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QUARTER CENTURY SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE *Cover*

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 2, 1862;

ON THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF HIS SETTLEMENT AS PASTOR,

BY REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL,
Sansom Street Hall.

c
PHILADELPHIA:

WILLIAM F. GEDDES, PRINTER, 320 CHESTNUT STREET.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1862.

JOHN C. FARR, Esq.,
President of "Commemoration Festival"
of Pine Street Church.

DEAR SIR:—In common with others present, we greatly enjoyed the *Festival* on Monday evening. There was one thing however intended which in the pressure for time, we failed to accomplish; in asking of Dr. Brainerd, by a resolution of the meeting, a copy of his Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Sermon for publication. It would be a valuable document hereafter as part of the history of Old Pine Street Church; and highly prized by many who had the privilege of listening to it, as well as others who were not so fortunate. Can you not request of the Doctor, a copy for publication?

Very truly yours,

ALEXANDER WHILLDIN,
FERDINAND J. DREER.

ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, }
FERDINAND J. DREER, } *Esquires,*

DEAR SIR:—It was designed at the Commemoration Festival to ask for a copy of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Sermon of our Pastor, for publication. It was, as you say, omitted for want of time; but I am happy to inform you that, at the suggestion of friends, Dr. Brainerd has already put his manuscript in the hands of Mr. Geddes for publication.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. FARR.

MARCH 4th, 1862.

TO JOHN C. FARR, ESQ.,

As the sole survivor of the Board of Elders, who sanctioned my call to Old Pine Street Church in 1836; and as one who during a Quarter of a Century has shown to me the truest friendship; and aided my work by the exhibition in his example, of the virtues of that Gospel which I have preached; this Sermon is most affectionately dedicated.

THOMAS BRAINERD.

NOTE.

From the nature of the case, this Discourse embraces matters more interesting to members of my congregation and myself, than to the public at large. It seemed to be a time when a pastor was allowed to speak more of himself than good taste would ordinarily justify. The Sermon is mainly valuable as a frank expression of a pastor's heart, under the touching reminiscences of a Quarter of a Century. As such, it will be welcomed by those who have desired its publication.—T. B.

QUARTER CENTURY SERMON.

“Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you in all seasons.”—Acts xx. 17.

That minister of the Gospel must be a pure and happy man, who can review years of past labor without self-reproach, and who can boldly appeal to his hearers to attest his fidelity. Paul enjoyed this eminent satisfaction. He calls the Elders of Ephesus to bear witness to the holiness of his life, the soundness of his doctrines, the fearlessness of his reproofs, the tenderness of his sympathy, the energy of his labors, and the fulness of his charity.

Your pastor shrinks from applying such a test to his Quarter of a Century of service in this Sanctuary. He feels more like hiding his face in the dust, and saying: “I have done the things I ought not to have done, and have left undone the things I ought to have done.”

Paul had some special advantages as well as martyr trials. He was an inspired apostle. He had with his own eyes seen Jesus. He had wrought miracles. His conversion, in its transforming power and holy impulse, almost reached a translation to Heaven. This, added to his great genius, learning, and eminent grace, set him on an elevation to which modern ministers may aspire, but which none fully attain.

But though it is less safe for themselves, it is equally proper for modern ministers to appeal to the judgment their hearers may pronounce. If able to bear the scrutiny, they may use it for their comfort. If rightly censured for their unfaithfulness, they need it for their humiliation, penitence and reform.

Standing before you to-day, at the end of a Quarter of a Century, I say: “Ye know after what manner I have been with you in all sea-

sons." You have known me from youth to gray hairs; you have known my manner of life at home and abroad, in sickness and health, in joy and sorrow. Ye have known me as a neighbour, citizen, pastor and preacher of the Gospel. I have been with you in all seasons; in your prosperity and adversity, your sighs and your songs. I have been with some of you from infancy to manhood; and with some of you from manhood to old age. At your fasts and feasts; at your weddings and your funerals; I have been with you. You have the materials for judging, and you have the right to judge me; and I submit to your verdict. In saying this, I apprehend that I have less to fear from your severity than your partiality. I shrink not so much from the scrutiny of my congregation, as from my own self-inspection and from the searching eye of God.

And on this Quarter Century Anniversary, it is proper to remind you, that our relations are reciprocal. I have owed duties to you and you have owed duties to me; and you may transpose the text and say: "Our pastor knows after what manner we have been with him in all seasons." We have had his services; we have had his sustenance, his reputation, his comfort, his usefulness very much in our hands; and he knows after what manner we have been with him, in all seasons. This mutual review of twenty-five years relation of pastor and people, has in it great solemnity; a solemnity only surpassed by our final meeting at the judgment seat of Christ.

In reviewing these many years passed together, I think we shall be able to make common record.

I. ON THE PILLAR WHICH, IN THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE, WE SET UP TO-DAY, WE ARE PREPARED TO INSCRIBE A RECORD OF GRATITUDE.

"Goodness and mercy have followed us" through these twenty-five years. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have had a goodly heritage." We have had twenty-five years together, in the best age of the world; in a land the most abun-

dant, most intelligent, and most free; in a city beautiful, healthful, and prosperous; concentrating almost every intellectual, artistic, and social appliance for our instruction, our recreation, and our enjoyment. With an open Bible, and full liberty to worship God according to our consciences; our thousand Sabbaths and praying circles; our blessed revivals of religion; our mingled prayers and songs; our sweet, sacred festivals; our Christian friendships; our days of pleasant activities; our home evenings, and our nights of safe and refreshing repose—all continued through a quarter of a century! “What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits?”

If David counted one day in the courts of the Lord better than a thousand elsewhere, what a privilege for us to have enjoyed together thirteen hundred sabbaths—thirteen hundred Friday evening prayer meetings! If a single sentence uttered by Christ on the cross opened Heaven to the penitent thief; if a single direction of Philip sent the Ethiopian eunuch on his way rejoicing; if a single response from Paul made the Jailor to rejoice in God with all his house; has it not been a privilege for me, here to preach probably three thousand sermons, and for you to sit twenty-five years under the full beams of the Gospel?

When we think of the worth of an immortal soul; of God's mercy in providing salvation; of the martyr sufferings of Jesus; of the value of Heaven and the terrors of hell; can we over-estimate the value of twenty-five years of probation under the best influences of truth and the Spirit, to persuade and direct us to eternal life?

For myself, my heart is overborne with a sense of obligation to-day. Twenty-five years ago I began my labors here, literally “in fear and much trembling.” I had a magnified apprehension of the dignity and critical severity of a Congregation in this great Eastern Metropolis. I had a distrust of my own talents, my acquirements, my health, and my piety. I have always had a beau ideal of excellence in sermonizing which has mocked my attainments. I have constitutionally an awful reverence for God, and a shrinking

humiliation, under the apprehension of the sublimity of the Infinite. The thought of the immortal soul; of the deep, vast, Eternal realities of a hidden existence, overpower me. When I came to this city I could not enter a pulpit without trembling. I cannot do it yet. This peculiar awe of the solemnity of standing up in the name of God, has had much to do with the physical causes which compelled me, at one period, for three years, to *sit* while I preached to you. By the counsel of friends, and what seemed to be duty; by a strong will, and trusting in God, I pressed over my fears to accept the charge of this church. You know the result. My brethren around me have died, and I am still in vigorous health. Other and perhaps better pastors, have found difficulties, and have been dismissed.*

* I seem to belong almost to a past generation, though I lack some years yet of "threescore." Time has brought great changes to the churches and ministers of the Presbyterian denomination, during my residence in Philadelphia. *Arch Street Church* has had three pastors; Waterman, Thompson and Wadsworth. *Second Church*, two; Cuyler and Shields. *Eleventh Church*, two; Grant and Edwards. *Sixth Church*, three; Winchester, Jones and Harbaugh. *Central Church*, two; McDowell and Clark. *Seventh Church*, six; McCalla, Blythe, Lord, Ruffner, Rogers and Crowell. *Scotts Church*, three; McCalla, Macklin, and Conklin. *Mariners Church*, two; Douglas and Ripley. *Fourth Church*, four; McCalla, Loughridge, Cheeseman, and Mowrey. *Ninth Church*, three; Gibson, Tudehope and Blackwood. *Church in Sixth Street above Green*, three, at least; Dinwiddie, Janeway and Christian. *Southwark Church*, three; Judson, Adair and Bruen. *Cedar Street Church*, three; Eustace, Ramsay and Smith. *First Church N. L.* four; Patterson, Carroll, Ely, and Shepherd. *Central Church, N. L.* four; Mines, Rood, Wilson and Duffield. *First Church, Kensington*, two; Chandler and Eva. *Western Church*, four; Patton, Richards, Gilbert and Smith. *Logan Square*, four; Davis, Moore, Brown and Patton. *Mantua Church*, three; Drysdale, Renshaw and Johnson. *Walnut Street, W.P.*, two; McKnight and Butler. *Clinton Street*, four; Todd, Parker, Darling and March.

The Rev. John Chambers, Rev. Albert Barnes, and Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D. were in their respective churches when I came to the city. May they long continue to edify and strengthen the Churches.

In other denominations, ministerial changes have been as frequent as in our own; so that old pastors have seen several generations of their clerical brethren.

It is pleasant to remember that I have lived in peace with all; and with

We are as firmly united as ever. Other churches of our denomination in the vicinity have faded, and some sold out and removed; while old Pine Street Church has still *six hundred and fifty members*.

When I contrast this Providential experience with the timid apprehensions of twenty-five years ago, I would say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

I cannot expect that you should share all these sentiments with me; but not a few here, looking back over the perils and deliverances, the privileges and mercies of twenty-five years, and finding themselves alive and in health, in their old sanctuary, and with their old pastor, will be likely to say with emphasis: "hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

II. IN REVIEWING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PAST TO-DAY, WE HAVE TO MAKE A RECORD OF RESPONSIBILITY.

A single interview with an immortal soul, on which we can impress an influence for good or evil that must last forever, is a serious matter. But to stand for twenty-five years before one thousand such souls, all entitled to look up to me for the teaching, the sympathy, the example and the prayers best adapted to renew, sanctify and save; to have had twelve hundred Sabbath opportunities to preach to such the glorious Gospel; to have had the affection and confidence that adapted them to receive truth from my lips; to have been sustained by their earnings that I might be wise to win their souls to Christ; to have had a place in their prayers, private and public, that I might be fitted to do them good; to have had a thousand gratuitous tokens of their love, binding them to my heart; all this presses on my thoughts to-day.

When I consider the value of the Gospel to the soul, and how that soul is polluted, stupefied and blinded by sin, and perilled by many of my brethren in the ministry, of all denominations, have had delightful social intercourse. As I have given these statistics from memory, there may be some omissions or misapprehensions.

guilt, I ask myself have I sufficiently studied that Gospel and experienced its transforming power? Have I felt its worth, and by earnestness and zeal represented it in its spirit as well as its letter? Have I told the story of the cross as a living, saving reality? Have I preached God's truth wholly, purely, fearlessly, assiduously, warmly? Have I preached "as a dying man to dying men?" Nearly one thousand anxious souls have asked me what they should do to be saved! Have I met this crisis of their immortality with wisdom and love, and guided them safely to Jesus? When the dying have looked up to me for the last counsel and the last prayers they were to hear on earth, have I represented the sympathy and faithfulness of my great Master?

My reflections carry questions like these over the whole field of my pastoral duty, and leave me humbled under the consciousness of imperfection; and I say: "who is sufficient for these things?" To a pastor asking himself under the eye of God these questions, of how small account is the good or ill opinion of man!

In your relation as hearers of the Gospel through twenty-five years, you know that a fearful responsibility has also rested upon you. You will ask yourselves, have I fully availed myself of every opportunity to hear the Gospel from my pastor's lips? When I have asked him to stand in the pulpit Sabbath morning, afternoon, and lecture evening, have I filled my place in the pew? Have I estimated the Gospel, embraced it, lived it, spread it? Have I loved my pastor as much as I asked him to love me? Have I sympathised as deeply in his trials as I expected him to sympathise in mine? Have I bound myself to hear while I bound him to speak; and lived truth as earnestly as I required him to preach it? Has there been deep feeling in the pews, while I demanded feeling in the pulpit? These are solemn questions to carry over our twenty-five years relation of pastor and people.

And when we bear in mind our central position in a great city; our means and our privileges, and think of what are the claims of

perishing thousands of our city, our country and our earth, we see what obligations have rested on us in twenty-five years to do a great work for God. "To whom much is given, of them much shall be required." In view of our short-comings, pastor and people, let us make a common pilgrimage to the cross to-day, and say: "God be merciful to us, miserable offenders!"

III. AND THE QUARTER CENTURY HAS ITS RECORD OF SORROW.

I speak not now of our sins but of our afflictions. I have often wept with you, and you have wept with me, as we laid our loved ones down in that sleep, which on earth has no waking. In the last twenty-five years nearly all our dwellings have at some time been "houses of mourning." As I look over this house after twenty-five years, I see the ravages which death has wrought. In the middle aisle, I believe but three are left alive, who were its pew-holders when I came. George Pearson, Weston C. Donaldson, R. R. Stewart, J. B. Sutherland, Thomas Sparks, Wilmon Whilldin, Sr., Dr. Duffield, F. A. Raybold, Robert Mercer, William Dalzel, Ebenezer Osborne, Joseph Robinson, James Gaw, Lemuel Lamb, Levi Eldridge—all are dead. In other portions of the house, death has been equally busy. I may well ask: "The fathers, where are they?"

When I have seen the pews of such men as these, with those of Robert Clark, William Schellinger, Simeon Toby, Joseph Hand, William Worrell and others, made vacant, my heart has sunk, and I have said: "*Help, Lord, for the faithful fail!*" Of the Elders of this church, William Nassau, W. B. Duffield, Robert W. Davenport, James H. Eaton, Thomas McLeod, Dr. Samuel McClellan, Levi Eldridge, F. A. Raybold and John R. McMullin, men that bore to you the sacramental emblems, have all gone to join the "*four and twenty elders* who stand before the Throne" of God in heaven. Though I was their pastor, I felt in regard to some of them, willing to sit at their feet. In life and death they were ensamples alike to the pastor and the flock.

The beloved Physicians have died, as others. We have together stood at the open graves of Drs. McClellan, Richie, Duffield, Lister, Vanhoy, Spencer, Tumbleston and Myerle; and wept that we were to see them on earth no more.

The mothers in Israel, "noble women not a few," true hearted wives, lovely maidens, and cherished little ones, as well as young men in the pride of their manhood, we have followed to their narrow house. In these trials I have wept with you.

I have stood at many a death bed and many a grave here, and spoken words of consolation, which my own heart craved as deeply as yours. How could it be otherwise when death was robbing me of my dearest, most trusted earthly friends?

My most impressive recollections to-day are connected with these scenes of bereavement and burial. By cholera, by yellow fever, by water, and by fire; by sudden violence, ordinary disease, and expiring age; by every form in which death comes, I have met it among you. I have attended more than eight hundred funerals, of every age, color, character and condition. I have gone to the grave-yard with the poor and obscure; a hearse and a few followers on foot; and I have gone with the affluent and a numerous train, and insisted on the vanity of earth by the coffins of such men as John Price Wetherill, James Fassitt, Joel B. Sutherland, A. H. Simmons, and F. A. Raybold.

I have sat a hundred times in the dim light and close atmosphere of the dying chamber, and with aching head and heart have we watched and prayed while humanity was struggling with life's last agonies. Little do those know the heart of a pastor who regard him as a "hireling;" giving so much service for so much money. His office, as it widens his friendships, deepens his affections; and sends him as a constant mourner to the grave of some friend; or veils him in the drapery of the house of mourning, and almost fixes his mansion in the valley of death.

I have not spoken of my personal and family afflictions, of sickness or of death. These I have only shared with you.

It seemed meet to-day, as we are dealing with the past, to give this tribute of remembrance to those who have fallen by our side. It is our consolation to remember that most of them died in hope. Some, like Thomas McLeod, said in dying: "Hallelujah!" Some, like Rachel Sparks, said:—

"Hark! they whisper—angels say
Sister spirit come away!"

Some, like Levi Eldridge, said: "*I am going to drink the full chalice of eternal life!*" Some, like Captain Simeon Toby, said: "*I am in the hands of God—all is right!*"

While we wept they have rejoiced. Our tears have begun, where theirs were forever wiped away. "*Blessed are the dead*" of Old Pine Street Church, "*who have died in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*"

"Remembered are the dead! They have lain down
Believing that when all our work is done
We would lie down beside them,—and be near
When the last trump shall summon, to fold up
The trusting flock, and with the promises,
Whose words could sweeten death,
Take up once more the interrupted strain,
And wait Christ's coming, saying: '*Here am I,
And those whom thou hast given me!*'"

IV. WE ARE ALLOWED TO-DAY TO MAKE A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

But for the dark shade now over our Southern horizon, I should like to allude to our national growth in twenty-five years; our augmented territory, our doubled population, our increased commerce and wealth, our iron roads and invented telegraphs, and power presses. Twenty-five years have wrought great national changes. In the winter of 1836 I came from Cincinnati to settle in this church, by stage—a ten days' journey. It can now be travelled in thirty

hours. Our city then had not half of its present population. It then numbered 237,000, now we have near 600,000. South of Carpenter street, west of Broad and north of Vine, I believe there was scarcely a single square of uniform buildings. We had but one omnibus line, and but two church steeples. One public square was laid out with walks; but even that was surrounded by a wooden fence. The foundation of Girard College had just been laid. The walls of the Old Walnut Street Prison were standing at Sixth and Walnut. Two Railroads, one to Trenton and one to Columbia, (on the first, horse power was used) were finished. Scarce a Public School house had been erected in the city. We have made great progress physically, in twenty-five years.

In religious affairs we have made also some advance. Twenty-five years ago Philadelphia had about one hundred churches of all denominations. Now it has near four hundred. Our N. S. Presbyterian denomination then had in the city eleven churches: now we have twenty; though we have failed to keep up with the population.

When I came to this church edifice it was barn-like in its aspects. We had no Vestibule; no Lecture, Sunday School, nor Business rooms. Our weekly lectures were held in the great, dimly-lighted church; our Sunday School in the high galleries and high-backed pews. We have not dwelt "in ceiled houses," and allowed the house of our God "to lie desolate." By the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, all paid, you have made this edifice worthy of the age and the cause to which it is devoted.

And while we have cared for ourselves we have not been unmindful of others. You have given eighteen hundred dollars to German Street Church; five hundred dollars to Camden Church; fifteen hundred dollars to Green Hill Church; eight hundred dollars to Cedar Street Church; seven hundred dollars to the Western Church. With some three or four exceptions, every church of our denomination in this city, has received your contribution in the last twenty-five years.

We have not been unmindful of our great national charities. In "all seasons," some twelve times in each year, you have contributed to these causes; and your charities have generally averaged three and four thousand dollars a year; and all told, would probably reach one hundred thousand dollars in the Quarter of a Century. Every month we have had also a collection for the poor of the church. Besides this, our "Ladies Dorcas Society," has given each winter to the indigent around us, at least twelve hundred garments; making thirty thousand garments in twenty-five years.

I have felt my responsibility to widen out the influence of the Gospel, under Presbyterian forms, as I was able, in this city. I counselled the purchase of Clinton Street Church; and walked the streets for ten days, soliciting means to pay the first indebtedness. Nine hundred dollars were advanced by you. My ill health, which drove me to Green Hill to reside, was the occasion of my interest in building a church there; and I suppose I gave two months of successful labor towards erecting the gothic edifice on Girard Avenue, which I trust may echo the Gospel for a thousand years.

I was one of four persons, including the Rev. Albert Barnes, Dr. J. M. Paul, and the late Charles S. Wurts, who met to devise the erection of Calvary Church. I gave to that church the Thursday evenings of thirty-six weeks; begged for it among the wealthy; subscribed five hundred dollars, of which you returned me three hundred; and travelled first and last near three thousand miles, to find them an able pastor. It pays well; for it is a fountain of truth, at which generations shall quench their thirst.

By procuring your contributions to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars, I was enabled to aid in building a beautiful little church in a destitute town, on the borders of the great Adirondack Forest of New York. I went upwards of four hundred miles to preach at its dedication. I have engaged in these enterprises with an earnestness, anxiety, and self-denial, such as I never bore to any matter of personal gain, reputation or enjoyment; and the thought that the

Gospel will be preached in these temples long after I am dead, is one of my sweetest reflections to-day.

During my ministry here, I have been called to deliver an address at the laying of the corner-stone of Calvary Church, Olivet Church, Walnut Street Church, W. P., German Street Church, Rising Sun Church, Norriton Church, Reeseville Church, Camden Church, O. S. Church at Bridesburgh, Third Church, Elizabethtown, N. J., Central Church, Wilmington, Del., Rev. Mr. Dunning's Church, Baltimore, and others.

By order of Presbytery, I organized Calvary Church, Green Hill Church, Rising Sun Church, Camden Church, Beverly Church, and some others. I was also present in the little circle which planned the establishment of the Presbyterian House; now a treasure to our denomination. The *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* originated in a council of the late Dr. Gilbert, Dr. Parker, Rev. Mr. Barnes, and myself. It has realized, under its able editor, all our expectations.

I have preached at the installation of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Calvary Church; Rev. Dr. Darling, Clinton street; Rev. Dr. Patton, Western Church; Rev. Mr. Gould, Norristown; Rev. Mr. Mears, Camden; Rev. Mr. Bliss, Beverly; Rev. Mr. Eva, Kensington; and of some others which I do not now recall, as I keep no journal. I have never coveted these services, but have always shrunk from them when duty would permit.

In respect to all these enterprises outside of my church, I have been only a co-laborer with my ministerial brethren; especially with my friend the Rev. Albert Barnes, who, if he brought to the work less enthusiasm and impulse, sustained it most effectually by the steadiness of his purposes and the great weight of his character. I may say of him, after an acquaintance of twenty-five years, as my nearest clerical neighbour, that I have never known a man whom I would prefer to labor by my side; to offer a last prayer by my dying bed, or greet me first at the open gate of Heaven. His coun-

sel, sympathy, companionship and friendly endorsement, have been to me a source of comfort and strength in all my ministry here. Neither he nor I have studied our own comfort and prosperity only. We have aided to build for our brethren better church edifices than our own ; with the certainty of dismissing to them some of our best members and our warmest friends.

In these outside labors, I hope I have not robbed you. I should condemn myself, if I could remember that any interest or enjoyment elsewhere had ever bribed me to neglect my duties here. As God has given me health and grace, I have earnestly sought your welfare. I have sought your profit more than your praise; and been more anxious to bless, than to please you. Three times on the Sabbath and twice in the week I have aimed to be with you. I never allowed the love of ease, nor money nor pleasure to detain me from church services, when I supposed I could do you good. To a call from any sick bed or any house of sorrow among you, I have never been insensible. I have never here courted the rich and slighted the poor ; I have not ambitiously made sermons to gain a reputation for genius, learning and taste, rather than to benefit my people. I have not shrunk from the avowal of any sentiment, however distasteful, if I thought truth demanded such avowal.

Had I been a better man in heart, in prayer, in meditation, in life, I should have done you more good ; but God to-day gives me the consciousness that I have earnestly, continuously, and often with great self-denial of my own comfort, labored for your welfare. And here I cheerfully bear my testimony at the end of twenty-five years, that you have been most kind, considerate, indulgent and often generous to your pastor. To me and my family, with few exceptions, you have all been faithful ; and, my dear people, in the name of God *I bless you to-day.*

Our union and peace have lasted twenty-five years, and hence our prosperity. As a church we have had some evils to struggle with. The occupation of the east part of this city with business, has turned

the tide of population north and west ; to higher ground, larger space, and more modern dwellings. This emigration, while it has entirely broken up some churches, has had its effect on us. It has taken away many of our best families. It tends to draw away from Old Pine Street our children, when they marry and settle in life. It gives a general feeling of insecurity to all, as it makes our abidence in this vicinity doubtful.

But in spite of all these causes, our church roll has not been diminished. Hitherto our accessions have surpassed our dismissals ; so that we have six hundred and fifty members. And those who have left us are not lost to us. They are our *missionaries* to plant and sustain churches elsewhere ; and they are now fulfilling their work. Robert Glendenning, an elder, in Mantua ; Thomas McKeller, an elder, in Germantown ; Thomas Craven, an elder, at Rising Sun ; Alexander Whilldin, an elder, in North Broad Street Church ; J. C. Chance, an elder, in Olivet ; John Aikman, in Camden. We claim that they are our men still. And so we claim all our old members in Green Hill, Calvary, Clinton Street and elsewhere. We believe their hearts cling to us, as our love follows them. We ask them to cherish their own pastors and build up their own churches ; but though organizations externally divide us, and distance separates, in heart we are still one. Their old pastor claims the right still to love and pray for them ; and if they are in trouble and sorrow, he hopes to be with them in sympathy and consolation.

When I came to this church it enrolled four hundred and fifty members ; now we have six hundred and fifty. The Sabbath School had about twenty teachers and two hundred scholars. Now, our Pine Street School has twenty-eight teachers and four hundred enrolled scholars, with an average attendance of two hundred. Our Infant school, seventy. In the Robert Raikes School we have twenty-three teachers and two hundred and thirty scholars ; making a total of sixty-three teachers, and seven hundred and ten enrolled scholars.

In respect to the youth, I may say, since the foundation of this

church, one hundred years ago, there has never been a period when so many of the young were connected with it as at the present time. This is hopeful and blessed. For five years you know our Sunday evening prayer meeting has been under the special control of our young men. It is a beautiful spectacle. The large room accommodating some five hundred, thronged with youth of both sexes; the middle aisle set out with Camp stools and filled with young men; the faces of all radiant with youth, health and happiness; the sacred songs and exhortations, all tinged with youthful earnestness and enthusiasm; it is good to be there! Most tenderly has my heart yearned over the young people of my charge, and I have had delightful evidence that they give me their confidence in return. May I be allowed to lead them all to Him who, looking upon a young man, "loved him."

In twenty-five years I have baptized here over eight hundred; married over seven hundred couple; and admitted more than one thousand to the communion of the Church. One generation has gone; but another has risen under my labors to praise the Lord. So may it ever be!

Time will not allow me to speak as I would like of our spiritual conflicts and triumphs; of *our hundred communions*; of our half a score of precious revivals. These we shall remember in Heaven.

V. THE YEARS PAST GIVE US A RECORD OF SOLEMN ADMONITION.

We shall never meet on another such Anniversary. Twenty-five years are gone since I first preached within these walls. What a startling portion of human life!

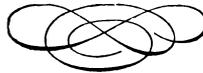
The old persons I met here—they are all dead; the middle aged, they are bent with years, and are blossoming for the grave. The little children are men and women, waiting for the same change. "We all do fade as a leaf." "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh."

These flitted years have a special monition for me. My work is hastening to its close. My account is soon to be rendered.

My gifted predecessors, Rev. Drs. Milledoller, Alexander, and Ely, have all died since I came here. I am the sole survivor of the pastors of this old Church. Patterson, Carroll, Chandler, Rood, J. W. Scott, Gilbert, McKnight, Judson, Ramsey, Eustace, Judd, Harris, Gloucester, and Templeton; many of them my cherished friends; they are all in the grave. Rev. Drs. Ashbel Green, William Neill, C. C. Cuyler, and Rev. Messrs. McCalla, Douglass, Macklin, Cheeseman, Loughridge, Winchester, Tudehope, and Ripley—my Old School brethren; they have all fallen by my side. I now live in Philadelphia among new men. My old associates are in Heaven. May God give me grace to be ready to follow them!

I weary your patience, and must close. I would, however, avail myself of this occasion to thank God for his mercies, and you for your past kindness to your pastor. I would implore pardon of God and man for my unfaithfulness. I would dedicate myself anew to pray and labour for my Master and the souls of men.

While I ask a place still in your hearts and your prayers, I would urge upon you, as a matter of infinitely greater moment, that you make here a solemn covenant to consecrate your hearts' affections, and your whole being to that Saviour who says: "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"



COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.

It was thought proper by the Congregation of Old Pine Street Church, to mark the Quarter Century Anniversary of their Pastor's settlement, by a public manifestation of their confidence and affection. Hugh Stevenson, W. J. P. White, James W. Queen, James Fraiser, William Clark, Leaming Whilldin, Jacob F. Hand, Henry K. Bennett, Edwin King, John Kelly, S. D. Harris and eight others, whose names occur in the proceedings of the Festival, had been appointed a Committee of Arrangements. The mode adopted and the proceedings are narrated in the following report, which we copy substantially from the *American Presbyterian*, whose editor, Rev. J. W. Mears, was present at the Festival.

Monday evening, Feb. 17th, through one of the worst storms which have been so numerous during this winter, six hundred persons, members and ex-members of the Third Church, with a few invited guests, assembled in Sansom Street Hall, to celebrate the Quarter Century of the existing pastoral relation. It was a goodly, a cheerful, a happy company. The middle-aged and the old were there. One venerable lady in her nineties, moved, with slight assistance, among the throng, receiving many attentions and entering with zest into the enjoyments of the occasion. But youth, too, was well and abundantly represented there, proving that the old stock has plenty of vitality and promise for the future yet. The character of the festival has been well hit by one of our contemporaries, the *Evening Bulletin*, who styles it "such a *family gathering* as is but seldom seen in this cold and selfish world." There was order without restraint or formality; there was true Christian cheerfulness and hilarity; from the Pastor and the presiding officer, Mr. John C. Farr, down through the whole company, ease and cordiality marked the manners of all; while mutual congratulations were frequently exchanged between the honored pastor and an appreciative people. There were not wanting representatives of our noble army mingling with the throng. *Thirty-four* young men of the Congregation are in the field; and one of these, an officer of the Church, Mr. William Ivins, appeared in regimentals as Lieutenant in the Curtin Liff Guards. And the exciting and glorious news of the fall of Fort Donelson just received, threw a peculiar and elastic element into the grateful joy of the occasion itself.

At a quarter past eight o'clock, Mr. Robert J. Mercer, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangement, called those who had assembled in the reception room to order; when the Secretary, Mr. George Young, read the general order to be preserved at the table; and announced the names of the officers appointed for the evening.

The summons to supper came at half past eight o'clock, on which important occasion John C. Farr, Esq., presided; the Stars and Stripes being gracefully festooned behind his seat. He was assisted by Messrs. Alexander Whilldin, Capt. W. Whilldin, D. C. McCammon, R. J. Mercer, Samuel Work, A. Getty, John Wallace, W. Taylor and B. Webb. Among the invited guests were Rev. A. Barnes, Rev. Dr. Jenkins, Rev. John McLeod, Rev. Dr.

Wallace, Rev. John W. Mears, Rev. A. Culver and others. After the officers had been announced, grace was said by Dr. Jenkins, and the company proceeded to discuss the good things set before them. When sufficient time had elapsed to do justice to this important part of the celebration, the Star Spangled Banner was sung, Lieutenant Ivins leading, and the whole company joining most heartily in the chorus.

REMARKS OF DR. BRAINERD.

Dr. Brainerd was first called for, and on rising was received with a perfect ovation of applause, which the people scarcely seemed to know how to bring to an end. When order was restored, Dr. Brainerd commenced by saying that he was sure he had none too much modesty, but that after such a welcome he felt doubtful how to proceed. The chairman, he said, was very kind in giving me an introduction to this audience. I have had a slight acquaintance with them. And I can say of my people that while I commenced my ministry with a proper estimate of them, an acquaintance of twenty-five years has only increased my esteem and regard. Every sentiment of affection on your part is fully reciprocated. The present is not the time for pathos, nor for recalling those chapters of our history that so touch the heart. This is the time to take the mercies of God, and felicitate ourselves. For myself, I never supped with so many *friends* before, and I never expect to again. I have dined with crowds often, but never before was able to recognize in every face a friend.

A ministry of twenty-five years is likely to develope character. When I came among you I was relatively a young man. By your kindness and indulgence, you have made a quarter of a century of my life pleasant to me. There has been almost no shade on my mind in regard to my congregation. I have never had a difficulty with them. I have never distrusted you, nor you me. In a connection which has lasted so long, such a fact marks a great deal of kindness, of conscientiousness and of self-restraint. I have had an Eldership which has enjoyed my perfect confidence. Except on some rare occasions, we have never had a negative vote. When we have had differences of opinion, we have differed as gentlemen. I have uniformly been sustained by them in my labors. A great part of the peace, prosperity and unity of the Church, I attribute to the Eldership, some of whom are in heaven. And the Trustees of Pine Street church have been conscientious, reliable and true-hearted men. Though we have expended \$30,000 in repairs, Pine Street Church owes no man a dollar. I have been met in the congregation with a spirit of Christian activity. There was no worthy object for which I could not summon the energy of my people. And I have been able to move to outside enterprises, because they have carried the people with them.

We have felt the pressure of the migration to the westward and northward of our city. We have parted with many of our best members, who have gone to engage in new enterprises in that direction. But those who have gone out from us, are still with us. By the blessing of our heavenly

Father, our church still has numbers, unity and strength. If you will look around upon these happy groups ; upon these noble young men and these blooming maidens, you will see that Old Pine Street Church has hope of prosperity in years yet to come.

I have known some pastors who sympathized with humanity, "not as God made it, but as the tailor made it." I have not been of that class. The people of Pine Street Church have not been what is called "fashionable." They generally slept in the night and kept awake in the day-time. They have lived in houses that they owned, or the rent of which has been paid. If they walked in Chestnut street, they owned the garments and bonnets in which they were arrayed. In the year 1857, not a single individual in the Congregation failed. We are a *very* unfashionable people, very! Another unfashionable feature is that we believe religion to be eminently social. Hence there is great shaking of hands at our gatherings ; a great deal of tarrying to inquire after one another's welfare ; much kindly greeting and friendly feeling that has grown up in thirty years. If respectability depends on substantial qualities, on general culture, or on a disposition to do right to all men, I claim that Pine Street Church falls below no other in this particular.

I sustain peculiar relations to many of this assemblage. One of the pleasant things in my Quarter Century is the fact that I have been able to organize so many happy families among you. How many couple have stood up to receive my blessing! Let all here present, whom I have thus united, lift up their hands and lift them high, so that they can be seen. (A forest of hands, male and female, twinkled in the air.) Now let all who *expect* me to perform the same office for them, raise their hands! (Not a few hands raised again.)

[After the merriment occasioned by this characteristic sally had subsided the Doctor resumed:]

I can only say, in conclusion, that I have a feeling of profound gratitude to my congregation who have been so kind as to meet with me on this occasion. I am grateful to them for regarding the termination of my twenty-five years as worthy of such a demonstration. Why, as to the news we have heard to-day, I don't know but the capture of Fort Donelson will be remembered by the coincidence! (Prolonged cheering and merriment.) But I cannot sit down without acknowledging my obligations to other congregations. Especially have I been sustained always by the weight of character, excellent influence and kind heart of my good brother Barnes. I owe much, also, to other ministers of our church. And with the ministry of other denominations in this city, I have had no dissension. The only exception to this was when my brethren of the "Old School" turned me out of the church ; an act which I certainly felt deeply. Otherwise, I have lived in peace with all during my entire ministry among you. For some reason—no merit of mine—the newspaper press has always been my ally ; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to the *Press*, which has treated my name and character with so much kindness.

In conclusion, I desire to renew the covenant entered into with you a Quarter of a Century ago; and I promise with the help of my Master to be more faithful in the performance of my duties among you.

REMARKS OF MR. BARNES.

A loud call having been made for Mr. Barnes, he rose and referring to Mark Antony's speech over Julius Cæsar, said that while he did not come to bury Dr. Brainerd—it would be more in the order of nature for Dr. Brainerd to perform that office for him—neither had he come to praise him. Yet, he said, it is not improper in the position we occupy, to refer to the manner of our intercourse. We were brought up in the same part of the country. It so happened that Dr. Brainerd came to the same town—Rome—and that we joined the church under the same pastor. There we both gave ourselves to the Saviour; there we both consecrated ourselves to the work of the ministry. Contrary to my early ambition and to the brightest dream of my life, I was brought to this city; and here Dr. Brainerd has been on my right hand at all times. I confess he has always been ahead of me. If there was ever a smart thing to be said, he said it before I could; or if there was a good thing to be done, he was sure to do it before I did. Yet he has been one with whom I have taken sweet counsel. He has been a faithful and true man as a personal friend.

You see I am not a young man now. I was young when I came here. It is a marvel, a wonder to me that I ever did come; that I dared to come to this great city, and allow myself to be put in the situation I occupy; that I dared to become the successor of that truly great man Dr. Wilson. I have remained here till I have seen changes in every Presbyterian church, Old and New School, (unless Mr. Chambers, be excepted) in every Scotch, German Reformed, Episcopal, Baptist, Moravian, and of course, Methodist Church.

I have lived while the ministers of all have passed away except Messrs. Chambers and Furness. I look back with interest over the names of those who have passed away from this and other congregations in that period. There are Sanford and Eustace and Scott, and Judson, and Patterson, and Gloucester, and Templeton, and Gilbert, and Ramsey, and Ely, and others, whom I cannot at this moment recall,—they have gone. I remember that I owe not a little to Pine Street Church and its pastors. The fact that I am now a minister in the Presbyterian Church is due to the predecessor of Dr. Brainerd. At a moment when I sat in deep distress of mind on the point of declaring myself no longer a member of the body, he laid his hand kindly upon my shoulder, and held me down. Very much do I owe to Dr. Ely; I cannot repay him in this world, or in the next either. Soon after I came to this city, I was thrown into a fiery furnace of trial; I should have sunk again and again, but for Dr. Ely, then editor of the *Philadelphian*,* who became my warm friend, and admitted freely to his paper articles in my defence. He was, indeed, a strong, warm, personal friend. He made sac-

* A Religious Paper, printed and published by William F. Geddes, from 1825 to 1835.

rifices for me—not, indeed, exclusively for me, but for the cause in which we were both engaged. He was a true friend—a life-long friend. I shall remember his kindness till I lay my head in the grave.

It is affecting to think that we are so far along in life. It is much, very much to have passed through such an extent of life, and to have maintained a position like this of Dr. Brainerd's under such circumstances. One occasion of gratitude lies in the fact that changes in the pastoral relation are so common. That a pastor, after a connection of twenty-five years, can come before an assembly like this, exhibiting so many evidences of youth and vigor, and be received with such expressions of cordiality and enthusiasm as you have manifested to-night, is truly a matter of profound congratulation. Mr. Barnes was heard with deep and respectful attention, and sat down amid the applause of the people.

REMARKS OF DR. JENKINS.

The Rev. Dr. Jenkins, having been called upon to address the meeting, said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—I was brought up in my own country under the regime of "Breakfast Meetings" and "Tea Meetings," and am glad that I am this evening permitted to behold a scene such as that which now presents itself before me, and to be in this way reminded of "days of old," and of "ancient times." All the arrangements of the evening—the order and decorum of this large assemblage—are gratifying to me, as they must be to those who have had the labor of providing for us this Christian entertainment. Truly, I have never witnessed a more orderly—shall I add—happy company, in any country.

I congratulate Dr. Brainerd on being privileged to enjoy this "*silver* wedding" with the people of his love; I am tempted to wish that he may live long enough to enjoy a "*golden* wedding" with Old Pine Street congregation; such an event does not lie beyond the range of probability, for if my reverend and *venerable* brother's life be prolonged twenty-five years more, he will not then have reached the age of some who are now present, though I cannot deny that he will be older than he is to-day.

Some eight years ago, your pastor in company with Mr. Barnes, visited Montreal for the purpose of inducing me to transfer my presence and labors to this city. I am glad to meet them both here this evening; and to have the opportunity of testifying to the faithfulness with which they have redeemed the pledges which they then volunteered, namely, to stand by me in the prosecution of the arduous duties upon which they were inviting me to enter. The fact to which I refer has, in my own esteem, created a sort of relationship between us which neither time nor distance can ever extinguish.

It is a great thing for the Pine Street Church and congregation, that they have enjoyed the services of *one* pastor for a Quarter of a Century. It is an honor to pastor and to people equally, that the relations between them have been so long and so harmoniously maintained. In the progress of

his address this evening, my reverend friend solemnly renewed his pastoral covenant with you. May I not charge his people to follow his example; and to renew their covenant with him; that they will succor and uphold him; that they will care for him and sympathize with him; that they will pray for him?

Other brief addresses were delivered; one in particular by Rev. Theron Baldwin, Secretary of the Collegiate Education Society; who shrewdly traced a connection between this occasion and the fall of Fort Donelson. The influence which Dr. Brainerd exerted, when in the great West himself, and which he has always exerted as the active friend of education in the West, has aided to train the brave soldiers of that region, and prepare them for the great work they are accomplishing for the Republic. The intense feelings of the people found vent at this mention of our glorious victory in a great and prolonged outburst of applause.

William Talcott, Esq., an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, said he had been invited as an early friend of the Pastor of Pine Street Church. He had been a school-mate of Dr. Brainerd; he had known him when he was a student of law, and when in the great religious revival at Rome, N. Y., he gave his heart to the Saviour. He united with the church with Dr. Brainerd; sat down with him at the first communion. He loved him then, and was glad to be present to congratulate him at his Quarter Century Festival.

Mr. P. B. Simons, being called up, said:—Dr. Brainerd in his remarks, gave many proofs that his congregation are not fashionable; a truth which is now being demonstrated. The fashionable world is just about setting out to pass the evening, while we are all anxious at this point to get back to our homes.

Mr. President—I, too, with others who have spoken, have sacred memories crowding upon me of by-gone days, passing before my mind like some great panorama, but like all other pictures with its light and shade. Yes, sir, it is not all bright. There are forms and features that we do not see to-night that were wont to meet with us upon such joyous occasions. Well do I remember the old church with its square pews; and the old grave-yard which contains the sacred dust of those we loved, and the old Green's Court Session Room with its little Sabbath School; and how fresh in my mind is the voice of the "Old man eloquent," who broke to us the bread of life from the old fashioned pulpit; how his voice rang out in the broad aisles. I think I can hear his voice to-night speaking to the boys somewhat in this wise: "Boys, if you can't be still in the galleries you had better lie down and go to sleep, like those old men in the middle aisle"—accomplishing two objects with one breath, quieting the boys and wakening the old men.

And I remember, too, when the *new* pastor came how anxious we were to see his face and hear his voice; how we listened as our curiosity was being gratified; how an interest was awakened as we listened that we had never felt before; and then how soon after we were found twice a week in the study to talk upon a subject we had so often promised to attend to, and to this time had always neglected.

Mr. President—Of all other emotions that fill my heart to-night, the greatest is that of gratitude, that I, with many here around me, in the providence of God was permitted to receive my early religious training in the Old Pine Street Church. I stand before you to-night as the first fruits of Dr. Brainerd's ministry in this city; and I will close my remarks by offering a sentiment—yes, something more *sacred* than a sentiment—a prayer, in which you will all join, that the beloved pastor may live to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of his ministry; and that "Old Pine Street Church" may stand for ages untold as a beacon light upon the shores of time to point way-worn mariners to the Haven of Eternal rest.

The speaking and social congratulations were continued until half past ten o'clock, when the meeting was dismissed with the Apostolic Benediction by the Pastor.