

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH. CENTENNIAL DAY.

LEAVES FROM A CENTURY PLANT.

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REPORT

OF THE

Centennial Celebration

OF

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH,

(THIRD PRESBYTERIAN,)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MAY 29, 1868.

EDITED BY REV. R. H. ALLEN, PASTOR.

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ASTOR LENOX AND  
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NEW YORK  
1914

TO THE

**Dead of "Old Pine Street Church,"**

WHEREVER THEIR TREASURED DUST IS RESTING, WHO, BY THEIR  
LABOURS AND SACRIFICES, ERECTED AND BEQUEATHED  
TO US THIS FAIR HERITAGE OF GOD, TOGETHER  
WITH THEIR EXAMPLES OF SELF-DEVOTION  
AND HOLY CONSECRATION TO THE  
CAUSE OF THE REDEEMER,

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

THEIR LIVING CHILDREN, WITH LOVING HANDS, SCATTER  
"THESE LEAVES OF A CENTURY PLANT"  
OVER THEIR CHERISHED  
GRAVES.

WOLFF  
1874  
1875



## PREFACE.

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NONE of the participants in the enthusiastic Centennial Celebration of the founding of Old Pine Street Church will hesitate in welcoming the appearance of this record of the proceedings on the auspicious occasion. It will doubtless be treasured as a memento of a time fraught with pleasant memories.

The editor expresses his obligations to the speakers for furnishing copies of their addresses; to the members of the Committee for their hearty co-operation, especially to Mr. O. H. Willard, who superintended the getting up of the illustrations, mostly from photographs taken by himself; and to Mr. Thomas MacKellar for his careful oversight in carrying the volume through the press.

The preparation of the book has been a labour of love. May it be followed a hundred years hence by a companion volume, which shall detail a career for our beloved church even more prosperous and blessed than that of the century just ended. And to God be all the glory!

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## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

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### General Preparations—Decorations and Inscriptions.

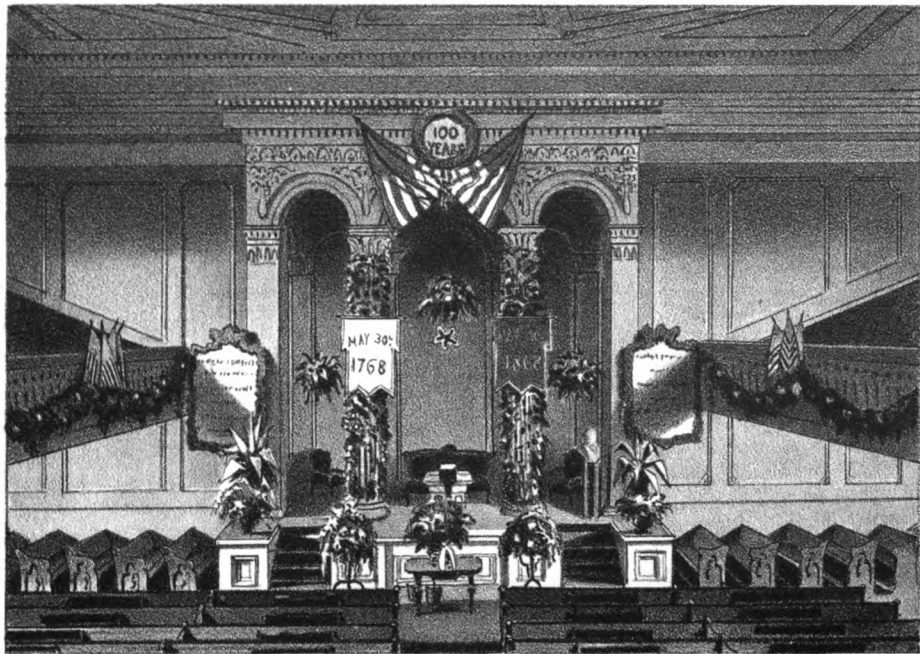
THE morning of Friday, May 29, 1868, dawned cloudy and dark, and with the clouds and rain a foreboding of disappointment came over the hearts of hundreds of the children of "Old Pine Street Church," who for weeks had been preparing to celebrate the hundredth birthday of their venerable and loved sanctuary. The memories of the past and the hopes of the future were bright, however, and at ten o'clock in the morning the house was filled. In anticipation of the joyful event, the interior of the church had

been remodeled and newly furnished during the previous autumn, and for this special occasion the house had been beautifully and elaborately decorated. Describing this, the Rev. M. P. JONES, a son of Old Pine Street Church, says, "Approaching the church, we beheld the lofty columns in front decorated with American flags—emblematic of the staunch loyalty which has characterized this ancient church during its whole history. Passing into the churchyard by one of the small gates, we first wended our way to the grave of Dr. THOMAS BRAINERD, the late pastor. This spot loving hands had beautifully ornamented. The grave itself was strewn with flowers. In the centre was placed a cross of white *immortelles*. The whole was canopied by an arch of evergreens surmounted by a star enclosing the letter B in a wreath of flowers. Upon this arch the last text of Dr. Brainerd was inscribed: 'Abide with us, for it is towards evening.' The thought at once occurred to us, as we stood by the final resting-place of the beloved dead, with what pleasure had he looked forward to participation in the joys of this occasion; but God willed it otherwise. We

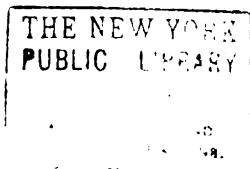
next enter the lecture room. Over the pulpit the following motto, in letters of evergreen, meets the eyes: 'And they did eat and drink before the Lord on that day with great gladness.' The appropriateness of the text is perceptible when the long tables are observed with their preparation for the evening banquet. The pillars and walls of the room are adorned with wreaths and flags. On the east wall is the text: 'Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever.' On the west: 'The promise is unto you and your children.' Above the entrance: 'Peace be within thy walls.' Over the tablet of Dr. Duffield, the first pastor, was a flag, with this inscription appended: 'On the tent of Gen. Washington on the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.' The portraits of the Rev. Philip Milledoler, D.D., Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., former pastors, and Ferguson McIlwaine, one of the elders of 1771 and the President of the first Board of Trustees, occupied prominent positions.

"We proceed now to the main audience room. Near the principal entrance stands a table for

offerings—a mute appeal to the affection of both old and new members of the church. Above the tablet upon which the names of the young men from the congregation who fell during the war with the rebellion are enrolled, are seen trophies of ancient armour. Above the tablet on the left of the door, reared to the memory of Dr. Brainerd, is a beautiful wreath of evergreens and flowers. Over the door this motto was inscribed: ‘Old Pine Street Church welcomes her children.’ Glancing within, a tropical scene breaks upon the view. On each side of the pulpit is a large century plant. The pillars are wreathed with vines and decked with flowers. Beautiful hanging baskets, looking as if they were suspended in the air, are intermingled with stationary plants. Above the arches that span the pulpit, encircled with a wreath of evergreens and flowers, are the words ‘100 YEARS,’ on each side of which are displayed two beautiful American flags, and beneath hangs a star of white lilies. Upon the pillars are two silk standards, one crimson, the other white, with the following words: ‘May 30th, 1768,’—‘May 30th, 1868.’ On the walls near



INTERIOR & PULPIT VIEW.





the pulpit are two large tablets bordered with flowers and surmounted with crowns, and bearing the names of the pastors of the church, as follow: 'George Duffield, D.D., pastor from 1771 to 1790; John B. Smith, D.D., 1791 to 1799; Philip Milledoler, D.D., 1800 to 1805; Archibald Alexander, D.D., 1806 to 1812; Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., 1814 to 1835; Thomas Brainerd, D.D., 1837 to 1866.'

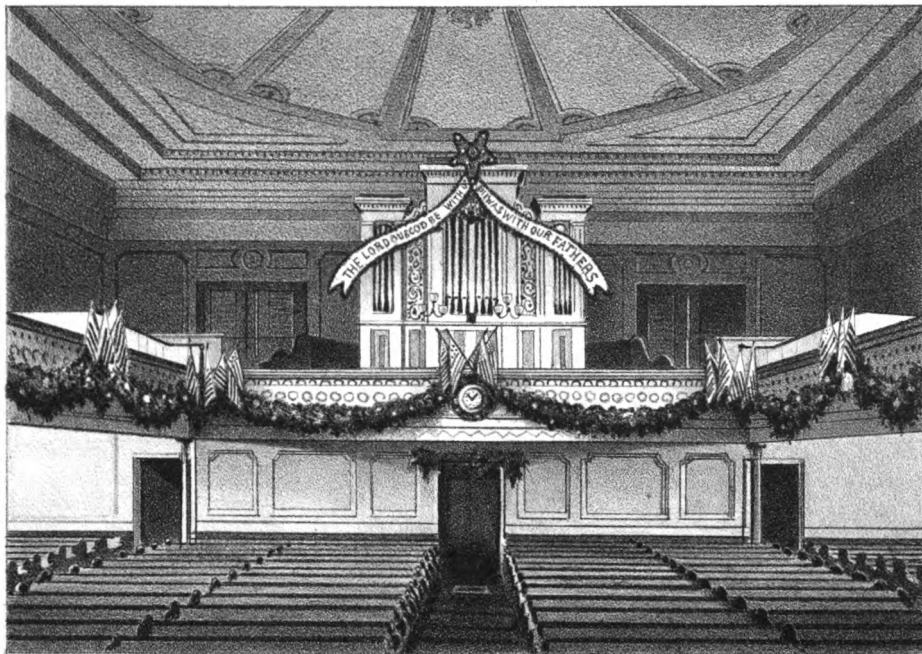
"Behind the communion table, as if growing out of the floor, rose the 'silver tree,' with a beautiful tropical plant twining among the branches; and on the table and under the shade of the tree sat a large basket of the richest flowers, with a white satin streamer, from the centre of the handle on which, in gilt letters, was printed: 'A testimonial to our pastor.'

"The galleries were festooned with evergreens interspersed with flowers of every hue, and a group of small American flags at the points of intersection. In front of the organ, in two scrolls gracefully spanning the instrument, and meeting at a point in the centre, were the Scripture words in letters of green moss: 'The Lord our God

be with us, as he was with our fathers.' Immediately above this was set a star of beautiful flowers.

“The decorations beside the flags were of the richest evergreens and natural flowers, the whole presenting a most beautiful and pleasing spectacle.”





INTERIOR—VIEW FROM THE PULPIT.

THE  
PUBLIC  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## MORNING SERVICES.

AT ten o'clock precisely, the services commenced. On the platform with the pastor were Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., of Detroit, Michigan, the grandson, and Rev. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD, of Kenderton church, Philadelphia, the great-great-grandson of the first pastor of this church; Rev. SAMUEL D. ALEXANDER and Hon. W. C. ALEXANDER, of New York, sons of the fourth pastor; and Rev. ALBERT BARNES and other distinguished clergymen.

In the congregation were a daughter and grandchild of Dr. Archibald Alexander, and an old lady\* who had heard every pastor of the church preach.

The exercises commenced with an invocation by Rev. T. M. HUMPHREY, D.D., of the Calvary Presbyterian Church. The congregation then rising sang the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and a flood of joyful

\* Mrs. Isabella Innis.

harmony filled the old church. After which prayer was offered by Rev. ALBERT BARNES, the venerable pastor of the First Presbyterian Church—the mother church of “Old Pine Street”—and the Scriptures were read by Rev. DR. WISWELL, of the Green Hill Church. The anthem “Arise, O Lord,” being sung with great power and effect by the choir, the pastor, Rev. R. H. ALLEN, then arose and delivered the following

#### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

I arise to welcome the sons and daughters and friends of Old Pine Street Church to this celebration of her hundredth birth-day. I need not say that it is an occasion of great interest to us. A hundred years in the history of a church must necessarily develope many things which become intensely interesting to us who are living to-day, though they may have been considered of small moment when they occurred. Not only the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the smiles and tears, the struggles and triumphs, which were experienced by our fathers in organizing and

building up this time-honoured Church, are deeply interesting to us now, but every relic of those early days, though it be but a soiled letter—a fragment of a sermon—an old leaden token—a block of the wood which composed the first pews—any thing, no matter what, so it comes to us from the “years of ancient times,” is preserved and guarded as a sacred treasure.

There are no objects in the past to which the heart clings with more tenacity than to the altars where our fathers worshiped, and beneath whose shadows their precious dust reposes. As we look back to childhood's distant day, and recall the scenes most indelibly stamped upon the mind, there are three objects forever in the foreground of the picture, *i. e.* the home of our fathers—the church where they prayed—the graveyard where they sleep. The period of our childhood may lie ever bright in the distant and perhaps gloomy past, like a sunlit wave far out on the sea, which the shadow of the clouds now above us do not reach; but these objects are there. They have become a part of our life. The old home may have passed into the hands of strangers—the old

church may be deserted—the old graveyard unfrequented, but in our hearts they are real as ever. To us, the rose still blooms before the door of home, the trees wave above the church, the grass grows green on the grave, just as when we last saw them. We carry them in our hearts still: we have brought them with us here to-day. How much more interesting is it, after a hundred years have elapsed, to be permitted to return to the very spot where our fathers worshiped, and where they still sleep, and to assemble within the same walls where they sung the songs of Zion a hundred years ago!

I rejoice that I can welcome you to-day to the house your fathers built: that time and avarice have not been permitted to destroy the foundations which they laid, nor mar the beauty of the burial-place of your dead. The old house still stands like a mother above her sleeping children; while more than three hundred times a year, for a full century, her shadow has travelled round the family circle, falling softly on each narrow home, as if counting the days and years of their weary separation, and watching with eager hope for



their glorious awaking from their long, long sleep.

We welcome you then to the selfsame house your fathers built: the house in which Allison, Fwing, and Duffield preached one hundred years ago; and in which Smith, and Milledoler, and Alexander, and Ely, and Brainerd successively and successfully proclaimed the glorious gospel of Jesus to listening auditories: the house where your fathers pledged their love and confidence to your mothers kneeling as young brides at this altar—where afterward they dedicated you to God in holy baptism, and toward which they turned your early footsteps.

When this house was built it was considered one of the finest in all the country. It seems to have been in advance of the church edifices of the day. It was a “new house with all the modern improvements;” such as a neat brick floor; high ceiling; rich and elaborate carving on the woodwork; square, high-back pews, in which short men and children entering were lost sight of; brass candlesticks burnished to golden brightness, and filled with honest tallow candles, which were re-

verently snuffed by old sexton Alison three times regularly during the evening service; a glass chandelier in the centre, which was the pride of the city and the wonder of the children; a high box-pulpit covered with red velvet; the whole producing an effect which was then esteemed magnificent.

A writer in the Presbyterian gives the following graphic description of the old church in Dr. Archibald Alexander's time (1806):

“It is the Sabbath. Old David Allen, our sexton, has put up the chain across Pine Street; (this was done to prevent vehicles passing during the time of worship,) and now stands at the principal door of entrance to the church, which is on the east side of the building.

“There he stands bareheaded, with a cowhide in his hand, a terror to bad children, a tyrant to the dogs, for dogs went to church in those days, notwithstanding the bad treatment they met with. We go inside, and halt for a few minutes to examine its interior arrangement. The aisles are paved with brick; pews high, so that children's heads are below the top; a fine glass-drop chan-

delier hangs in the centre, reflecting the prismatic colours when the sunshine is upon it. On the west side is the pulpit, an unpretending piece of architecture, after the box fashion, steps going up on one side; behind is a small window, opening on the graveyard, and overhead a 'sounding-board' looking like a wooden extinguisher. The front of the pulpit is dressed with red velvet, and the candlestands are of shining brass. Below is the precentor's desk; the whole enclosed with a partition as high as the adjacent pews. In the middle aisle, near the pulpit, a large marble slab in the pavement marks the grave of Rev. Dr. Duffield, a former pastor. We now take our seats, and make our remarks upon the materials that compose the congregation. In the first place, we notice a rather small man, dressed in black, passing by to the pulpit. His step is short and quick, hair black, complexion sallow, the head inclining downward, as if in deep thought. He occasionally looks sideways, when you may catch a glance at his keen eyes. He is a Virginian by birth—reared in the same school with such men as Rice, Baxter, Hoge, Lacy, Speece—him-

self the most distinguished of them all. We hear a tapping on the pavement, and looking round, see two venerable seniors arm in arm coming up the aisle, with ivory-topped canes in their hands. Their hats are still on, but you discover their gray wigs underneath. The one is a robust man; the other tall, thin, and blind. The latter is conducted to his pew before us, when his friend retires to his seat on the opposite side. They are Captain Paul Cox and Mr. McIlwaine.

“Our eyes are now fixed on a knot of old women seated on the left of the pulpit dressed very much alike in black, who appear so crowded up together as to leave merely a dark spot on memory’s waste. Father McMickin is in his accustomed place near the pulpit steps; he is hard of hearing, and sometimes stands up during the sermon. What a remarkable number of large men we see around us! General Steele, with his long queue; Conrad Hanse, Samuel Carstairs, William Findley, Carlisle, (once high constable,) John Hant, his successor. Here we find some of the leading men of the Democratic party at that exciting period: William Smiley, John Steele, Samuel Carswell,

Robert McMullin, the Mitchells, and others. How often the prayers of the congregation were requested for some one going to or returning from sea! Of sea captains we can point out Wickes, Dawson, Robinson, Whilldin, Toby, Workman, Sowers, Earl, Carson, Kelsey, Donaldson, Hunt. The last was lost at sea. Let us now group together the Scotch material of Macs—McGlathery, McCulloh, McMullin, McIlwaine, McElwee, McClure, McMicken, McCracken, McCarharer, McCorkle, Malcolm McDonal with his cork leg, (the original lost in the Revolutionary war.) Finally, we single out those well-known gentlemen, George Latimer, Jacob Clarkson, William Nassau, William and John Brown, Thomas M. Hall, William Haslett, Samuel Hilderburn. Most prominent among the ladies are Miss Mary McCulloh, Henrietta Ord, three Misses Hall, Miss Sloan, Miss Delphina Pease.”

Mr. McIlwaine spoken of here was the President of the first Board of Trustees, and a member of the Session. You will perceive also that the name of Allen, which a hundred years ago figured

only at the entrance of the church as sexton, is now somewhat prominent in the pulpit, which at least may suggest that the name belongs to a progressive family. And should any envious person slyly insinuate that the progress was somewhat slow, as it took a hundred years to rise from Sexton to Pastor, I would say by way of an offset, that it is the only name among all the families of "Old Pine Street Church" that accomplished it even in that length of time.

The old church, like our venerable mothers, was compelled by the force of circumstances to alter her dress, and make her toilet somewhat differently at different periods during the hundred years, in order to meet the ideas and tastes of her children. And in time the brick floor gave place to pine boards; the high square pews, to low slips with doors; and *they* finally to those you occupy to-day. The pulpit changed from west to south, and the red velvet to blue, and that again to the scarlet of to-day. The old Precen-tor's desk is gone, and the music removed from under the pulpit to the gallery in the opposite

end of the church. It did not reach that position, however, without some struggles.

Daniel Williams, who possessed a voice wonderfully sweet, flexible, and powerful, was the last precentor. His predecessors were Samuel Ross, and Messrs. Wells and Wright, the latter two leading in concert. Finer congregational singing was, probably, never heard in any church than during Mr. Williams's precentorship. So well trained were the congregation, that fugue tunes requiring exact time were sung with remarkable precision by nearly all the people. Williams would lead off, and Robert Thompson, Earnest, and Ross, in their pews, would take up the base, and Alexander G. Osbourn the tenor, and the women the air and second treble; and then the leader, dropping the air, would soar off into a high alto, and with the congregation uniting generally, the effect was sometimes indescribably grand and inspiring. The rendering of the hymn, "Vital spark of heavenly flame," can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear or join in its performance.

About thirty-five years ago, Mr. Williams left

the church with Dr. Ely on a Western exploring tour, and, during his absence, the first choir of the church was constituted, which consisted of Robert Thompson, Alexander G. Osbourn, David Earnest, and Thomas MacKellar, with a few female singers. The old brother who owned the central square pew in the gallery was asked to allow them to occupy it as a choir. But he flatly refused. He "did not like choirs any way." However, Sabbath morning came, and the young choir was seen stationed in the passage-way between the two ranges of square pews in the gallery. And this position was occupied till after the time of Dr. Brainerd's inauguration.

On the remodelling of the church, the choir, then led by Mr. MacKellar, introduced a bass viol, violoncello, and one or two flutes. The introduction of these instruments excited much opposition. One old mother put her fingers in her ears, and would not hear "the abominable things." Another afterward called on Dr. Brainerd, and said, "I wanted to see what it was they had up in the choir, and so I went up to see; and what do you think I saw? Why, a *great*



*big fiddle!*" The opposition became so violent, that the trustees ordered all the instruments to be removed. A short time after, the choir discarded Dyer's Sacred Music Book, and introduced Lowell Mason's new works, the Boston Academy's Collection and the Handel and Hayden Collection. This action caused a new commotion in the congregation, though most of the pieces introduced by the choir were what are now regarded as "good old tunes," such as Hebron, Ballerma, Lanesboro, &c. The result was, that when the singers had assembled on a Sabbath morning it was found that all the modern books had been quietly removed, and in their stead a new set of Dyer's old book had been placed in the choir. The singers rather testily resented this interference, and after a few weeks of altercation Mason's books were returned, the choir in this case proving victorious. Things now went on very smoothly until the choir attempted to get an organ, when those who had opposed the fiddle formerly took the alarm again, and quite "a fuss" was the result. The defenders of the organ, however, were not

so easily driven off this time, and obstinately contested the ground, while the other party seemed as determined to kill the organ. Some declared they "never would attend church again if *that thing* was brought in the house." Others said rather sneeringly, "I suppose they want to make us Catholics." There were quite a number of *Young Pine-streeters* in the field now, and they were all in favour of the organ. Things were assuming a rather threatening aspect, when one day it was announced in a public meeting, assembled to consider this question, "that old mother Tittermary had withdrawn her objections to the organ," and that settled the matter, as she seemed to have been the leader of the anti-organ party. The old organ is here to-day, and has been so long, that I suppose even the Macs would dislike to see it removed. The worthy successors of that choir lead the music of to-day.

During the last summer the entire interior of our venerable sanctuary was again remodeled and beautified at a large expense, which at once placed it among the most beautiful temples of divine worship in our great city. One would

scarcely think, as he looks around him here to-day, that in this room the British soldiers stabled their horses ninety years ago, when the city was in their possession.

This improvement of the church has been accomplished by the willing offerings of her children in view of her hundredth birthday, thus enabling her, as she enters her second hundred years, to look back on the past without a blush, and on the future without a fear.

Permit me then to welcome you to this house which your fathers built, and their children have beautified.

To you, Dr. Duffield, and your grandson, worthy descendants of the first pastor of this church, a cordial welcome to "Old Pine Street Church;" to you, Dr. Alexander, my brother beloved, welcome to the house within whose sacred walls your honoured father preached the gospel more than sixty years ago; to my own beloved people, and all the friends and children of this old Church; to you, brethren and sons of "Old Pine Street," who preach the Word, or rule in the house of God, as ministers and elders; you,

who may have left us to work in the Master's vineyard elsewhere, welcome, thrice welcome to the old homestead to-day; welcome to our altars and our hearts—welcome with us to share the joys and triumphs of to-day—welcome with us to walk beneath these venerable trees where your fathers sleep, and with us scatter memorial flowers upon their graves. They still sleep here, quietly, safely. We, in whose hands you have left the old home church, have watched lovingly over them, and will continue to do so until we sleep beside them.

There is one shadow which falls over the brightness of this centennial morn. It comes from the grave of Thomas Brainerd. He looked longingly forward to the dawn of this day when his church should be a hundred years old. But God took him to look on the dawn of a far brighter day, over which a shadow is never cast. But is he not with us to-day? I know his body lies very near us—just there in that grave all covered with flowers, placed there by loving hands this morning; but his spirit and those of five other pastors look on us to-day; and if they could

speak to us, I know they would join me in the  
 welcome which I extend, in their names, to the  
 children of their old church on this centennial  
 morning, which I do in the language of another :

With glad hearts, then, we welcome you  
     On this memorial day ;  
 Our dear old Church has opened wide  
     Her portals worn and gray ;  
 And bids her wandering children come,  
     Their grateful love to show  
 To her, whose birth-day morn arose  
     *One hundred years ago.*

Forget the cares that Time has brought—  
     Life has its “Bacas” still ;  
 And many of you have, I know,  
     Toiled up a rugged hill ;—  
 But from this *mount of privilege*,  
     This atmosphere of prayer,  
 You’ll see by Faith’s clear telescope  
     The Land of Beulah near.

These mossy graves around us, where  
     Five thousand sleepers lie,  
 Each one is marked, and safe beneath  
     Our Father’s watchful eye.

## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF

Oh! when that glorious morning dawns  
When our dear Lord shall come  
With all the shining angel hosts,  
And call his children home,—

What meetings then our eyes shall see  
Within this churchyard old!  
Pastor and flock, grandsire and babe,  
Heaven's glory shall enfold.  
A century of years will seem  
As but a moment then,  
The earliest and the latest dead  
With scarce a breath between.

Then let us come with fervent faith,  
With joy and hope and trust;  
Our fathers' God is still our God,  
And to his covenant just.  
We'll praise Him with our grateful songs,  
Recount His mercies past;  
For He hath built our church upon  
The Rock of Ages fast.

Not unto man, for past success,  
Be praise or glory given;  
But unto Him who watch and ward  
Hath kept o'er us in heaven.

Then onward move, beloved Church,  
 Unchanged by friend or foe,  
 Be true as when God gave thee birth  
 ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MRS. R. H. ALLEN.

The congregation then rising sang with spirit  
 and feeling, to the familiar tune of "America,"  
 the following

CENTENNIAL HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY

MRS. R. H. ALLEN.

Our Father's God! we bow  
 With filial reverence now  
 Before this shrine:  
 Within these sacred walls  
 A hallowed influence falls,  
 And fills our waiting souls  
 With peace divine.

'Twas here our Fathers prayed,  
 And grateful offerings laid  
 Before thy feet:  
 Their precious dust around  
 Awaits, in peace profound,  
 The trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Thy face to meet.

Here for a hundred years  
Hearts filled with hopes and fears  
Have thronged these aisles;  
Souls here have owned thy claim,  
Confessed the Saviour's name,  
While Heaven's bright glory came  
Within these walls.

Here youthful brides have knelt,  
Here weeping friends have felt  
The mourner's loss;  
And here our Pastors stood,  
Who, from Thy sacred word,  
The sorrowing pilgrim showed  
The wondrous cross.

Those eager throngs who came  
To praise Thy sacred name,  
And pay their vow,  
Beneath the summer's glow,  
Or through the winter's snow,  
*A hundred years ago,*  
Where are they now?

Still, Lord, Thy people own,  
As in the past Thou'st done,  
And blessings send :



Oh! hear all who may pray  
Within this temple gray  
Until the final day,  
When time shall end.

DR. DUFFIELD, the venerable pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Detroit, now came forward and shaking the hand of the pastor very cordially, while his trembling voice gave evident signs of deep emotion, remarked as follows :

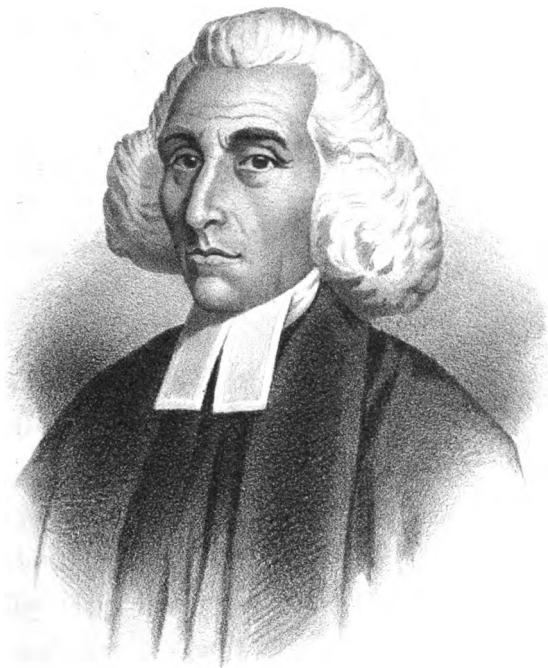
ADDRESS OF REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.

BELOVED BROTHER AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:  
Your cordial welcome, on this glad and grateful occasion, meets our hearty response. Thanks to you, and to this old loyal and beloved church and congregation, for the invitation to be present at this centenary celebration.

But just arrived within the passing hour in this city, and wearied by long journeying, I hasten to participate with you in the reminiscences of olden times, and the review of scenes that transpired here "a hundred years ago." It is but

three years less than one century, when, here, within these walls and among your sires, my grandfather commenced his labours as the first pastor of this now ancient church. God be praised for His grace to the ancient worthies, who were fed and nourished by the gospel he loved to preach.

Twice previously had he been called by the Second Presbyterian Congregation of this city, then worshiping in their first edifice, erected on the northwest corner of Arch and Third streets; a congregation in the heart of the city, and of greater age and resources than that of Pine street in its southwest skirts. Twice he had declined these calls, preferring to labour in his triple charge of Big Spring, Carlisle, and Monaghan Congregations, then on the border of the wilderness, where the untamed savage roamed at will, and often perpetrated deeds of blood and terror, beyond the precincts of the garrison and barracks maintained for protection of the emigrants passing up the valley and settling in Cumberland county. They were chiefly of Scotch-Irish extraction, men that loved liberty both in church



**GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D.**  
1771—1790.

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and state; and, for its assertion and maintenance, established their Presbyterian churches and schools, at regular distances of ten miles from centre to centre, determined to endure the hardships of the forest, and brave the bloody wars of hostile Indians, excited and instigated by the French Jesuits, that aimed at the occupation of these lands, and the ultimate expulsion of English Protestants from the continent. Here was a field of labour suited to his principles and the purpose of his life, viz. : to assert and advocate the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. He felt that Arch Street needed him not. But when, subsequently, Pine Street pressed their call, there were circumstances, of its particular ecclesiastical relationship and of public patriotic bearing, that drew him, heart and soul, into a new field of conflict. The Pine Street Congregation was composed of zealous ardent men from the north of Ireland, whigs in politics, lovers of liberty, opposed to the union of church and state and to "tory" rule, and Presbyterians in religious principle, who loved to own no other Head of the Church than Jesus Christ, the Lord of lords and

King of kings. Originally they were connected with the First Presbyterian Church, and associated in a *quasi* relation: they claimed in process of time to exercise the right for themselves to call a minister and settle him among themselves, independent of the dictation or control of those who, superior in resources, and not sympathizing with them fully in their desire for liberty and independence, wished to thwart their purpose. He promptly accepted their call; and although personally opposed, as well as the people of Pine Street, from influences in the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, yet did he vindicate successfully in the Synod of Philadelphia his right to admission on his certificate into good and full standing as a member into that Presbytery.

The differences between "old side" and "new side," or "old light" and "new light" Presbyterians, had not entirely subsided, although the two synods had been united in 1758. The first pastor and people of Pine Street sympathized with the new side and liberal party. They were friends of revivals, and opposed to the union of church and state; of kindred spirit with the men at Mecklen-

burg, whose declaration of independence in 1773, and establishment of a government for themselves by what they called "the regulators," although overpowered by British troops and shedding of blood in the battle-grounds of America, was the early exponent of the determined hostility to British rule, destined eventually to achieve American independence.

These differences, religious and political, and the procedures ecclesiastical that ensued upon the call of Pine Street Congregation, gave notoriety to my grandfather on his arrival in Philadelphia, and rendered him a popular preacher, his pulpit talents and eloquence also contributing to draw crowds to hear him in what was then called the Church of "Society Hill." On one occasion, during the contests of those days, as I learned when a youth worshiping in Pine Street, and heard from olden men of the former century who had been witnesses of the scenes, the doors of Pine Street Church had been locked, by authority of those of the First Presbyterian Church who claimed the right to prevent the assembly of the congregation to hear my grandfather. A multi-

tude assembled in the street below the old edifice pressing and impatient to enter. The throng increasing, the rival and contesting authorities of the Pine Street Congregation having secured entrance through the window, the doors were unlocked from within and thrown open. Immediately the crowd rushed in; and others, arriving, so filled the house and the doors of entrance, that, on the arrival of the preacher, he found it impossible to enter. To meet the exigency, he was carried and lifted up so as to enter by one of the large windows that on either side of the pulpit opened to the west on the graveyard. The religious services commenced, and had not proceeded further than about the close of the second psalm, when the crowded assembly began to surge by some movement from the door on the northeast corner. The minister had risen and announced his text, when the king's magistrate was seen, struggling and pressing his way up the middle aisle, till he took his stand near the spot where afterward was, and yet undisturbed remains, interred the body of my grandfather. The royal officer ordered the congregation to disperse; and



pulling from his pocket the Riot Act, began to read it authoritatively, for the purpose of carrying its provisions into effect. The preaching thus being interrupted for the moment, Mr. Robert Knox, one of the trustees of the congregation, rose, and with a loud commanding voice addressing the magistrate, exclaimed in full Scotch-Irish brogue, "Quet that, Jimmy Bryant." The magistrate proceeding a second time, he repeated his command, adding, "Don't come here to disturb the people in their worship of God." The king's officer still proceeding with his reading, Mr. Knox, a man of tall, athletic form, and stout muscle, with heroic resolution and nerve left his pew, and taking the magistrate with one hand by the nape of the neck and the other by the breech, lifted him above the heads of the crowd, and carrying him to the door cast him forth unceremoniously, saying, "There, take that! begone! and disturb no more the worship of God!" Then turning to the preacher, he added, "Go on, Mr. Duffield;" which he did without further molestation.

The next day my grandfather was arrested and

brought before the mayor, the venerable and excellent Thomas Willing, whom I well remember often to have seen, as on my way to church I passed his residence on the corner of Third street and Willing's alley, just opposite St. Paul's Church. He was charged with having instigated and aided in riotous proceedings at the Pine Street Church. The court demanded of him what was his answer to the charge? He responded courteously to the worthy mayor, that "he had no plea to offer," and claimed to have done nothing but exercise his right as a minister of Christ to preach His gospel. The mayor remarked that this stand taken by him would greatly embarrass the court. He might plead not guilty, and enter his brother Dr. Samuel Duffield as bail, which he would at once accept. This was respectfully declined. The mayor, after further conversation and remonstrance, stated he would willingly go his bail himself, desiring to avoid the necessity of committing him to prison. My grandfather courteously thanked the mayor for his kindness, but respectfully remarked, that if his honour felt it his duty to remand him to prison, he would

much prefer to go there than, by putting in a plea on his unlawful arrest, directly or indirectly admit the tyrannical exercise of power in interfering with and trying him for the exercise of what he claimed to be his right, derived, not from king or magistrate or any established church, but from God, to preach His gospel wherever people willing and peacefully assembled to hear him. On further conversation and consideration of the court, he was dismissed to his house, with information that at another time the matter would be investigated. He never afterward was summoned to appear in court in relation to the charge. But in the meantime rumour spread abroad, and reaching Dauphin and Cumberland counties, where he was well known and much beloved, that Mr. Duffield was in danger of being sent to prison in Philadelphia for preaching the gospel, the "Paxton Boys" of that region, a military organization for the voluntary defence of the borders, with whom he was quite a favourite, convened, and resolved to hold themselves in readiness, immediately on hearing of his imprisonment, at the tap of the drum, to march to the city and demand his release. The

occasion never occurred to act upon their resolutions.

In the differences and strifes between the mother church and the daughter, the First and Third, which had become exacerbated somewhat by the call of Mr. Duffield to Pine Street, it had been said in advance that he need not expect to be received by the Second Presbytery. He might go to the other with whom he properly sympathized. The Second Presbytery had been formed, for peace' sake, by the synod, upon what in subsequent years was called the principle of elective affinity—a precedent which our old school brethren mightily resisted when a similar thing was done by the General Assembly in 1836. Its leading members were "old side" men, opposed to new measures, such as revivals, and, as we now call it, the radicalism of the day. He was an ardent patriot in politics, and a revivalist in his preaching, not squaring his exposition of the doctrines of the divine decrees, justification by faith, and regeneration, &c., by the technics of supralapsarian Calvinism on the one hand, or Pelagian and semi-Arminian theories on the other hand ;

but claiming the liberty, in the language of common sense, to uphold and press the great essential truths of the Bible, relative to the ruin of man by the fall, and his recovery by grace alone. On his translation to Pine Street by the Presbytery of Donegal, and bearing their certificate of dismissal and recommendation, he presented it to the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, to which, as comprising among its churches the mother and daughter, *i. e.* Market and Pine Street Congregations, formerly in collegiate connection, he was refused admission and installation. The right to call and the regularity of the call by the Pine Street Congregation had been settled by the decision of the Synod previously. The question of absolute right under the compact of the constitution, or "basis of agreement," binds in unity the different Presbyteries; to refuse a member of another, dismissed with clear papers and recommendation, was one of vital moment; fundamental, as he thought, to the Presbyterian polity, rights and liberties of ministers in good standing in the once divided but then united Presbyterian Church. He determined to contest

the question ; and having carried the matter, by complaint, to the Synod, the Synod, assuming as a fundamental principle the integrity of the whole Presbyterian body, overruled the action of the Presbytery, and declared that his name "should be put upon the list of members of the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, as one of them." It was not for purposes of litigation or disputation that he demanded admission where he was refused, but to contest the validity of the sovereign right above the constitution as the bond of union claimed on the part of the Presbytery refusing admission to him, that induced him to bring the matter before the Synod. For he had no sooner been received and recognised as a member of the Second Presbytery by authority of the Synod, than he asked and obtained his certificate of dismissal and recommendation to the other Presbytery of Philadelphia, with whose members he was in fuller religious and political sympathy. He was a thorough, consistent constitutional Presbyterian, and rejoiced in the unity of the Church as contradistinguished from the absolute independency of Con-

gregationalism. The estimation in which he was held by his brethren generally as a constitutional Presbyterian, secured to him the appointment as one of the Committee to digest and arrange the Plan of Government and Book of Discipline or Constitution, which was adopted in 1789, when the General Assembly, as a delegated body, representing the entire church, divided into coordinate Synods and Presbyteries, was originated, and of which he was made the first stated clerk.

Both in Church and State he ever proved himself the enemy of tyranny and usurpation, and the friend of constitutional liberty and law. From the very first of his pastorate in this city to its close, he was the zealous advocate of liberty, and opposed to an established Church in union with the State; the bold assertor of the right of the people to govern themselves under constitutions and laws of their own enactment, in the fear and recognition of God as the only Sovereign Lord of the human conscience. Sermons that he preached in Pine Street on different occasions during the session of the old Continental Congress, yet extant, prove how ready and

ardent he was in defence of the rights and liberty of the Church, and of the cause of liberty and independence, which, in due season, by the Revolutionary War, was so successfully vindicated. His pulpit gave no uncertain sound. And two days after the Declaration of Independence by Congress, on the 4th of July, 1776, he was appointed, by Thomas Mifflin, Governor of Pennsylvania, Chaplain of all the military forces in the service of the commonwealth, which office and relation he held during the seven years war that ensued. He relinquished not, however, his pastoral relation or duties; but was ever sure, when exigencies required or circumstances seemed to call for his presence, to enter the camp, and accompany the army, ministering the comfort and the supports of religion to the men of faith and courage who, in those days of trial and trouble, were ready to sacrifice "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour" in defence of their country's cause.

On one occasion, during the dark period of the revolutionary struggle, when General Washington was retreating before the British through



New Jersey, it is related that, at the close of public services on the Sabbath, he rose in his pulpit and, looking round upon the congregation, remarked, "There are too many men here to-day. I give notice there will be one less next Sabbath;" and then announcing his purpose to depart to the army forthwith, he exhorted all who could to follow his example, and rush to the aid and cheer of the dispirited troops. He entered the army as our forces lay in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, and on the following Sabbath held religious service among the Pennsylvania troops. The noise of their singing reached the ears of the British, then on Staten Island, opposite, and soon a cannon ball was heard rushing through the trees of the orchard where they were seated on the ground, with their chaplain in the forks of an apple tree while preaching to them words of hope and courage. It proved a signal for retreat, when having descended and led them beyond the reach of the cannon, and behind a slight declivity, he finished what he had to say, and took up his march with the forces, whose retreat General Washington was so wisely and

effectively conducting. He was with them on their way, in the battles at Princeton and at Trenton. In the latter place having entered a private house for temporary rest, a Quaker friend, to whom he had rendered essential service, came rushing in where he was, and apprizing him of the motion of the Revolutionary army, and preparation to cross the Delaware, urged his speedy flight from the British forces soon to enter, who had offered a prize of fifty pounds sterling for his head, so obnoxious was he to the Tory troops. He had not been aware of the rapid movement of our troops, but rushing out and following rapidly, he was among the last that crossed the bridge over the creek on the south side of Trenton before the order given by General Washington for its destruction had been executed. He loved the cause and loved the men, and hesitated not to share perils and trials with them when there was need. He was truly and ardently patriotic. And such, too, were the men of Old Pine Street Church in the days that tried men's souls. I rejoice to know that the spirit hath not ceased among their sons, and that this

pulpit in the days of the beloved Dr. Brainerd, so lately removed from earth to heaven, still allied itself with the stars and stripes, as on this day, and let its voice be heard clear and strong and ever unwavering in its loyalty, during the days of the late rebellion for Slavery against Freedom! May this spirit survive in the hearts of your sons from generation to generation, till the Lord himself shall come, and bring forth judgment to victory final and everlasting! Your sires were men of noble daring and patriotic devotion to their country's cause and liberty. And God has honoured them and you with a succession of pastors, men of might and worth, who have left their record behind them in the spirit and character of this Old Pine Street Church, as well as their names in its annals—their tablets on its walls.

With all but the first two it was my privilege to be personally acquainted. My grandfather died some four or five years before I was born. Dr. Smith, with whose father he had studied theology, was removed by the ravages of the yellow fever while I was but a child. Dr. Mille-

doler, too, whom I often heard in New York, and loved for his zeal and earnestness, had ceased his pastorate here before my young feet frequented these ways. It was in 1807-8, the year after Dr. Alexander was settled here, that God in His providence ordered it, that while quite a tender youth I became a regular hearer of the word preached by him. I speak his name with affectionate reminiscences, and bless God that, by means of his discourses, the strivings of the Holy Spirit were kept alive in my young heart. Having entered the University of Pennsylvania in this city ere I was fourteen years of age, I was placed by my parents in the family and under the care of my great uncle, Dr. Samuel Duffield, one of the trustees of this church, who was careful to see, that while absent from them, my habit of attending public worship morning and afternoon should not be lost or interrupted. I look back with gratitude to God for the *habit* thus formed. It was not then, as it has become since,—which, I deeply lament to say, has become the fact in all our large cities—to have public worship in the Sabbath morning only, and not again until

night. The whole Sabbath-day was regarded as sacred time; and some part of the hours of light, both morning and afternoon, was to be occupied for purposes of public stated Divine worship. The good old Scotch-Irish Presbyterians believed not in a Popish Sunday, to be sanctified by the mass in the morning, and in the afternoon, according to King Charles's Book of Sports, to be appropriated to sleep, to pastime, to dance, to merriment and festivity. They hungered for the word, and not for hot dinners; making conscience of attending the public worship as well in the afternoons as in the mornings of the Sabbath. The Sabbath-schools of later origin have suspended, as well the afternoon preachings as the pastor's regular system of catechetical instruction. I have my serious doubts whether the change has been of advantage, and does not partially operate to the detriment of Sabbath sanctification, and to prevent the formation by our youth of the *habit* of regular attendance, mornings and afternoons of every Sabbath, on the word preached by the pastor, which is God's own ordinance, in wisdom devised, and by His Spirit wont to be blessed

for aiding parental instruction and family government in training up children in the way that they should go. I could have much to say and many fears to express on this subject, but can only take occasion to bless God for the early habit, here formed while a youth, of regarding the whole Sabbath as a day set apart and appropriate, both morning and afternoon, for His worship. What at first was submitted to as necessary and unavoidable, a duty not to be shirked or neglected on slight pretences, I doubt not, by God's blessing, proved a shield about me, and protected me from evil company and evil ways, till, early becoming interested in Dr. Alexander's preaching, I needed not to be watched and warned to go regularly to church. The Lord bless the Sabbath-schools abundantly, and tenfold more than ever. But let us beware how we suffer them to supplant the public worship of God on the Sabbath afternoon in the full congregation, or to prevent the formation of the habit in children of regularly observing the Divine ordinance of the word preached by the regularly constituted and ordained heralds and ambassadors of Christ. I shall ever have

occasion to thank God for the habit formed which kept me in regular attendance on the preaching of Dr. Alexander, and for the light imparted to my mind, and the influence of truth brought to bear by the Spirit of God upon my young and wayward conscience.

The scenes of the past days of early youth even now are fresh in my memory. I remember the form of that venerable man of God, his manner, the tones of his silver voice, the way he would shut the Bible as he was done, then open it again and start afresh more earnestly than ever, and how the tear often trickled down my cheek as he remonstrated and urged, "Now is the accepted time—to-day is the day of salvation." I remember well the solemn communion season, how the tables were spread in form of a cross along the aisles, and seem to see the venerable men that used to rise from their pews and take their places beside them, while the elders passed the bread and wine before them. Although the internal arrangements of this audience room be greatly changed and improved from what existed then, yet I seem withal to espy the very places where

sat the venerable form of Ferguson McIlwaine, deprived of sight, and led to the house of God by his faithful friend Mr. Cox; of William Leonard, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Haslett, the old sexton Mr. Allen, and others of younger years; William and Robert McMullen, the sweet singing precentor, Mr. McGlathery, and yet others, male and female, who, sixty years ago, here worshiped the God of our fathers. Transient seemed to be the passing impressions made then upon my light, hilarious, youthful mind, but they left traces that can never be effaced. These walls have ever since been dear to me, although but occasionally, at long intervals, entered in later years. Long may they stand and be the place of loved resort by crowded congregations of the people of the Lord!

It was here, will you allow me to say, that in the providence of God, after Dr. Alexander had ceased his pastorate and Dr. Ely became his successor, by the appointment of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, on April 20th, 1815, I preached my trial discourse, led into the pulpit and accompanied by that earnest and valued friend, whose



words of encouragement, as they had done often before, contributed, amid scenes of embarrassment and excitement, to sustain my young, palpitating, fluttering heart.\* He stood my advo-

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\* The following incident is here introduced by request of one of the gentleman of the Committee of Arrangements, to whom the circumstance was privately and casually related.

Mr. Duffield was aware of the suspicious and jealous eyes which some members of the Presbytery of Philadelphia had directed towards him, because he had preferred to pursue his theological studies in the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church in the city of New York, then under the direction of the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D., eminent for his learning and eloquence, rather than at Princeton, in the Theological Institute not fully organized till more than a year after he had commenced one year's course of his studies. He had had proofs of this fact during his examination, and from subjects of trial assigned him by the Presbytery while under their care. This fact, as well as having to preach his first discourse where his grandfather had officiated, and in the presence of parent, kindred and numerous friends, and with the reminiscences of early youthful associations, naturally tended to excite his solicitude and fear. He had written his discourse carefully and also committed it to memory according to the usage in the Seminary where he had been educated, intending, however, to read or recite it accurately word for word as

cate before the Presbytery when suspected—by those who did not hear the sermon—of teaching error in maintaining that saving faith is appro-

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written. Having read his text and a few sentences of the introduction of the sermon, *his sight suddenly failed*. The church grew dark, the chandelier lost its brilliancy, and he could not discern a word upon the pages of his manuscript. But neither memory nor self-possession failing him, he proceeded without interruption or pause to recite what he had committed, until the darkness and dimness of his vision had ceased, which was not until he had finished his introduction and stated the heads of his discourse from John xx. 18. Upon returning with his mother to his uncle's residence a copious bleeding from the nose commenced, which, after some time, was with difficulty arrested by medical treatment.

It has been a matter of amusing remark among those to whom Dr. Duffield had related this fact, that on the Sabbath evening of the centennial celebration, having been invited by Mr. Allen to preach, immediately upon their entering and taking their seats in the pulpit the brilliant lights of the church ceased to blaze and were not permanently restored till after several ineffectual attempts had been made to re-illuminate the house. Although the natural cause of derangement in the meter sufficiently explained the occurrence, yet the coincidence was a matter of some humour to those at whose request this note is inserted, and to the venerable doctor. Ready to deliver



**JOHN B. SMITH, D. D.**  
1791-1799.

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priating, or the acceptance of Christ is one of its essential acts or immediate results, and that its very essence is assurance. He had a warm and sympathizing heart, and God greatly blessed his ministry here, as He did that of his successor—though last, not least, of the departed worthies whose names are written in heaven. The Lord grant that the mantles of these Elijahs may be girt about you, beloved brother, the pastor of this ancient church.

One or two reflections, suggested by the discursive review just taken, and I have done.

How inestimable is the value of God's cove-

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his *final message* to the people of the ancient church, it must have proved a signal, recalling from memory's stores scenes and emotions with which his heart was agitated fifty-three years before, as, with fading vision, he commenced his *first discourse* on the reality of Christ's resurrection and expected ascension. Faithful servant of the Master, he, too, has entered into the joy of his Lord; and, could he return again to earth with permission to speak of heavenly things, he, like Mary Magdalene, would be able to tell the followers of the Lamb that he "had seen the Lord," seen Him exalted on high, in light without shadow.

nant! That covenant He made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and keeps with all of their believing seed. "Fear not, Abram! I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward! I am the Almighty God—God all sufficient. I will establish my covenant betwixt me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee." This covenant He has kept in generations—ages past. We are here this day witnesses of its perpetuity. Generation after generation of our fathers have passed away and gone to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Their children and children's children gather this day around these altars, and rise up to call Him blessed. I rejoice to look around and see the bright faces of tender youth, and manly forms of middle age, as they crowd these hallowed courts, praying, as in the words marked upon that organ, **THE LORD OUR GOD BE WITH US, AS HE WAS WITH OUR FATHERS.** The prayer is even now being fulfilled. Instead of the fathers are the children included in the same covenant, and you are claiming the inhe-

rited relation, choosing and making, by your faith and consecration of yourselves to Him, the God of your fathers to be your own. Doubt not that He will bless you. As in the past, so will it be in the future. He keepeth covenant mercy. Break not, by your unbelief or apostasy from God, the hallowed chain of covenant descent, but see that you transmit it unbroken to generations yet to come. For here, by the events and exhibitions of this day, we learn how faithful God is to His promises. "There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord; that thy children shall come again to their own border." After a hundred years, we see here an illustration of this Divine faithfulness. He hath not forgotten the word on which He caused our fathers to hope! "One generation proves thy works, O God, to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts," as we do this day. "We perish, but thou shalt endure. Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." Blessed be God for the assurance, "The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee," This day we see it verified in the possession of this house.

“The seed also of His servants shall inherit it; and they that love His name shall dwell therein.” Peace be to this holy place, and prosperity within her palaces. The Lord make you all the followers of them “who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.”

Before I sit down, allow me, beloved brother, to put into your hands for preservation or in the annals of this church, the only offering I have to present. It is one of the few ancestral documents that have been transmitted to me from former generations. It is the call which was made by Pine Street Church addressed to my grandfather under date of August 5th, 1771. It has much more value to you than it can to me or mine, for it has the sign-manual of seventy or more of the members of the Pine Street Church who, near a hundred years ago, forwarded their call to him to become their pastor. It is an original record of the names of the early ancestors of this beloved church and congregation.

Here Dr. Duffield handed to the pastor the original call (the first ever made) of this congre-



gation for the pastoral services of his grandfather. The document was yellow with age and somewhat "tattered and torn," but was looked at with intense interest by all eyes when held up before the congregation. The reading of the paper was called for with all the signatures, among whom, as the pastor read them, the names of some of our most esteemed families were recognised. This paper has been carefully placed among the valuable archives of the church.

This address of Dr. Duffield is the more highly prized now, since, in the providence of God, it has proved to be one of his last public efforts. Shortly after this he was suddenly called to his rest; and the manuscript copy which he sent us was very nearly the last writing he ever did. He was a great and good man—genial, kind-hearted, and faithful—having much of the spirit of his patriotic grandfather. He was a bold thinker, sound reasoner, and lucid preacher. He died as he had lived, with the harness on, and greatly beloved and deeply lamented.

After the anthem "O be joyful in the Lord" was sung, the Rev. SAMUEL D. ALEXANDER,

D.D., of New York, the son of the fourth pastor of this church, Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, addressed the audience.

ADDRESS OF REV. S. D. ALEXANDER, D.D.

I thank you for the opportunity of being present on this occasion, and yet I feel that I have an hereditary right to be here. I rejoice that this old church stands in the old place. In the city from which I come there is a mighty power that is continually uprooting the old churches and transplanting them into new fields. The encroachments of business drive the population towards the north. A few weeks ago I was sailing by Sandy Hook, and saw a new lighthouse going up on the point. On asking the reason, I learned that the land was constantly growing out into the sea, so that a new light was necessary. But on looking inland, I saw the old lighthouse still standing as it had stood for fifty years: so that now they have two lights, the one on the point of the Hook, the other half a mile inland,

both shedding their light upon the waters. Thus it is with you in your city. You build new churches as the population advances, but you permit the old ones to remain, thus doubling your influence. I say I rejoice that this old church stands where it has stood for a hundred years.

A hundred years in the annals of the old world is a single leaf in the volume of its history—a hundred years in our annals is the volume itself.

One hundred years ago the long French and Indian War had just come to a conclusion, and Col. Washington, already distinguished as a soldier, had retired to the seclusion of his plantation, anticipating a long rest. How little did he know of the grand struggles that were to fill the future! But he was already settled before the mutterings of the storm were heard that soon burst in all its power, and amidst the birth-throes of that hour this nation was born.

One hundred years ago, Philadelphia contained a population of about thirty thousand souls, four thousand houses, and but four or five churches. Look around you and see what a century has produced!

Then, the whole of the North American Colonies could boast of but thirty newspapers, three of which were in Philadelphia—two printed in English and one in German. And now they number more than three thousand. And it is an interesting fact for you that the second religious newspaper ever published in the world, "The Christian Remembrancer," had its origin in this very church. Dr. Alexander, the pastor of the church at that time, feeling the necessity of some channel of religious instruction to the people, conceived the plan of a weekly religious paper, which plan was carried out, and a young man, a member of this church—John W. Scott—became the publisher, and continued its issue for a number of years.

And what a contrast there is between the religious publications of to-day and a hundred years ago! I hold in my hand a little book for devotional purposes, published in this city seventy-five years ago, at the end of which is an address to the public signed by Dr. John B. Smith, the pastor of this church, and four other ministers of this city, recommending the religious books

which had been published in this country, and giving a list of them, thirty in all, embracing such works as *Boston's Fourfold State*, *Doddridge's Rise and Progress*, *Edwards on Redemption*, &c.

What a wonderful advance since that day! Through the various publication and tract societies, and the religious publications of booksellers, more than one hundred thousand distinct books, including tracts, have been issued up to this day. Within the last century we have seen the rise of all the great missionary schemes of the country. One hundred years ago there was no American Board, no Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, no grand Home Missionary operations stretching across the Continent. The seed-corn was planted then, but the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear are the fruits of a century.

I believe that to this church belongs the honour of originating the scheme of city missions, which has now become so important and so glorious in its results. When my venerated father came to this church, he heard a general complaint among the pious of a want of activity and enterprise in

the churches. And the thought occurred to him that the lay element of the church might be used to great advantage. So he sat down and drew up a constitution for an "Evangelical Society," not to raise funds, nor employ others to work, *but an association of which every member was to be a working man.* This Society entered upon its work with energy, and was the beginning of the great Sunday-school and missionary enterprises which are now the glory of our cities.

And now, my dear brethren, we stand at the gateway of a new century, and, as we look through into the future, we behold clouds and darkness. We know not what is before us; we cannot tell what another hundred years will bring forth. But as we look back from this point, we are encouraged and cheered by the progress of the last century. Religion and education have not only held their own, but have made vast strides forward. As we take this retrospect the question arises, What causes this progress? And I answer without hesitation: *First*, the faithful preaching and teaching of God's word; and, *Secondly*, the Christian education of the people.

The century just gone has been made illustrious by its gospel preachers—men who have proclaimed, faithfully and boldly, the truth as it is in Jesus—men who insisted upon family religion. The glory of our church in the past has been in her bold stand for the simple gospel. Men may talk as they please of their civilizations, their sciences, their arts; but I am bold to say that if Christ had not been preached and the word of God honoured, we should this day be worse than barbarians.

And what a line of godly and learned men has God permitted to stand up before this church! Men of faith, men of eminent learning, men willing to spend and be spent in the service of their Master. It is such men as these, and such teachings as theirs, which have made the last century notable, and our land what it is.

And then Christian education has been a grand source of our progress during the last hundred years. The printing press and the college followed hard in the footsteps of the pioneers; and every college was the child of Christian zeal. One hundred years ago, Harvard, Yale,

Princeton, and your own University were almost the only colleges. Harvard, the oldest, took as her motto—*Pro Christo et Ecclesia*; but, alas, how has she fallen from the simple faith of her early founders!

Just one hundred years ago this very month, perhaps this very day, John Witherspoon landed on our shores and assumed the control of the College at Princeton; and the influence of that man has been felt ever since down through all the years of the century, and is still felt. Our colleges have always been the conservators of a vital religion. Witherspoon once wrote, "Cursed be all that learning that is *contrary* to the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not *coincident* with the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not *subservient* to the cross of Christ." And that sentiment we can echo this day. I would rather be the veriest slave that toils in the earth than the consummate master of all learning, if that learning was not founded upon the word of God and the doctrines of the cross. Old Dr. Dwight once wrote, "The man who would show to common minds the con-



nection between colleges and the interests of the church, would be a benefactor to his species.”

The cause of education has ever been the cause of the church in our land. Our Scotch and Scotch-Irish ancestry, the glory of our land and church, were ever the bold defenders and promoters of religion, education, and liberty, and the progress of the last century has been, in a great measure, the result of their faithfulness. And so highly do we value this old stock, that one of our most prominent churches has just settled, as its pastor, the Rev. John Hall, of Dublin; and the College of New Jersey rejoice, to-day, in the news that Dr. McCosh, of Belfast, accepts their invitation to the seat once honoured by Wither-  
spoon. May we not look upon these facts as good omens for the century upon which we are just entering?

Let us pray, my brethren, for the spirit of the fathers. Let us pray that we may all be united in the crowning work—that the lines that now separate us may be obliterated—that each division of this great army, as it comes to the river that now divides us, may be able to utter with distinct

articulation SHIBBOLETH. An American poet, seventy years ago, standing on the shores of New England and looking towards the setting sun, uttered these prophetic lines :

From yon blue wave to that far distant shore  
Where suns decline, and evening oceans roar,  
Their eyes shall view one free, elective sway ;  
One blood, one kindred reach from shore to shore,  
One language spread, one tide of manners run,  
One scheme of science, and of morals one ;  
And God's own word the structure and the base,  
One faith extend, one worship and one praise.

At the close of this address, which was delivered with great earnestness and power, the vast congregation rose, while the choir sang in fine style the beautiful anthem, "*Jehovah's Praise;*" and the benediction closed the morning exercises of this glad centennial day.

By this time the clouds and rain, which had discouraged us for a moment in the morning, had disappeared, and a bright, warm May sun came out gloriously, and all nature seemed to partake with us of the gladness of the hour.

The morning had been dark and gloomy like the stormy times in which the dear old church came into existence; but the evening promised to be as bright and calm as the glory which God has kindly permitted to encircle the close of her first hundred years of eventful history.



## AFTERNOON SERVICE.

AT three o'clock P. M. the house was again crowded, and the services commenced with a prayer of invocation by Rev. ANDREW CULVER, of the German Street Presbyterian Church, another of the sons of "Old Pine Street Church," whom she had sent out to preach the gospel.

Here the whole congregation, rising, sang the psalm,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

As the strains of this old psalm rose from the lips of twelve hundred worshipers, who sang "with the spirit and the understanding," filling the house with solemn praise, the effect was grand beyond description. "Oh! there was melody in the heart, even praise unto the Lord."

After prayer by Rev. PETER STRYKER, D.D., of the North Broad Street Presbyterian Church, the choir sang "The Marvellous Works," when Rev. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD recited a poem writ-

ten for the occasion, prefacing it with the following remarks :

It may not be inappropriate, Mr. Chairman, for me to offer first here a word of explanation. We had designed and hoped that all of us who bear the honoured name of the first pastor of this church and who have succeeded him in the ministry of the gospel, would be present here to-day. But while you are celebrating this centennial festival, the highest judicatory of our church is in session in another city. The interest felt in its proceedings is, as you are aware, unusually great. And, as it often happens, history is there repeating herself—not merely the history of principles, but of names. And we have left one there standing at his post and doing his duty, as, we trust, those who bear the name will ever be found.

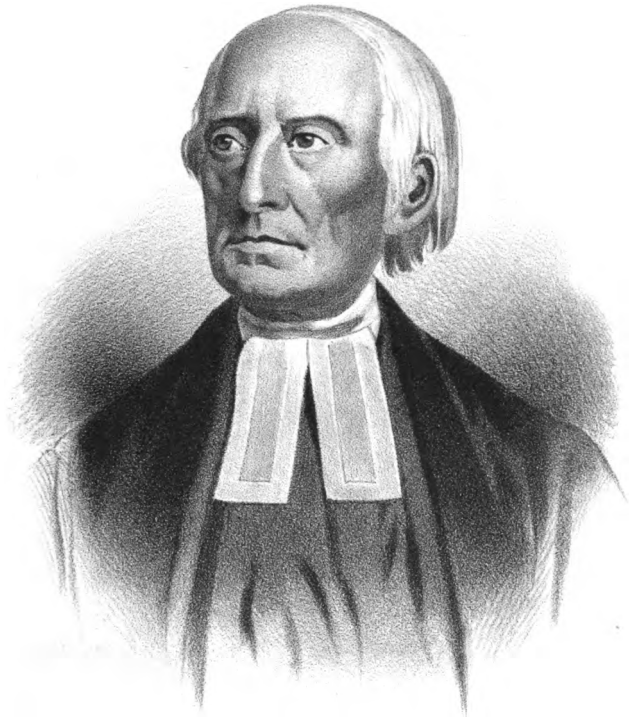
I bring you, then, the greetings of him who stays by the staff—perhaps to fight—while we have come up hither to the feast. He desired very greatly to be present, but the affairs of the church, he felt, demanded his care. He weighed his wish against his duty, and did not dare to

come. The precise principle contended for by your first pastor is again at stake, and, so instructed, he could not suffer it to lack his support.

And let me say this: Were it not that I have myself felt this same influence coming to me down a line of God-fearing and Christ-loving men, I should not be here to-day as a messenger of the word of grace. For I have been taught from my earliest years, not only by precept but by example, what it was to have for ancestors and teachers those who loved the church and contended earnestly for the faith.

The verses which I bring you must be their own best apology.

It often happens to men of ink  
That they are brought to the very brink  
Of great despair, for the simple reason  
That the thoughts they require are out of season.  
It often happens in consequence  
That after the speech, or song, or sermon,  
There must be delivered a grave defence  
To tell how bores, or some other vermin,  
Have really wasted the precious time  
Which was due to prose or belonged to rhyme.



**PHILIP MILLEDOLER, D. D.**  
1800-1805.

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The custom is good—if the cause were better—  
 For who can even achieve a letter  
 When all the imps from Pandora's box  
 Storm on his brain with a thousand knocks,  
 And the cares of the world have seized and flown  
 Far off with all which was once his own.  
 The pen flies over the blurring page  
 In a sort of semi-Pythonic rage;  
 But still at the end, and after all,  
 We find no more than a wretched scrawl.  
 The grave hexameters catch their feet,  
 And trip and tumble along the sheet;  
 The solid tramp of the measured line  
 Is about as solid as some of mine;  
 The genial joke has evaporated  
 Before it has even yet been stated;  
 And the sermon—I speak from the saddest knowledge—  
 Sounds like a Sophomore's fresh from college.

For: how is it possible to essay  
 The topmost heights in such sudden way,  
 Unless Pegasus were at the door,  
 With his wings and wisdom as once before?  
 And then, no doubt, about halfway up,  
 The lip would miss the expected cup,  
 And after the labour and the pains,  
 Some broken bones would be all one's gains.

You who are good at that sort of thing  
 May fancy some owl's benevolent face,

When asked to assist the birds to sing  
At the earliest possible time and place.  
“My little dears,” he would doubtless answer,  
“It’s not in my line.” And if *you* can, sir,  
Be hard upon me after what I’ve told you,  
I shall take some quiet occasion and scold you.  
For the simple truth which I now disclose  
Is one compounded of many woes.  
I was bidden, in spite of all my fears,  
To summon hither “one hundred years;”  
No more, no less; and this worthy pastor,  
In order to make me work the faster,  
Allowed me the sparest sort of space,  
Without a moment of extra grace.

I placed myself in the right position  
To catch my thoughts in their best condition,  
And then began (though I speak with shame)  
To beat the bushes and find my game.  
What kind of birds would be started out  
Occasioned moments of anxious doubt;  
But by-and-by it was very clear  
That save some crows there was nothing here.  
I therefore tried—as who would not?—  
To make them serve me upon the spot,  
But found the flavour still remained,  
Although the name had not been retained.

In good, plain English, those hundred years  
Swept to my heart through a mist of tears.

The lines grew heavy with words of grief;  
And whether each story were told in brief,  
Or whether it gathered care and pain  
By being told to the full again,  
It still resulted, that I could see  
Such sombre subjects were not for me.

Bear with me then if, in other ways,  
I touch these records of prayer and praise.  
Bear with me if I wander through  
The past, scarce knowing what best to do,  
And out of the records, old and new,  
Cull a few facts dear to you.  
Were it but mine alone to tread  
Along the streets where your honoured dead  
Dwell in their houses, each unknown  
Unto his neighbor—where the stone  
Shuts upon each and closes in  
Each still mansion from strife and din,  
Then I might even move your tears  
By telling tales of the buried years.  
Little we know, who idly pass,  
What resolves are beneath the grass :  
Little we know who gaze and peer  
Wondering who inhabits here :  
Little we know of those who wait  
Under the sod within the gate.  
Had I the hand which writes our deeds  
High in the book of human needs,

## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF

When on the marble I might show  
Something of them who rest below ;  
Deepening lines, perchance, which tell  
That with the righteous it shall be well.  
But God sends up from His buried saints  
Never a groan—no harsh complaints ;  
Only, perhaps, as spring returns,  
Full on their breasts a rose-tree burns,  
Drawing its freshness of life and love  
From the one beneath for the one above :  
Only, perhaps, the grasses wave  
Over some long forgotten grave,  
Rich, and heavy, and plumed, and tall,  
Swung by the breeze, and telling all.  
Yes, and perchance, in some good year  
Out of the turf the daisies peer,  
With their modest faces and gentle eyes,  
Starlike, watching the starry skies.  
He who is dead hath ceased from earth,  
From all its struggles, of little worth,  
From all the thrusts of its idle darts,  
So often hurled against tender hearts.  
He who is dead hath peaceful sleep  
Under the grass where the willows weep.  
Or whether the Father lays him by  
And makes his tomb—though we know not why—  
Like that of him who from Pisgah saw  
The love which hallowed a rigid law,

But seeing, died, and was laid away  
 Where none may know, or can tell, to-day.  
 For God's best sepulchres are not those  
 Like to the best which we propose.  
 And he has love who in sacred care  
 Has left his body—no matter where ;  
 And he is happy and truly so  
 Who goes to God when he has to go.

    Yet, it is pleasant still to view  
 The village of tenants side by side,  
 Reading the names of the glorified,  
 Treading their streets and lands anew.  
 And it is well when one can find  
 Such Sabbath tokens which call to mind  
 How truly earnest that word becomes  
 Which conquers the roll of the muffled drums ;  
 Which, summoning the living to close the ranks,  
 To guard the centre and keep the flanks,  
 And still press on, until Christ the Lord  
 Takes to Himself his flaming sword,  
 And death and the grave shall faint and fall  
 At the terrible light—the King of all.

    Until that time, from its central post,  
 May Old Pine Street Church guard its silent host.  
 May these walls endure thus strong and fast  
 Till millennial days arrive at last—

Till the mystical numbers all are told,  
And the glories of other times unfold.

Yet, I crave a thought out of all the rest  
For the two dead men whom I love the best ;  
Who still speak forth to our waiting ears  
The noble lessons of other years ;  
Who watch, from without, the sacred spot  
Where long they were, and at length were not ;  
Whose names are written with iron pen  
Deep in these walls to be read of men :  
For they weathered the storms which rocked the state,  
And trusted in Providence more than fate.  
Two pastors, honoured in winning souls,  
They left their mark on the Church's rolls :  
Two patriots, firm in the only right,  
They did not flinch when they had to fight :  
Two saints—if ever the term be true—  
They prayed to God and they battled through :  
On earth they walked in the simplest guise,  
Without parade before any eyes.  
But plain **GEORGE DUFFIELD** deserved to be  
Honoured by all posterity ;  
And **THOMAS BRAINERD** has written high  
His honest name where it will not die.

Forgive me if, out of many names,  
These two, to me, have the noblest claims.

Forgive me, if I shall say no more  
 Than simply to tell what you knew before ;  
 For I look on him with the elder face  
 As one of the founders of my race,  
 And I love the other as those who knew  
 His well-wrought temper will ever do.

Of each I have something more to tell,  
 For they loved their work and they did it well.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-three  
 I find that my ancestor seemed to be  
 Balanced against a mighty doubt—  
 Not knowing if he was in or out.  
 Old Pine Street Church desires him there ;  
 But others are found who still declare  
 That he may be called, but he cannot hold  
 The pulpit unless he is over bold ;  
 For the very court of the church, which sat  
 Somewhere around to determine that,  
 Had stated, in language strong and square,  
 That he, in short, had no business there.

But over in quiet Donegal  
 They did not think in this way at all.  
 They never doubted—those good old men—  
 That transfer papers were *useless then*.  
 They all believed (and, I safely claim,  
 That many to-day think just the same)

That the moderator and stated clerk  
Deserved some credit for extra work,  
And that whenever they gave dismissions  
These should be taken without conditions.  
But so it happened, and so there grew  
The difference which is known to you.  
And plain George Duffield resolved at sight  
That, come what would, he would have his right ;  
For he left his children the grandest thought  
Of any a Christian ever taught,  
To wit : That God is the one to fear,  
And His cause and church must be owned and dear.  
And thereupon the keen, old face  
Shone with a bright, unwonted grace,  
And a steady purpose to carry through  
The task which was set for him to do.  
I think I see, as it were to-day,  
That sharp, good eye and those nostrils play  
When the rattling thunder of battle broke  
On distant heavens in wreaths of smoke ;  
And I think I hear, as he pleads his cause,  
Respecting the church's dearest laws,  
Before the Synod who sought to see  
Where, in this case, the right might be.  
For the blood of those same Scotch-Irish men  
Had terrible grit in it even then.  
And so whenever they came to stand  
With Christ and the church upon either hand,



You might hew them down in their very tracks,  
For they never had learned to turn their backs.

Perhaps he thought of his ancient crest,  
And the motto upon his coat of arms,  
Which still is one of the very best  
To be borne in the midst of rude alarms :  
For there it is written, " Be ever true  
To God, friends, country, whatever you do."

And the Synod, sitting in grave debate,  
Listening early and staying late,  
Finally passed the following vote—  
Worthy of more than common note—  
That, inasmuch as the case was heard  
Fully and fairly, they now averred  
That said George Duffield's complaint was just  
Against such judgment, for they who acted  
Were far too hasty, and, therefore, must  
See that such matters were soon retracted ;  
And the minute closes with this decision  
Which never needed an hour's revision :  
" On which account we do now declare  
That he is rightly the pastor there ;  
And we hereby order a record made  
Of his name and rank on the very list  
From which he has seen his claims dismissed."  
And this direction was well obeyed,  
For the years which followed thereafter found  
The same brave pastor upon the ground

Speaking the truth, as those who seek  
The good of their people always speak.  
And when the nation was racked with doubt,  
His love for the right again spoke out.  
And the church he gathered with prayers and tears  
Has held its own for a hundred years,  
True to the teachings of the past,  
Loyal unto the very last.

There is much to mention, in other ways,  
Of his deeds which merit a word of praise :  
How, just for instance, he thought it neater  
To have God praised in the best of metre,  
And so discarded the Psalms of Rouse,  
And with Watts's Hymn Books supplied the house.

The mark which he made upon church and state  
Is a noble record from which to date ;  
And the name which his children gained from him  
(Though in coming years it may grow more dim)  
Is a name which has much with itself allied  
To quicken a certain sort of pride,  
And stimulate unto right and truth  
Its generations of age and youth.

Under the turf of years to-day  
The old man's bones may have passed away ;  
The four long boards and two shorter boards,  
Which is all the house that the grave affords,

May have sunk to dust and dissevered quite  
 From any possible mortal sight ;  
 But before the One who keeps the list  
 Of His buried saints, there shall none be missed,  
 And the newer name in the ransomed throng  
 Shall be his whose name we have kept so long.

And what shall I say of the last who took  
 His gallant stand by the Holy Book ?  
 How shall I call him, hardly sped  
 Into the limits of the dead ?  
 How shall I write in fitting speech  
 Of him after whom to-day you reach  
 As though you would touch the kindly hand  
 Whose grasp was honoured throughout the land ?  
 Worthy was he to walk the aisle  
 Trod by the preacher from Carlisle ;  
 Worthy to tread the pulpit stairs,  
 And pray in a house of many prayers ;  
 Worthy to utter a free man's word  
 Where a servile sentence was never heard ;  
 Worthy to build where the corner-stone  
 Was Jesus the Lord, and Him alone.

Hearken, my friends, there are others here  
 Who knew him better and hold him dear ;  
 There are other voices to tell you all  
 And more than these verses may recall ;  
 But of this be sure, that, however told,  
 His honour and praise shall not grow old.

I can but pause, for I dare not try  
So noble a theme, so deep and high :  
I dare not spoil, by a careless line,  
The task for a better hand than mine.  
“He gave some pastors”—ay, well, indeed,  
You had that graven where all can read,  
And the pastor’s work is a work to be  
Garnered for all eternity ;  
And the pastor’s joy is a sacred pride  
Which brings him close to the Crucified ;  
And the pastor’s crown is a crown of light  
Among the redeemed who walk in white.

He gained them all, for he bore the toil  
Under the sun and through the soil ;  
He gained them all, for we know he stands  
With the robe and crown in the upper lands ;  
He gained them all, and if it please  
The Father to take us by degrees,  
One after one, to His holy place,  
Where we shall see Him face to face—  
Then may it happen that we shall meet  
Those other two who, with sainted feet,  
Walking, perchance, together there,  
Have passed to praise from a world of prayer.

I bring you a greeting here to-day  
From a little sister not far away,  
From a church in whose veriest, tiny youth,  
A Brainerd and Duffield preached the truth ;

From a church which holds you so truly dear  
That, therefore, I have been summoned here ;  
From a church whose members have gathered up  
The memories of your bread and cup.

I bring you word from the skirmish line  
That we still are true to the cause divine :  
I bring you messages, ay and men,  
To show that we did not perish when  
We stood alone on the northern hill  
And held the banner through change and chill.  
For we are younger than all the rest  
Of the many children who love you best,  
And we claim that love, in return, which springs  
Out of a pleasure in holy things.

And we bring one sister, the next in years,  
One good, strong sister, whose work appears,  
Written in characters of stone,  
On a hill which is Greener than our own ;  
But only by courtesy, since I know  
That the grass of that region ceased to grow  
Under her feet some time ago :  
Whereby I judge that our own affairs  
Are still as flourishing as theirs.

These sisters both being quite correct  
In all their ways, you could not expect,  
Of course, that either would speak when Paul  
Says that they must not speak at all.

Good Presbyterians both are they,  
 And so they devised another way.  
 Their "nearest friends" have been, therefore, told  
 That their mother is just a century old,  
 And, acting for one, I here have brought  
 The chaplet of honour which was wrought.

That "nearest friend" on the other side  
 Has also a fact which he must not hide,  
 Namely, that he, on this very day,  
 (For you see he is somewhat old and gray,)  
 Attains the age of—well, *he* must tell,  
 For the figures are more than I can spell.  
 But stop, let me whisper it very low—  
 It must be *a hundred and one or so*,  
 For the church looks younger to-day, by far,  
 Than even some of her children are.  
 And let me advise him, while I speak,  
 To fresco his temples off next week,  
 For that is the way it has all been done,  
 And there's little that's new which is under the sun.

Finally, (so must the message close,  
 Whether in verse it may be, or prose,)  
 Finally, be ye of steadfast heart,  
 Doing each day your daily part,  
 And the time shall come, and will not be long,  
 When toil shall be triumph, and sighing song;

When the church of the earth shall be raised, and shine  
On high as the heavenly church divine ;  
Where never more shall be roof or wall,  
Where the temple of God is over all,  
Where the sun for dimness is cast away,  
And the moon has perished in perfect day ;  
Where the ransomed myriads stand and sing  
The praises of Him who is Lord and King.

Rev. GEORGE WISWELL, D.D., of the Green Hill Church, to whom the poet had just referred, then arose, and in his peculiarly pleasant and easy style expressed himself in this wise :

ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE WISWELL, D.D.

I am somewhat at a loss to know why such liberties have been used with my name, and how it has been discovered by the poet that my birth happened on the same month and day with that of this venerable church. But let me assure you, my friends, that though these two events did thus sympathize, I am not yet a century old !

We have, doubtless, read of a certain prophecy,

referring to a time when it would be so popular to be a Jew, that ten men would seize the skirt of a Jew, saying, "We will go with you, for we have heard that the Lord is with you!" I feel very much so to-day among the people of Pine Street. It is, just now, very popular to be reckoned of this flock.

As I see the honoured grandson of the first pastor and by his side the young brother who has just delighted us with his sparkling poem, I have been thinking that I should not like to bear that honoured name unless I felt sure I could keep up its reputation; and I hereby give him due notice, that if he does it, as I believe he will, he has something more to do than write poetry.

My friends of Pine Street Church, such a day and occasion as this can never come again in your history. When another hundred years shall have passed, other feet will tread these sacred aisles and other voices will speak of the records of an honoured ancestry. It is good to be here to-day. I feel honoured that my name should, in any way, be associated with an event so interesting and suggestive.



The planting and training of a Christian church is the establishment and perpetuation of a mighty republic—a Christian kingdom in such striking contrast with the kingdoms of this world that it at once becomes a disturbing force, and ultimately subjugating all principalities and powers to itself.

The history of a Christian church is the record of God's spiritual and providential government over the world and the hearts of men. It is a history of individual hearts and lives.

We think to-day, with deep interest, of the domestic history of the church. All true and faithful history must be very much a record of domestic life, habits, and character. How full of interest the domestic history of the church, involving, as it does, all the most precious memories of home and family! The "graphiti," or scribbings on the doorposts and dead walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii, reveal to us volumes concerning the home-life and habits of society in those ancient cities.

So the thousand little incidents of the families, the homes, the births and baptisms, the domestic

trials and bereavements, the sacrifices and struggles of their earlier and ruder life,—all these come before our minds on this occasion as a most interesting part of the history of the church.

The ecclesiastical history of this church for a century is a matter of interest for our review to-day. Reference has been made to this history by others more competent to speak than I am. Yet I can but suggest the presbyterial and synodical relations of this church; the various conflicts of opinion; the numerous meetings, the sermons, the speeches, the lively discussions in past times, when principles, rules, and politics were settled; all these are part and parcel of church life.

But far more precious and tender are the memories of the spiritual life and history of this church. The external life is very interesting, but how far higher and more hallowed the interior life and growth of the spiritual kingdom! This at once calls up all the glorious works of grace; the revivals when the stately goings of the Master were in his sanctuary—when these walls echoed the prayers of the saints and the cry, “Men and brethren, what shall we do to be

saved?" Oh! what agonizing prayers for kindred! what cries to God, in secret places, for dear children, parents, and friends! What joyful songs of praise; what appeals of truth; what mingling of hearts; what lingering in the sanctuary, where all could say, as with one voice, "Holy! holy! holy Lord!"

Then the ingathering of souls—the seasons of tender communion when new-born souls were welcomed to fellowship. The memory of these sacred scenes comes back to-day to mellow all your hearts, and tell you how glorious is the spiritual history of the church of Christ on earth.

I cannot speak at length of the *longevity* of the church. It is unnecessary. "The eternal years of God are hers." In what marvellous contrast does the church stand with all the institutions around it! Its "life is hid with Christ in God," and calmly does it behold the burial of all organizations of merely human origin, while its own life spans the centuries.

The first impulse of to-day is retrospective. We celebrate the past. We speak of the life and

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works of the departed who have struck their tents and marched on. But there is another impulse which is prospective. We stand on the threshold of an opening century. "Old Pine Street Church" is young and hale according to the Divine measurement. It is to forget the things that are behind, and reach eagerly forth after the things that are before.

Few churches have a better record in the past, or more to stimulate them for the future. Brave men and true have always stood in this pulpit. There are times when to stand up in defence of great principles means little. But there are other periods when it means very much.

To side with truth is noble,  
When we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause brings fame or profit,  
And 'tis prosperous to be just.

In such times brave, heroic souls have occupied this pulpit. They were true to God, to man, and to country: they were true to truth and to right.

All great men grow upon the admiration of

the world, while all who flourish briefly at the sacrifice of truth and right dwarf and perish from history.

Through three mighty convulsions of the country has this church passed, and fortunate, indeed, has it been in having so noble leaders, who stood for the defence of free and righteous government, liberty, and the rights of man. And I congratulate you in the fact that your present pastor is worthy to stand in this line.

They stood in stormy times for what they have bequeathed as a precious legacy to us, and verily they shall have their reward. It does not always come to-day, but it is sure and will not tarry.

For humanity sweeps onward ;  
Where to-day the martyr stands,  
There to-morrow crouches Judas  
With the silver in his hands.  
Far in front the cross stands ready,  
And the crackling fagots burn,  
While the hooting mob of yesterday  
In silent awe return,  
To glean up the scattered ashes  
Into history's golden urn.

But I must not talk longer. I rejoice with you in your review of the past and your prospects for the future. I am sure this church will "bring forth much fruit in old age: it will be fat and flourishing." And I will fain hope, that when we have finished our earthly work, we shall meet those whose dust slumbers so quietly under the sweet flowers of this opening summer, in the temple built not with hands, where a "thousand years as one day appears."

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

Of the Protestant Episcopal Church, then addressed the congregation, congratulating them on the prosperity of the church, and bidding them God-speed in the noble work of saving men. He spoke most touchingly and tenderly of the character of their late pastor, Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D., of whom he was an intimate and warm personal friend, alluding to many pleasant incidents connected with his friendly intercourse with him, and which served to illustrate the noble and lovely character of Dr. Brainerd.

It was pleasant to have this eminent divine of the Episcopal Church with us, and listen to his kind and Christian words.

HON. W. C. ALEXANDER.

After the singing of the old anthem "Strike the Cymbal," by the choir, the Hon. W. C. ALEXANDER, of New York, another son of Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., was introduced to the audience, and made one of his happiest off-hand addresses, of which we are sorry there is no full report. He had come here, he said, through the invitation of the present pastor, and had desired to be a silent auditor and witness of the festivities of this joyous occasion. He had come from the busy whirl and hum of the great metropolis to this sacred place, where he so often heard his father preach, and where he once knew every face. He looked about this vast assemblage for some familiar face, but in vain. He distinctly remembered this old church and its people, but not as they now are. In a familiar and pleasant style he then described the church as it was when he was a boy and attended here,

and distinctly remembered how "awfully long" the sermons were, and how delighted he was when the preacher said "Amen." The old sexton, David Allen, was vividly before his mind, who was every Sabbath seen with his cowhide in hand, which he not unfrequently made use of on dogs and unruly boys. He then described many of the families of the olden times, how they dressed, and where they sat in the church. In concluding, he said, as his friend, Dr. Duffield, had this morning presented to the church a valuable paper, in the first and original call made by this congregation for a pastor, he could not do any better than to present the one he held in his hand—the original call extended by this church to his father, Rev. Archibald Alexander, in the year 1806. Here the speaker read the call and the names subscribed to it, and closed with an eloquent exhortation to the present members of the church to sustain the good work so nobly commenced and carried on to this its hundredth birth-day, and expressed, in earnest language, his hopes and prayers for the future prosperity of the church.

The afternoon services closed with the chorus "Glory be to God on High," and the Benediction.





ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D.  
1806-1812.

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## EVENING SERVICES.

AT seven and a half o'clock in the evening the house was densely packed from pulpit to galleries, with no one wearied after the long services of the morning and afternoon.

After the singing of the anthem "Be Thou exalted," the congregation were led in prayer by the Rev. M. P. JONES, when the following address was delivered by Rev. JOHN McLEOD, another of the sons and ministers sent out by the old church.

## FRAGMENTS

CONCERNING OLD PINE STREET CHURCH, GATHERED MOSTLY  
FROM THE ANCIENT RECORDS.

BY REV. JOHN McLEOD.

When the sound of the trowel was heard in the erection of these venerable walls, Philadelphia was a city not so large as Wilmington now is, and yet at that time larger than New York,

having a population of 20,000 inhabitants. Pennsylvania then was a province, and George III. the acknowledged sovereign of the land.

Duche, in a letter written from Philadelphia to London, describing the city in 1776, speaks of it as about two miles in length from north to south, and half a mile in breadth from east to west. He remarks that Dean Prideaux, author of the *Connection of Sacred and Profane History*, says, that "Philadelphia was laid out by Penn after the plan of Babylon; that the streets were paved in the middle, with footpaths of hard brick on each side next to the houses."

The centre of life at that day was evidently at Second and Market Streets, where stood the Court-House, and east of it between Front and Second, the Jersey Market; while west, reaching to Third Street, was another market, and at the end of it stood the pillory, the stocks, and whipping-post, and, at the southwest corner of Market and Third, the prison. Many of the handsome dwelling houses were then on Front Street. The Post-Office was in Water Street below Market, and the leading restaurant, where

gentlemen and ladies met to enjoy their tea, coffee, and ice creams, was kept by Mr. Samuel Francis, at the sign of Queen Charlotte, on Water Street a little above Market.

The churches of the city when Pine Street was built were thirteen :

The Swedes, on Water Street, built in 1700 on an old site of 1677.

The Friends, S. W. corner of Second and Market, built 1775—old site 1695.

The First Presbyterian, Market above Second, 1704.

Christ Church, Second above Market, 1727.

Moravian, Race and Bread Streets, 1742.

Lutheran, Fifth and Apple-Tree Alley, 1743.

German Reformed, Race near Fourth, 1747.

Second Presbyterian, Third and Arch, 1750.

Friends, Pine above Front, 1753.

St. Joseph's, Roman Catholic, Willing's Alley, 1753.

St. Peter's, Third and Pine, 1761.

St. Paul's, Third below Walnut, 1762.

Besides these, a building for worship had been erected in 1741, for the use of Whitefield, on

Fourth below Arch, afterward used for school purposes, and hence called "The Academy."

The first place where Presbyterians worshiped in this city was a small store at the northwest corner of Second and Chestnut, called the "Barbadoes House."

In 1704 they built the First Presbyterian Church at the corner of Market and Bank Streets. It was called the "Old Buttonwood," because of such trees of large dimensions about it. This building stood for about a hundred years and was rebuilt in Grecian style, and, finally, all was taken down in 1820 to make way for trade in that part of the city.

The Second Presbyterian Church arose in connection with the labours of Rev. Gilbert Tennant, one of the followers of Whitefield, who, in those days were called "New Lights."

#### ORIGIN OF PINE STREET CHURCH.

1761. Aug. 10th.—At a meeting of the Committee of the First Church, present Dr. Allison, Capt. Arthur, Wm. Rush, John Wallace, John Coney, John Blakely, Alex. Huston, Wm. Bed-

ford, John Fullerton, Geo. Bryan, Geo. Sarshwood, John Johnson.

Some of the congregation having mentioned that, considering the great increase of this city, and the probability there was of the number of Presbyterians becoming much more considerable in a few years, there would be necessity for having a *third* place of Divine worship for the people of that denomination; accordingly, after some debate, it was

“*Resolved*, That proper measures shall be taken to procure as much ground on Society Hill as will suffice for a church only, deferring till hereafter the procuring of a graveyard, and John Chevalier, William Rush, and Geo. Bryan are appointed to treat with Messrs. Shippen for some of their lots.”

At this meeting it was also determined to secure a house for temporary worship. This was done at the corner of South and Second, and worship was conducted by their pastor.

The location named above “Society Hill” was a tract of land purchased by a Free Society of Traders, extending from Spruce to Pine Street

and from the Delaware to the Schuylkill. The name seems to have been applied to all the region south of Pine Street even down to the Swedes Church. The hill proper was the rising ground from Union to Pine and from the river side to Second Street. There was a flagstaff on Front Street. The flag was hoisted on Sundays, holidays, and public occasions, by order of the House of Assembly. On this spot Whitefield was accustomed to preach to the assembled thousands.

1762. June 23d.—At a meeting of the committee, agreed that Dr. Allison and Rev. Mr. Ewing draw up an address to the hon. the proprietors of the province, to be signed by the committee, requesting a lot of ground to build a meeting-house on, within the bounds of the city in the southern part.

1764. Oct. 19th.—A lot on Pine Street was granted by Thomas and Richard Penn to the First Church.

1765. June 4th.—At a meeting of the congregation at the house in High Street, present Dr. Allison, Rev. Mr. Ewing, and about sixty heads



of families, it was proposed for consideration, that as a lot had been given by the hon. the proprietors for the site of a church, whether it would be expedient at this time to build. This was generally agreed to.

1765. June 24th.—Agreed that a committee be appointed to consult with the other Presbyterian congregations of this city concerning their concurrence with us in the erection of a third church.

In accordance with this, a beautiful letter was written by Dr. Allison and addressed to the Second Church, but that church did not see fit to unite in the effort.

1765. July 4th.—At a meeting of the committee it was reported, that the Second Church would not unite in the project. It was agreed to proceed in opening a subscription for said purpose immediately, and William Rush and George Bryan were appointed for the upper part of the city; John Mease, Alex. Huston, and Samuel Purvance for the central part, and James Craig, Robert Knox, Samuel Moore, and John Jones for the lower part, to take in said subscrip-

tions. And it was further agreed, that Dr. Allison and Rev. Mr. Ewing, with said gentlemen, do prepare a subscription paper with a suitable introduction.

It was judged advisable that the subscriptions be made easy by three terms of payment as the work may require.

It thus appears that "Subscription books and papers" are no new devices of the present age of the church.

1766. Jan. 16.—At a meeting of the committee the subscription papers were cast up, by which it appeared there was about 600 pounds promised by different persons.

After some time spent thereon, it was determined that the erection of a new Presbyterian Church, being a third in this city, be undertaken with all convenient speed, not to exceed the dimensions of 80 feet long by 60 feet wide; and John Moore, Wm. Rush, James Craig, Geo. Bryan, and Samuel Purvance, Jr., were appointed to agree with workmen to conduct the business.

Mr. Robert Smith was appointed architect.

1767. July 15th.—At a meeting of committee it was considered,

I. What shall be done to raise money for paying the workmen for work done at the new church in Pine Street.

II. What shall be further done towards finishing said new house.

A loan was proposed, and Mr. John Johnston, of the committee, generously offered to advance on loan £300.

1768. Feb. 23d.—The people met in Pine Street Church to select their pews.

The original drawing of the plan of the pews, with the prices, may now be found in the Minute Book of the First Church under the above date.

The pew-rents were charged to them beginning with the first of May.

1768. May 30th.—At a meeting of the General Committee it was agreed, that public worship be celebrated the Sabbath after next in our new Presbyterian Church. Thus the first songs of praise and the first preaching of the gospel within these sacred walls were heard on the *12th day of June, 1768.*

The day on which the corner-stone was laid we do not know. The minutes give no information, and the weekly press of that period condescends neither to speak of the beginning nor the finishing of this ancient edifice. Indeed, the entire local news published in the weekly journals (there were no dailies) of that day, for the space of three months, would not embrace more "items" than are now given daily in any one of our leading journals.

The time employed in the erection of the church was about two years. The cost of the building was, probably, not far from \$16,000, that being the amount expended on the neighbouring St. Peter's.

Let us look at the church as it appeared one hundred years ago. Its dimensions 80 by 60 feet, the same as at present: its walls brick: the front on Pine Street having a large central door and two windows below, with a large central window and two smaller ones above, and a circular window in the pediment.

On the east side a central door opened into the broad aisle leading to the pulpit. On either.

side of this two windows, and then five windows above corresponding to the door and four windows below. This central door on the east was approached by a pathway from Fourth Street. This ancient footpath with the old gate in the wooden fence many of us still remember.

The south wall corresponded with the north: a central door and like windows, two below and three above.

The west side of the church was a blank wall except immediately back of the pulpit, where was a window.

The interior of the church was without galleries. The arrangement of pews very much as in after-times till the alteration in 1837. The pulpit was on the west side, probably not so high as afterward, when the galleries were added. The aisles were paved with brick. No stoves were thought needful, for no one had ever heard of such an innovation on the cold proprieties of a place of worship.

We may now glance at Old Pine Street as it appeared to many of us in our younger days. The exterior was as I have described, except on

the eastern side, where the central door had been removed and two doors, one at each corner, had taken its place. This change was made in 1792.

The only other changes of the exterior of the house had been made on the west side. Here two large windows had been made to give light and air to the galleries, and the window back of the pulpit had been closed at the request of Dr. Alexander.

Of the interior as we remember it. We entered the church mostly by the two eastern doors. The floor was two steps from the ground. The doors were thick and heavy, and kept closed by massive iron thumb-latches; and when that big latch fell into the catch it was with a clink enough to waken the soundest sleeper and give notice to the congregation of all late-comers.

The galleries extended along the north, south, and east sides of the church. The stairways were near the eastern doors.

The pulpit was on the west side of the church: a niche in the wall back of it. It was entered by two high flights of stairs. The desk was adorned by a velvet cushion with tassels.

Immediately under the pulpit, a little elevated above the floor, was the precentor's desk, and in front of this a cushioned seat, where sat two aged women, one blind Lydia, led to church by her aged companion.

In front of the gallery opposite the pulpit was the clock.

The pews were high-backed, and were entered from three aisles running east and west, the broad aisle in front of the pulpit. The floors were now of wood, and in the broad aisle near the pulpit was a marble slab, with its inscription, which covered the grave of Dr. Duffield.

From the centre of the ceiling dropped a heavy ornamented pendant supporting the elaborate and elegant glass chandelier, to young eyes glistening with its thousand diamonds, and giving to the church, in their esteem, a proud eminence above all the other churches of the city. This beautiful ornament was purchased in London in 1794, for the sum of sixty pounds sterling. Captain Josiah was commissioned to make the purchase and bring it home.

The church edifice has undergone in its history

three important and costly improvements. Built, as we have seen, mostly in 1767, it has been remodeled in 1837, 1857, and 1867.

#### MINISTERS.

1767.—The first minister elected by the Pine Street people, but who declined the call, was the Rev. Patrick Alison, of Baltimore. The vote was unanimous.

1768.—The Rev. Samuel Aitken was elected pastor, and for about one year alternated with the pastors of the First Church in supplying the two congregations. This election was also unanimous.

1771.—The Rev. George Duffield, D.D., of Carlisle, was chosen. Present, 61 voters. No salary mentioned.

1791.—The Rev. John Blair Smith, D.D., President of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, was called to be pastor. Present, 61 voters. Salary, £300.

1800.—The Rev. Philip Milledoler, D.D., was elected. Present, 58 voters. Salary, £550.



1806.—The Rev. Archibald Alexander was chosen. Present, 73 voters. Salary, \$1600.

1813.—The Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., was chosen. Present, 147 voters. Salary, \$1800.

1836.—The Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., was called to the pastorate in October, and installed March 5, 1837.

1867.—The Rev. Richard H. Allen, D.D., the seventh and present pastor of the church, was elected in February, 1867, and installed on 21st April following; and we rejoice to know that the ministrations of the word within these venerable walls are not forsaken, but that after the lapse of a century the entire capacity of this ancient house is needed to accommodate the people who flock to hear the message of salvation.

#### CONCERNING THE SALARY IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

In 1780, at a congregational meeting, they took into consideration the pay of the minister for the last half year, when it was unanimously agreed that the minister's salary for the last half

year should be at the rate of two hundred pounds per annum in specie, or the value thereof in paper, which was fixed at an exchange of *sixty for one*, and that it should be at the option of the members to pay their pew-money either in specie or paper at the above-mentioned exchange.

1787.—The committee agree that a gown be provided for their minister, and Mr. Latimer undertake that business.

1793.—At a congregational meeting it was proposed that they should recommend it to the Rev. Mr. Smith as their desire that he wear gown and band, unless disagreeable to him. This proposal was negatived, 22 voting for it and 28 against it.

1794, October.—Mr. McIlwaine is desired to buy a quantity of wood [good hickory, no doubt], not exceeding ten cords, and have it put into Rev. Mr. Smith's cellar and pay for it, and charge it to the congregation.

#### PSALMODY.

1788.—At a congregational meeting, the congregation proceeded to consider the propriety of

adopting Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms as revised by Mr. Barlow, and allowed by the Synod in public worship, instead of the version now in use, commonly called Rouse's.

After due time for consideration, it was *unanimously* agreed that the said version of Psalms, commonly called Dr. Watts's, be used in public worship instead of the version heretofore used.

It was, on motion, agreed that the custom of reading the line in public singing of the Psalms be discontinued, except in the evening service, or when it may be inconvenient for want of light, and that the congregation provide themselves with books against the 1st Sabbath of November for the foregoing purpose.

The congregation appointed Thomas Mitchell to continue clerk and sexton for the ensuing year.

1824.—Resolved, that the treasurer be requested to inform the clerk that the congregation are not satisfied with his performance, and will be under the necessity of making a change.

This was probably an attempt to introduce a choir.

## SEXTONS.

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

The following have served in this honourable capacity :

1771.—Mr. Carr was appointed.

1788.—Thomas Mitchell as sexton and clerk.

1793.—Mr. Allison.

1799.—Alexander Urquehart.

1804.—David Allen, who served more than twenty years, and whom some of us knew as *Daddy Allen*, small in stature, bent with age, and often literally tottering by the side of the grave.

1826.—Abraham Morrison.

1838.—William F. Vanbeck.

1848.—The present sexton William Hutton was appointed.

It was agreed, January 1, 1798, that Mr. Cox be appointed to procure *a neat, snug, comfortable wig*, and that it be presented to Mr. Allison.

1792.—Mr. McIlwaine reported that he had waited on Mr. Mitchell, who agreed to accept

of the appointment of sexton in every respect, except that of opening the pew doors; on which they concluded his answer was not satisfactory.

## OF PEWS AND PEW-RENTS.

1792.—It was agreed by the committee that the large pew, opposite the pulpit, at the end of the middle aisle, be reserved for the occasional accommodation of respectable strangers.

1792.—The committee agreed on the price of the new pews in the house down-stairs. For the large pew in the centre, six pounds yearly.

1793.—At a congregational meeting it was proposed to the congregation to disapprove of the present mode of informing the congregation from the desk, on Sundays, of the time and place of receiving the pew-rents. This proposition was negatived by a large majority.

The people evidently thought that the paying of pew-rents was a very *religious* thing, and therefore by all means proper for Sunday consideration.

1810.—The whole number of pews 162. Sup-

posing all rented, the annual income would be \$1781.44.

#### CHAINS ACROSS THE STREET.

1797.—Paul Cox, F. McIlwaine, and J. McCulloch were appointed a committee to meet the trustees of Arch Street congregation, to consult measures to prohibit carriages passing our church in time of public worship on the Sabbath.

1798.—A committee was appointed to provide and erect chains across the street, agreeable to the act of Assembly.

#### CARE OF THE BUILDING.

1792.—It was unanimously agreed that no hooks, nails, or other things be put up on the front of the gallery or columns for the purpose of hanging hats or any thing.

#### THE GALLERIES.

After the erection of the galleries, the pews in that part of the church seem to have been quite

popular, especially with the sea captains, who attended old Pine Street in large numbers. While below we find the names of Tobey, Kay, Whilldin, Harding, Josiah, and Foster, we find in the galleries the names of Whilldin, Clark, Humphrey, Hughes, King, Dill, Bennet, Homer, Crane, Evans, Donaldson, Wray, Wing, &c.

#### THE SACRAMENT SABBATH.

The ancient usages of the communion differed from the present. The forms as brought from Scotland and the North of Ireland still prevailed. At the close of the preparatory service, then as now on Friday evening, the names of any who had been admitted by the Session to the full communion of the church were publicly read. There was no further reception on the Sabbath, and no standing up publicly to assent to a form of confession, as practised in most of our churches now.

At this preparatory service, also, each communicant received from the pastor, or one of the elders, a "token," which was like a small coin

made of lead, on which was stamped the form of a heart. This was to be an evidence on communion-day that the person presenting it was entitled to the ordinance. The celebration of the supper was always on the Sabbath morning after the sermon. The elements then were not distributed to the communicants seated in the pews as now, but tables, covered with white linen, were arranged along the entire middle aisle and along the short aisles on either side of the pulpit. As the communicants could not all be seated at the table at once, it was needful to have several "tables," sometimes as many as five, those who had communicated retiring and others taking their places. While this was being done two verses of a psalm or hymn were sung. There were certain appropriate hymns always sung on these occasions. Many will call up the image of an old communion Sabbath when we name—

How sweet and awful is the place, &c.

'Twas on that dark and doleful night, &c.

And then we shall never forget the chorus which





**EZRA STILES ELY, D.D.**  
1814-1835.

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the devout and enthusiastic Precentor Williams delighted to lead us in :

Oh, who's like Jesus! Hallelujah,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
There's none like Jesus! Hallelujah,  
Love and serve the Lord.

Addresses were made at all the tables by the minister or some one assisting. The last table was usually composed of the *pastor and two coloured persons* who approached from the galleries.

The high day at Pine Street in the olden time was the communion in the month of May, while the General Assembly was in session, which for many years always met in this city. There you might have seen at the head of the table, gathered around the honoured and much-loved pastor, Dr. Ely, the renowned ministers of the church from every part of the land, each to officiate in the distribution of the bread or wine, and often with a sacred eloquence and an unction and pathos that melted all hearts. It was the communion of saints, and a foretaste to many who since then have gone to drink the new wine.

By our modern arrangements of giving up the "tables" we have facilitated the labours of the minister and elders, and abridged the prolonged service for the people; but it is quite a question whether we have not at the same time lost something of the sweetness and deep solemnity of the "good old way."

#### THE PRAYER-MEETING.

As formerly there was no basement lecture-room, the prayer-meeting was held in the Session Room, at the corner of Green's Court, nearly opposite the church. The room, while not large, appeared sufficient to accommodate all who were ready to attend. The meeting was conducted entirely by the elders, two of whom we remember would read the Scriptures and expound much to the edification of the people, and who greatly excelled in leading the devotions of the meeting. In those days but few save the pastor and elders ever thought of "taking part" in the devotional exercises, or offering a word of exhortation. With the great revival of 1831 the number of helpers

in this direction greatly increased; and now every minister, instead of being jealous of such aid, is only ready to pray, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

#### THE SABBATH SCHOOL

Of the olden times was in great and unfavourable contrast with the present. When it was organized we know not. More than forty years ago we remember it as consisting of a small number of scholars gathered in the "Session Room" before named. The teachers almost entirely were a band of good women. The names of Hall, Hent, Mitchell, Gardner, Fenner, and Hazlett are associated with its earliest history. There were no libraries as now, with attractive and instructive books for juvenile minds. On the New Year's day the children were gathered in the old church, when one from each class, who had been very diligent in attendance and committing Scripture to memory, received a present in the way of a book, and all were regaled with almonds,

raisins, oranges, and pound-cake. These presents and entertainment were supplied by the liberality of Mrs. Ely.

#### THE BURIAL-GROUND.

The churchyards were the cemeteries of those days. The dead slept with their fathers around the walls where they had worshiped. They were borne to the grave on the bier, carried on the shoulders of four strong men. No notices inviting "the male friends" of the deceased were sent forth, but all, without distinction of sex, were expected to *walk* in orderly procession, with the minister at the head. The address and prayer was usually made at the grave, and frequently a familiar hymn sung, as

Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound !  
Mine ears, attend the cry ;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

Or,

Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

In reading over carefully the minutes of this venerable church for nearly one hundred years, we have been impressed with the labour and thought that other men have given for its welfare. They bestowed freely of their time, of their wealth and of their poverty, their prayers and their tears. And taking the entire history of the church into view, they have acted with wonderful unanimity. As brethren they have dwelt together in unity. So may it ever be.

The quartette "Rock of Ages" was then sung with great effect by the choir; and Rev. W. C. CATTELL, D.D., President of Lafayette College, was introduced, who made a pleasant and eloquent address, alluding most touchingly to the fact that he was the only person present who had heard the last sermon of the late lamented pastor of this church, Rev. Thos. Brainerd; the sermon having been preached in Brainerd Hall before the Society of Religious Inquiry of Lafayette College.

After the singing of the beautiful duet, "Evening Hymn," by two members of the choir, the herculean task of feeding fifteen hundred people commenced.

## BANQUET OF FRUITS, &amp;C.

IN the lecture-room four tables, extending the entire length of the room, had been prepared, and laden with all the delicacies of the season. Strawberries, ice-creams, water-ices, and lemonades were in abundance, of which old and young, grandsire and child, partook in gladness of heart.

The tables, long as they were, could only accommodate a limited number, and consequently that vast assembly could not be waited on but by taking detachments of about three hundred at a time from the congregation. This, however, was accomplished with but little disturbance. To entertain those who remained in the audience room, patiently waiting their turn to reach the refreshment tables, several spirited addresses were made. The speakers were Rev. A. Culver, who alluded tenderly to his early days spent in this "old mother church," and the happy hours he had passed within her sacred walls; Rev. J. Y. Mitchell, who gave a graphic and humorous



description of the modern style of singing in some of our churches as contrasted with that of the olden times; Rev. Dr. Beadle, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia; Rev. Daniel March, D.D., of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Thomas MacKellar.

ADDRESS OF REV. DANIEL MARCH, D.D.

I am glad to take my turn in speaking while there is a spirited and general movement toward the more attractive entertainment set forth in the room below; so if I should not happen to say any thing worth hearing, no time will be lost. The new pastor, true to the reputation of "Old Pine Street," has the happy art of setting everybody to work and keeping everybody good-natured. And while I speak, I hope everybody will feel perfectly at liberty either to listen or to go where one must be hard to please if the entertainment does not satisfy.

And it ought not to be a very hard matter to say something with so much to help both speaker

and audience as we have here to-night. The stone would cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber of this old church, if human tongues refused to tell the history of a hundred years; if human lips were silent when the sacred centennial of God's work demands commemoration. The flowers have come in from the fields and gardens to breathe their perfume like holy incense upon this festivity. The evergreens have left the wild forests to hang in fragrant festoons upon gallery and wall. And both remind us that this church, a hundred years old, is still fresh and young as the blossoms of spring and the foliage of summer. The new adornment of pulpit and pews, and the new lustres that rain light upon the audience, and the thrilling harmonies of choir and organ filling the house with sweeter strains than the fathers ever heard, are as many voices to tell us, that here, where the memory of the fathers lingers and the ashes of the fathers sleep, there is a living generation to continue their worship, to complete their work, and to call them blessed. And we must be "stocks and stones and worse than senseless things," if we

have not something to say in giving voice and utterance to an occasion like this.

And I am glad to see that, in keeping this rare and sacred festivity, you surround yourselves in the house of God with the choicest emblems of life and beauty from the gardens and fields. I endeavour, when I have the opportunity, to obey the injunction of the divine Teacher to "consider" the flowers how they grow, and how they are arrayed in a glory brighter than the robes of kings. But when we cannot go out to become acquainted with the bright children of the sun and the rain in their native haunts, I think we may venture to bring them into our homes and sanctuaries, and set them to teach us lessons of faith and love oftener than once in a hundred years.

These flowers will indeed soon fade, these evergreens will lose their life; but the work done here in the last hundred years will live and enlarge its influence for all time. The fire of patriotism kindled on this consecrated altar will continue to burn as long as America has faithful children to study the history of the past, or to love the land of their birth. The light of divine

truth, sent forth from this ancient watch-tower, shall continue to shine until it mingles with the millennial glory, and is lost in the cloudless noon of heaven.

In this new world of America we have not many things a hundred years old. The nation itself has not celebrated its centennial anniversary. And we sometimes lament that, with all our skill and effort and daring, we cannot overtake the old world in age,—we cannot clothe our institutions and sanctuaries with the hallowed associations that belong to the storied past. I visited the ancient and crumbling cathedral of Chester, and as I walked up the main aisle, with solemn step and uncovered head, the old, gray-haired sexton, who seemed almost as ancient as the structure itself, turned with a significant wave of the hand and said: “I would have you to understand that you are now walking over stones where Christian men and women have come to worship God for a thousand years.” And I thought it would be a grand thing if in our country we could point to structures that had been hallowed by the voices of Christian prayer and praise for half as long a time.

And I suppose our English cousins would think it either exaggerated or mortified vanity in us if we should try to comfort ourselves for the want of such hoary antiquity, by saying that a hundred years of history in America are fully equal to a thousand anywhere else. But I am sure they will let us say, that the last hundred years have done as much to carry the world forward in science, civilization, and Christianity as the thousand that went before. I am sure they will join with us in saying, that the peculiar life which goes forth from English-speaking people all round the globe is ten times more efficient for the improvement of the human family than the life that expresses itself in any other language on the face of the earth.

And it is the rare distinction of this venerable and beloved church, not only to have lived a hundred years in the most stirring times of the world's history, but to have lived and borne a prominent part in the life of this nation, from which beams of light and voices of freedom have gone out to the ends of the earth. Long may this structure stand, and hallowed be the memo-

ries that haunt these sacred walls, and forever burn the fires of faith and love which our fathers kindled here for God, for liberty, and for all mankind.

REV. DR. THOMPSON, of England, who was on the platform at the time, responded in a very happy and felicitous manner to Dr. March's allusion to the old country, and, as all Englishmen do, entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion. We greatly lament that we had no report of his address.

MR. THOMAS MACKELLAR, a former elder and warm friend of the old mother church, was then introduced, and spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF THOMAS MACKELLAR.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—When a time-stricken and wayworn traveller returns to his native land after an absence of half a score of years, he looks upon the scenes of his birth, of his youth, and of the labours and struggles of his manhood, with an

interest deeper and intenser than can be felt by one who, never wandering, has always contentedly dwelt in the place of his nativity. He visits every well-remembered spot with ardour; he recalls the incidents that marked his strivings in his life-work; he grasps warmly the hands of his re-found friends, and he keenly misses the presence of loved ones who bore with him the heat and burden of the day, but who have departed to their final rest.

I stand before you to-night, on this the Centennial Anniversary of Old Pine Street Church, in somewhat such relation. Separated from you for years, I now look again on this venerable but beautiful sanctuary, and mingle with its beloved people with deep and heartfelt interest. This was the birth-home of my soul. Here the strength of my manhood was spent. Here have I co-operated with you in the various enterprises of this working church. In the Church Sabbath-school, in the Mission School, in the Bible Class, in the Prayer Meeting, in neighbourhood meetings, in tract distribution, in the choir, in the Board of Trustees, in visitations and prayer at

the bedside of the sick and dying, in serving at the communion table, in the examination and admission of new converts—in all these I have borne a share with you, honoured brethren, who still abide here in the service of God's house, and with the sainted ones who have been called of God, and whose holy memories remain to us a comfort and a blessing. Is it strange, then, that I feel intensely as I stand again on this hallowed ground, and join with you in the glad proceedings of the present occasion? Is it strange that I recall the memory of Nassau, the earliest elder of my recollections; of Scott, the ruling and preaching elder, as well as the first historian of this church; of Mitchell, the energetic office-bearer who taught a coloured class in our white Sunday-school when it was held in the gallery of the old church; of the honoured Dr. William B. Duffield, a venerable man; of the simple-hearted and devoted John R. McMullin; of McLeod, who died so early, and yet so triumphantly; of Eaton, who passed away so lovingly and trustfully; of Raybold, with whom and by whose side I was ordained to the eldership; of



Eldridge, the man of loving spirit ; of McClellan, the beloved physician, and uncle of the famous general ; of Davenport, the dignified yet cheerful office-bearer ; of the many other God-fearing men, as well as the holy women, who have gone to rest within the period of my recollection? No, I cannot forget them ; nor can I forget those active members of the session, Phyfe, Dingee, Whilldin, and Aikman, who, yet living, have been removed to other fields of usefulness.

Baptized in infancy by Dr. Milledoler while pastor of my parents' church in another city, awakened and convinced and brought into the church here by the blessing of God on the lucid preaching of my Christian father Dr. Ely, and confirmed and strengthened by the ministrations of my friend and brother Dr. Brainerd, and cheered and comforted by the friendship of this people, I feel that here is my home, and that Old Pine Street Church will ever remain dearer to my heart than any other.

I see before me many faces known of old, honoured and beloved men, whose heads have become whitened as with winter's snows ; I see

young men who were once boys in the Sunday-school; and I behold comely matrons, who, in their girlhood, were in my Bible Class; and my affections reach out lovingly towards them all; but pardon me, when I say that my heart especially warms towards that single-hearted man who, after long service in this sanctuary, remains among you the elder brother of your eldership—John C. Farr. I may not say more of him than that the young men of the church may wisely imitate his faithfulness, his modesty, and his sterling worth. Many such in the past have upheld the honour and advanced the interests of this church of a hundred years. How peacefully they sleep, their work all done, round about her walls! Is it a mere freak of fancy to imagine that the spirits of these just men made perfect, and the spirits of sainted mothers and sisters in Christ, are with us this day; that, all unheard by us, they join our songs of praise and jubilee? However this may be, it is a comforting thought, that for a hundred years a ladder to heaven has led from this temple, and ever and anon one and another of her ransomed children have ascended to their home in glory.

Now, as in the days of Solomon, there are those who say that the olden times were better than the present. I say not so. Active as this church has been, and grand as the results achieved have proved, never has she had a corps of more devoted and enterprising elders and young men, and diligent and pious working women, than are now upon her roll of membership. For this great blessing she is indebted, under God, to the wise prescience of the socially gifted Brainerd; and glad am I to know, that on your present deservedly esteemed pastor his mantle has fitly fallen.

Were I, in closing these desultory remarks, to undertake to indicate the causes of the past and present prosperity of this old down-town church, I would name two as prominent: first, the social and warm-hearted character of her pastors and her members; and second, the love and aptitude of her people for the prayer-meeting. While she retains these characteristics, the favour of man and the blessing of God will be her portion; and so may it be, till the angel proclaims that time shall be no more, and the ransomed of the Lord shall

abide forever in the blessed land, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

The following lines, by Mr. MacKellar, were distributed among the people as a memorial of the happy occasion:

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF OLD PINE  
STREET CHURCH.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A hundred years ago  
The mason laid the stone ;  
Yet stately is the temple now,  
And comelier has it grown.  
The people gather'd round  
With meek, uncover'd head ;  
They felt the spot was holy ground,  
And trod with reverent tread.

A hundred years ago  
Our fathers, moved by grace,  
Toil'd long with heart and hand, and so  
They built the holy place ;

Confiding in His Word,  
 The sturdy walls were rear'd,  
 And then the glory of the Lord  
 Within the courts appear'd.

A hundred years ago  
 The patriot Duffield came,  
 His soul with zeal and love aglow,  
 His tongue a warming flame.  
 Smith, versed in holy lore—  
 Milledoler, wisdom-fraught—  
 And Alexander, man of power—  
 Ely, of crystal thought.

A hundred years ago—  
 Ah, men of might were then ;  
 Yet good Old Pine Street Church, I trow,  
 Hath since its mighty men.  
 How late our cheeks were wet  
 O'er honour'd Brainerd's pall !  
 Now Allen worthily is set  
 The watchman on her wall.

A hundred years ago—  
 How oft the Holy One  
 Here led the sinner's heart to bow  
 Before the Eternal Son !

Here souls have pour'd their plaints  
And graciously were shriven ;  
Ay ! multitudes of chosen saints  
Have here been school'd for heaven.

A hundred years ago  
There pillow'd not a head  
Where lie in many a grassy row  
Her hosts of holy dead.  
The spirits of her blest  
Must surely hover round  
These courts, where peaceful, loving rest  
At Jesus' feet they found.

A hundred years ago  
Her songs of praise began ;  
Oh ! let the joyful anthems flow  
To latest times of man !  
Strong may her walls abide,  
A shelter and a tower,  
Until her Lord, the Crucified,  
Shall come in pomp and power.

By this time the whole assembly had been to the refreshment tables, and partaken of the rich repast to their entire satisfaction. For the or-

derly manner in which this was accomplished, and for the bountiful provision made for that great assemblage of people, great commendation is due to the Committee on Refreshments.

Once more assembled in the audience room, and after a few parting words from the pastor, Rev. R. H. Allen, the whole congregation arose and sang the following hymn :

“OLD PINE STREET CHURCH.”

WRITTEN BY DR. BRAINERD, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Old Pine Street Church I love !

Full eighty years—

Leading the heart above,

And hushing fears—

Its ancient walls have stood,

Reared by the wise and good,

To yield a balm that could

Dry human tears.

Old Pine Street Church I prize—

And well I may ;

My mother in yon skies

Here learned the way ;

My father, too, here trod  
The way that leads to God :  
He sleeps beneath yon sod—  
Here let me pray !

And shorter graves are near  
Thy sacred fane :  
My gentle sister dear  
Here long has lain :  
My brother, too, here sleeps,  
Where rose or wild-flower creeps,  
And love in sadness weeps  
The early slain.

Old Pine Street Church, my heart  
Still clings to thee :  
I well may claim a part  
In each old tree ;  
For in their summer shade  
My early footsteps stray'd,  
And my first vows were made,  
O God, to thee !

Old Pine Street Church, thy gates  
Yet open stand ;  
And there in mercy waits  
The teacher band,





**THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.**

1837 - 1865.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Who by the truth would guide  
All to the Saviour's side,  
And through Him open wide  
A better land.

Old Pine Street Church, that hour  
When life is o'er,  
And the world's tempting power  
Can vex no more,  
Oh, let my grave be found  
In thy long cherished ground,  
Where saints may me surround  
Till time is o'er.

With the benediction closed the first day of the Centennial Services of Old Pine Street Church; a day which will long be remembered by all her devoted sons and daughters.

One of the leading features of the Centennial Celebration was the music. Some of the grandest old anthems were rendered in a manner that reflected great credit on the singers composing the choir. In the morning and afternoon, Mr. John Zebley, Jr., presided at the organ; the choir being composed of the following persons, viz.: Mrs. Beardsley, Mrs. Branson, Miss Kate

Chandler, Mrs. David Craven, Mrs. Karcher, Mrs. R. H. Allen, Mr. Miller, Mr. William Simmons, Mr. A. R. Paul, Mr. Dutcher, and Mr. William Ivins.

In the evening the choir of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church,—conducted by Mr. F. Mitchell, organist, and composed of Mrs. Tudor, Miss M. C. Springer, Miss Kromer, Miss Mitchell, Mr. A. Strang, Mr. Chipman, Mr. Tudor, and Mr. Moore,—led the music in an admirable style.

All the singers on the occasion kindly volunteered their services, and never did the old church ring with grander and sweeter music.

During the next day (Saturday) the doors of the church were kept open to afford citizens generally an opportunity to view the decorations and visit the graves.

## SABBATH SERVICES.

MAY 31, 1869.

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THE Centennial Sabbath dawned cloudless and bright. The decorations in the church remained, and having been replenished with fresh flowers, looked as beautiful as at first.

### MORNING EXERCISES.

A meeting, similar to the New Year's Prayer-Meeting, was held between 6 and 7 o'clock; the pastor presiding. There was a good attendance, and from many earnest hearts the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascended to the God of Bethel for "mercies past," with petitions for divine presence and favour through the "years to come."

## FORENOON.

By 10½ o'clock the house was densely filled, the sons and daughters of the old church, with hundreds of strangers, crowding her pews, aisles, vestibules, and galleries.

After an address to the throne of grace, and the singing of the One Hundredth Psalm, the pastor, REV. RICHARD HOWE ALLEN, delivered

## THE CENTENNIAL SERMON.

I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD, THE YEARS OF ANCIENT TIMES.—*Psalm lxxvii. 5.*

A hundred years in the history of this venerated church have elapsed. A hundred years of prayers, a hundred years of praise, a hundred years of labour for Christ, a hundred years of toil in the vineyard of the Master, a hundred years of struggle in the great battle-field of human life. For a hundred years has the voice of the minister of God been heard within these venerable walls ;

for a hundred years has the story of the Cross been told here to a listening auditory; for a hundred years has the table of the Lord's Supper been spread here in memory of the Great Sufferer, while holy men and women, who "waited for the consolation of Israel," bowed reverently around the sacramental board. Here for a hundred years, through the solemn ordinances of the church, have been flowing the precious waters of life, like a swelling river, deep, pure, and beautiful, refreshing the thirsty sons and daughters of Zion, as they have come and gone from these gracious fountains to the golden mountains beyond. Here, too, beneath the shade of these towering trees, planted by our fathers' hands in the days of old, the funeral trains of a hundred years have stopped, while our precious dead have been laid down tenderly and lovingly beneath the sod of this ancient burial-ground, until the dead children of Old Pine Street Church, resting under these grassy hillocks, are far more numerous than her living ones, who throng these aisles or visit these graves.

A hundred years in the history of a nation, a

community, or a church, must necessarily exhibit changes both striking and impressive. *A hundred years!* What hopes and fears; what joys and sorrows; what struggles and triumphs; what smiles and tears; what meetings and partings; what “*evers*” and “*nevers*,” what rememberings and forgettings, must have been experienced in that time! After a succession of so many years, not a few of which were eventful in the history of this venerable church, it certainly is interesting, and ought to be profitable for us to “*consider the days of old*,” and to review “*the years of ancient times*.” To mark the changes and note the progress of a Christian community to which we sustain an endeared relation; to wander among the graves of our ancestors, while we call to mind their heroic faith, their self-sacrificing spirit, and humble devotion to God; to walk beneath the trees they planted; to sit within the sanctified temple which they, in “*the years of ancient times*,” erected; to bow at the altar where they were wont to present their hallowed offerings, invests those returnless years with a new and thrilling interest.

The psalmist, with holy pleasure and triumph,



paused to "consider the days of old, and the years of ancient times;" the years when God appeared for the salvation of his people, and to establish his servant on his holy hill of Zion. On this Centennial Sabbath, we, too, may look back over "the days of old," and behold with loving gratitude what God has done for his people. "The Centennial" which we celebrate reminds us that a hundred years are gone; they are among the past and returnless ages. But they have left us a legacy rich and abiding; and which it is our solemn duty, and should be our noblest endeavour, to hand down to the generations of a hundred years to come unimpaired and pure. Let us, then, as appropriate to this occasion, consider *the past and its legacies*.

I. The closing hundred years have left us as a legacy *a church and congregation full of life and vigour*. While many Christian enterprises, which commenced their benevolent operations at the time this society was organized, have failed and gone out of existence, God has been pleased to bless and prosper this church in an eminent degree. From the very beginning its growth in

numbers and moral power in the community has been steadily onward and upward, until long before the hundred years had closed it occupied a position among the largest and most influential congregations in the city. Though twice in its early history internal discords and dissensions, growing out of the elections of pastors, threatened the very existence of the church, yet God, in his infinite mercy, brought it safely through these sore trials.

The congregation of this church was originally formed by the association of twenty families from the First Church, then worshiping on the south side of Market Street, between Second and Third Streets, and some sixty families from the "*temporary church*," who assembled for worship in a small building called the "Hill Meeting-house," erected on the ground where this house now stands; making in all a congregation of eighty families. It was the design at first that the congregation on Pine Street should be in perpetual connection with the First Church, their respective ministers preaching alternately in each church. In A. D. 1771, however, the Pine

Street, or Third Church, elected Rev. George Duffield their pastor on their own responsibility; with which action the First Church became greatly dissatisfied, and opposed the installation of Dr. Duffield. They went still further, and claimed the entire control of the building on Pine Street, and locked its doors. The friends of Dr. Duffield broke open the doors and took possession of the house. Here followed a series of troubles, which were carried into Presbytery and Synod, and into the civil courts, the First Church suing to recover possession of the property. The difficulties were finally settled in the ecclesiastical court by a synodical affirmation of the independence of Pine Street Church; and in the civil court by the Pine Street people agreeing to pay the First Church \$5000, of which \$750 was afterward generously relinquished. Since that time the mother and daughter have walked together agreed. No other internal discord disturbed the peace of the congregation until A. D. 1813, when Dr. Ely was called to the church. It seems the people almost unanimously, together with three of the seven elders, desired Dr. Ely for

their pastor, and requested the session to call a congregational meeting in reference to this object. Four of the elders being opposed to Dr. Ely, the session refused to grant this request, these opposing elders strangely assuming that the session had the exclusive right "*to propose to the congregation candidates for the pastoral relation; and that, in the judgment of that judicatory, no one had yet appeared who was qualified for the relation which the request of the congregation contemplated.*" The congregation proceeded, however, and called Dr. Ely, three elders approving their action. Here followed a painful and protracted series of troubles not unlike those which accompanied Dr. Duffield's settlement, which were not settled until A. D. 1814, when an arrangement was made by which the four disaffected elders, and a small minority coinciding with them, should withdraw from Pine Street Church, and relinquish all their claims in the same; Pine Street Church transferring to them a lot of ground on Lombard Street worth some \$10,000, together with \$12,000 in cash, besides \$250 for the communion plate. This seceding party af-

terward formed the Sixth Presbyterian Church, (now Rev. Mr. Harbaugh's,) and erected their house of worship on Spruce Street, above Fifth. This was the second time that Pine Street Church bought peace by paying large sums of money. From this time onward the church enjoyed peace and prosperity. And to-day, as we look back over its past and eventful history, we would gratefully acknowledge the wondrous goodness of God in the manner by which He led this church through the dangers and trials of a hundred years up to its present prosperity. The end of the century finds us neither enfeebled nor worn out by old age, nor in the least weary of the Master's work, nor ashamed or tired of the old house which our fathers built. The beginning of the second century of our existence beholds us a congregation *old in years*, but young in life and vigour, and ready to take up the responsibilities of a hundred years to come with all the energy and enthusiasm of a new church just entering on the great work of the Master. And though for the last ten years especially the tendency of our citizens to remove to the northern

and western portions of the city has created a constant draft upon our congregation, the church is at least as prosperous to-day as at any time during its past history, with entire peace and harmony in our midst; for which we return most hearty thanks to God, and give Him all the glory.

II. The past has left us as a legacy the identical house our fathers erected, and in which they worshiped.

Few congregations occupy to-day the house of worship in which their fathers assembled a hundred years ago. Many a venerable edifice in the land has been ruthlessly torn down to make way for others, or sold out, and converted into houses for business or pleasure. There is something very sad in the decay and desertion of an old church, as it stands a melancholy ruin before you, with its vacant aisles and mouldering columns, and great gaping windows and doors staring at you like the eyes of despair. No indication of life save the ivy that clings to the crumbling walls, as if it would conceal their decay and defilement; no sign of beauty save the little

flower that has sprung up from the decaying rubbish ; and no sound save the winds that sigh mournfully through it. It is more melancholy still to see our holy temples, where the beautiful service of the sanctuary was once enjoyed, dismantled of their sacred emblems, and converted into halls of pleasure or houses where money-changers resort. There once on a time the praises of God were sung, souls baptized unto Christ, the communion of saints enjoyed, the incense of prayer ascended, and the glory of God came down like a golden cloud and rested upon the altar : once a temple of the living God, now a hall where the thoughtless and giddy dance ; once a sanctuary where devotion bowed, now a shrine where fashion and folly meet ; once an altar where the young bride knelt and the aged saint prayed, now deserted or defiled by the godless and profane ; a spot over which the spirits of the glorified dead, whose dust rests beneath it, would weep, if tears could be shed in heaven.

It is with no ordinary pleasure and thankfulness, therefore, that we turn from this sad pic-

ture to our time-honoured and ancient temple to-day, and proclaim the pleasing fact, that we are standing within the self-same walls where Allison, and Ewing, and Duffield preached one hundred years ago, and where our fathers have worshiped to the third and fourth generation. This old church, which echoed the glad songs of the first singers, is still vocal with those of their children; and when some old, familiar hymn is sung, there are strains which come back to us like those of a hundred years ago, which seem to linger within these old walls like beautiful echoes among the hills, while the joyous sounds that woke them first are gone, forever gone.

It will be interesting for a moment to look over the early history of the "*old church.*" There are "*Letters Patent,*" dated October 19, A. D. 1764, and signed by Thomas and Richard Penn, donating a lot of ground, 174 feet on Fourth Street by 102 on Pine Street, "*To the Congregation belonging to the old Presbyterian Meeting-house on the south side of High [Market] Street, near the Court-House, in the City of Philadelphia, to the intent that a church, or meeting-house, should be*



*erected thereon, and a burial-yard laid out for the use of the said Society of Presbyterians forever."* This lot was afterward enlarged by the purchase of 100 feet additional on Pine Street. It appears that this ground was a knoll on which had previously existed a small frame building called the "*Hill Meeting-house,*" near which, and on the spot where the present beautiful edifice stands, the celebrated George Whitefield preached to assembled thousands from a stand erected for the occasion. The following year, A.D. 1765, the work of building this house was commenced; and in A.D. 1767, there was talk of settling a minister over "the new society forming on Society Hill." In A.D. 1768, it was ordered "*that public worship be celebrated in the new Presbyterian Church in Pine Street, May 30th.*"

Taking the 30th of May of that year to have fallen on Sabbath, which is highly probable, then to-day one hundred years ago "Old Pine Street Church" for the first time echoed to Zion's songs of praise. The house, however, was not entirely finished until the following year; for we find that on November 14, 1768, the Committee

of the First and Third Churches ordered a house which they owned on South, by Second Street, to be sold to complete the church, "*because it was not in repair to defend the congregation against the storms and cold weather in winter.*"

The house when finished exhibited but little of its present appearance, and to modern eyes would not have seemed very sightly or attractive; yet it then was regarded as the finest church building in the city, or in the land. It was a two-story house, with five upper windows on the east side, and three below between two doors; both the north and south ends had a door, with a window on each side, and three windows above, the middle a large double one. There was no Lecture Room, Session Room, or Pastor's Study in connection with the church. The aisles were paved with brick. On the west side of the house was the pulpit, trimmed with red velvet, with a great sounding-board over it, and a precentor's desk below, which was slightly raised and shut in by a partition about four feet high. A row of twelve pews flanked the pulpit right and left; a broad aisle in front of it, with two blocks of pews,

thirteen deep, on either side. There were two blocks of eight pews on the right and left of the north and south doors, with aisles in front of them running east and west. In the back of the church, and under the galleries on the east side, were seven large square pews, where some very substantial people used to sit. The galleries extended along the north, east, and south sides of the church, with a tier of square pews on each side of an aisle running their entire length. The pews were so high that the partitions overtopped the children's heads, and some of the seats were so situated that part of the congregation had their backs towards the minister.

About the year 1800 a glass chandelier was obtained, which took the place of the brass candlesticks, which the old sexton Alison kept so neatly cleaned that the first Board of Trustees ordered a "*neat, comfortable wig to be procured for him.*" Shortly after this time they began to talk of a "board floor" for the church, instead of the brick, which they finally procured.

The church suffered very much during the war of the Revolution, its pastor and people be-

ing particularly obnoxious to the British on account of their stern patriotism. Dr. Duffield, who was an earnest, eloquent speaker, advocated very warmly the cause of the Colonies, and stimulated the men of his congregation to take up the sword in defence of their independence, who, nobly responding to his appeals, stood fast by their country during the whole Revolutionary struggle. When the British got possession of Philadelphia, being exasperated with the patriotic pastor and people, they at once took the church for a hospital. The soldiers burned the pews for fuel, and finally used it as a stable for the horses of dragoons. In excavating the ground to put up the iron fence in A. D. 1835, the body of a British soldier was found: it was recognised by the brass buttons on his coat. At the south end of the church lies the body of Captain George Dawson, an officer in the notorious regiment of Colonel Tarleton of revolutionary memory.

Since then the house has undergone various alterations, both inside and out, but the walls stand as they did a hundred years ago.

In 1837, the interior of the old church was

entirely remodeled; the windows modernized, a Lecture Room, Study, and Committee Room provided, and the outside of the church stuccoed, at an expense of about \$19,000. Up to that time the weekly lecture was held in the body of the church, and the Sunday-school in the galleries, or in a room hired for the purpose. In A.D. 1857, the exterior of the house was changed into that of a beautiful and classic temple. The entire front, with its chaste Corinthian columns, was added at that time. Last summer the interior was again remodeled, and transformed into what you behold to-day—*one of the handsomest churches in the city*. This improvement has cost about \$16,000, and does honour to the heads and hearts of the children and friends of the old church, who, by their offerings, have enabled her in her old age to renew her youth, and to enter upon her second century of noble work with increased life and energy, and with an assured hope and promise that *a hundred years to come* will find Old Pine Street Church still standing here, a faithful and tireless watcher, not only beside our sleeping dead, but above your graves and mine.

III. Another legacy of the past is the names of six earnest and eminent pastors—Duffield, Milledoler, Smith, Alexander, Ely, and Brainerd—all holy men.

Few congregations in this or any other land have been blessed with six such pastors *in succession* as God sent to Pine Street Church. A church, during its existence, may enrol six eminent men among the names of its pastors, but seldom records them in succession, *and such names as these*—its only pastors. They were men of learning, eloquence, and power, and rose to the first positions of honour in the church, all of them filling the high station of Moderator of the General Assembly, except Dr. Duffield, who was elected the first Stated Clerk of the Assembly; which office Drs. Milledoler and Ely afterward filled. Four of them, Drs. Smith, Milledoler, Alexander, and Ely, were called to fill the first positions in some of our best institutions of learning, where, as educators, they moulded the character of some of the finest minds of America.

Rev. George Duffield, the first pastor of the church, was a bold thinker, an eloquent preacher,



**RICHARD H. ALLEN, D. D.**

1887

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a tried patriot, and a devoted Christian. In the trying times of the Revolution he was true and faithful to the church and the country, and in connection with Bishop White was chaplain to the Continental Congress. As a theologian, a preacher, and a man, he was greatly admired and loved. John Adams, afterward President of the United States, was a great admirer of Dr. Duffield, and during the sessions of the Continental Congress attended his ministry, and finally became a communicant in Old Pine Street Church. This is an interesting fact in the spiritual history of this venerable church. Dr. Duffield's pastorate extended from A.D. 1771 to A.D. 1790, when he died. His remains lie under the central aisle of the Lecture Room. During Dr. Duffield's time, "at a meeting of the congregation on the 29th of September, 1788, it was, after due deliberation, resolved unanimously, that instead of Rouse's version of the Psalms, Dr. Watts's version, as revised by Mr. Barlow, and allowed by the Synod, should be used in public worship; *and that the custom of reading the lines for singing*

*should be discontinued, excepting at times when the light might be defective."*

The second pastor was Rev. John Blair Smith, D.D., President of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia. In a funeral sermon by Dr. Samuel Blair I find these words in regard to Dr. Smith: "Happy the family over which he presided; happy the man who was favoured with his friendship, and more happy the people whose heavenly interests were his peculiar care." He died at the early age of 44, of yellow fever, then an epidemic in this city. His ministry extended from A.D. 1791 to A.D. 1795, when he resigned to become President of Union College, at New York. He was recalled to the church in A.D. 1799, and died the same year, greatly lamented by the people.

The third pastor was Rev. Philip Milledoler, D.D., a man of lovely spirit and unusually clear head. His introduction to the church was an interesting providence. Mr. William Haslett, then an elder in this church, was in New York, and on Sabbath morning was passing the Dutch Reformed Church in Nassau Street on his way to

the "*Brick Church*," when something arresting his attention, he went in, and, finding the service was in English, remained. The sermon greatly interested him, and led him to make some inquiry in regard to the young preacher. When he returned to Philadelphia he suggested his name to the congregation. The suggestion was well received, and he was called to the pastorate of the church. This young man was Philip Milledoler. In an unpublished journal, doubtless written by himself, I find the following in regard to his feelings on coming to Pine Street, which reminds me so much of my own experience under somewhat similar circumstances, that I will quote it in full. "When I reflected," says the manuscript, "on the whole character of my predecessor, it appeared to be the height of presumption in a comparative stripling like me to attempt standing in his place. This had indeed occurred to me before, but was overruled in part by the encouragement of those venerable ministers of Christ with whom I had consulted. In approaching the place of my future labour, it returned, however, with accumulated force. I was going among strangers, who had,

perhaps, been precipitate in their call to me; to a congregation then said to number three hundred families; to an intelligent people who had long had the gospel preached to them in power."

His ministry here was soon followed by a revival of great power, which was heralded by an interesting incident worth remembering. The house he lived in was on the corner of Fourth and Pine Streets, commanding a view of the church and its grounds. About six months after his settlement, on looking over from his yard to the church, he said, "God thus far has been better than my fears, and if I had some assurance that I was owned and blessed by Him in my ministry, I should be able to say with the psalmist, '*My cup runneth over.*'" At this moment he was called, and informed that a lady wished to see him. On entering the room, she said that she had come to the city on a visit to friends, and had accidentally attended Pine Street Church, and that her mind had then and there been impressed. "This," said she, "is the third time I have been to your door. Twice my heart failed me, and I retired. I am now come to tell you what I trust God has

done for my soul, and I do it that you may be encouraged." You may imagine the feelings of this young servant of God on learning this signal answer to his prayer. The call of this lady was followed by events never to be forgotten—a revival of religion which pervaded the entire congregation, and extended to other churches. His pastorate was from the year 1800 to 1805, when he was called to New York, and afterward to the Presidency of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

The fourth pastor was Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D., afterward the celebrated and venerated Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary. He was called twice to this church, having declined the first call, which was given A. D. 1794. A sentence or two in his letter of declination gives us at once an insight into the character of this great and good man. He says: "*The situation of your congregation requires abilities which I am conscious I do not possess. The man who would labour successfully in promoting truth and piety, and opposing sin and error, in such a place, should be possessed of a degree of genius, knowledge, and expe-*

*rience to which I cannot pretend to lay any claim."*

Thus wrote a man whose "genius, knowledge, and experience" were felt afterward throughout the Christian world, and will be to the end of time. He ministered to the church from A.D. 1806 to A.D. 1812, when he was elected by the General Assembly Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Princeton, where he died A.D. 1851, full of years and full of honours.

Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., was the fifth pastor of Pine Street Church. A painful and serious difficulty grew out of the call to him, which greatly disturbed the peace of the church, and resulted in a shameful and wicked persecution of this good man. There was something in the manner in which Dr. Ely bore himself during these troubles that has profoundly impressed me. Unjustly persecuted and slandered, he was finally arraigned before his Presbytery on false accusations. Two ministers, whose errors in doctrine Dr. Ely had boldly attacked and exposed, joined his persecutors, and sought the ruin of this servant of God. In the trial before Presbytery he not only vindicated his character so clearly that

his persecutors desired before the final vote to withdraw their charges, but he withheld evidence that would have enabled him to crush and ruin forever his persecutors. This, however, he magnanimously refused to do. Rising in Presbytery, upon their withdrawing the charges, he forgave the men who had sought his ruin, and in the presence of his brethren extended to them the hand of reconciliation. Such an act, under such circumstances, showed the majesty and beauty of the character of this man of God, in bold contrast with that of his persecutors, who first envied, then feared, and then hated him. The four elders and a small minority of the congregation, who opposed his election, having withdrawn from the church on his coming, and organized the Sixth Presbyterian Church on Spruce Street, as before stated, his pastorate was a peaceful and prosperous one, and extended from September 7, A.D. 1814, the day of his installation, to June 30, A.D. 1835. The ministry of this holy and eloquent man is fresh in the recollection of many who are still members of this church. He left Pine Street to fill a Professorship in Marion

College, in the State of Missouri. He afterward returned to this city, and died a few years since.

The sixth pastor was Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D., whose ministry is so well remembered that I need not speak of it particularly. His spiritual children are all around me to-day, and the fruits of his labours are seen not only in this church, but in many of the congregations in different parts of the city. He was called to this church from Cincinnati, October 31, A.D. 1836, and installed pastor March 5, A.D. 1837. During his pastorate of thirty years he received into the church 1200 persons; baptized 1017 adults and infants; married 841 couples; and attended 1075 funerals. Such are the fruits of an earnest work by an earnest man.

It has been well said of Dr. Brainerd, that "he was neither a high-church bigot nor a low-church latitudinarian; neither a man of mere orthodoxy nor mere feeling; neither a time-server nor a despiser of the peace and unity of the Presbyterian Church; neither a hot-headed declaimer in the pulpit, nor a frigid reasoner about righteous-



ness, temperance, and judgment to come; neither a devotee to forms nor a contemner of them;" but a man of God, who was both kind and fearless, faithful and tender as a man and a pastor. Candid and frank, but genial and gentle, he made warm friends wherever he went. Possessed of a sound judgment, great common sense, and much wisdom, he was invaluable as a presbyter and counsellor. In A.D. 1837, by the act of the famous General Assembly of that year, the Third Presbytery (to which this church and Dr. Brainerd belonged) was dissolved, and Old Pine Street Church and its pastor were left without any ecclesiastical connection, but directed to apply for admission into some Presbytery *on examination*. This Dr. Brainerd very properly refused to do, but adhered to the New School branch of the church, in which action his congregation sustained him with entire unanimity.

Like the first pastor, Dr. Duffield, in the dark hours of our country's danger, Dr. Brainerd proved himself a true and firm patriot. He took an active part in favour of the government dur-

ing the war of the great rebellion, and through his influence sent one hundred and twenty young men of his congregation to defend the flag of the Union. And when some of them were brought back from the battle-field "*on their shields*," his noble heart could not rest until he had erected to their memory that beautiful tablet which stands in the wall of the vestibule, bearing the names of the martyrs of Old Pine Street Church. You all remember what satisfaction he felt and expressed when that work was accomplished.

Not long after this, *another tablet*, bearing the name of THOMAS BRAINERD, was placed beside the one he had been instrumental in erecting. He died suddenly on the night of August 21, A. D. 1866. His body lies now in that grave near the southeast corner of the church, which loving hands have decked so beautifully with evergreens and flowers. His death threw a gloom, not only over his congregation, but over the city and the whole church, which has not been removed even to this day. Thus passed away the last of the six great pastors of Old Pine Street Church, not one of whom is living to participate

with us in the interesting services of this occasion.

During the ministry of these six eminent servants of God, which extended nearly over the entire hundred years, there were received into the church 3602 persons ; baptized, 4147 ; married, 2550 couples. These figures are made up from very imperfect records, especially those during the pastorates of Drs. Duffield and Smith, and do not, therefore, present a full and accurate account in these regards ; but as far as they go they may be relied on.

IV. Another legacy left us by the past is a great moral influence derived from the lives and examples of our fathers.

The prayers, and toils, and sacrifices of God's people for a hundred years are no common or ordinary legacy. Though dead, they still speak, while their works follow them. Their graves around us are not the only testimony left us that they have lived. Greener than the grass growing upon them, and lovelier than the flowers blooming over them, are the examples they have left us of holy devotion to God and the cause of truth.

1. We see this in their pecuniary sacrifice to build this house. Though in its original form and appearance it would appear to us any thing else than splendid, yet as regards the "modern improvements" of a hundred years ago, it was far in advance of nearly every church then in the country. Men of large hearts and open hands only would have undertaken and successfully carried through such an enterprise at that day. They built and *paid for* what was then "*a modern church, with the latest improvements.*"

2. We see the same in their love to their pastors. In reading the past history of the church, nothing has impressed me more pleasantly than the love which the people have characteristically cherished for their pastors. I find this remarkable and pleasing fact, which can be recorded of few churches, that during a pastorate of a hundred years, *there was never an unhappy difficulty with a pastor.* The memory of every pastor of this church is tenderly and profoundly revered to-day in the whole length and breadth of the congregation. Such a record in this regard speaks volumes for the Christian spirit of our fathers,

and in a language that none can mistake. Among all the footprints which this old church has left on the sands of time, this will remain forever, reminding every succeeding pastor and congregation, that the Lord himself walked with his people up this shining way.

3. We see and feel this influence in the extension of Presbyterianism. Our fathers have handed down to us a *Presbyterian Church* in the purity of its doctrines and discipline. At no time in their history did they depart from the faith and government of the church. Nor did they stop at this, but faithfully and earnestly laboured to build up other congregations of our faith and order. When this church was organized a hundred years ago, there were but two other Presbyterian congregations in the city. Now there are fifty-one, in more than half of which the children of Old Pine Street Church are found to-day. Only last summer she dismissed some twenty of her members to form a new church on Greenwich Street, which already numbers over sixty communicants. She is indeed the mother of churches and ministers. Besides those she has

sent out to preach the gospel in other localities, there are five of her sons who are living ministers belonging to the city to-day.

V. Another legacy left us by the past is the *graves of our fathers*.

Under these grand old trees, which their hands planted, and which still shed over them the tears gathered from the night dews, the ashes of your fathers repose. Here beneath the green sod on which they once reverently trod, they still sleep quietly, while the same old trees cast their shadows over them and their children. Here they have been brought one by one until this old burial-ground is full of precious dust. Here the young bride, who left this altar in the glow of youth and beauty, has returned after scores of years, bringing her aged dead to lay him lovingly down in the "old churchyard." Here the young mother, who dedicated her child to God in holy baptism, has returned to place it in a little grave; then departed childless to her desolate home, to be brought back after a time by loving friends, and laid beside her first-born. Here, in this beautiful Machpelah, an aged and faithful

Abraham has deposited the remains of a tenderly loved Sarah, the wife of his youth. Here the bones of Joseph have been brought from a far-away Egypt, and buried beside his brethren and fathers. Here sorrowing children have come to lay down the dear forms of father and mother beneath the shadow of the old sanctuary where they worshiped. And here a stricken people have gathered in tears around three faithful pastors as they buried them in sight of the altar where they once proclaimed to them the "resurrection and the life." Yes, here sleep Duffield and Smith and Brainerd, "*a group o' bonnie dust.*" And near them lie Ferguson McElwaine, for forty years from its organization an elder in this church, and just by his side Dr. Samuel Duffield, a brother of the first pastor, and James Stuart, William Smiley, William Nassau, John W. Scott, Thomas McLeod, James H. Eaton, John R. McMullin, Frederick A. Raybold, and Levi Eldridge, all members of the session. And near them sleep John H. Fenner, Robert Clark, Simeon Tobey, and Joseph Hand, worthy members of the Board of Trustees; together with William Hurrie, who

rang the old State House bell when the declaration of independence had been agreed upon by Congress. And there lies Mary Nelson, who in revolutionary times used to test the powder brought to the arsenal by touching off a portion of it with a coal. And there rest old Mother Tittermary, and Margaret Burckley, Comfort Corgie, Catherine McLeod, Susanna Work, Catherine Ross, Mary Ray, Elizabeth Farr, the mother of our present oldest elder, Catherine Simons, Eleanor Crane, and many others, all mothers in Israel.\*

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\* Since the preparation of this work was commenced, three of the oldest members of Old Pine Street Church have died: Mrs. Lydia R. Bailey, in the 91st year of her age; Mrs. Jane Davidson, in her 85th year; and Mrs. Isabella Innes, in her 98th year. All of them were faithful and consistent Christians, and staunch friends of the old church, of which they were members for more than fifty years.

Of Mrs. Bailey, the editor of the "Typographic Advertiser," in remarking upon the straits in which a family is sometimes placed by the death of its head, says:

"Some women, shaking off the incubus of sorrow, or holding it in abeyance, face the world and become mistresses of the situation. A most notable instance is the honoured woman whose name heads this article, and who died in this city on



Is it strange that, with such a goodly company waiting here the coming of the Lord, a little

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the 21st of February last, in the 91st year of her age. Mrs. Bailey's husband—Robert—was a printer, who died in 1808, in embarrassed circumstances. Undismayed by her loss, she took her husband's place, and for fifty-three years she conducted the business successfully. In 1861 she retired from business. Until the introduction of steam-power and machinery, her office was one of the largest in Philadelphia. She instructed forty-two boys into the mysteries of typography; and some of our present prosperous master-printers served their apprenticeship under her. For a considerable period she was elected City Printer by the Councils; and her imprint was well known. She had great energy and decision of character. On one occasion, during the absence of a workman, she took his place at the press and worked at it all night long, to get out a job that was wanted in haste. She was upright, and of high religious principle. For seven years before her death she bore composedly the physical weakness incident to protracted years; but her energy of mind remained in vigour. At this period a large rent was offered for one of her houses by a person who desired to convert it into a drinking saloon. 'What!' she exclaimed with emphasis; 'rent my property opposite my own church for a tavern! Not if you give me six thousand dollars a year!'

“A staunch Presbyterian and a member of Old Pine Street

dying girl—a poor child belonging to our Sabbath-school—should, with her last breath, say, “*Let me be buried in Old Pine Street graveyard, for ’twill be so nice when Jesus comes to wake up with so many I know.*”

Time which brings us so many changes, and sordid avarice which saps the foundations of so many venerated edifices, have not been permitted to mar the beauty of our burial-ground, nor raze the massive walls of the dear old church. The lapse of a hundred years still finds these ancient trees and this venerable edifice standing over and

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Church—the church of famous preachers—she was regularly in her place, and during prayer she stood bolt upright, no matter how long the preacher prayed. It was matter of principle with her; and notwithstanding her kindliness of heart, she could not help expressing her disapproval of sister-members who sat during the time of intercession. A long life was hers, and worthily did she meet its obligations. The memory of no woman of Philadelphia better deserves an honourable perpetuation than hers.”

Her last act of kindness to the church she loved was the generous gift of *one thousand dollars* to aid in purchasing a Parsonage for Old Pine Street Church.

watching the graves of your fathers and kindred. From these altars where they worshiped we can look out on the monuments which mark their resting places, while a low, sweet voice murmurs:

Friends, take your rest in those shadowy halls,  
In your mournful shrouds reposing ;  
There is no cloud on the soul to fall,  
No dust o'er its light is closing.  
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,  
When each phantom of earth shall wither,  
When we who deplore you shall sigh no more,  
But lie down in the dust together.  
Though sad winds wail in the waving bough,  
You are resting untroubled and calmly now.

Besides those who sleep in this old church-yard, there are many others whose dust rests in other burial-grounds, but whose memory we cherish as fondly as though they slept beneath the shadow of the old church ; among whom are Sparks, and Donaldson, and Robert W. Davenport, the latter a valuable and efficient member of the session.

Shall we hand down the same legacy to the generations to come? This old house—these

treasured graves—the same moral influence of godly example? Shall we hand them down to our children unimpaired, and dearer because we have handed them down? We must sleep with our fathers after a while. These old trees will cast their soft shadows over our graves as they have over theirs. We look back over a hundred years, and ask, “Our fathers! where are they?” Our children will ask the same of us a hundred years to come. Then what we do, let us do with our might. Our fathers bless us as they look down upon us to-day, and behold how we have beautified the old house which still overshadows their tombs. They bless us, as with faithful love we still cling to this consecrated ground, and refuse to alienate it. They bless us for the flowers we have planted on their graves, and for that jealous care with which we have guarded their dust. Let us still preserve the sepulchres of our departed, and stand firmly by the old church which they loved. Oh, she calls loudly now for the warm heart and open hand of every son and daughter of her love! Let not the glory of her past history pale in our midst, nor the bright

morning of her second century fade away in clouds. Here our fathers lived, and worshiped, and died. Here let us live, and labour, and die, and sleep beside them. But ere we sleep, let us be sure that we are walking in the shining way which they once trod, and following whither their bright examples point us. A hundred years to come! And what then? Oh, solemn thought! We shall all sleep with our fathers, and our souls be among the disembodied spirits of that unknown world. The youngest child here will have finished its earthly pilgrimage and gone to its final destiny. A hundred years to come, and we shall all be dead, and others who knew us not shall be filling our places.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come ?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come ?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The hearts that beat so gayly now ?  
Oh! where will be love's beaming eyes,  
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sighs,  
A hundred years to come ?

Who'll press for gold those crowded streets,

A hundred years to come ?

Who'll tread the church with willing feet,

A hundred years to come ?

Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,

And childhood with its hour of truth—

The rich, the poor, on land and sea,

Where will the mighty millions be

A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep,

A hundred years to come !

No living soul for us will weep,

A hundred years to come !

But other men our lands will till,

And others then our streets will fill,

While other birds will sing as gay,

As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.



## SABBATH AFTERNOON.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOLS.

AT 3 o'clock, P. M., the Church Sabbath-school, Mr. L. M. Whilldin, Superintendent, together with the "Brainerd Memorial Mission Sabbath-school" in connection with this church, Mr. George Griffiths, Superintendent, assembled in the church to the number of about seven hundred. Oh! it was a glorious sight—those seven hundred children, with their young, happy faces looking as bright and fresh as the flowers which hung in beauty around them, while their clear voices made the old church ring with the melodies which children love to sing, and which they sing so sweetly, and with such simple earnestness as, we sometimes think, would almost make the angels stop their songs and listen to them.

After addresses by Rev. George Duffield, D.D., Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D., Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, D.D., and Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., and a few parting words from the pastor,

the children's Centennial Celebration closed, and we all felt "it was good to be here."

The Sunday-school of "Old Pine Street Church" was commenced on the first Sabbath in May, 1814, with six or eight scholars, in the parlour of Mr. Moss McMullen, No. 309 South Second Street, above Almond. The present number of the house is 713 South Second Street. It afterward met in Southwark Academy; and from there removed to Southwark Hall; then to a house on the corner of Green's Court (now Griscom Street) and Pine, just opposite the church, then to the galleries of the old church, and finally to the Lecture Room of the church. The school is now flourishing, with 34 teachers, and about 300 scholars, including three interesting Bible Classes of young men and ladies, together with a flourishing infant department.

The Brainerd Memorial Mission School is an offshoot of the Robert Raikes Union Mission Sabbath-school, which was held for many years in a building owned by the Philadelphia Sabbath-school Association, on Sixth Street, below Christian. About the year 1841, a few members



of Pine Street Church determined to make some effort in behalf of the wretched denizens of Small Street, and a Mission Sabbath-school was established in an upper room over a stable. Messrs. Thomas Craven, Samuel R. Hilt, and James G. Osbourn, and Misses Hent, Haslett, and Richardson, and a few others, with Thomas MacKellar as superintendent, toiled for years in the vicinity of the purlieus of wo and want and crime. The story of their arduous labours in teaching and feeding and clothing the destitute is unrecorded; but the results achieved were amply sufficient to repay them for the fearful self-imposed work. Afterward, the Robert Raikes School was organized near by, and it was deemed expedient to combine with it the Mission School. Hence Presbyterian influence became predominant in the Union School, and the superintendent and most of the teachers were members of Old Pine Street Church. In 1864, the Association sold the house in which the school met to a German congregation; thus throwing the school out of a meeting place. Several of the teachers felt the necessity of a Sabbath-school in that neigh-

bourhood, and rented the second and third stories of a house on Washington Avenue, above Fifth, hoping that better accommodations would soon be obtained. In the spring of 1866, Dr. Brainerd, who had always been a warm friend of the school, suggested the idea of erecting a building on the lot of ground owned by the church on Carpenter Street, below Fifth. His intention was to ask the congregation, immediately after his return from his summer vacation, to erect the house. But his death in August, 1866, seemed to dispel all hopes of the continuation of the school, and it was about being closed; when in October following, another effort was made, and a determination manifested to carry out the plan suggested by Dr. Brainerd. The result was the erection of the present neat and substantial building in Carpenter Street, which, in memory of the loved and lamented pastor, was called the "Brainerd Memorial Sabbath-school of Old Pine Street Church." The success in erecting this building is, in a great measure, due to the present efficient superintendent of the school, Mr. George Griffiths. The school now numbers some 55 teachers, and about 400 scholars.

## SABBATH EVENING.

A SERMON in the evening, by Rev. George Duffield, D.D., closed the Centennial Services and the first hundred years of the history of Old Pine Street Church.

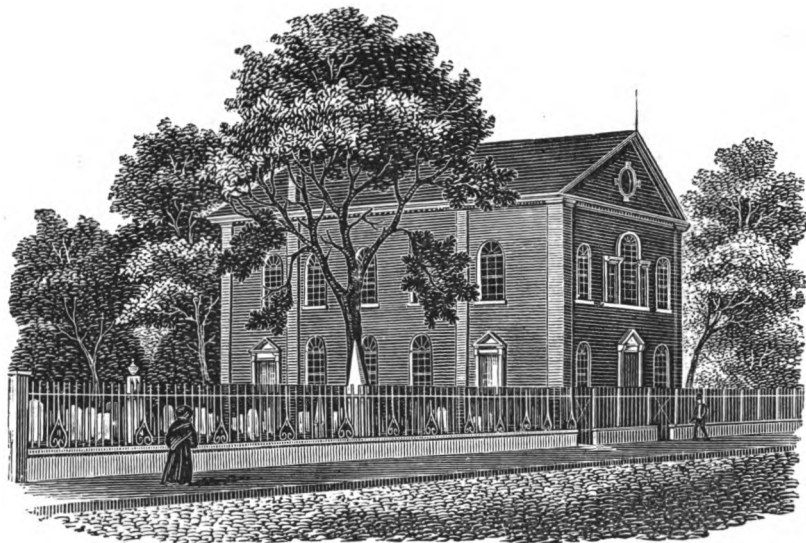
Her record during that time has been a noble one. God has enabled her to accomplish a great and good work in the midst of a community where she has burned a steady light for one hundred years. Her altars have never been removed from the sacred spot where her children first builded them to the Lord; and here we trust they may remain until her last son and daughter shall lay aside their armour to put on their crowns.

Standing here to-day within these venerable walls, we would gratefully acknowledge that the "Lord God has been with us as He was with our fathers;" and glancing back on the past, we would exclaim with the psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" and

looking onward to the future, "we will take courage, and go forward."

And now with a prayer and a blessing for those who shall celebrate the next CENTENNIAL DAY, and a tear for our precious dead, who lie around us, and by whose side we all shall sleep "*a hundred years to come,*" we humbly and devoutly commend OLD PINE STREET CHURCH, with her six hundred living children, to a loving, faithful, and ALMIGHTY GOD.





OLD PINE STREET CHURCH BEFORE IT WAS ALTERED IN 1837.



## APPENDIX.

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### CORRECTION.

THE 29th of May was celebrated instead of the 30th, as the latter fell on Saturday, thus making it inconvenient to prepare for the Sabbath following. On examining the old records of the church, it has since been found that Sabbath, the 12th day of June, is the true Centennial Day. The 30th of May had been erroneously given in the Church Manual (published in 1859) as the day on which divine service was first held in the church. On the 30th of May there was a meeting, but it was of the "General Committee," who recommended that "DIVINE SERVICE BE HELD IN THE NEW MEETING-HOUSE NEXT SABBATH WEEK," which was the 12th of June, 1768.

## CALL OF REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

A LITERAL COPY.

*To the Reverend George Duffield.*

REVEREND SIR

Whereas at a Meeting of the Third Presbyterian Congregation in this City regularly convened, on Monday the fifth Day of August 1771: at which the Reverend Doctor Francis Allison presided as Moderator: the said Congregation by a great Majority of Votes of their regular Members choose you to be their Pastor.

We therefore the Subscribers, Members of the said Congregation, being well satisfied, many of us from our own Experience; and all of us from the Character given of your ministerial accomplishments and abilities; do earnestly call and invite you to take the pastoral Charge of us, and upon your so doing and performing pastoral Duties for us we promise you all due Respect and Submission in the Lord, as to a Minister of Jesus Christ, watching for our Souls: while you continue a regular Member of the reverend Synod of New York and Philadelphia: and for your Support, we promise to pay you the Sum of Two hundred Pounds per annum, that you may attend to the various Duties of your Station, without worldly Incumbrances.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint our well beloved and trusty Brethren Robert Knox, Alexander Alexander, John Snowden, Thomas Mushett, James Armitage and William

Henry, or any two of them, to present this our Call and to prosecute it with the reverend Presbytery of Donegal, and to do every other Matter and Thing which the accomplishing so important and interesting an Affair may require.

Philadelphia dated the ninth Day of August in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and seventy-one.

Robert Knox	Robert Dryborough
Alexr. Alexander	Andw. Miller
John Snowden, Junr.	Joseph Frazer
Thos. Mushett	James Cochran
James Armitage	Geo. Cotton
Wm. Henry	John Wilson
Henry Peterson	George Rowan
Matthew Potter, Junr.	James Rowan
Edmund Beach	Stewart Dickey
Sameul Lowery	Robt. Ferguson
Anthony Person	Robt. Kennedy
Micheal Davenport	Robert Lumsden
William Hurrie	Duncon Lich
Samuel Pile	Alexaneder Menzies
John Jones	Daniel Sutherland
Alexr. Brown	Thomas Craig
John Tittermery	Peter Sutter, Junr.
Alexander Mackey	James Sutter
Willam Caldwell	James Thompson
Patrick Brown	James Campbell
James Hendry	Sameul McCormik



John Faries	John Wright
Robt. Carson	William Christy
Nathl. Graham	James Riddel
Robart Fullton	Robert Allison
Joseph Hunter	John Moodey
John Riddle	Thos. Kennedy
James Lees	Andw. Kennedy
James Potter	John Guy
Hugh Nelson	Jam. Cooper
Daniel Curree	Jacob Miller
Archd. McCorkel	Alexr. Grant
Willm. McMullin	Archd. Fisher
Robert Scott	John Mackie
George Hutton	Isaac Craig
Patrick Steel	Wm. Snowden
John Stuart	John Marshall
Robt. Worck	Alexander Carlyle
Wm. Singleton	Thos. Robinson
Wm. Rannalds	Alexander Fraser
Thos. Clifton	George Bremner
Robert Smith	Benjn. Marshall
John Spence	John McDougal
Joseph Fry	Joseph Rankin
Hugh Ferguson	Cornels. Brown
James McNeal	Robert Karr
James Ross	Joseph Demey
Alexr. Crawford	William Blyth
James McCatihon	Philip Flick

Arthur Hurry	Alexr. McGriger
Tos. McCulloch	Cristfur Murting
Edward McKegan	William Fullerton
John McCully	Thos. Nilson
John Biggert	Isaac Forsyth
John McCormick	Andw. Waid

## CALL OF REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

A LITERAL COPY.

*To the Revd. Archibald Alexander:*

The third Presbyterian Congregation in the City of Philadelphia being on sufficient grounds well satisfy'd of the ministerial qualifications of you Archibald Alexander & having good hopes from our past experience of your labours that your ministrations in the Gospel will be profitable to our Spiritual interests do earnestly call & desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation; promising you in the discharge of your duty all proper support encouragement and obedience in the Lord:—And that you may be free from worldly cares & avocations—We hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of Sixteen hundred Dollars per Annum—the same to be paid in regular quarterly payments during the time of your being & continuing the regular Pastor of this Church. In testimony whereof the under-named persons (appointed specially thereto by a vote of the congregation & being the Church Sesion & Trustees) have

set their hands this twentieth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred & six.

## TRUSTEES.

Samuel Duffield  
 Geo. Latimer  
 Ferguson McElwaine  
 Wm. Linnard  
 Robert McMullin  
 Jacob Mitchell  
 Conrad Hanse  
 John McMullin  
 William Smiley  
 James Stuart  
 Paul Cox  
 Wm. Haslett  
 James McGlathery

## MEMBERS OF THE SESSION.

Ferguson McElwaine  
 Robert McMullin  
 John McMullin  
 William Smiley  
 James Stuart  
 Wm. Haslett

That the proceedings in regard to this call were conducted in all respects regularly & agreeably to the directions contained in our public standards—That of Seventy three votes that were taken all except one were for the Revd. Archibald Alexander—That the people appeared to desire him as their pastor with an unusual degree of zeal & harmony—is here certified

by ASHBEL GREEN, *Moderator of the congregational meeting at which the call was made.*

*Philadelphia,*  
*October 20th, 1806.*

## A LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

*Actually received, in money or otherwise, towards building a Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, wherein the donations of Members of the Market Street House are marked \*, the Pine Street House †, the Arch Street Society of Presbyterians ‡, and other subscriptions §, with notes to show how they were paid.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*The Hon. Wm. Allen, Esq.	100	00	00	‡John Coatts, Hiccorry Lane,(c)	15	00	00
*Capt. John Mease,	220	19	10	*Robert Gray & Co.	14	13	3
*George Bryan,	40	00	00	†Samuel Lawry, Mason(d)	14	6	8
*Samuel Purviance, Jr.	35	00	00	*Robert Lawry,(e)	13	6	8
*Robert Taggart,	35	00	00	*John Lawry,(f)	13	6	8
†Robert Knox,	30	00	00	*Capt. Benj. Ashly Al- lison,	13	00	00
*James Craig,	30	00	00	†John Tittermary,	13	00	00
*William Allison,	30	00	00	*George Fullerton,	12	00	00
*John Murray,	30	00	00	†David Thomson, Car- penter,	12	00	00
‡Samuel Purviance, Sr.	28	10	00	†Anthony Pearson,(g)	11	9	4
*Andrew Caldwell,	25	4	00	*John Anderson,	10	00	00
*John Fulerton,	25	00	00	*Samuel Carson, Merch't	10	00	00
†Wm. Henry,	25	00	00	†John Jones, Cooper,	10	00	00
*William Hodge,	25	00	00	‡John Nelson,	10	00	00
*Thomas Wallace,	27	00	00	*Philip Willson,	13	00	00
*William Rush,(a)	25	00	00	*Robert Corry,	10	00	00
*John Johnston,	22	00	00	*James Mease,	10	1	3
*John Maxwell Nesbitt,	21	00	00	*John White,	10	00	00
*Thomas Williams,	20	00	00	‡Percifer Frazer,	10	00	00
*Samuel Caldwell,	20	00	00	*James McLaughlin,	10	00	00
*John Corry,	20	00	00	†William Drewry,	10	00	00
*William Humphreys,	20	00	00	*William Miller,	10	00	00
†James Armitage, Car- penter,(b)	20	00	00	*William West, for wife,	10	00	00
*John Wallace,	18	00	00	*Mathew Drason,	10	00	00
*Samuel Moore,	15	00	00	*James Haldane,	13	00	00
*Magnus Miller,	15	00	00	*John Murray, Merch't,	10	00	00
*James Hunter,	18	00	00	*Hugh Donaldson,	10	00	00
*David Sproat,	15	00	00	*Mathew Dunlap,	10	00	00
*Robert Bayley,	15	00	00	*James Loughead,	13	2	6
*Henry Neil,	15	00	00				

(a) Iron work.

(b) Had employment to a very large amount.

(c) Furnished 300,000 bricks.

(d) Cash 2cs., rest work.

(e) Work as mason.

(f) Work as mason.

(g) Bricks laid in the wall, 295,000, and other work.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*Thomas Duncan,	10	00	00	*David Gregory,	5	00	00
*Dr. Francis Allison,	10	00	00	‡Michel & Kinsly, Car-			
*John Cameron,	10	00	00	penters, (n)	6	00	00
*Capt. Jeremiah Harkiss,	10	00	00	*Hugh Bowes,	5	00	00
*Leister Falkner, for his				†Jane Galbreath,	5	00	00
family,	10	00	00	†Robert Harris,	5	00	00
*Peter Chevalier, Sr.	10	00	00	*John Bayley,	5	00	00
†Dr. Samuel Duffield,	10	00	00	†Dr. William Shippen, Jr.	5	00	00
†Capt. James Steel,	10	00	00	†Matthew Potter, Jr.	5	18	00
*Alexander Huston,	10	00	00	‡John Inglis, Esq.	5	00	00
†Capt. — — Montgomery,	9	00	00	*James Reed,	5	10	00
*Giffin & Row, Carpen-				†Capt. John Robertson,	5	00	00
ters, (h)	9	2	10	†Joseph Frazer,	5	00	00
*Capt. Samuel Young,	8	00	00	*George Bartram,	5	00	00
*Daniel Montgomery,				‡Hugh Lenox,	5	00	00
Painter, (i)	8	00	00	*John Hunter,	5	00	00
*John Galloway,	8	00	00	*Capt. — — Johnston,	5	00	00
*William Glenholm,	8	00	00	†Capt. James Cooper,	5	00	00
*Robert Ferguson,	10	10	00	†Rob't Montgomery,			
*James Foulton,	7	00	00	Merch't,	5	00	00
*Robert Willson, Mer-				‡George Graham,	5	00	00
chant,	7	10	00	*David Herring,	5	00	00
*Robert Smith, Hatter,	7	10	00	*William Olyphant,	5	00	00
*James Alexander,	7	10	00	*Duncan Leech,	5	00	00
*Capt. James Miller,	7	00	00	*Peter Sutter, Sr.	5	00	00
*Randle Mitchell,	7	10	00	*William Cannon,	5	00	00
*Samuel Jackson,	7	00	00	‡Thomas Barclay, Merch't,	5	00	00
*Capt. Alexander Hen-				*Paul Isaac Volo,	5	00	00
derson,	7	00	00	†John Hall,	5	00	00
†John Snowden, Tanner,				*Capt. Francis Ferries,	5	00	00
(j)	7	00	00	*John Lyle,	5	00	00
†John Guy, Carter, (k)	7	00	00	*John Mease, Jr.	5	00	00
*William Forbes, (l)	7	00	00	*Alexander Stewart,	5	00	00
*Robert Lowry, Carp'r,	6	10	00	‡Robert Carson, Carp'r, (o)	5	00	00
*George Sarshwood,	6	00	00	†Lewis Grant,	5	00	00
*Andrew Wade,	6	10	00	†George Hutton,	5	00	00
†William Carson,	6	00	00	‡Thomas Hale, Car-			
†John Pinkerton,	6	10	00	penter, (p)	5	00	00
†Thomas Clifton, Saddler,	6	00	00	*Andrew Taybout,	5	00	00
*William Salisbury,	6	9	00	*James Kerr,	5	00	00
*George Dunlope,	6	00	00	†Joseph Carson,	5	00	00
†Thomas Nevill, Car-				‡Francis Burchier, (q)	5	00	00
penter, (m)	6	00	00	*Archibald McIlroy,	5	00	00

(h) Built pews.  
(i) Painted part.  
(j) £5 in hair.  
(k) In carting.  
(l) Built pews.

(m) Put on roof and ceiling.  
(n) Built pews.  
(o) Built pews.  
(p) Built pews.  
(q) Did painting.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
* James Morrell, Smith, (r)	5	00	00	* John Morton,	2	00	00
† Allen McLean,	5	00	00	* James Rose,	2	00	00
* Robert Nicholson,	5	00	00	‡ Mr. — Goodwin,	2	00	00
* Henry Dunn,	5	00	00	* Jane McGregor,	1	14	00
† John Bayard,	5	00	00	† Nath'l Donnall,	1	12	6
‡ Philip Moser, Baker,	5	00	00	* David Smith,	1	10	00
† Robert Smith, Merch't,	5	00	00	* Christian Riffits,	1	10	00
* Matthew Brace, Car-				‡ Capt. Edward Boggs,	1	10	00
penter, (s)	5	00	00	† John Smith Porter,	1	10	00
* Robert Craig,	5	00	00	* William & Robert Gra-			
† John Spence,	4	10	00	ham,	1	10	00
‡ Davell & Proctor, Car-				† Robert & Thomas Ken-			
penters, (t)	4	00	00	nedy,	1	00	00
* Thomas Callender,	4	00	00	* Hugh Henry,	1	10	00
* James Clubb,	3	10	00	* James Cochran,	1	10	00
† Isaac Snowden,	4	00	00	‡ Samuel Henry,	1	10	00
* John Ross, Merch't,	3	00	00	* Charles Risk,	1	10	00
* Robert Ritchie,	3	00	00	* Capt. Paul Cox,	1	00	00
† John Cobourn,	3	00	00	† William Henderson,	1	10	00
* William Moore, Baker,	3	00	00	‡ Joseph Dean,	1	10	00
* Capt. Mungo Davison,	3	00	00	† Thomas Smith, Merch't,	1	2	6
* John Moore, Trader,	3	00	00	† Alexander Crawford,	1	10	00
* Ephraim Smith,	3	00	00	* Elliot Duncan,	1	10	00
‡ William Simmons,	3	00	00	‡ Capt. James Mitchell,	1	00	00
† Benjamin Harbeson,	3	00	00	† Thomas Mushett,	1	00	00
* Elizabeth Feariss,	3	00	00	† Robert Work,	1	00	00
† Gawin Kirkpatrick,	3	00	00	* Mrs. — Steinmetz,	1	00	00
† Mrs. — Charlton,	3	00	00	* Jane Kirk,	1	00	00
* Andrew McNair,	3	00	00	* George Rowan,	1	00	00
* Mathew Jackson,	3	00	00	* Randley McKillip,	1	00	00
* Mary M. Bean,	3	00	00	* Mr. — Rowhan,	1	00	00
† John Jackson,	3	00	00	† Mary Barclay,	1	00	00
* John Sutor,	3	00	00	* Widow Sims,	1	00	00
* Henry Harper,	3	00	00	* Joseph Rankin,	1	00	00
* James Potter, Carpen-				* George Davidson,	1	00	00
ter, (u)	3	00	00	* Robert Kerr, Dealer,	1	00	00
† William McMullen, (v)	2	10	00	* William Kerr,	1	00	00
* Capt. William McKay,	2	16	00	* Archibald Young,	1	2	6
† Samuel McCormick,	2	10	00	* Ezekial Mirriam,	1	00	00
‡ Simon Shirlock,	2	00	00	* Smith & Dean,	1	00	00
‡ William Innis,	2	00	00	‡ Francis Gurney,	15	00	
* Barbara Aberdeen,	2	00	00	‡ John Newby,	15	00	
† Hugh Means,	2	00	00	* Widow — Mease,	15	00	
* John Biggert,	2	00	00	† Mrs. Falkner or Thomp-			
† William Houston,	2	00	00	son,	15	00	
* John James Barber,	2	00	00	* John Ruthven,	15	00	

(r) In iron work.  
(s) Carpenters work.

(t) Built pews.  
(u) Built pews.

(v) Built pews.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
§Eben'r Call,	1 00 00	*John Little, Innkeeper,	
§Capt. David Brown,	5 00	(x)	10 00 00
*Richard Porter,	5 00	†James Ross,(y)	10 00 00
*Archibald McCorkel,	10 00	†Alexander Alexander,(z)	15 00 00
†James McCracken,	3 00 00		
*James McBeth,	3 00 00	* £1555 9 10	
†Samuel Cheesman,	3 00 00	† 205 14 00	
§Blair McClenaughan,	3 00 00	‡ 197 10 00	
*Thomas McFee,	3 00 00	§ 105 5 00	
†Uncertain as to the sum,		£2063 18 10	
viz.: Robert Hardie,		£2063 18 10	
(w)	10 00 00		

A true copy,  
 (Signed,) DAVID JACKSON,  
 October 3, 1794.

(w) Rum for the carpenters.  
 (x) Carting.

(y) In lumber.  
 (z) Stone, &c.



## PASTORS OF THE CHURCH.

*Rev. George Duffield, D.D. . . . .	1771 to 1790.
*Rev. John Blair Smith, D.D. . . . .	1791 to 1799.
*Rev. Philip Milledoler, D.D. . . . .	1800 to 1805.
*Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D. . . . .	1806 to 1812.
*Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D. . . . .	1814 to 1835.
*Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D.D. . . . .	1837 to 1867.
Rev. Richard Howe Allen, D.D. . . . .	1867.

## RULING ELDERS

FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS.

*John Pemberton,	*Robert W. Davenport,
*Ferguson McElwaine,	*Samuel McClellan, M.D.
*John McCulloch,	*James H. Eaton,
*Samuel Lowry,	†Charles H. Dingee,
*William Smiley,	*Thomas McLeod,
*James Stuart,	*Levi Eldridge,
*William Nassau,	†Alexander Whilldin,
*John W. Scott,	*Frederick A. Raybold,
*Jacob Mitchell,	†Thomas MacKellar,
*Benjamin Wicks,	†John Aikman,
*John McMullin,	Samuel Work,
*Robert McMullin,	James Fraiser,
*William Haslett,	George Young,
*William B. Duffield, M.D.	William Ivins,
†James Phyfe,	Burkitt Webb,
John C. Farr,	E. R. Hutchins, M.D.
*John R. McMullin,	John Elliott.

\* Deceased.

† Removed to other Churches.



## PRESENT SESSION.

John C. Farr,  
Samuel Work,  
James Fraiser,  
George Young,

William Ivins,  
Burkitt Webb,  
E. R. Hutchins, M.D.  
John Elliott.

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BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

PRESIDENT.

HUGH STEVENSON.

TREASURER.

H. K. BENNETT.

SECRETARY.

GEO. W. BAILEY, M.D.

John Elliott,  
S. D. Harris,  
Joseph W. Hartman,  
Wm. McConnell,  
O. H. Willard,

E. R. Hutchins, M.D.  
J. G. De Turck,  
S. T. Eldridge,  
C. C. Lister,  
Geo. Richardson, Jr.

## LIST OF MEMBERS IN 1870.

- Allen, Rev. R. H., (Pastor.)  
 Atkinson, Mrs. Mary R.  
 Atkinson, Miss Rebecca G.  
 Atkinson, Miss Mary B.  
 Allen, Mrs. Mary E.  
 Aggings, Joseph H.  
 Aggings, Miss Mary  
 Albertson, Miss Amelia L.  
 Ayers, Miss Sarah Ann  
 Allen, Miss Isabella  
 Allen, Edward D.  
 Alburger, Mrs. Catharine J.
- Bailey, Miss Ellen M.  
 Barclay, Miss Anna Maria  
 Baxter, Mrs. Hester  
 Baxter, Mrs. Mary W.  
 Bell, Mrs. Ella,  
 Baird, Mrs. Elizabeth  
 Barnes, Miss Sarah Matilda  
 Barnes, Paul H.  
 Bailey, George W., M.D.  
 Bartlett, Miss Mary L.  
 Benedict, Mrs. Mary A.  
 Bennett, Henry K.  
 Bennett, Mrs. Anna J. C.  
 Bennett, Charles K.  
 Bickerton, Thomas B.  
 Bickerton, Mrs. Caroline S.  
 Black, Mrs. Ellen  
 Blelock, Mrs. Janet  
 Blelock, Miss Maria L.  
 Bolles, Mrs. Mary W.  
 Bolles, Miss Anna W.  
 Bolles, Miss Sarah N.  
 Bolles, Charles Edward  
 Bolles, Frederick A.  
 Bond, Miss Margaret F.  
 Boyd, Mrs. Eliza S.  
 Brainerd, Mrs. Mary  
 Brady, Mrs. Mary  
 Brownholts, Mrs. Adelaide  
 Byrne, Francis Malin  
 Briggs, William  
 Briggs, Mrs. Jane  
 Bunker, Samuel A.  
 Bunker, Mrs. Mary F.  
 Buckman, Mrs. Sarah  
 Burton, Miss Eliza Helen  
 Butcher, Miss Mary H.  
 Brown, Miss Anna E.  
 Bennett, Miss Anna N.  
 Bacon, James W.  
 Bacon, Mrs. Zenia P.  
 Bonsall, Albert G.  
 Beamer, Miss Kate L.  
 Burr, Miss Isabella  
 Barnes, Mrs. Lydia A.  
 Bowie, John Boyd  
 Bowie, Mrs. Mary Ann
- Calhoun, Ezra  
 Calhoun, Mrs. Mary Ann  
 Calhoun, James R.  
 Calhoun, Mrs. Mary Louisa  
 Campbell, Miss Susanna K.  
 Campbell, Miss Elizabeth A.  
 Campbell, William G.  
 Campbell, Mrs. Mary J.  
 Carman, Miss Margaret  
 Carman, Miss Anna  
 Carman, Miss Mary  
 Carman, Miss Maggie Bell  
 Carpenter, James B.  
 Carpenter, Mrs. Sarah  
 Carpenter, Charles F.  
 Chase, William Edward  
 Chew, Miss Lizzie B.  
 Chew, Miss Maggie J.  
 Clare, Miss Anna  
 Clark, Miss Anna Maria  
 Clark, Miss Rebecca W.  
 Clark, William  
 Clark, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann  
 Clark, John T.  
 Clark, Mrs. Catharine A.  
 Clark, Mrs. Theresa  
 Collins, Miss Lucy A.  
 Coarse, Mrs. Janc  
 Conrade, Miss Sarah  
 Cooper, Mrs. Cornelia  
 Cooper, Mrs. Ann  
 Cooper, Miss Rebecca  
 Cockey, Mrs. Joanna M.  
 Conner, Mrs. Caroline G.  
 Copeland, Mrs. Martha  
 Copeland, Miss Amelia  
 Copeland, Miss Anna R.  
 Corgie, Miss Adeline  
 Corgie, Miss Emma  
 Corgie, Miss Ann Sophia  
 Corson, Miss Mary  
 Cowden, Miss Elizabeth F.  
 Cowden, Miss Frances  
 Cowden, Miss Josephine  
 Crane, Miss Adeline  
 Cranston, Mrs. Sarah  
 Craig, John  
 Craig, Mrs. Margaret  
 Crane, Charles W. C.  
 Crane, Mrs. Mary Jane  
 Cruse, Peter N.  
 Cruse, Mrs. Pauline E.  
 Curtis, Miss Sarah  
 Cunningham, Miss Mary H.  
 Cunningham, Mrs. Mary  
 Cleveland, Mrs. Fanny M.  
 Cole, Miss Maria O.  
 Carey, Elias R., M.D.  
 Carey, Mrs. Amanda A.  
 Crawford, Miss Jennie E.
- Critch, Miss Kate Tresse
- Davenport, Mrs. Susannah  
 Davidson, Mrs. Cristiani  
 Davis, Miss Maria Elizabeth  
 Donnell, Mrs. Amelia  
 Drummond, Mrs. Hannah B.  
 Doolittle, Edward S.  
 De Turck, J. G.  
 De Turck, Mrs. Susan  
 Detweiler, J. B.  
 Devitt, Mrs. Susan  
 Dickson, John  
 Dickson, Miss Mary Black  
 Dunbar, Miss Jane  
 Dunsmore, James Alexander  
 Duren, Mrs. Emma  
 Dunsmore, Mrs. Mary  
 Devitt, Miss Lizzie A.  
 Devitt, Miss Harriet H.  
 Devitt, Miss Fannie  
 Dawson, Harry C.  
 Dawson, Mrs. Margaret
- Eaton, Mrs. Emily N.  
 Eaton, Miss Ellen J.  
 Eaton, Miss Emily  
 Eaton, Miss Isabella M.  
 Edgar, Miss Sarah Maria  
 Eldridge, Mrs. Martha E.  
 Eldridge, Mrs. Ruth H.  
 Eldridge, Miss Mary D.  
 Eldridge, S. Tustin  
 Ellis, Miss Margaret  
 Elliott, John (Elder)  
 Elliott, Mrs. Mary  
 Elkinton, Mrs. Elizabeth G.  
 Eltonhead, Thomas Purcell  
 Eltonhead, Mrs. Ruth T.  
 Eichmeyer, Mrs. Elizabeth  
 Ensor, Mrs. Sarah  
 Ensor, Miss Sarah J.  
 Ensor, Mrs. Elizabeth C.  
 Ernst, Mrs. Elizabeth C.  
 Evans, Andrew D.  
 Evans, Mrs. Anna M.  
 Everly, Mrs. Deborah A.  
 Everly, Miss Anna M.  
 Everitt, Miss Lucy A. †  
 Elliott, Miss Hannah
- Farr, John C. (Elder)  
 Farr, Mrs. C.  
 Farr, Miss Emma S.  
 Farrar, Miss Lydia  
 Fitzsell, R. W.  
 Fiss, Miss Hannah  
 Flanigan, Mrs. Eustina  
 Fleming, Mrs. Anna T.  
 Flickwir, Mrs. Hannah C.  
 Floyd, Mrs. Ann

- Fox, Miss Mary  
 Fraley, Mrs. Rosanna  
 Fraiser, James (Elder)  
 Fraiser, Mrs. Sarah  
 Fuller, Captain John  
 Fuller, John  
 Fuller, Mrs. Martha A.  
 Furber, Edward M.  
 Furber, Mrs. Mary C.  
 Folwell, Nathan S. C.  
 Folwell, Mrs. Harriet K.  
 Foster, Miss Ellen Bailey  
 Foster, Miss Lydia S.  
 Foster, Mrs. Lydia A.
- Gaw, Mrs. Mary A.  
 Gaw, Miss Rebecca L.  
 Gibb, John  
 Gifford, Mrs. Eliza P.  
 Gilmire, John  
 Ginnenbach, Mrs. M. J.  
 Goodwin, Mrs. Harriet K.  
 Graham, Miss Ann Eliza  
 Gardiner, Miss Jeanette  
 Goll, Henry  
 Goll, Mrs. Ellen Louisa  
 Greble, Mrs. Susan  
 Griffiths, Miss E.  
 Griffiths, Mrs. Ann  
 Griffiths, Miss Sarah  
 Guilins, Mrs. Rosa  
 Greer, Miss Mary E.  
 Goodbert, Miss Pauline  
 Graham, Mrs. Esther J.  
 Glass, Alexander  
 Glass, Mrs. Margaret
- Hamelin, Joseph P.  
 Hines, Miss Julia C.  
 Hampton, Mrs. Anna M.  
 Hand, Jacob F., Jr.  
 Harris, Stephen D.  
 Harris, Mrs. Mary B.  
 Hartman, John  
 Hartman, Mrs. Julia Ann  
 Haslett, Miss Jane C.  
 Hazzard, William B.  
 Hazzard, Lemuel  
 Hazzard, Mrs. Anna E.  
 Hazzard, R. T.  
 Hartman, J. W.  
 Hartman, Mrs. T. H.  
 Heim, Mrs. Frances  
 Hildreth, Miss Anna  
 Hood, Mrs. Rebecca L.  
 Hilt, Samuel R.  
 Hilt, Mrs. Ellen D.  
 Hoffner, Mrs. Margaret  
 Hoffner, Miss Maggie S.  
 Homewood, Mrs. Susan A.  
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 Hughes, Miss Almira  
 Hughes, Miss Ella  
 Hinkle, Francis S.  
 Hinkle, Mrs. Maria S.  
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 (Elder)  
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 Robb, Mrs. Maria A.  
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 Steel, Miss Mary Jane  
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 Shead, Thomas  
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## ERRATA.

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Page 83, line 12. Insert "which are" after "fact."

Page 85, line 17. Read "summcns" for "summoning".

Page 87, line 22. Instead of the dash read "of the".

*W. W.*