has been his life ever since I knew him.”

“He will be sorely missed, but his life and preaching have been engraved upon the hearts of men and such a life is imperishable.

“As a Brother Pastor of earlier days it is pleasant to remember that never a shadow of misunderstanding fell across our intimacies.”

“At the meeting of the Presbytery of Morris and Orange, in January, 1914, Dr. Halloway was appointed to prepare a memorial of Dr. Stoddard. On February eighth, Dr. Halloway was called to the General Assembly of the first-born in Heaven, and the message of his brethren was delivered in person.

“At the April meeting of the Presbytery some one else will be delegated to write the word of appreciation for the church and the household on this side of the river.”



“His character is his monument; his life, his testimonial. He lived to make the world better; his influence will remain to inspire those who take up the work which he has laid down.”

“One of the many who feel that their lives have been benefited by the gracious uplifting influence of the dear pastor and friend.”

“He lived a life of love—love for the church, for the Sunday-school—love for everybody. His sympathy and charity were for those in all the walks of life.”

“What a benediction that life is to me! The embodiment of kindness and goodness.”

“Life has been rich in friendships, and high above them all stands my acquaintance with the Pastor of Succasunna.”

“May his high and unselfish life lead us to a more faithful performance of our humble duties and to an unshaken faith in the ideals of the great Teacher.”

“He was in my regard the most truly good, the most saintly human being I ever knew. We had reason to know him intimately, and we watched the every-day patience and wisdom with which he met trials, doing good to all, sometimes to the unthankful and the evil.

“I heard his first public sermon in Dr. Asa D. Smith’s church in New York, ‘and the people gladly received Him for they were waiting for Him.’”

“It puzzles me to think of the church and the individual lives of the dear little village without the saintly benediction of his presence—but his life has entered into the life of the community that he served for half a century.”

“He is always associated with my earliest religious impressions and aspirations.”

“He will always live in the hearts of those he left behind. It will always be a potent factor in the development of the highest type of life. Wherever he went the people loved him, and that helped to make life a success and to endow the community with the priceless legacy of a Christian character.”

“After turning over in my mind the many sides of Dr. Stoddard's influence and usefulness I have been brought to realize that no memory of his gracious personality and his zealous work for the Master will ever be lost. I am glad that the sunset added beauty and glory to the long, beautiful life, and so He giveth His beloved sleep until the memory breaks and the shadows flee away. Assuredly Dr. Stoddard was one of the beloved not only to those privileged to know him—but to the Master whom he so loyally and faithfully served. It was a blessing to anyone to have known him, and his memory will be cherished and his work go on and on and on through the lives he has inspired to the highest service.”

“Life's work well done,  
Life's race well run,  
Life's crown well won,  
Then comes the rest.”

“Dr. Stoddard possessed the qualities which are requisite for the highest function of a Christian minister: great faculty of sympathy; a mind masculine in its power, feminine in its tenderness; humility; wisdom to direct; that knowledge of the world which Christ calls the wisdom of the serpent, and that knowledge of evil which comes from repulsion from it rather than from personal contact with it; and whole-hearted consecration to God, the Church, and fellowmen.”

## FROM YOUNG MINISTERS ASSOCIATED IN THE LAST FEW YEARS

“How glad I am that at the very beginning of my own ministry it was my favored lot to sit at his feet and learn of him. Anyone who has had the privilege of being a guest in the parsonage at Succasunna will never forget the morning and evening prayer.

“In that deep, mellow voice, which withstood the weakenings of age, the Doctor invoked Him whom he was wont to style ‘The God of the morning and the evening.’ He was a past master in the divine art of conversing with God because he walked so close to God at every step of the way.”

“Can we wonder that he was truly a great Pastor?

“In shepherding the flock he studied every need of the hours of sunshine and of shadow. He was especially watchful over the lambs, associating himself in every way with their interests.

“He was a stalwart Defender of the Faith, and the name of Succasunna will be fragrant forever in many hearts because of its association with the Apostolic ministry of Dr. Stoddard.

“Throughout life I shall esteem it a unique personal privilege to have known a man who had served so long and so efficiently in Christian work.

“Few pastors have succeeded in impressing their personality on the character of a congregation so indelibly as Dr. Stoddard. My estimate of him will always be in the superlative.

“Truly a great man has fallen; my prayer is, Lord, let his mantle fall on me.”

“I came out from Union Seminary twice to preach for Dr. Stoddard. I have always remembered his fatherly nature. In his patriarchal appearance he always reminded me of Abraham.”

“A triumphant entry into a larger life for him—an unspeakable loss to us and to the church.”

“I regret that I could not be present with the multitude to express by my presence something of the feeling of benediction that came to me in the high privilege of sitting in the pulpit with him and speaking to his people when, had his strength been sufficient, he could have done it so much better. But the largest multitude is a small representation of the great host who in the long lifetime were blessed by his service, and I belong to that great majority who were detained by distance and duty from paying our tribute of love.”

“It is most difficult to express what Dr. Stoddard’s life meant to others.”

“My heart will always be filled with gratitude to God that I knew him,—pure, sweet, stalwart soul,—an inspiration in its constant witness to the power and love of God.”

“He has left enough of his spirit with the parish to strengthen the faith of those who must carry on the work.”

“It helps me to know that he was interested in my work. It helps me to solve Missionary problems to remember that the work is one on earth and in Heaven, and the parting is a physical one only—for, spiritually, we are one in seeking the glory of God.”

“I never felt to such an extent the powerlessness of what we call death to separate us from those who were and are workers together with God.”

#### MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER OF 1908

“It was in the spring of 1908 that I made my first visit to Succasunna.

“After I had made several visits, the Doctor asked me if I would assist him during the summer. One other call came to me, but I

can never be thankful enough that I decided to spend the summer in Succasunna.

“It was my first work out of the seminary, and never could one have been introduced to his work under a better guide. The Doctor was a whole seminary course in himself. He was a great and good shepherd of the sheep. One could not be with him without drinking in a new estimate of the greatness and the glory of the ministry. It was nothing less than a divine providence that brought me under his influence.

“How well I recall the family prayers,—the deep-toned voice in which the household, the parish, and the world were commended to God. How well I remember the many rides we had together, the prayers which the Doctor offered in the homes of the sick, the kindly words to those we met. Above all I remember his surpassing kindness to me.

“The unvarying youthfulness of Dr. Stoddard was a source of perpetual surprise. When in his company I was never appalled by the difference in our ages. He could take a young man’s point of view. He could see life through a young man’s eyes. Age had not withered his youthful spirit. In a company of young people he was in sympathy with the youngest.

“As to myself, he gave a few simple directions, and allowed me to choose my own paths. Such trustfulness could not but win a young man’s deepest appreciation.

“Not a few young men now scattered throughout the world have had also the inestimable privilege of association with the Doctor.

“Every one of them will thank God to the end of his days that he was introduced to the work of the Christian ministry by such a rare and radiant soul as Dr. Stoddard.”

A FEW REPRESENTATIVE TRIBUTES FROM THE CO-  
WORKERS IN THE PASTORATE OF FIFTY YEARS.

KENVIL, N. J., Jan. 27, 1914.

DEAR MRS. STODDARD:

We mourn for Dr. Stoddard, and feel that in his death the Church, the community, and we ourselves have suffered a great loss.

We realize that we have been favored by Divine Providence in having had for many years the benefit of the services and prayers of this righteous man.

That we may now so regulate our lives as to meet him in the great beyond, is our earnest prayer.

Yours respectfully,

D. B. JARDINE.

One of the official members of the church, in referring to the impression made by a sermon of Dr. Stoddard's, thirty years ago, said that on one Sabbath, the illustration of the need of being rooted and grounded in our faith was taken from the effect of a storm upon the trees bordering our streets, or growing in the forest.

With the accuracy to nature that appealed to our every day experiences, the Doctor outlined the scene of gathering clouds and sweeping wind and pelting storm, under which the stalwart oak stood firm, while the trees whose roots had not laid hold upon the strength of the earth, were swayed to and fro, and many of them marked the path of the storm as they lay prostrate on the ground, awaiting the woodman's ax.

The narrator said, "I could not help seeing the tear-drop in the eye and on the cheek, that told of the deep emotion of a strong young man sitting near me, as the tender, earnest voice of the speaker drew the lesson and made its plea to the reason and to the heart.

"The impression of that hour has remained with many to this

day, building up character for service in the church and in the community.”

W. C. S.

“I often think of you, and so frequently as I look back have I remembered the guidance and original moulding of character and religious training which I received at the hand of Dr. Stoddard.”

“One of the ‘elect women’ of the church, a lifelong member of the community, said, in speaking of her pastor, ‘One of the distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Stoddard was his purity of thought and life.’ ‘To the pure all things are pure,’ was eminently true of the man who was so much like his Master that it can be truthfully said, ‘In him there was no guile.’

“Never was a disparaging word spoken nor allowed to be repeated. ‘He hoped all things, believed all things’ that were of good report. And the lines must have been written on his countenance, as a stranger to whom he came with a message in New York City, forty years ago, said, ‘I beheld the face of an angel.’”

“His kindly devotion to every member of his congregation and his constant cheerfulness have left beautiful memories.

“From my childhood, when asked who my pastor was, I have always been so happy to reply, ‘Dr. Stoddard, of Succasunna.’ I feel it a great blessing to have been counted one of his children. I very often attended the large churches in New York City, but to me no preacher seemed so great as dear Dr. Stoddard, and I would wish that I might be where I could hear his voice and see him standing in his accustomed place in the church. Without his presence I fear the old church will not be quite the same to me.”

“To me a pleasant memory of the evening worship was this sentence so often used in acknowledging the mercies of God;— ‘New in the morning, fresh in the evening, repeated every moment.’”

"In Dr. Stoddard it was my joy always to see the common Christian characteristics raised to the highest degree of power. He was wholly surrendered to the spirit; he mastered the spiritual Word; he reaped even the corners of the wide fields of religious thought; he opened the iron gates of difficulty with the golden key of prayer; he tested the finer possibilities of knowing God's will, by a service which embraced many kinds of loving devotion to his fellowmen.

"And so he came to be the Dr. Stoddard I knew,—a man of sunshine, enthusiasm, sympathy, patience, simplicity, and integrity of faith. What I always marveled over was the finished and mature character of all these traits in him. His sunshine had no drifting shadows to make it intermittent, his enthusiasm was not spasmodic, but continuous; his sympathy knew no checks through over strain or monotony; his patience was not passivity, but the greater power to 'wait for the revealing'; his simplicity of faith was that which Jesus commended to Martha, 'But one thing is needful.'"

"The fruits of his earnest work for so many years will assuredly be an enduring monument to him. He was associated with so many of my early experiences—those experiences which were most dear to me—that his loss is keenly felt by me, as it must be also by many, many others."

"What some people would call affliction, was named the guidance of a Father's hand."

"I scarcely know how to select a single characteristic of the pastor whose whole life seemed so rounded out and complete in every particular. But as I think it over I am specially impressed with his gentle, quiet manner of dealing with his people at all times. No matter how crooked and unruly any of them were, he never scolded nor found fault, but quietly led them back into line. Then his ever ready sympathy with his flock in times of joy or sorrow; never



too old to be interested in all the young people were doing, or too young to enter into the pleasures of the older ones."

"He was an earnest, faithful, and devoted Christian pastor, reaching out in every direction, working for the good of his people. Amid many discouragements, and handicapped by illness in his own family, still he pressed on toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"My memories of him are all delightful, and his teachings of long ago have been an influence for good through all the years."

"I can affirm most earnestly that one had only to meet Dr. Stoddard to realize and appreciate his noble, honored, and lovable character."

"We shall so miss his venerable figure when we come home. But what a blessed memory he has left behind him in his well-rounded life of well-nigh a century!

"Oh, for a little talk with him! Truly we are all bereaved. He has been to me all my life such a kind true friend. To fill his place is just impossible; to fill the pulpit will be comparatively easy, and the young people can find a friend in a new pastor, but Dr. Stoddard has been a father to most of us, and no other can ever be the same.

"He knew every child by name and greeted them each as he passed. His kindly, loving counsel is always in my mind. I feel now as if I have no one at all to whom I can go for rest of mind. His faith impelled me to believe; his rare good sense gave me such a feeling of stability; I could depend upon it."

"With the first news of his release came the realization of how nearly he lives in the hearts of his people. It is he who has taught us the deeper inner truths that are our lifelong gift and foundations of our being. It is he who has taught us and explained to us by his

life, the fundamental truth of the Fatherhood of God in so real a way that it can never leave us. Mother has told me these, saying that Dr. Stoddard gave her the knowledge and realization, so that generations may well call him blessed. This, people will realize more than ever.

“O, dear, blessed, faithful, father and friend,—I cannot believe that I shall never feel his peace and assurance and love in the flesh. I cannot bear to think of any one’s taking up his work in the church. We must not grieve for Dr. Stoddard. Think only of his joy in having fought the good fight and in receiving his reward.”

#### REPRESENTATIVE TRIBUTES

“My pleasantest impressions of Dr. Stoddard are connected with his care of the lambs of his flock. My first recollections are of his cordial greetings, to even the smallest child, as he walked through the village streets. He was able to call each little one by name, and could truly be said to lead them toward the ‘green pastures.’ When driving, he never failed to greet each child with a wave of the hand, which was always appreciated and returned.

“He never forgot his own, and when one revisited the home of his childhood, of one thing he was sure, Dr. Stoddard had not forgotten him, and the welcome he received from his pastor was one of the delights of the home coming. If Dr. Stoddard went into a strange town or city, his thought would be, ‘Are there any of my own here?’ And at any expense of time or trouble he would hunt them up. ‘The sheep who were not of his pasture,’ ‘the stranger within the gates,’ had just as cordial a welcome, but he loved his own best.

“One of my mind pictures of Dr. Stoddard is as he conducted the monthly Sunday-School Concert,—an institution which was very helpful in the early part of his ministry. The faithful work in preparing for these exercises, and the hours spent in getting ready for the Christmas celebration are not forgotten. This was done

often through much discouragement. All his lambs were not embryonic angels, but he had infinite patience.

“This reminds me of another trait,—his compassion and charity and toleration for the small offenses of the children. He loved the sinner, but oh, how he hated the sin. I have a vivid recollection of the flash in his eye as one was spoken of who had proved himself unworthy. It was involuntary, for not one word of condemnation passed his lips. But how he scorned the ignoble act. A pure man himself, he would all men were pure.”

“It is more than thirty years since I first met my dear pastor. Dr. Stoddard always seemed like a father to me, as he listened with patience and kindness to all I had to tell. And we were proud not only of his record at home, but of his reception abroad. The attentions paid him at all religious and social gatherings were so many and so hearty and so deserved.

“I have been associated with him under many circumstances, in joy and sorrow, as a teacher, preacher, and friend who never failed me. A truly Christian soldier was he.

“But my latest remembrance, sad, oh, so sad, because I realized the nearness of the end of life’s journey; but mingled with sadness was gladness, for those days were filled with God-given peace, ‘the peace which passeth all understanding,’ the great peace which is of God, gained through joy, sorrow, and striving.

“He was ready for the Master’s calling. He still lives; his example and his influence will never die.

“The memories of the past,—how they crowd in one after another. The thoughts of the future,—who can tell how far-reaching? Would we had more such true-hearted Christian gentlemen.”

“I could write pages and yet not be able to express my feelings, nor what Dr. Stoddard has been to me all my life. He has been like a dear father to me nearly ever since I can remember. It was

always a joy to be in his presence and to be within the sound of his voice. He helped me in my Christian life more than any other.

“As a child it set me in a tremble of delight when I saw the familiar horse and carriage approaching me on the street, for I knew I should be stopped and feel the warm hand-clasp, and meet the kind questions with probably a gentle reference to things heavenly, which were pondered in my heart until the next meeting.”

“In thinking of him I see him in many ways. I remember distinctly how he used to caution our wayward little lips, by putting his forefinger to his lips, and smiling to us with his eyes, and comforting us in our childish troubles by laying his hand on our heads; and with tender words soothing our hearts. I often think how we must have tried his patience.

“And there was no pastor so loving to his flock as Dr. Stoddard. I know as a child, when visiting other Sunday-schools, I would think, ‘There is no minister so dear as Dr. Stoddard.’ I shall never forget his words of comfort in our great sorrow when our loved ones were taken from us. How great was his care of us in these dark lonely days. It may be truly said of him, ‘He gave the joy of living to others.’”

“We can never forget him and his kind fatherly care and interest in us all.”

“I shall treasure Dr. Stoddard’s photograph. It brings to mind the interest he always displayed in my spiritual welfare as a child and young woman.”

Some greeted him as, “Dear Inspiration.”

“I have so often thought of the time when I accompanied you and the Doctor to Boston. How proud I was of Dr. Stoddard. I was happy to say, ‘He is my pastor and my dear friend.’

“I can see him now as he stood, the center of admiration, looking so stately and so good. That was the way I always found him, good, kind, and lovely. A better friend one never had.”

FROM OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

In reviewing the past years, I am at a loss to adequately express my appreciation of Dr. Stoddard, and what he did for me. Never having known another pastor, the period of my life covers the larger part of his eventful pastorate in this community.

My recollection carries me back to the time when the sessions of the Sunday-school were held in the church, previous to the erection of the Memorial Chapel, where the pastor taught a large Bible class. But it was within the last twelve years in which I was more closely associated with him—more intimately, during the last six years, when more actively engaged in Sunday-school work. It is of his work and deep interest in the school, of which I particularly desire to write, because here was the work most dear to his heart.

Only circumstances beyond his control ever kept him from his accustomed place in the Sunday-school, where he always taught the Bible class, and took active part in the devotional exercises, giving inspiration and encouragement. The purity of his life, his stainless character, his fine intellect, exerted a wonderful influence over the young, as well as the older members. He knew them all by name and was ever ready with a kind word and smile.

Never has there been a pastor and teacher who more constantly and consistently taught and upheld higher ideals to the members of his school than did Dr. Stoddard. That all should gain a thorough knowledge of the Bible, which he knew and loved so well, was always his chief aim. His supreme object, his constant prayer, was that all of the members should find the Christ, and become confessing Christians, actively engaged in Christian work.

It was always his practice to include in the devotional exercises

either the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, or a Psalm, particularly the First, Twenty-third, or Nineteenth. A short prayer at the close of the session was always followed by the first, second, and tenth verses of the Fifty-first Psalm, and the Lord's Prayer. Many have been the testimonies from those who have felt the influence in their lives, of the knowledge thus gained of these portions of the Word.

Another strong feature at one time, in the exercises, was the singing, led by the pastor, in his inimitable voice. Who of us can forget the deep resonant tones, as he sang so heartily? Who of us have not been moved by the charm of his voice, which was, and continued to the last, the wonder of all who heard it?

His deep interest in the school never abated, a message being sent on the last Sabbath. During the months when he was unable to be present, I endeavored to keep him informed concerning the work. Wise counsel, words of encouragement and cheer were always given, and one could but go away feeling the influence of his personality, and with a desire to strive for the higher things in life.

On the occasion of one of my last visits, these words were given: "Keep right on—do not allow anything to hinder you in your work for Christ."

His was a grand, noble life—always a living example of what he preached—in every sense, a *real pastor*.

The value of such a life cannot be estimated, because there are no bounds to its influence, which will go on and on, through the coming years. Truly, he was a man who "walked with God."

## FROM THE RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE MORRIS CO. SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION—TRIBUTE TO REV. DR.

E. W. STODDARD

I cannot close this volume of our Minutes without referring to the loss of our Association in the call on October 30, 1913, to the higher life of our long-time friend and co-laborer, Dr. E. W. Stoddard, for fifty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Succasunna.

He was spared us until he had reached his ninety-fourth year, leaving behind him a life full of good words and works.

He was present at our convention at New Vernon in 1911; and sent us a warm greeting when we assembled at Morristown in 1912, which was printed on page 2 of our minutes of that year. We shall miss his kindly face and wise counsel.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

## LOVING MEMORIES—A PEN PICTURE

A Pen Picture of Dr. Stoddard, did you say! Ah! what chapters might be written to express one's thoughts; what volumes might be filled to fully describe the life and character of the man as I knew him. Such a task is beyond the ability of the writer, who cannot put all he feels into expression.

My first recollection of Dr. Stoddard was in my very early boyhood, when as a lad of seven years I learned to look for visits of our then aged pastor, as he and "Dolly" made almost daily visits to our house to plan church work with my beloved father.

As I grew older, the acquaintance also grew until I reached my thirteenth year, when my father was called home from his earthly labors.

The ties of friendship between my father and Dr. Stoddard had been very close, and after his going away I naturally came to look to Dr. Stoddard as a counsellor and guide, going to him for counsel, and advice, always being received with the same kindly spirit of interest and love that marked his character to the last. On these occasions of confidential exchanges he never lost an opportunity of impressing upon me the importance of accepting Christ as my personal Savior in my youth.

Nothing sensational ever marked these quiet meetings, but the gentle kindly advice, the strong personality of the man, had a far more powerful effect on me, finally bringing about the result desired by him.

In more recent years, the bond of friendship between us grew more close by church work, as he depended more on *his* young people to help him carry out his work here; whether we failed or succeeded is not for me to say at this time. If we failed, it was surely not for want of an example of a godly man, which Providence had given us. If we in a measure succeeded, it was only because of the influence of this same quiet godly life constantly set before us in previous years, endeavoring to mould our characters by the influence of his strong personality and good example.

When the end finally came, I lost one, who had, through long years of association in daily life and church work, endeared himself to me in many ways, and it is my earnest desire that the young people of this place, especially the members of our Christian Endeavor Society in which Dr. Stoddard was always deeply interested, may profit by the influence of this peaceful and noble life, and determine to do more efficient work because of it. If we have not profited, the fault surely lies with us.

I have tried, in my simple way, to describe the man as I knew him, to picture him as he was, yet I know I have failed to put all I feel into words, but the loving memories of years now gone, help me more than idle words, or expression ever can, and if any homely sentence



recorded here is adequate to form but a small portion of the "Pen Picture," then the writer is content.

Lives  
Of great men  
Very often  
Imply  
Nothing, but worldly  
Gain.

Many men  
Enter life's struggle, but the lives of but few  
Men  
Or women  
Result  
In such success, as that of  
Elijah W.  
Stoddard.

Sincerely yours,

G. W. THORPE,  
Succasunna, N. J.

January 20, 1914.

#### A FEW OF THE MESSAGES FROM FRIENDS

"Dr. Stoddard has a gift which enables him to unfold his heart for the joy of others."

"From a child I have loved and admired that man of God."

"Dr. Stoddard's life was a hymn of praise. What a blessed thing to die thus loved and honored, and leave a ministry complete."

“Dr. Stoddard’s life meant so much to me, not only because he was the only pastor I have ever known, but also because he was so strong and secure in his faith as a Christian and so exemplary in his life.”

“Even in our sorrow we almost rejoice because this saintly ambassador of God has received the reward which he so richly deserved.”

“No labor was too heavy, for Christ and the church.”

“For me there was always comfort and peace in his voice and in the touch of his hand; hundreds of hearts have felt the blessing of his long beautiful life of service.”

“We like to remember Dr. Stoddard as associated with the most important time of our lives. I can never forget the impressive marriage service and the benediction of his presence.”

“We have been unusually blessed to have him with us all these years; I am thankful that I was privileged to be one of his children.”

“He lived such a beautiful life, he leaves a large family to mourn for him.

“They must live up to the standard of his life.”

“Few will have more friends to really grieve over his departure and the influence of such a quiet, earnest life of purpose widens until it makes one glow to feel that they have been within the circle of it.”

“I am only one of myriads that he has helped by his public ministry and his home life.”

“‘Go on and on whatever the discouragement may be,’ was the message of his life of faithfulness—that had a thought and a word and a kindly act for everybody.”

“It has been a benediction to me, all the years the strength of his character made him the trusted counselor and his gracious presence made him the ideal friend.”

“In the sweet service that gave me my wife, he seemed to make life so beautiful—How we love him!”

“The love for Christ and his work made every effort of the church in its varied branches of interest to Dr. Stoddard.”

“At one time the M. E. Conference was in session in Newark. Dr. Stoddard quietly entered the church to hear some of the speakers. He was discovered and led to the platform and the entire congregation arose in greeting.”

“Night after night in the special meetings of the M. E. Church in his own village he shared in the service, always giving some word of the Lord that might guide into the light.

“If some one alluded to a church not in accord with our doctrine, he would simply say, ‘Those people do not think quite as we do.’”

“He was such a large-hearted, pure-hearted man, so progressive in spirit and lovable in deed. We miss him sorely, but he is with Jesus, whose he was, and whom he served so long and so faithfully.”

“What a splendid and telling life it was, and how it continues, and will continue to live in the hearts and lives of others.”

“To have kept in service almost to the last is a distinction so rare that we can not too highly value it. It is apt to be forgotten that God set a special honor upon long life, and the most beautiful thing in the world is ripe, mellow, sane old age.”

“It was only two weeks ago, when I was visiting at the Union Seminary, that one of the students told me of his visits to Succa-

sunna, and of the wonderful influence of Dr. Stoddard. I have also heard his name mentioned in different parts of our State. His life has exerted an influence far beyond the bounds of your little town."

"There are so many thoughts relative to Dr. Stoddard's influence and helpfulness. How thankful I am that I was a scholar in his Sunday-school. This early training, together with that of later years, helps me to say, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by thy spirit.'"

"His character is his monument. His life is his testimonial. He lived to make the world better. He served his day with devotion and fidelity. His spirit, his chivalry, his devotion, will remain and abide to inspire and to encourage those who will take up the work which he has laid down."

"How many lives he has helped. How many are thinking of him now with reverence and thankfulness. How many too, doubtless, in the other life have already greeted him with joy as the one who helped to bring them to that unseen world. I have known your husband only in his advanced years but I am rejoiced to think how he was surrounded with affection. 'The hoary head is a crown of glory.' Few have been allowed to continue in their work so long."

"Dr. Stoddard's portrait will be preserved by us. Even a glance from it would point to the skies."

"Having known Dr. Stoddard so long and so well, his going away is a personal loss. All who knew him are mourning."

"Dr. Stoddard will always live in the hearts of those he left behind."

"The dear Doctor has always been a benediction to me."

“Ninety years of life, sixty years specially devoted to standing steadfastly pointing, pointing toward the right, is a monument more enduring than granite.”

“Just before I left, the two, the man who had passed eighty-eight milestones, and the lad of twenty-four, sat side by side, the one giving, the other receiving instruction for the Sunday service. ‘I am sure you will do the boy good,’ I said, ‘and I hope he will serve you well.’ Then the erect figure, seeming to stand a little taller, and looking at me steadily, said, ‘We will do our best, and do you pray for us mightily.’”

“There is scarcely a day in the week that he doesn’t have something going on to amuse or interest the young people of this place.”

“He was one of the rare men of the world; and the beauty of his life will have an influence in Succasunna—yes, in Syria, and wherever there are those who knew him,—for many years to come.”

“To me Dr. Stoddard stood for everything that was good and holy.

“I am sure no minister was more beloved by his people and others. I heard a man say, ‘If I had been brought up in Dr. Stoddard’s church, I think I would have been a better man.’”

While Dr. Stoddard was of far more than ordinary ability as a thinker and a preacher, his great hold upon his people lay in his unselfish devotion to their welfare and in his purity of spirit and purpose. He won their hearts through loving service and genuine sympathy and compassion. His attitude in theology, personal life, and pastoral service was ever optimistic, cheery and inspirational.

Truly another aged patriarch has been “gathered to his people” without ever crossing the dreaded “dead line.”

A “friend of God” and a “father” of blessings to multitudes.

REV. WM. HOPPAUGH.

“One of the most beautiful qualities of this one of God’s noblemen was his broad Christian sympathy and fellowship which was not limited by creed. It was always an inspiration to the higher life. He possessed all the elements of the teacher and leader. He had sunshine and good advice for the children, wisdom and encouragement and an ever ready helping hand for the “grown ups,” and for all the benediction of a beautiful life.”

At the Peddie Memorial Church prayer-meeting, the clerk was authorized to send the sympathy of the entire church to whom in former days he brought so many messages of peace and good will.

These ninety years!  
 Yet it would seem but yesterday to thee,  
 When, as a toddler at thy mother’s knee,  
     Those mighty truths were learned;  
 Which in thine after life thou did’st repeat  
 To congregations sitting at thy feet.

But not alone  
 The faithful servant passes to his rest  
 In long eternity amongst the blest;  
     A happy throng,  
 Of those who through his lips the truth received,  
 And in the name of Jesus Christ believed,  
     With joy him greet,  
 While others follow on their bliss to share;  
 And swell the happy song of triumph there,  
     At Jesus’ feet.

MARY A. WAY.

He is not greatest who is great in only one branch of his life, but he is great whose life is symmetrical, evenly balanced. Find such a man and he is the man God says he wants. One’s ability to do good is measured by one’s capacity to inspire others.

DR. EDWARD JUDSON.

That pulpit is not weak which has in it a man with a prophet's message, a real man who insists that men's relations to Christ shall regulate all their relationships in life.

REV. THOMAS VILLERS.

This is the truth about the procession of life when life is related to God! "They go from strength to strength. Everyone of them appeareth in Zion before God!"

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

## THANKSGIVING

NOVEMBER 27, 1913

On March 31st, at a union service in this church, the Pastor's sermon touched a chord that vibrates in this Thanksgiving service. As it was among the last messages of the Fiftieth year of his ministry at Succasunna, the central thought of "Hosannah" may inspire this Thanksgiving Day.

### A SELECTION

It has been quaintly said that many of our blessings come to us in such commonplace wrappings that we do not always open them to find the jewels they bring.

There are gems whose price is above rubies, that come to us in the everyday wrappings of the home-life, and sometimes they are accepted without a true appreciation of their worth.

There are precious opportunities for service that come with the daily tasks and they will enrich life if we unfold and appropriate.

Let this Thanksgiving Day number its obligations to earth and to Heaven and prepare for the great Thanksgiving Day of the eternal life.

There is a bright side to everything, but in order to see it, we must be on the sunward side of the cloud. Walking with God means walking on the sunward side.

### THANKSGIVING, 1913

Another Thanksgiving will cluster in one  
The dear household bands who are meeting at home,  
Another Thanksgiving has opened the door  
To the Father's own Presence and those "gone before."



We sit at the table, God's bounty has spread,  
For them our dear Father has broken the bread.  
We share in the fruitage the seasons have given,  
They share with the Angels who welcomed to Heaven.

We join in the song that would number our days  
By the mercies that follow in all of our ways.  
They sing with the ransomed of blessings untold,  
That for ages to come will their richness unfold.

We trust in the promise, "the Lord will provide,"  
But those who are walking so close to His side  
Can trace all the guidings, and know of the Love  
That is granted below and perfected above.

And thus, while the clouds may o'ershadow the road,  
We commit every step of the future to God,  
Well assured we shall praise Him when we too shall come  
To the Thanksgiving Day with our loved ones at Home.

E. A. S.

GLEANINGS FROM DR. STODDARD'S CHRISTMAS  
MESSAGE OF ONE YEAR AGO

As this is the Forty-ninth Christmas-tide that I have been privileged to be with this church and people, I am glad that my message can be the same as that of nearly half a century ago.

“We have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.” Matt. ii, 2.

Almost all the congregation of that Christmas time have followed the Star into the presence of the King.

Many who were with us last year are spending this Christmas “At Home.”

As I said to you on a Sabbath evening, three weeks ago, my sister, my only sister, was called the day before Thanksgiving. The dear Saviour came for her and leading her by the hand to an open door, He said, “My daughter, this is your Home, it is the place prepared for you, the place for which you have been preparing by your earnest, faithful Christian life”; and passing over the threshold she entered upon the life everlasting.

Let us remember that we go not merely to the General Assembly of the Saints in Heaven, but we go to a place prepared for our individual needs and our individual work,—a home in which our highest ideals are to be realized and every desire of the heart find its fullest satisfaction,—a place for which we are being prepared by all that is beautiful and bright in our lives and even by trials and difficulties.

Joy and sorrow develop, as sunshine and cloud prepare for the harvest, and we do want to join the reapers “bringing in the sheaves.”

The Star led the Wise Men to the Christ. The tradition is that for a moment they lost sight of the Star, but they followed the path, and coming to a well near Bethlehem as they looked down into its depths, they saw the Star.

Pilgrims still gaze into this well as they journey to Bethlehem. We did not see the reflection of the Star, but we remembered that the Christ of Bethlehem is now on the throne as St. John saw Him in Patmos—"In his right hand are seven stars and the seven stars are the angels of the seven churches,"—and we recognize the privilege of the church of God to be a light in the world, reflecting the light of the Christ whose glory is to fill Heaven and earth.

The wise men followed the Star. They brought gifts. What can we bring? Our hearts and our service, remembering the word of the Lord Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

At the creation, "The morning stars sang together." Job. xxxviii, 7.

The song of the Angels brought the glad tidings of the birth of Christ. Luke ii, 10, 11.

The star in the east heralded his coming and his errand of light. Matt. ii, 2.

And the redeemed of every kindred and tongue and people and nation shall sing a new song in the new heaven and the new earth. Rev. v, 9.

"Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
To sing the everlasting song  
And crown Him Lord of all."

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii, 3.

As the stars beyond our sight  
    In a ministry of light  
Gently hold us in our sphere,  
Absent loved ones draw us near  
To their home, whose gates ajar  
Send the guiding ray afar.

Star by star on earth must set,  
    But the Heavenly coronet  
Has one other cheering ray  
For the shadows of the way,  
Ministrations of that light  
Comforting the weary night.

Thus our loved with us abide  
    In their influence to guide,  
As the messages from home  
With their Benedictions come,  
Passing on the Ministry  
Of a half a century.

Thus the work goes on and on,  
    Until that eternal morn,  
When the angels sing again  
And we chant the glad refrain,  
As each star becomes a gem  
In the royal diadem.

E. A. S.

[*Printed for the closing Sabbath of 1913*]

DR. STODDARD'S SERMON OF A YEAR AGO

MALACHI iii, 10

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The same love that spoke through the prophet Isaiah in such tones of entreaty, "Come now, let us reason together," sends us this message by Malachi, "PROVE ME NOW." Give me the opportunity; put my words to the test. Fulfil the conditions of each promise and receive the blessing. At the opening of another year we have been called to look out upon the Christian world gathered around the throne of God in the week of prayer. The message has come to us as individuals.

Who knows but thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this.

We recognize that at great crises in the history of mankind great leaders have been raised up to meet the emergency, but we do not always realize what the quiet life that has brightened the pathway and shared the burdens and left footprints that were safe to follow,—what such lives have meant to the world. We can never estimate their power and their helpfulness.

To all of us have come moments of inspiration, as we have listened to the music of the human voice or of some instrument responsive to the skillful hand.

The voice of the sweet singer has been trained, the instrument has been attuned to the will of the Master, and where he has had the fullest control the most perfect has been this response.

We are told that Stradivarius while making his violins associated his workmanship with the infinite. He said, "It is God choosing me

to help Him," and this realization of his relationship to God in his work of bringing harmony and melody out of a perfected instrument ennobled his daily life.

Our common days are associated with the wonders and the possibilities that under God's guidance may elevate and bless the world.

Would we make life a psalm, a hymn of praise, a pæan of victory, we must let God use our every power of thought and submit our wills to His will. We must give Him the fullest opportunity to use all that we have and are for His glory.

How can we do this? First, by trusting God; second, by prayer; third, by service. Thus we bring the tithes into the storehouse.

Dr. Matthews, Moderator of General Assembly, in interpreting his text to his people called it, Giving God a Chance, and he asked the question, "Have You Given God a Chance?"

It appealed to me as a novel way to interpret Malachi's message in Twentieth Century language, and it comes home to us to-day. Are we doing our part, or are we hindering the coming of the blessing?

Dr. Matthews uses this illustration, "Out of yonder fountain pours the pure crystal stream of cold water. Thousands of gallons come from the unceasing source. You stand at the fountain with a bucket in your hand and over it pours the crystal stream. Somebody says, 'Why isn't your bucket full?' And upon examination it is found that the lid of the bucket is on and fastened, yes, sealed, making it impossible for one drop of water to flow into the bucket."

In like manner, unbelief, doubt, distrust, lack of faith, seal the openings to the heart and the soul and the life, making it impossible for God's blessing to pour into you. Should not this New Year open up the heart and the life that God's blessings may flow freely to enrich every day of this New Year?

We are studying in our Sunday School of the great beginnings. Our interest to-day centers in the Garden of Eden—our ancestral home.

Milton in his poem suggests the need of guardian angels even in Paradise.

Ithuriel and his companion Zephon were delegated by Gabriel to watch over our first parents. Ithuriel detects an evil spirit in disguise. He touches the crouching figure with his spear, for no falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of course to its own likeness. The tempter is revealed and his designs for that hour failed. The touch of Ithuriel's spear will reveal the truth. It is well symbolized by the word of God which reveals the true relation of man to man and of man to God.

It is our guide, our defense.

Let us take it with us into the New Year.

Suggestions of good come from our guardian angels, by the memories of the fathers and mothers and friends who may be sent to minister still to their beloved. And we have their weapon of defense—the Sword of the Spirit—whose touch is like that of Ithuriel's spear, revealing the truth.

Let us take this sword with us into the New Year that we may know the right and follow. Then shall we most gladly bring the tithes into the storehouse and God will open the windows of Heaven and pour us out the needed blessing for our homes and for the world.

*Printed for the First Sabbath of 1914*

GLEANINGS FROM DR. STODDARD'S NEW YEAR  
SERMON OF A YEAR AGO

JOSH. iii, 4, 5

“That ye may know the way by which ye must go: for ye have not passed this way heretofore. And Joshua said unto the people, Sanctify yourselves: for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you.”

Israel was to make a new beginning in a new land. They were to sanctify themselves. We shall come into our new year of life with better hope of conquest and of successful labor if we have also sanctified ourselves.

It will be a year of blessing if we walk closely in the footprints of our Leader for we have "an infallible Christ," who will lead us to the highest and the best in the journey of another year, and we know not into what an inheritance this year may enter. Man, the last of created things, has become almost a creator, what has enabled him to rise?

It is his willingness to venture into the unknown.

Let us compare man with the animal creation.

The beaver knew how to fell a tree and had the tools to do his work when man was quite unable to lop a single branch; the beaver could build a dam, when man was utterly at the mercy of the flood.

The spider could spin, the bird could build, and the mole could make its long tunnels, before man began to do these things even in the humblest way.

But no beaver ever ventures upon more advantageous building, no spider aims at a new design, no mole varies his working—but man has ventured into the unknown in a thousand directions; he has advanced and conquered obstacles. \* \* \*

Faith in God, faith in man, faith in our opportunities of service will enable us to "build new chambers" for the soul this year to attain to greater things by a diligent use of the passing days.

If we sanctify ourselves, God will do wonders among us, for as we obey God we are used for God's glory.

There is something touching in the appeal, "ye have not passed this way heretofore." It is an untrodden pathway into the unknown, and much we need to place our hands in God's hand. "He knows the way He taketh and we will walk with Him."

As you enter once more upon a new year,  
 One waiteth to strengthen to guide and to cheer.  
 "Whatever we ask," is the promise Divine,  
 The Saviour has said, If your will is as Mine



The powers of the earth, of the sea, of the air  
Your servants become, every hour everywhere,  
The most secret things to your touch will unfold,  
More rich in their treasures than silver or gold,  
And the fathomless depths of the ocean of love  
Shall open its pearls "for thy coming above."

Would this year be happy, contribute your share  
To brighten its shadows, to lighten its care,  
By giving the best that to you has been given;  
Reflecting the light that you welcome from Heaven,  
Repeating the story that never grows old,  
With faith in the promise that conquers the world,  
Go forward, press onward, the way is unknown  
Save, before you is service, beyond is the Crown.

May harbor bells welcome us each as we come  
To the Sainted who serve in this New Year at Home!

January 1, 1914.

E. A. S.

### HARVEST HOME

The ripened seeds of gathered flowers,  
The golden sheaves of garnered grain,  
We sow around these homes of ours.  
And when the harvest waves again  
The work of faithful hands goes on,  
And on and on when they are gone.

The generations of the past  
Have thus bequeathed a sacred trust;  
The seeds into time's furrows cast  
Will blossom from their sacred dust.  
By life, by death the work goes on,  
And on and on when they are gone.

Another harvest from the field  
 We bring to crown another year,  
 To scatter wide that it may yield  
 Its thousandfold when shall appear  
 The reapers, with each sainted one  
 Whose work goes on when they are gone.

Our fathers' God, to thee we come  
 Help us in faithfulness and love  
 To gather for the harvest home  
 The sowing of these saints above,  
 While they rejoice that work goes on,  
 Forever on, when they are gone.

And when *we* rest, may other hands  
 Bind up the sheaves and sow the grain,  
 Until shall bloom the desert sands,  
 And over all the Christ shall reign;  
 And higher service shall be given,  
 The fellowship and joy of heaven.

## NEW YEAR GREETING

1914

A maiden drew the curtain fold,  
 And watched the setting sun,  
 As with its crimson and its gold  
 It shed a glow on a pilgrim old,  
 Whose course was almost run.

His mantle, with long use, was gray,  
 His sandals travel-worn,  
 Three hundred miles of dusty way  
 And sixty-five he counts to-day  
 Since it was New Year morn.

Around the dear, departing year  
    Are forms of love and light,  
The memories that link us here  
To yonder holy happy sphere  
    Whose veil seems drawn to-night.

And the heart cried for vanished hours,  
    The hours that long have sped;  
The beautiful, the gathered flowers,  
The treasures that we once called ours,  
    Oh! Bring them back, she plead.

But still the bent, gray mantled form  
    Kept steadfast on his way,  
As in the sunshine and the storm  
The measured step had marked so long,  
    The ever-passing day.

The midnight hour was near at hand,  
    That hour must bring him home,  
He could not pause at her command  
His staff was not a magic wand  
    To bid the past return.

Come back, come back, for one more word,  
    I would redeem the time,  
But echoes of retreating tread,  
One, two, three, four, to twelve were heard,  
    And then the New Year chime.

For time returns to us no more,  
    But all that time has done,  
The fruitage of the days of yore  
Is garnered on the other shore,  
    To use when we go home.

The buoyant step that walks beside,  
So full of hope and cheer,  
For twelve long months will be your guide;  
What treasures will you each confide  
To this expectant year?

As new resolves you make to-day,  
To use the blessings given,  
With voice and heart, most humbly pray,  
That God will guide until earth's way  
Shall end at gate of Heaven.

And there all mysteries are known,  
As sent to us in love,  
For we are going to our own,  
With every year still nearer home,  
That Home prepared above.

E. A. S.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF DR. STODDARD'S NINETY-  
FOURTH BIRTHDAY

APRIL 23, 1914

Did the Angels know of your errand here?  
When from home to home they brought love and cheer,  
From the Father's house to our open door,  
With the dear young child that their pinions bore,  
Did the Angels know of the plan of love  
Enwrapped in that gift of the Home above?

And what did it mean when to them was given  
To return the Gift, to the Home of Heaven?

And what of the years of most precious time?  
Do the birthday bells of another clime  
Tell the story of love and of ministry,  
As a part of the life of Eternity?

There were sixty-one years of the pastorate,  
But the love for the work did not abate  
In the fifty years of activity  
With the flock of a half a century.

There were ninety-four pealings in last April's chime,  
They engathered to give us in tones most sublime  
A message of tender review of the past,  
An outlook beyond, so far reaching, so vast,  
It prepared for the autumn we knew was in store  
When the last sheaf was gathered in harvests of yore,  
To yield seed for new sowing that work may go on,  
Until the last reaper at sunset shall come,  
To the welcome and service awaiting "At Home."

E. A. S.

## MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE PASTORATE OF FIFTY YEARS

As May third, 1914, completed the ministry of half a century, the church at Succasunna held a Memorial Service for Dr. Stoddard, whose picture, draped in golden damask, stood on an easel on the pulpit platform, the figures 50 in gilt nestling in the white blossoms that looped the silken drapery.

The decorations were under the care of the Ladies' Missionary Society.

Yellow daffodils and palms predominated.

The senior elder, Mr. T. F. King, with Mr. Jonas Hulse and Mr. F. A. de Camp, occupied the pulpit with the Rev. Ralph Davy. The choir and the quartette gave selections in addition to those on the program, which are given here with the printed leaflet that served as a souvenir of a most impressive occasion.

The first address was by Mr. F. A. de Camp followed by Mr. Jonas Hulse, and then Mr. T. F. King touched every heart by his reminiscences.

The Rev. Ralph Davy, after reading a most intensely interesting appreciation from the Rev. Robert E. Zeigler of Baltimore, added his testimony to the benediction of the fifty years, and just as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated fifty years ago, the church gathered at the table of the Lord, grateful for the circle on earth and the household in the Father's house in Heaven.

HYMNS

ADAPTED FROM THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

*Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.*

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Sang the child at mother's knee,  
And the life became a psalm  
In the storm and in the calm  
Conscious of the Pilot's care  
Every day and everywhere.

For the track across the wave,  
For the guidance that it gave,  
We give thanks as day by day  
We pursue the homeward way,  
Tracing other paths of light  
For the pilgrims of the night.

Thus the barks that sail beside,  
Hope to meet beyond the tide,  
Thus His presence still shall keep  
Those upon the trackless deep;  
As still sounds across the sea,  
Fear not, I will pilot thee.

And when journeyings are past,  
And the anchor safely cast,  
Meeting on the other shore,  
With our cherished treasure-store,  
In their sweetest chime and tone  
Harbor bells will welcome Home.

*"I Heard the Voice of the Lord Saying, Whom Shall I Send?"*

ISAIAH vi, 8

Who will go to work to-day?  
 Who will sow the precious seed?  
 Who will bear the sheaves away  
 To supply a world in need?  
 And the answer rose to Heaven  
 "Here am I, dear Lord, send me"—  
 And the grace of God has given  
 All these years of ministry.

Sixty-one of loving thought,  
 Years of earnest, faithful care;  
 Sixty-one of life enwrought  
 In the work that angels share.  
 On this anniversary  
 Fifty years we contemplate,  
 In the half a century  
 Of the happy pastorate.

Grateful for each memory,  
 Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
 One in love and sympathy,  
 We must hear the Lord's command,  
 And go forth as sent anew  
 To the service of to-day.  
 Grace and strength He will renew  
 In each effort to obey.

Generations come and go,  
 But the work goes on and on;  
 There are many fields to sow  
 Ere the setting of the sun.  
 With our sheaves of golden grain,  
 May we with the reapers come,  
 When upon the Heavenly plain  
 Angels bring the harvest home.



GLEANINGS FROM DR. STODDARD'S SERMON OF 50 YEARS AGO,  
May 1, 1864

LUKE v, 26

“And they were all amazed, and glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day.”

It was in the midst of an unusual number of Pharisees and doctors of the law that Christ sat teaching. They were gathered from all parts of Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem. They listened most attentively, and the power of the Lord was present to heal.

Crowds filled the entrance to the court of the house. . . . The poor palsied man, borne by his four friends, could not find a way of approach until some one suggested to let the invalid down from the flat roof. . . . Christ understood the errand and spoke the word that healed the soul and the body.

This method aroused the Pharisees. “Who can forgive sins but God?” was their question. Christ proved Himself to be God by the new life given to the helpless, who returned to his house glorifying God. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, “We have seen strange things to-day.” There was an air of solemnity and grandeur about this whole scene. . . .

The witnesses of this miracle could only say, “We have seen strange things to-day.” They could not understand because they did not accept Christ as their Messiah.

True religion has always been strange and unaccountable to the heart that is not taught of the Spirit. The facts are plainly seen, but the process is a mystery. . . . The pilgrim who has wandered over hills and valleys, in narrow paths, would be poorly prepared to explain or appreciate a railway. A moving train would be a strange spectacle, because he has not studied the construction of a railway. He knows many facts about iron and wood and water, but he has

never dreamed of such a transformation. Thus, when the soul is brought into the knowledge of the truth, a revelation is made of power and beauty and blessing beyond any human thought. We shall see strange things to-day if we yield ourselves to God's blessing.

Man was created by God in His own image; sin has defaced that image. Christ came to restore, and as He brings us to our high estate and unfolds the possibilities of life, we shall see strange things at this very hour.

God's word, studied and obeyed, brings us into proper relations to God, and a new life pulses in our veins, which life finds its expression in praise.

It was singular that men in Christ's day did not say "We have seen strange things" when they looked on the crowds of sufferers representing all manner of disease, but when one was healed they were amazed. And thus when a sinner is reclaimed from his evil ways people say We have seen strange things to-day, something unusual. The preaching of years has not the power of one true conversion. What the Church now needs is to have the facts of true religion illustrated in everyday life. Genuine conversions to God are stronger in their pleading than all theories.

Thus God is glorified. . . . Would we see strange things to-day? Would we witness the power of God over all evil? Let us surrender ourselves to the Present Christ who has all power to heal and to bless. Christianity has done wonderful things for the world in elevating and developing man. Christianity has still its revelations of power. As the heart opens to receive, as the life yields to its guidance, as our homes welcome the Christ, as we bring others for a blessing, it shall be true in the highest and best use of the words, "We have seen strange things to-day."

GLEANINGS FROM DR. STODDARD'S 42ND  
ANNIVERSARY SERMON, May, 1906

“A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW”

MATT. xiii, 3

Memorial days reflect the light of the past on the present.

For this Anniversary I have selected the teaching of a parable.

When Christ saw the husbandman by the Sea of Galilee, sowing the seed for the food of his household, he used the incident to illustrate the manner in which the truth, the food of the soul, must be given to those who would sow beside all waters.

As the sower went forth to sow the fields by the Sea of Galilee, so Jesus sent His disciples with seeds for the food of the world. A provision for every creature is in the command to “Go into all the world.”

It is in answer to this command of Christ that the Christian ministry are ordained and set apart to go into different fields where one soweth and another reapeth. This is the history of the Church. It is Christ sending His disciples into the fields that may be still fallow ground, that may already be planted, that may be white unto the harvest.

The word of God is the seed from which man's spiritual nature is to be nourished. This cannot be repeated too often or emphasized too strongly. The seed is the word; from its growth the ministry is to feed the flock of God.

The familiar figure used by our Lord, you easily apply.

The part that the Church has in preparing the soil, in helping to nurture the seed sown, and in reaping the harvest is well known. Therefore, the review of the years that we have labored together has its precious memories and its lessons for us all.

Of the Elders who with the Trustees made out the call under the

direction of the parish, not one remains with us, and only five of the membership of that day. On that memorable day that introduced me to this parish, I noticed the sowers, as they went forth to sow.

I came with the living seed and very earnestly I prayed for a blessing on the Word.

The ingatherings have not been all I desired, but we have had a rare circle of devoted Christians.

Three hundred and six have removed or died, including the eighty who welcomed the new pastor.

One hundred and thirty-five are on the church records of to-day. This church has had the honor of giving efficient workers to many other churches and to many departments of missionary service. What is needed is more growth in each field.

Who will go to work to-day?

Our lives are before us. What shall we do with them?

Life must go on and on in its helpfulness and blessing because it is a part of the life eternal. On whom shall the mantle of the departed and departing fathers fall?

#### ANNIVERSARY SERMON OF 1912

“THE FEAST OF INGATHERING AT THE YEAR’S END

EXODUS xxxiv, 22

I have chosen this illustration once more to convey the lesson of another year—a year that completes sixty years in the ministry and forty-eight years of a pastorate, with a people whose courtesy and kindness have made possible this almost half of a century of united service in the work dearest to our hearts.

Forty-eight years ago, on the thirtieth of April, a stranger was met on the platform of the old Drakeville station by a son of one of the elders of this church. Two miles brought us to the hospitable home, whose courtesies have been associated with these forty-eight

years. The precious mother of the household still speaks the welcome that the sainted father gave first on that memorable evening, and the place seems still conscious of his presence as his children honor his memory by taking up his work.

On Sabbath, May 1st, we all came to this church to worship. I had prepared this message, my first sermon in this pulpit, from the text, Luke v, 26, "And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to-day."

You will recall the words in connection with the healing of the paralytic who was let down before Christ while he was preaching. . . . A very few of those present at that service are here to-day. Three names are still on the church record. With the exception of a few who have taken letters to distant church homes, the remainder are enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life. These include all the Eldership and the Trustees and the Fathers and Mothers in Israel—but as every age, every home, every heart, is the starting point of influences that live on and on and on, moulding the future as well as enriching the past, the absent are still a part of our lives in their bequeathments of noble examples and unswerving love of the truth.

They have passed over the Bridge that our Christ threw over the chasm that had separated man from God; and from the brighter, other side they watch us as we journey home.

Let us stand by that bridge. There is no need to dig up the piles to see if they are sound. The fact that the Bridge has carried millions upon millions safely over is proof of its stability. This inheritance of the fathers, faith in God, I emphasize to-day.

As it is our sacramental season, I will leave the historic sermon for another day. We gather at the table of the Lord to remember.

We remember that first company seated with our Lord in the upper room. We remember the dear circles of our own communion season in these years.

We remember the promise of sitting down with them again in the Kingdom.

May this hour be one of sweet fellowship with a present Christ.

*Note*

Dr. Stoddard also spoke on the Anniversary in May, 1913, and at the communion season in August.

On the first Sabbath in November, while his beloved people gathered for the solemn service here, their beloved Pastor was with the flock on the other side; representing this church in the General Assembly of Heaven.

ADDRESS BY MR. FREDERICK A. DE CAMP

In commemorating to-day the fifty years of Dr. Stoddard's pastorate of this church, I have been requested to bring a message on behalf of the Sunday-school, which he so dearly loved.

While our hearts are sad, and we miss his presence, and the sound of his voice, more and more as the days pass, we at the same time have occasion for rejoicing for the long and eventful life, so fully consecrated to the service of God, and for fifty of the sixty-one fruitful years in the ministry.

I well remember a large portion of the fifty years.

Many of us remember when the sessions of the Sunday-school were held in this church, previous to the erection of the Memorial Chapel, where the pastor always taught a large Bible class. Many will recall the deep interest that all of the members manifested in the lessons, so faithfully and realistically presented. Only circumstances beyond his control ever kept him from his accustomed place in the school, where he always took active part in the exercises, giving inspiration and encouragement.

Never has there been a pastor and teacher who more constantly and consistently taught and upheld higher ideals than did Dr.

Stoddard. That all should gain a thorough knowledge of the Bible was always his chief aim, and many have been the testimonies from those who have felt the influence in their lives of the knowledge thus gained.

His supreme object—his constant prayer was, that all of the members of the school should find the Christ, and become actively engaged in Christian work.

His deep interest in the school never abated, a message being sent on the last Sunday.

His was a grand, noble life—always a living example of what he preached. The value of such a life cannot be estimated, because there are no bounds to its influence, which will go on and on through the coming years.

As has been said, let us pray that his “mantle may fall on us,” that we may faithfully carry on the work which he so dearly loved.

#### ADDRESS BY MR. JONAS W. HULSE

When Dr. Stoddard came to this parish I was three years of age.

During this period of fifty years many of our fathers have gone to their reward, and as we gather here this morning can we not say, “The faith of our fathers is living still”?

Of that faith and love for my Saviour the greater part I owe to Dr. Stoddard. His influence and example in my early days helped me to see and to become better acquainted in the work of the spirit.

Especially would I speak of the Sabbath-school—how we were taught to use the Scriptures, to know the Commandments, Dr. Stoddard often calling upon the school to give them from memory. Thus we became so acquainted with those choice passages of Scripture that they have never left me, and no doubt they have been as helpful to many others as I have found them to be in time of need.

## ADDRESS BY MR. T. F. KING

In the few words I may say this morning it does not seem necessary to attempt to eulogize Dr. Stoddard. As a pastor and friend we all knew him well. There were a few traits in his character which I think can be mentioned with profit to the church and community. I had the good fortune to attend many public gatherings with him, such as Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, and the one special thing always prominent was the attention and respect he commanded. It seemed that the kindly, gentle disposition and ability was apparent at sight and commanded respect without the least effort on his part. I remember attending Presbytery at one time when he was selected to make the after-dinner speech, and he gave without any effort as good an address as I have ever heard on such an occasion. Again, at the Ordination services of the young man who has gone to Syria, held before Presbytery, it fell to the lot of Dr. Stoddard, then over ninety years old, to preach the sermon. I think it was the best sermon I ever heard. It was filled full of thoughts and teachings that would impress upon this young man the importance of the work, the opportunities it would bring to him, and the necessity of thorough consecration to God. Dr. Stoddard's life has left an example of faithfulness that we ought never to forget. We saw him in the pulpit when he was not able to be there, and when too feeble to walk he continued to come in the wheel chair. On one occasion when so feeble that he sat seeming to be sleeping and the time came to ask him to offer the benediction, with scarcely a moment's hesitation he made a prayer that I doubt if any one present will ever forget. Shall we remember and strive to follow his example of faithfulness? His communion with God was so trusting and faithful that when he prayed it seemed that God was very near and that he was talking to Him. It was truly wonderful, the effect upon him of going so frequently to God in prayer. Shall we learn this lesson and give God the opportunity of molding



us and giving us the wisdom and thought to pattern after this life and its work?

Dr. Stoddard could never be induced to say an unkind word about any one; no criticism or sarcastic remarks, nothing but gentleness and kindness, so that little children did not fear him, but loved him. Shall we remember this trait in his character, and instead of finding fault or some flaw in our neighbors and friends, as human nature is prone to do, shall we strive to help each other and spend more time examining ourselves and asking God to help us to get right?

We have had fifty years under his pastorate, which has been one continued, earnest effort to live near God and keep the church at peace. May our remembrance of his examples and teachings enable the church to carry on the work in peace and harmony.

My business has been such that I have had the opportunity of meeting many classes of people, and in the forty years that I have known Dr. Stoddard not once have I heard him criticized by any one as to his sincerity. All believed that he believed what he preached and prayed. Some would question the correctness of his belief in a God, but never did I hear his honesty of purpose questioned. Shall we strive to live up to this example? Shall we earnestly endeavor to cultivate a gentle, loving disposition, faithful to God, the church, and our friends, frequently and earnestly praying to our Father for guidance and help that each one of us may do our duty?

#### ADDRESS BY THE REV. RALPH DAVY

It may seem presumptuous in me, a comparative stranger, to attempt to add anything to these words of appreciation of this noble character, that have been spoken by those so intimately associated with him in his life and work.

Twenty years ago last Christmas Day I first came to Succasunna. On the same evening of my arrival, I attended a Christmas enter-

tainment in this church. And it was here I first saw Dr. Stoddard. I had heard of him and his work but had never seen him in person before. I have an especially vivid recollection of Dr. Stoddard as I saw him in the regular church service on the following Sunday and in the Sunday-school which followed in the afternoon. I was especially impressed with the manner and character of his work in the Sunday-school. During that visit and in my subsequent more recent acquaintance with Dr. Stoddard there were certain characteristics of the man that indelibly fixed themselves upon my mind.

First of all to a remarkable degree Dr. Stoddard possessed that ability without which no man can succeed to any marked degree in the ministry, namely, the ability to organize. Then there was another remarkable trait which Dr. Stoddard possessed to a degree seldom equaled and that was his peculiar self-possession. The church services or whatever he did moved along with a peculiar ease that convinced one that there was organization of machinery and forces somewhere but everything moved so smoothly that the rattle and clank of the machinery never reached the ear. This coupled with his great self-possession, which seemingly never forsook him under any circumstance, gave to all the services which he conducted a quiet restfulness most delightful to experience.

Dr. Stoddard, while not a stern or austere man, yet was one who never lost the sense of the high dignity of his calling. Of commanding presence, one felt when with him that he was in the presence of one of God's noblemen. His patriarchal appearance and dignity of demeanor gave to his later public ministry a certain exalted grace attained by few indeed.

But best of all, greatest of all, his heart was in his work. The heart of the great Dr. Livingstone was buried in Africa and his body in Westminster. Our dear friend's spirit is in heaven but his heart is here in this place. He loved his people. He put his whole life into his work. He spared not himself. He counted not his life dear, but poured out his life forces freely for the Gospel's sake. And

in losing his life for the Master he found it again in richer, fuller measure in the lives of those for whom he labored.

Although coming into intimate contact with Dr. Stoddard but a short time before his translation yet I count myself happy indeed that even in the golden sunset of his splendid life I was permitted to come into contact with him.

"God buries his workmen, but continues his work." To-day we close a page of our church's history. It is eminently fitting that we pause a moment together about the Lord's Table in consecration of ourselves anew to the Master's service before turning another page. What we write on the new page will show how well we have profited by the splendid past.

## THE GLOW OF THE LAMPS

“He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.” John iv., 36.

The glow of the Lamps that have passed out of sight,  
The footprints of pilgrims who rest on the height,  
The sheaves of new harvests, as years shall repeat,  
Inspire *us* to sow, that the ages may reap.

Our Father, we thank Thee for lives made sublime  
By working with Thee, in the cycles of time,  
For service eternal from life's little span,  
Wrought into some part of eternity's plan.

The glow of the Lamps will engirdle the night,  
As footsteps press onward in pathways of light,  
To scatter the sheaves until harvests shall meet  
And earth be one field for the angels to reap.

E. A. S.

## TRIBUTE OF UNION SEMINARY

On May 12, 1914, at the meeting of the Alumni of the Union Theological Seminary, when the announcement was made that the Rev. Elijah Woodward Stoddard had been called to a higher service, his kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Charles Augustus Stoddard, gave a short review of the sixty-one years in the ministry, alluding most tenderly to the tributes to the fifty years of the pastorate with the Presbyterian Church of Succasunna, N. J.

The Rev. Dr. David R. Frazer followed in a few well chosen words of heartfelt endorsement, and in the closing prayer gave thanks for the life and the work of the patriarch, who only two years before had arisen in response to the roll call of the class of 1852; in his clear, earnest tone bringing a message from the past, to the present, for the future. This was repeated by letter one year ago and it comes to us to-day with an added benediction.

The desire of Dr. Stoddard's heart has been granted in the privilege to continue in the active ministry until needed "at Home."

His last message was characteristic of his life, "Let everything be done for the glory of God."

## VICTORY

One grand pæan of victory  
Is wafted from the height,  
Where those who fought so valiantly  
Are crowned in realms of light.

The ranks in front are conquerors,  
Amid the battle's din  
We hear them shout, the day is ours,  
Your triumph song begin.

The workmen die, the work goes on,  
A ceaseless ministry  
That traces on the builded stone  
Its immortality.

Some portion of the symmetry  
Of temple-arch or tower  
Depends on our fidelity  
To every present hour.

Not only for a century  
We mold our bricks of clay,  
Those build for an eternity  
Who build with God to-day.

E. A. S.



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