

The humble effusion of the Writer's heartfelt
gratitude towards the illustrious Dead

EULOGY

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

THE REVEREND

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, D.D., S. T. P.

A Father in Israel.

"FOLLOW ME." — "COME AND SEE."

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From the Author, G. L. O., with his bel. Regards
to Wm. H. M. & David Goldson

New York 7th April 1825

EULOGY.

A FATHER in Israel is now no more on earth ; his spirit has gone to the abode of just men made perfect, in the arms of his blessed Lord Jesus, who has called him home. During his pilgrimage here, we have abundant cause to rejoice in having heard from his lips the blessed truths of the Gospel ; he has administered those comforts to his "dear children" for more than half a century ; and we are persuaded he has gone to a Country, yea, a Heavenly Country, to inherit a Kingdom that fadeth not away.

He had a peculiar faculty in impressing on the minds of the children of men the sound doctrines of the Gospel ; and when he addressed them, he appeared in all the fervency of spirit, like the apostle Paul, as though his whole soul, mind, and body, were impressed with the magnitude of the charge of his flock, whom he familiarly called his "dear children."

His piety, his erudition, his experience, his knowledge of the human character, his endowments, were not surpassed by any of his cotemporaries. His suavity of manners and uniformity of deportment, in all his walks and conversations, in which there was no variableness, endeared him to all those who had the

happiness of his friendship and acquaintance; amongst the former was the writer of this brief sketch, who has so frequently heard him breathe out the consolations of the holy Gospel, with infinite satisfaction, for more than 40 years.—Eulogy, in general, is considered rather as injurious to the character of a great man; but, in this instance, we cannot omit to speak, in a becoming manner, of his exemplary life and exalted character; it seems due to the living, and an offering of gratitude to the illustrious dead.—And although the writer has no pretensions to be considered as an author; and being conscious of his inability to do justice to this eminent divine; yet, from the very great respect and friendship which he and his family connexions have always manifested towards this great and good man, he has been induced to write this imperfect and hasty sketch, confiding in the indulgence of the liberal and candid mind to pardon its imperfections. He has been actuated by pure motives to offer up this feeble testimony to the virtues of a pious man.

John Henry Livingston was born in 1746. He finished his education at Yale College; graduated, and then became a student at law, in this city, during the period of the ministry of the Reverend Doctor Laidley, of blessed memory. It was under his mild and persuasive arguments that he was converted, and quitted the study of law, and commenced the study of theology. But as it was then a prerequisite to resort to Holland before he could exercise his ministerial functions, he went to that country, and remained in the university of Utrecht four years, with great reputation: and having returned home in the year 1770, he was invited to become Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in the city of New-York; and continued, with unabated zeal, in the cause of his

Master, until the year 1810, when he was appointed, by the general Synod of North America, to be the President of the Theological College, established at New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, for the instruction of pious young men for the ministry; where, under his fostering care, he exercised his great usefulness in his valuable instructions to his dear children, even up to the 19th January, 1825.—On that day, in the full vigour of his intellect, he delivered an interesting lecture to those dear children, in the college; and on the morning of the 20th, his soul was called home, without a sigh, and without a groan, in the 79th year of his age, full of honours, full in the hearts of his dear children, full in the wisdom of his Divine Master—"FOLLOW ME."—"COME AND SEE." With what zeal, with what fervency of spirit he explained to us the unsearchable riches of the Gospel! Although the following is derived from another source, yet it so much resembles that which we have so often heard from his lips, it is deemed appropriate on this occasion, and I have taken the liberty to insert it.

"In the time of Augustus Cæsar, a wise and an amiable prince, in his reign, *for the first time*, the temple of Janus was shut since the foundation of Rome: and this era was distinguished by the appellation of the *Augustan* or *Golden Age*. It was in his reign that the promises of God were realized which had been made to Adam, to Abraham, to Jacob, to Judah, to Moses, and the promise of God to the world, by all his prophets, was now accomplished in this peaceful reign. The star appeared in the east, the wise men followed its direction to the Babe at Bethlehem; the angelic host proclaimed in anthems of praise—Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to all men.

Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. For unto us a Son is given; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—The wise men of the east, as directed by the Star, witnessed and published this glorious event.—This accomplishment of so many prophecies and promises, through so many ages of the world—this Sun of Righteousness—this Light of the world—this Alpha, and Omega—this bright and Morning Star—this Key of Life, and immortality beyond the grave—this Saviour of men—this Immanuel, God with us.”

Whether we view him in the character of a christian, a father of his family, or in the social relations and intercourse with his friends, he has left ample evidence of the pre-eminent qualities of his great mind, both by *precept* and by *example*. In him we recognise one of the fathers of the Reformed Dutch Church in North America; and may we fervently pray that we may not forget the truths he has so often and with such heartfelt earnestness proclaimed in faithfulness from the heights of Zion. We can with propriety say, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Whatever casuists may pretend, and however the skeptical may express their professing doubts in their own way, and lay down their own premises and fine-spun arguments, all day long, in making their own conclusions and deductions from their own hypothesis, yet in the humble opinion of many well-informed persons, in which I am strongly fortified, as emanating and derived from the mind of the great and good Franklin, pronounced within the hearing of the writer, that “one

plain matter of fact, on any subject, rightly understood, transcends all the sophistry and subtlety of the Schools, and all the arguments that can be raised and produced by the ingenuity of mortal man.” It is a fact I believe no one will deny, that the pious Livingston *lived* universally honoured and esteemed: let us inquire and examine into the manner and plain matter of fact of his *death*. If any further evidence were wanting to satisfy the incredulous, respecting the truth of revealed religion, we invite the most skeptical to review and seriously contemplate, on the life and death of this eminent divine; we have it here manifestly exemplified in the most conclusive manner, in the life, and in the closing scene, of the mortal existence of this pious man. For a considerable length of time before his decease, he would, on some occasions, to confidential friends, express his apprehensions at the approach of death, in passing from time to eternity; not that he felt any way uneasy for his future happiness, but only for and during the pangs of death, in the transition from earth to glory. It is a most remarkable fact, that for some time previous to his decease, those fears, he said himself, were entirely removed from his mind. On the morning of his soul's departure, his grandson, who slept in the same room with him, arose, and as was usual with him, looked at his grandfather, and observed he appeared to be in a placid, sound sleep, entirely composed. He left the room and went into the parlour—when breakfast was ready, some one of the family went to call him—But behold! the spirit had gone! and to the utter astonishment of the whole family, they found his body was still warm, not a muscle of his face distorted in the least, no indications of paroxysm, all in its natural state, with the remains of his mild and placid

countenance; the bed-clothes not in the least disturbed; the pillow under his head perfectly straight, and his hand in its wonted posture, under his cheek. Here let us pause, ponder, and consider; and we cannot but be persuaded, that his prayers had been answered and sanctified: and thus we have great cause to believe, that he has fallen asleep in the everlasting arms of his blessed Jesus. Behold! what manner of love is this? nothing short of Love Divine, infinitely transcending the finite comprehension of mortal man.—“*Be still, and know that I am God.*” We adore, we admire, we are lost in wonder and amazement!

He, like David in the remarkable 23d Psalm, expressed his confidence in God's grace: “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” His departure appears like that of the Patriarch's of old.

“The soul was gone before we knew

“The stroke of death was past.

“Soft was the moment, and serene,

“That all his sufferings closed;

“No agony or struggle seen;

“No features discomposed.”

It will be recollected by many persons, that this pious man preached a sermon, on a memorable occasion, after the revolutionary war, in the North Dutch Church in William-street. He observed, that this Temple, which had been consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, had been sacrilegiously despoiled of its altar, and its interior accommodations, by the hands of infuriated men, sent from the old world to disturb the peace and harmony of a few humble Christians, who had fled to this western world, in order to seek an asylum from persecution.

His text was from Psalm cxlvii. 20.—“He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for His judgments, they have not known them: Praise ye the Lord.” He began by exhorting his congregation, in a most fervent manner, to look up to Almighty God, the fountain of all mercies, and to contrast their then happy condition with that which they had endured for seven long years of banishment from their homes, from their friends, and from their altars, which they had dedicated to Almighty God. He entered into the rise and progress of the persecutions of the church in the old world, which had operated so strongly on the minds of pious Christians both in Holland and in other European countries, that they had determined to seek an asylum in this western world, where, under the blessing of God, they had succeeded in planting this and many other churches, which had continued, for a length of time, unmolested—It may not be improper nor unprofitable, to dwell a few moments on one remarkable fact, not noticed by the historians of our country; that during the revolutionary war, under the Confederation, there was on record in the Journals of Congress, *three Presidents of Congress*, whose ancestors were all Protestants, natives of France, and who had been compelled, under the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, to seek an asylum in this western world, viz. John Jay, Elias Boudinot, and Henry Laurens. The ancestors of those disinterested patriots were persecuted by the mandates of a merciless potentate, whose whole intellect was maddened by the fanaticism and superstition of an unrelenting priesthood: the Protestants were chased and hunted down throughout the whole territory of that beautiful France, like so many wild beasts of prey; there was no resting place for the head or the sole of the feet, night nor day: such was

the height of madness to which those fanatics carried their vengeance against the Protestants, that for a person to be well received, and esteemed, and considered of importance in society, his great merit must consist in finding out and in recommending some new mode of tormenting the few remaining Protestants, who were unable to flee from their native home, and who had secluded and concealed themselves in caverns and in hiding places, in order to avoid meeting the eyes of superstitious man, who boasts so much of his civilization. This is not the vain and idle fancy of imagination, it was maturely communicated to the writer by some of the descendants of the most respectable Protestants, during his residence in that very city of Nantz, in the year 1783, and who under the mild administration of the benevolent Louis the XVI. had ventured to return to their native country.

The pious Livingston in his continuation said, that an unhappy dispute arose between the mother country and this favoured land. So disposed were the hearts of the American people to cultivate the relations of peace with their mother country, that they concluded to send humble petitions again and again, imploring the king to hear their just complaints and redress their grievances; and notwithstanding they received no answers to their humble petitions, and not wishing to separate themselves from that country to which they were attached by the ties of nature, they again resolved to make another effort at reconciliation, by sending out commissioners for the purpose of presenting *in person* their humble petitions to the king. But still no answers were returned; no notice taken of them; and no alternative was left but to confide in Him who rules in the armies of Heaven and among the children of men.—The mercenary armies, both foreign and

domestic, were employed to crush the spirit of civil and religious liberty in this happy land; and you all know, my dear friends, full well, the privations we have endured, the mighty contests we have been engaged in, the fearful odds we had to contend with, and the final result which has, under the blessing of the Almighty, placed us in this exalted station. You had been wrongfully persecuted, your country has been desolated by a sanguinary war, your rights invaded, and you was reduced to the alternative to take up arms in your defence: your friends have fought and bled in the cause of civil and religious liberty; your altars had been polluted—and still, in the midst of all this desolation, we have reason to believe that our prayers have been heard, and it has pleased Almighty God, of his infinite mercies, to preserve us even unto this day: he has restored us to our homes and to our just rights: every one is now sitting down in peace and quietness under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. Oh! then, my dear friends and countrymen, what shall we say, what language can express, what can we render unto Almighty God for such signal, such inestimable blessings? May we not truly and emphatically say, in the language of our text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation?" Again, hear the language of the Psalmist in his 124th Psalm, on another occasion, somewhat resembling our present situation, when the Israelites after they had been encompassed about by the mercenary armies of the Philistines, and remark his confidence in God: "Now may Israel say, if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is bro-

ken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth." Oh, my dear friends, what an example we have here, worthy of all acceptance! And if ever a nation had cause to express their gratitude to Almighty God, it is this highly favoured land. With such inestimable privileges as we now enjoy, let us by constant prayer and supplication, never cease to implore his forgiveness of our sins, and to remove far from our thoughts the abominable sin of ingratitude, and thereby incurring his displeasure, and bringing down his judgments upon us. Again I say, "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

Having thus acquired self-government, it becomes us to acknowledge the goodness of God in having been pleased to confer upon us such great privileges. Let us then remember, that we should so conduct ourselves as not to abuse his great blessings: let us train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; let us never forget that on the proper education of our children, will very much depend the duration of our republic. History informs us it cannot last in ignorance; a people, well instructed, cannot easily be subdued by arbitrary power: let us then strive to maintain our happy and mild institutions by extending the means of education among all classes of society. On the proper education of your blessed children, will very much depend your present comfort, and their future happiness. But oh! my dear fellow mortals—my dear children, how much greater will be your joy, to behold them and you not only happy in the present world, but also that which is of infinitely more importance,

to find them and you united in the never-ending happiness of the world to come. He exhorted his dear friends and countrymen to be very careful in the selection of men to occupy the offices of chief rulers and magistrates, in these days of infidelity. He impressed on their minds the very great importance that should be attached to their choosing such men as should fear God, keep his commandments, eschew no evil, be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do good; for, said he, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."—Let us beware that we do not incur the displeasure of Almighty God; for it is recorded in part of my text, "*As for His judgments, they have not known them:*"—"Praise ye the Lord."

His great mind soared above the ordinary groveling pursuits of mere mortal man. In conclusion, he observed, that with such abundant cause of gratitude to the great Giver of all good, it became us all to unite in fervent prayers to acknowledge these great mercies which he had been pleased, in his infinite goodness, to shower down upon our favoured land.

This is written on Washington's birth-day, the 22d of February, 1825; and it naturally associates the idea, and leads the mind to contemplate on the eventful periods in the life of these two eminent men. While the constant prayers of the pious Livingston were offered up to the throne of grace, in the pulpit, for the preservation of our civil and religious liberties, the prayers of the great and good Washington were daily exercised in the closet and in the field, for the same pious purpose. Have we not then great reason to believe, that "The prayers of the righteous availeth much."

It may be or it may not be asked, who is the writer of this eulogium? and as it is usual to affix a signature to such communications, I have selected the name of Tobias Van Zandt, Alderman of this city in 1792, and then elder of the Reformed Dutch Church, an intimate friend of the pious Livingston. He, like his friend, possessed, in an eminent degree, the character of a Christian, both by *precept* and by *example*. He had, like his friend, all that equanimity of disposition, in which there was no variability, always serene and tranquil, looking up to that anchor of hope within the veil, both sure and steadfast. All those who knew him, will give ample testimony of his kind and benevolent heart towards the afflicted, the distressed, and the bereaved. He would frequently say—

"Teach me to feel another's wo,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show.

That mercy show to me."

He had many pious, steadfast friends; and there are now many pious Christians who follow the praise-worthy example of the venerated Livingston. There was also another pious Christian, of blessed memory, whose character was like that of the good Tobias Van Zandt, and his intimate friend and connexion; and such was his confidence in the Lord Jesus, that he requested his surviving family to cause these remarkable words to be engraven on his tomb-stone, and which was most faithfully performed—"THE RESURRECTION-DAY SHALL ASCERTAIN WHAT SORT OF MAN HE WAS."

The blessed consort of the writer was for a long time a member of his church; and she often expressed that she had great cause to rejoice and confide in the con-

soling truths of the Gospel, as delivered by the pious Livingston, under whose ministry she was brought from darkness to marvellous light, and made wise unto salvation. During her sickness, he frequently called to see her. In one of his visits, when she lay dangerously ill, he approached her bed with a peculiar smile on his countenance: he asked her, "My dear child, what is the condition of your mind respecting the apprehensions and approach of death?" She replied, "Oh, my dear Doctor, I am satisfied that the love of God has removed, in his infinite goodness, those fears from my mind. I know that my Redeemer liveth, ever ready to make intercession for all those that love him in sincerity and in truth." The Doctor astonished, replied, "Oh! then, my dear child, what cause of gratitude you now evince to our blessed Lord; what joy, what consolation, this must afford your soul, to be thus convinced that you are among the happy monuments of Love Divine. Oh! my dear child, it is a great blessing to have the fear of death removed from the mind." Looking up steadfastly in the Doctor's face, she said, "Doctor, I love you—it was under your ministry I learnt all this." "My dear child," he replied, "I loved your honoured father, and I love all his dear children." Here is another remarkable evidence of Divine Love, in answering the prayers of one of his children, who, under all her sufferings, departed this life in calm composure in the faith, and in the consolations of a Christian.

It is now about forty years since he delivered his memorable discourse in the Dutch Reformed Church in William-street, to a very numerous and crowded congregation. How few now remain! A large portion of that congregation had been converted by this eminent divine; the survivors take an infinite satis-

faction in bearing ample testimony to his faithfulness in promoting the glorious cause of Him who is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. But we now behold and hear no more that blessed voice which had converted so many from darkness to marvellous light.—His church is now shrouded in the sable emblems of mourning for him who was, but is now no more among us. How often has he proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy to all men, and to all those who unfeignedly believe, and confidently rely on the blessed truths contained in the Gospel.

Small incidents often indicate the disposition of the mind of man, and the following evinces his benevolent disposition : on a certain occasion, in his family, he had a faithful female servant, who was cheerful, and had a natural innocent turn of mind to sing during her domestic occupations, almost every day. One day in particular, his amiable wife, of sweet and mild disposition, observed to him, that she was tired of hearing her sing. " Oh, my dear," said he with a smile, " I would not even prevent a grasshopper from making innocent melody."

It was never known that a poor person asked charity at his door in vain. His uniform request was to be always ready to give liberally.

It may not be amiss nor unprofitable to introduce here Lord Byron's opinion on Christianity, extracted from his original letter, dated at *Pisa, in Italy*, December 3d, 1821. Speaking of the last moments of one of his relations, a Christian woman, in England, who had prayed most fervently that he might be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he had found this world's enjoyments unable to procure. This letter is an answer to one from the partner of this pious wo-

man. Lord Byron observes : " Her last moments were particularly striking ; and I do not know that in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter ; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an excellent hope through life, without subsequent disappointment.—Your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person, whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety."

Some persons may be predetermined to cavil and say, why introduce the name of that infidel with that of the pious Livingston ? There is no parallel, nor resemblance in their characters : let us inquire a little into a *plain matter of fact*, and see how far it will bear us out. The pious Livingston had a strong lucid mind, was a lawyer, and every body knows their general character respecting religion. He was converted by the mild accents of the Gospel, through the instrumentality of that good man, the Reverend Dr. Laidley. Lord Byron was a poet of wonderful discriminating powers of mind : we do not know that he was converted, but we can duly appreciate the effects that the fervent prayers of this pious woman had on that gigantic mind, as expressed in his own words. Here is another evidence in favour of revealed religion.

Those who have been well acquainted with the pi-

ous Livingston, will readily admit, that he was opposed to sectarian party feelings, as leading to unchristian animosities, and an impediment to the peace and harmony of the church. Hear what the wisdom of God says on such an occasion, by his apostle Paul, reproving the Corinthians, and exhorting them to unity: I. Corinthians, 12th and 13th verses:—"Now this I say, that every one of you saith, *I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ.* Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" Again, in chapter iii. 21, 22, 23, "Therefore let no man glory in men: for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye *are* Christ's; and Christ *is* God's." Again, in chapter xvi. 21, 22, "The salutation of *me* Paul with mine own hand. If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Marana-tha." And chapter xiii. 13, "And now abide faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these *is* charity."

I do not remember to have heard him, but on some very extraordinary occasions, introduce the subject of politics while in the pulpit; and then with very great reluctance, considering the occupation of a minister of the Gospel to be more immediately concerned with the spiritual and peaceable repose of the souls of men, rather leaving their temporal concerns to be settled by themselves in their own way.

This eulogium is not written in the spirit of an ostentatious display of flattery, adulation, and unmeaning indiscriminate praise; far from it: my object will be more satisfactorily attained by communicating merely a few plain matters of fact, on the exemplary

life of the pious Livingston: to say that he was a perfect man, would be vain, illusive, and presumptuous in any one. "There is none perfect, no! not one;" he was a son of Adam, therefore subject to all the infirmities and frailties of human nature; of which he was conscious himself, in all his prayers to the throne of grace, his petitions uniformly commenced with the plural number, *we* have sinned, and *we* have come short of the glory of God. Have we not, however, reason to believe that his prayers have been answered—the closing scene of his life is instructing; it counsels us to take the advice of our blessed Lord Jesus, "FOLLOW ME"—"COME AND SEE."

With feelings of no ordinary solicitude, I have, with great diffidence, approached this subject, conscious of my inability to do justice to the merits of this eminent divine; and it is with equal deference that I have undertaken to relate the substance of a sermon he preached on a memorable occasion—it is written from memory, and must therefore be considered imperfect; and I shall leave it to be maturely illustrated by more competent hands.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, thenceforth saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

TOBIAS VAN ZANDT.

New-York, 22d February, 1825.

ACTS AND PROCEEDINGS

General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church,

CONVENED IN EXTRA SESSION AT ALBANY.

Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler, as presiding officer of the board of Superintendents, announced the sudden departure out of this life of the venerable Professor Livingston, and that that event took place at New-Brunswick, on Thursday morning, the 20th of January last, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock. The following resolution relative to the death of Dr. J. H. Livingston, was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased the great Head of the Church to remove by death, on the 20th of January last, our late venerable friend and father in the Lord, the Rev. John H. Livingston, D.D., S. T. P. in the 79th year of his age, the 54th of his ministry, and 41st of his labours as Professor of Theology; this Synod, deeply impressed with the sentiment that believers, and especially able and faithful Ministers of the Gospel, "are the salt of the earth;" and that it is a Christian duty to lament their loss, and cherish their memory,—do resolve:

That they deeply lament the providence which has removed a man, greatly beloved, and highly useful:—That they desire, in humble submission, to "be still, and know" that God hath done it:—That they bless "the God of Israel," who hath spared him so long, made him so eminently useful, and given him so easy and happy a passage to the kingdom of glory, full of years, full of honours, and full of faith:—That they will ever cherish the most respectful and affectionate regard for a name and memory so dear.

Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler, and Rev. Messrs. Philip Duryee and C. D. Westbrook: and the Elders, Messrs. Abraham Van Dyck

and Abraham Bloodgood, were appointed a committee to take into consideration the propriety of preparing a monumental stone, with a suitable inscription, to be erected over the grave of the Rev. Dr. Livingston, late Professor in our Theological School.

The committee reported, and their report was adopted, and is as follows:

The Committee appointed, &c. Report—That they do recommend the erection of a monument to the memory of Professor Livingston, with a suitable inscription in the Latin and English languages; and that two Ministers and an Elder of the city of New-York, and one Minister in the vicinity of New-Brunswick, together with Professor De Witt, be a committee to prepare a draft of one or more forms of monuments, with an estimate of their probable expense, together with a form or forms of inscription proposed to be engraven thereon; and that said committee report the same to the next ordinary meeting of Synod, for their selection and approbation.

P. MILLEDOLER, Chairman.

Resolved, That Rev. Drs. Cannon, Milledoler, Kuypers, and De Witt, and the Elder Col. Rutgers, be the committee contemplated in the preceding report.

Synod adjourned, to meet in the city of Albany on the first Wednesday of June, 1825, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THOMAS DE WITT, *President*.
CORNELIUS C. CUYLER, *Adversor*.
NICHOLAS I. MARSELUS, } *Clerks*.
SAMUEL KISSAM, }

Official copy from the original minutes.

JOHN KNOX, *Stated Clerk*.