

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED ON THE

CENTENARY

OF THE

First Presbyterian Church,

GREENWICH, NEW JERSEY,

(On its present site,

JUNE 17TH. 1875.

BY D. X. JUNKIN, D. D.

A FORMER PASTOR.



EASTON, PA.:

GEO. W. WEST, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

1875.

SUCCESSION OF PASTORS

SO FAR AS KNOWN.

REV. JOHN ROSEBOROUGH, from 1760 to 1769.

REV. JOSEPH TREAT, from 1775 to 1797.

REV. WM. B. SLOAN, ordained and installed in 1798; resigned
October, 1834; pastor 36 years; died July 3, 1839.

REV. D. X. JUNKIN, ordained and installed March 24, 1835;
pastoral relation dissolved April 23, 1851; pastor over 16
years.

REV. A. H. HAND, installed September 2, 1851; pastoral rela-
tion dissolved November, 1870; pastor over 19 years.

REV. THOMAS S. LONG, present pastor, installed May 18, 1871.

PRESENT CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

PASTOR,

REV. THOMAS S. LONG.

RULING ELDERS.

ROBERT S. KELLEY.

PETER S. ROBBINS.

WILLIAM H. HAMLEN.

WILLIAM CARPENTER.

JOSEPH W. CARTER, *Treasurer.*

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WM. H. HAMLEN, *Sec'y.*

WILLIAM CARTER, *Treasurer.*

SIMON WARMAN.

LEFFARD H. PURSEL.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
OF GREENWICH, ON ITS PRESENT SITE,

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875.

FORENOON.

I. ANTHEM, WITH DOXOLOGY—"Praise God," &c.

II. INVOCATION, by Rev. A. H. Hand, D. D.

III. HYMN.

Glory to God on high !
Let praises fill the sky ;
Praise ye his name ;
Angels ! His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And, Saints ! cry evermore, —
"Worthy the Lamb !"

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name ;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad ;
"Worthy the Lamb !"

To Him our hearts we raise ;
None else shall have our praise ;
Praise ye his name ;
Him, our Exalted Lord,
By us below adored, —
We praise with one accord, —
"Worthy the Lamb !"

Though we must change our place,
 Our souls shall never cease
 Praising his name ;
 To him we'll tribute bring,
 Laud him our gracious King,
 And, without ceasing, sing,—
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

IV. READING OF THE SCRIPTURES—Psalm XLVIII., by
 Rev. D. M. James.

V. PRAYER, by Rev. Wm. A. Holliday.

VI. HYMN.

[Written for the occasion by D. X. Junkin, D. D.]

God of our fathers bow thine ear,
 Accept our glowing song of praise ;
 Whil'st on this spot, to mem'ry dear,
 Our grateful hearts to Thee we raise.

A hundred years have roll'd their round,
 Since thou our fathers did'st incline
 To choose this place, as holy ground,
 And plead with Thee to make it thine.

They gathered in thy name, and thou
 Was't in their midst with promised grace ;
 Where'er thy suppliant people bow,
 THY PRESENCE CONSECRATES THE PLACE !

Upon this consecrated spot,
 Their children's children worship still ;
 Hither have generations brought
 Their off'rings, as to Zion's hill.

Not Bethel's rocks, nor Horeb's base
 Were holier than the Christian's shrine ;
 Where JESUS meets his flock—the place
 IS HALLOWED : LORD THIS PLACE IS THINE !

Thine may it ever be, until
 The trump shall sound, the dead arise,
 And Christ, the King of Glory, will
 Conduct his ransom'd to the skies !

VII. HISTORICAL DISCOURSE, by D. X. Junkin, D. D.

VIII. SONG—"A Hundred Years to Come."

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 lotty brow,
 The heart that beats so gaily now,
 O where will be love's beaming eye.
 Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
 A hundred years to come?

REF—Where, O where, a hundred years to come?

Who'll tread for gain these rural ways,
 A hundred years to come?
 Who'll fill this church with songs of praise,
 A hundred years to come?
 Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its heart of truth,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come?

REF—Where, O where, 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,
 And bright the sunshine as to-day,
 A hundred years to come.

REF—Where, O where, a hundred years to come?

IX. BENEDICTION, by Rev. P. Rizer.

AFTERNOON.

I. ANTHEM.

II. PRAYER, by Rev. C. H. Edgar, D. D.

III. HYMN.

Christ is our Corner-stone ;
 On him alone we build ;
 With his true saints alone
 The Courts of heaven are filled :
 On his great love our hopes we place,
 Of present peace and joys above.

Oh ! then, with hymns of praise,
 These hallowed Courts shall ring :
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing,
 And thus proclaim in joyful song,
 Both loud and long, that glorious name.

Here, Gracious God ! do thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh,
 In copious shower, on all who pray,
 Each holy day, thy blessings pour.

IV. ADDRESS—The Presbyterian Church—Distinctive, but not Exclusive, by the Rev. James M. Crowell, D. D., of Philadelphia.

V. HYMN.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of Liberty.
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land, where my fathers died !
 Land of the pilgrims' pride !
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring !

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring, from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us, by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

VI. PASTORAL REMINISCENCES, by Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D.
 and Rev. A. H. Hand, D. D.

VII. HYMN.

I love thy kingdom, Lord!
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our best Redeemer saved,
 With his own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King!
 Thy hand, from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield.
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

VIII. IMPROMPTU ADDRESSES, by Rev. Drs. Edgar and
 Cattell, of Easton, Pa.

IX. HYMN.

[Written for the occasion by D. X. Junkin, D. D.]

A hundred years; a hundred years
 Have passed, since to this spot,
 Amid our fathers' hopes and fears,
 The ark of God was brought.
 A hundred years ago, they reared
 A temple to his praise:
 And to the God our fathers feared,
 Our songs we gladly raise.

A hundred years—a hundred years,
 Upon this holy ground,
 Mid joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
 God's people have been found:
 They gathered in the holy *Name*
 To seek his promis'd grace;
 And in the midst of them he came,
 To *consecrate* the place.

A hundred years—a hundred years
 By bright Pohatcong's stream.
 The ladder of God's grace appears
 As in the Patriarch's dream:
 Its foot on earth—its top in heav'n,
 The Lord above it stands,
 Whilst angels tread its gorgeous rounds,
 Doing His high commands!

A hundred years! Ah! where are they
 Who chose at first this spot?
 Where are the hands, by which, that day,
 The ark was hither brought?
 The lonely grave contains their dust—
 Their souls, returned to God,
 Share in the glory of the just
 In heav'n their bless'd abode!

Within the last one hundred years.
 How oft, with solemn tread,
 Have mourners sought with flowing tears,
Our bivouac of the dead!
 Whole generations, hither borne,
 Sleep in their dark abode,
 And wait the resurrection morn—
 The solemn trump of God!

A HUNDRED YEARS! O! cov'nant God,
 We bless Thee for the past!
 Make this dear spot thine own abode
 While time and nature last.
 As generations come and go,
 Oh! make this place thy home:
 THEE may our children's children know
 A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME!

X. BENEDICTION, by Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE 17th of June, 1875, marked an era of unusual importance in the history of the FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH of Greenwich. It was the day previously chosen and set apart by the congregation as a *memorial* day, to be celebrated as the one hundredth anniversary of the location of the church on its present site. The Session had prepared for the occasion by inviting Rev. Dr. D. X. Junkin, a former pastor, to deliver an historical discourse, and Rev. Dr. A. H. Hand, also a former pastor, to make an address.

They had likewise procured the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Crowell, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. C. H. Edgar, of Easton, and President Cattell, of Lafayette College. In addition to this preparation, all necessary arrangements for such a day's services were fully made; and it would seem that, in God's good providence, there was no *disappointment*—no failure in any arrangement made. The whole occasion was just what one could wish. In anticipation of this centennial year, the church had been completely remodeled and repaired, and furnished at a cost of more than \$3000.

The pulpit was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and behind the pulpit, surrounded by a wreath of evergreen, hung a beautiful, life-size portrait, in oil, of the venerated WILLIAM B. SLOAN, pastor of the church during the first third of this century. This lovely face was fondly looked upon not only by his grand-children and great-grand-children who were present, but also by the remnants of former generations who, in their early days, received the word of life from his lips. Above the portrait, in evergreen letters, on a white field, were the dates 1775—1875.

The celebration was largely attended. Long before the hour for service carriages came rolling in from every direction. An

audience of some 800 persons soon filled the house, while some 200 were obliged to listen at the windows or wander in solemn meditation through the adjacent cemetery. The invitation sent out to former members of the church and their descendants, was accepted and responded to by large numbers. Some came a long distance to be present at this jubilee. Few churches can rejoice over more children, or *worthier*, than have gone out from the old Greenwich homestead. Precious memories dwell in the hearts of multitudes whose fathers paid their devotions at her altars. To many such, as well as to many who, in former days, worshipped within this sacred place, this Centennial Festival was an occasion of sweetest pleasure.

A large number of ministers of the gospel came to mingle their praise with the thanksgiving of the children of this time-honored church; and to rejoice with them in their gladness of heart. There were present, Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D., of New Castle, Pa., Rev. A. H. Hand, D. D., of Palisades, N. Y., who had been both pastors of the church, Rev. James M. Crowell, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. C. H. Edgar, D. D., of the American Reformed Church, Easton, Pa., Rev. President W. C. Cattell, of Lafayette College, Rev. Prof. R. B. Youngman, of Lafayette College, Rev. D. M. James, of Bath, Pa., Rev. John Ewing, of Clinton, N. J., Rev. Frank E. Miller, of Easton, Rev. John Carrell, of Easton, Rev. P. Rizer, of the Lutheran Church, Stewartsville, Rev. Wm. Dally, of the M. E. Church, Bloomsbury, Rev. Thos. McCauley, of Hackettstown, Rev. E. Clark Cline, of Oxford, Rev. J. P. Clarke, of Danville, Rev. J. B. Kugler, of New Hampton, Rev. Wm. A. Holliday, of Belvidere, Rev. Myron Barrett, of Newton, Rev. H. E. Spayd, of Harmony, Rev. H. Brown Scott, of Bloomsbury, Rev. William Thomson, of Stewartsville, and Rev. H. B. Townsend, of Phillipsburg.

The exercises were presided over by the pastor of the church, and were of the most interesting character. The singing, led by the church choir, was of the old-fashioned congregational kind.

The morning was given to the Historical Discourse, which was worthy of the close attention it received from the large and intelligent audience. Forty years before, Dr. Junkin had been

ordained in the *old* church, and began his ministry among this people, or rather among their fathers. The remembrances of those early days, and the tender associations of a sixteen years pastorate, ending almost a quarter of a century ago, were evidently crowding upon the mind and heart of the venerable man, as oftentimes, with faltering tones and tearful eyes, he told the story of by-gone days. Throughout the vast assembly many cheeks were wet with tears which came unbidden and would not be stayed. The fact was well proved, that happy hearts and tearful eyes may sometimes go together. One gray-haired man who spent his boyhood in Greenwich, was missed from the audience in the afternoon; and afterwards when his absence was referred to, he replied, "*the Doctor made me cry so in the morning, I dared not trust myself to be present in the afternoon.*" At the close of the Morning Services the congregation was dismissed to partake of a bountiful dinner prepared by the ladies of the church. After a recess of more than an hour, filled with gladness of soul, hand-shaking, and the greeting of old friends long separated—the audience reassembled.

The first address of the afternoon was by Dr. Crowell, of Philadelphia. Subject: "*The Presbyterian Church, distinctive but not exclusive.*" The speaker was a stranger to most of the audience, but was heard with great pleasure. It was one of those timely and forcible addresses which those who know the Doctor always expect to hear.

Drs. Hand and Junkin followed with *reminiscent* speeches. They briefly reviewed their pastorates among this people,—making worthy mention of many good and faithful members once active, but now at rest in heaven. The children were encouraged and stimulated by the rehearsal of what their fathers and mothers did in former days. These venerable Servants of Christ had baptised, received into the church, and married the great majority of those present, who during the last forty years had been residents of this valley. No wonder then, that they were welcomed and listened to with so much gladness.

Drs. Edgar and Cattell followed with impromptu addresses, somewhat gathering up the impressions and lessons of the day.

Then after the singing of the hymn "A hundred years—a hundred years," with impressive effect, Dr. Junkin pronounced the Benediction, and a happy people dispersed, some to distant homes, all of one mind that the day had been kept, as designed; and should be remembered in honor of the great Head of the church, as the GREENWICH CENTENARY MEMORIAL DAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENWICH PARSONAGE,

June 21, 1875.

REV. D. X. JUNKIN, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

The Commemorative Discourse which you delivered last Thursday at the Greenwich Centennial Celebration, was so full of touching memories to this and adjacent churches, and was of so great historical value, that the members of this and neighboring congregations desire to possess it in printed form. At a joint meeting of the Session and the Board of Trustees, the undersigned were appointed a committee to inform you of this desire, and ask a copy of your Discourse for publication. Hoping to receive a favorable reply,

We are, very respectfully yours.

THOMAS S. LONG,

Pastor

ROBERT S. KELLY,

Ruling Elder.

S. D. CARPENTER,

Pres't Board of Trustees.

NEW CASTLE, PA., *July 2, 1875.*

REV. T. S. LONG, Pastor.

ROBERT S. KELLY, Ruling Elder.

S. D. CARPENTER, Pres't Board of Trustees.

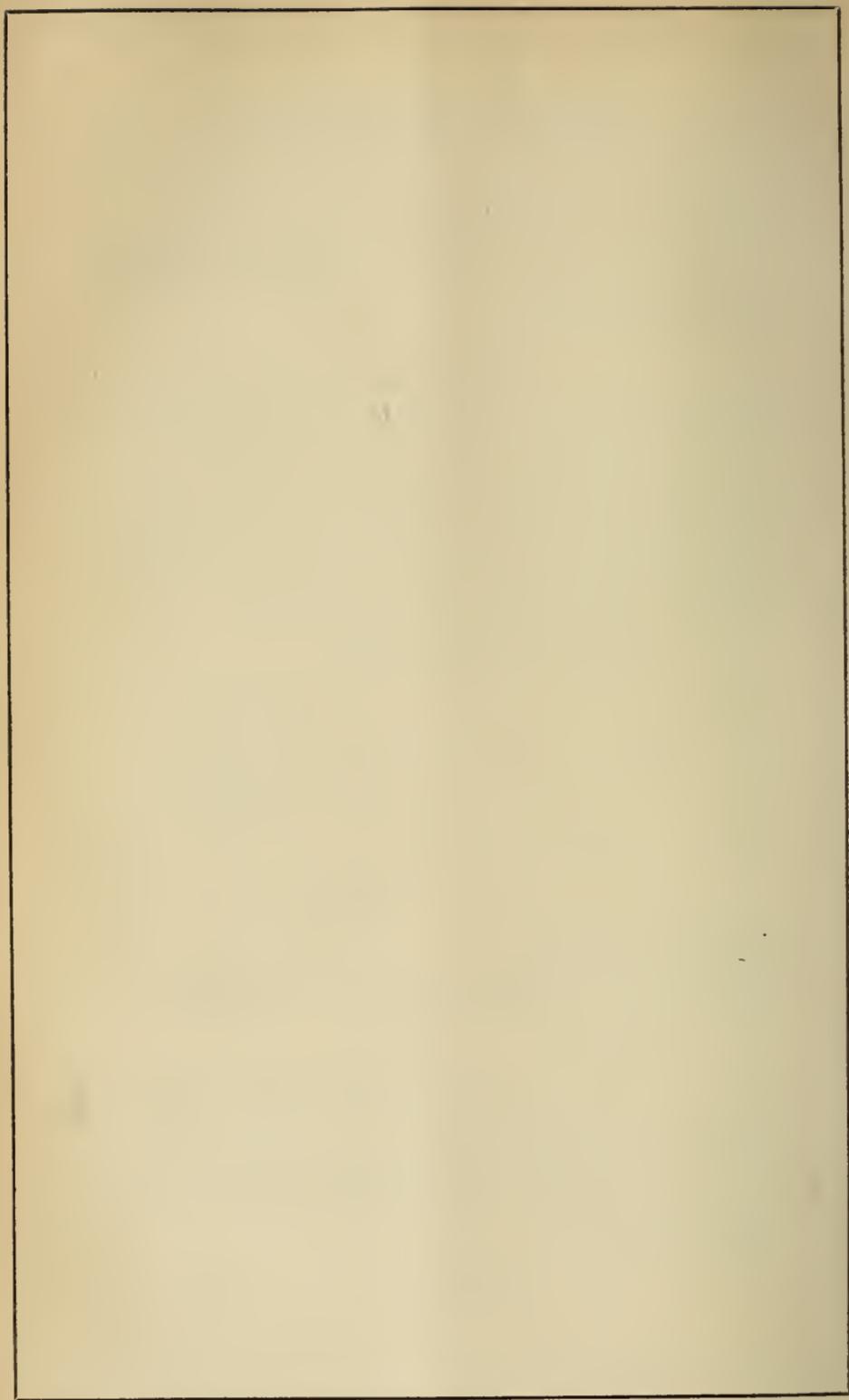
} *Comm. of Greenwich
Congregation.*

DEAR BRETHREN:

On my return from the East, I find your kind note of June 21st lying on my table, in which you request the manuscript of my discourse, delivered in Greenwich, on the 17th ult. I cannot refuse any reasonable request coming from such a quarter, without doing violence to the impulses of my heart. The copy is at your disposal. With much Christian affection,

I remain, yours.

D. X. JUNKIN.



CENTENARY DISCOURSE.

DEUT. XXXVII., 7. REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

THERE are moments of peculiar interest in the history of individuals and societies: and such is the present epoch in the history of this sacred spot, and of the congregation of the Lord which have so long worshipped here. There are points of time, in the roll of years, which start into prominence, and, like some tall and solitary headland, remind us of the leagues already traversed in the voyage of life; and admonish us of those that may still lie between us and our loved but distant home. Moments, brief and fleeting as other moments, are often pregnant with the memories of ages past, or with the destiny of ages yet to come. And such a moment is the present in the history of this lovely valley and of this particular spot.

A hundred years have rolled their round—a hundred eventful years—since your fathers and predecessors in this congregation selected the spot upon which this fair and well appointed edifice now stands; and agreed to erect a house of God, and gather together here in the name of Jesus. A hundred years ago from this very day, they were gathering materials for a modest temple of the Lord; whilst the sound of the mason's hammer was heard upon this spot laying the foundations of the structure. The stones then brought hither to be built into the walls, constitute a part of the walls in which we now sit; for in 1835 the old material was built into this structure. Last night, a hundred years ago, the brave and brusk old Putnam, the fearless and heroic Prescott, and the gallant and accomplished Warren, led their noble band of patriot soldiers to the brow of Bunker Hill, and, under cover of the night, dug those trenches and formed those breastworks, from which next day they hurled back the British columns in repeated repulses, and taught the

minions of oppression that freemen could *fight*. A few days before that memorable one, of which this is the centenary, your ancestors and predecessors were digging trenches upon this spot for more peaceful purposes—trenches to be filled with the foundations of a house of God. The spades and mattocks of the one party were employed in the cause of human liberty and right; those of the other party in the cause of God and human salvation. Both parties toiled in a glorious cause; and it is meet that we this day blend the commemoration of their toils and trials. Religion and liberty! they never have been separated—they never can be!! Revered and cherished be the memory of the men whose hearts, a hundred years ago, glowed with the love of God and of liberty; and whose hands were prompt to toil for the advancement of the one; and to grasp the sword in defence of the other.

The venerable Thomas Kennedy, who was an elder of this church, at the time I became its pastor, and who, a century ago, was a lad of some 17 years, told me that he drove a team in hauling stones and other materials for the church of 1775; and whilst so engaged, the tidings of the battle of Bunker's Hill swept over the land. Thus the founding of this church, upon this consecrated spot, was identified with the inauguration of that glorious political revolution which resulted not only in our country's independence and the founding of the greatest free Republic known to history, but also in imparting to the cause of regulated liberty, an impulse which has been operating ever since, and will continue to operate, the world over, till the latest time.

In asking you, then, to join with me in a review of the events associated in memory, with the selection of this ground as the site of a place of worship, I but purpose that we shall obey the injunction of the great leader of Israel, given in the words of our text: "Remember the days of old—consider the years of many generations." The people whom Moses addressed in these words had already attained a wondrous history. Forty years before they had been a nation of slaves, oppressed by the iron tyranny of the Pharaohs. Jehovah, through the agency of Moses, had accomplished their deliverance from the house of

bondage. The scenes of the Exodus, terrible and grand, yet to Israel most gracious, were over. The trials and temptations and rebellions of the wilderness were past. The camp of Israel was stretched along the verdant banks of the Jordan hard by the base of Pisgah, presenting a spectacle the most unique and wondrous known to history. The venerable Moses, now in his 120th year, had set his house and his public administration in order, preparatory to his departure to his heavenly rest. He had viewed from Pisgah's summit that glorious land of promise, to the borders of which he had led his people, but which he was not himself to enter; and with his memory sweeping the wondrous past; and the spirit of prophecy imparting to him grand visions of the future, he spake in the ears of the vast congregation of Israel, the sublime and inspired poem, of which our text is a part. He opens with the grand apostrophe, "Give ear, O Heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth!" and then gives a moral historic portraiture of Israel's past—reproves them for their various rebellions; reminds them of God's great kindness to them, and calls them to a grateful retrospect of His providences in regard to them. "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee, thy elders, and they will tell thee." I propose no elaborate exposition of the text; but merely state, that it is an *exhortation*—perhaps a *command*—to study *history*, as an exponent of the providence of God, and a source of instruction, and a stimulant to gratitude and obedience. History is a record of God's government. And although to a sad extent, a narrative of human crimes, God is its *Alpha* and *Omega*: and he who does not recognize "God in history" has no proper conception of it. God shapes the destiny of nations: under his controlling providence Empires rise and fall. He is "King of kings, and Lord of Lords." When the tempests of revolution howl "He rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." His glorious purposes ever in view, He provides instruments best adapted to their accomplishment. "He maketh even the wrath of men to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain." All things are under His control, from the fall of a sparrow to the ruin of a dynasty.

To "remember the days of old, and to consider the years of many generations" is not only a pleasant *entertainment*, and a source of profitable *instruction*, but it may become a *religious duty*; and in commemorating the centenary of the worship of God, and the dispensation of His gospel and ordinances upon this locality, you are obeying not only the impulses of your hearts, but a hortation of your God; and, if the occasion be rightly improved, you may gather instruction from the past to shed light along the path of future progress: and draw also from the treasures of memory, motives at once strong and tender, to impel you to tread, with fresh zeal and alacrity, the pathway of the just.

The event which we this day celebrate, is one of intense interest to all who love this ancient congregation. It is an epoch from which it may be both pleasant and profitable to glance backward on the past, and to look forward to the future. It is interesting for its pleasant and mournful memories; and awfully solemn, in view of the *responsibilities* here assumed, by past generations of our loved ones, and of the *results*, temporal and eternal, of a *century* of worship, and warning, and invitation, and instruction, and sacraments, upon this holy ground. And if the spirits of the departed are permitted to re-visit the scenes of their earthly sojourn, the present occasion must awaken the glad sympathies of the pious dead, whose souls have ripened for glory upon or around this hallowed spot; and whose bodies, in this or some more distant grave-yard, await the tones of the trump of God to call them to a glorious resurrection.

The *PLACE* upon which we are congregated, the *circumstances* under which we are met, the *object* of the assemblage, and the *associations* which cluster round all these, all—all conspire to gather around the present occasion, a solemnity of interest that belongs both to earth and heaven.

The *place* has long been holy ground,—consecrated by Christ's presence, according to the charter guarantee, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Bethel was a holy, dreadful place, because God was there! The place, at Horeb's rugged base, where Moses beheld the angel of the covenant burning in the bush, was holy

ground, for God was there. The spot on which the tabernacle was pitched, was holy ground whilst it rested there, because of the presence of Shechinah. Mount Zion, became a consecrated hill, because there, first in the tabernacle and afterwards in the temple, the glorious presence of Jehovah shone. Jerusalem was a holy city, because of God's dwelling within its walls. But since the inauguration of the dispensation of the spirit, "in every place incense may be offered and a pure offering."

"Not now on Zion's heights alone,
 God's favor'd worshippers may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, his Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well:
 In every land beneath the skies,
 The grateful hymn—the fervent prayer—
 The incense of the heart may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there!"

Christ has guaranteed His presence in *every place*, where two or three may be gathered together in His name; and *His presence, ipso facto*, consecrates the place. One hundred years ago, your fathers selected this locality, agreed to meet here in the name of Christ, and they here erected a substantial edifice to the honor of God, in which, for sixty years, they and their children and successors continued to worship God. This is the Mount Zion, to which, for many years, they bent their steps, from Sabbath to Sabbath and from time to time. Here for one hundred years they and their successors sat under the droppings of that Gospel, which "brings life and immortality to light." Upon this spot, a hundred years ago they tuned their voices, in the songs of Zion. Here they reared the golden altar, and kindled the incense of prayer. Upon this sacred spot, they spread the sacramental board, and bore witness to Jesus' dying love. Here they held sweet fellowship with one another and with God. And we trust very many, during the last century, have been by grace prepared in this place, for joining the "general assembly and church of the first born, written in Heaven." Of this consecrated place it may truly be said, of many of those who have gone before you, "this man and that man was born here." A HUNDRED YEARS of Gospel preaching—of prayers, of psalms and sacraments! Oh! what an influence! what a history! what a power for weal or woe; for salvation or deeper perdition!

Upon this dear and holy ground, too, many of yourselves, and of others still living, have partaken of sweet gospel privileges. Hither you were borne to the baptismal font, and here you have received in your foreheads, the mark of the Lamb, and the Symbol of His Spirit's quickening and cleansing power. Hither you have come, in childhood's sunny hours, to sit with your parents under the droppings of the Sanctuary. Here, in days gone by, you have taken sweet counsel together. Here the voice of solemn warning, and winning invitation have sounded in your ears. Here we fondly trust many have experienced the melting heart—the tearful eye and the dawning hope of immortality. The arms that bore you to the baptismal font may now lie nerveless in the grave. The hand that led you to this mount of God may be stiff in death. The voices which taught you to praise and pray may be hushed in the tomb. But the holiest memories of the loved and lost, still linger around this hallowed spot, and on wings of faith and hope you follow them to the better land. How mellowing the memories! How tender and awful the associations of this consecrated place! And how fraught with recollections of absorbing interest is the centenary of its religious history!

Around this house of God, too, in the place of our fathers, and our brothers, and our children's sepulchres, Oh! what memories linger! What hopeful, trembling—tearful memories! How often, during the century now closing, has the long and solemn funeral procession, been seen approaching this place of graves! Who can number the dead, small and great, that have found, in this cemetery, a peaceful resting place? With almost every clod mingles the precious dust of some beloved one. Every sod has been moistened with the tears of the mourner. Here your fathers and mothers of the olden time wept and sighed as they heard the clod fall upon the coffin lid. Here your more immediate predecessors have experienced funereal woe. Here they, and you and I have mingled our tears. Here the martyred and patriotic Rosebrough, and the venerable Treat, and the lovely and lamented Sloan have met their people in affliction's hour: and here your former and still living pastors, Dr. Hand and myself, have left, among your dead, our buried

loved ones. Wherever I have roamed, on the land or on the sea, my heart has still turned to this hallowed spot, as the dearest to me on earth! Forever sacred in the memory of the sons and daughters of Greenwich, be this consecrated ground. Clustering with the recollections of an hundred years, tender and tearful, it can never be forgotten. In whatever part of the land, or of the world the children of old Greenwich may roam or rest, on the land or on the sea, "their hearts like that of Noah's dove, will fondly turn to this dear *home!*" And if the past be full of tender, melting memories, WHAT OF THE FUTURE? If the earthly associations of this beloved place be so full of thrilling interest, what of the Heavenly? If a *century* has gathered round this house of God so much that thrills and melts, Oh! who can measure the influences of this place that reach on into eternity? To how many have this place and its century of privileges proved a savour of life unto life? And, alas! to how many they have proved a savour of death unto death! For the results, glorious and grand, in the one direction, we will wait, with faith and hope, until the coming of our Lord: and we must be thankful, that the dire results in the other direction, are hidden from us by that veil, woven by merey's hand, which ever conceals the future from our gaze.

I believe it is expected that, on the present occasion, I shall give some historical account of the congregation which has now, for a hundred years, worshipped upon this ground; and to the extent of my ability and information, I will aim to respond to that expectation.

The early settlers of a new country are more apt to *make* history than to *write* it. The axe, the grubbing-hoe and the rifle are implements with which the pioneers of a country like ours are likely to be more familiar than with the pen. Having to struggle with the forest, the wild beast and with savage men, they *performed* those deeds which history records; but left them unrecorded. It is therefore with difficulty that we rescue from the dim traditions of the past, and the few and imperfect records, deeds which ought to be recorded in imperishable lines. If the civil history and military annals of a new country are difficult to ascertain, much more difficult is it to gain informa-

tion of the establishment of that kingdom which "cometh not with observation." The physical development of a country—the felling of the forest—the building of houses—the opening of roads—the defense of the frontier by the bravery of the settlers—the burning of dwellings and the slaughter of women and children by a savage foe, are events that make deep impressions on the memory of the people, and pass into tradition, and are easily collected and placed on record. But the quiet rearing of the first family altars—the first gatherings for social worship—the early readings of the Bible—the first quiet advent of the Christian minister—the noiseless planting of the first seeds of piety, which afterwards grow into congregations of the Lord—these, because less exciting, are less likely to be remembered. On this account it is more difficult to trace the history of the churches of a country than to trace its civil and military history. And we have not as full an array of facts in regard to the early history of this congregation as we could wish.

It is little more than a century and three-quarters since the red man held sway in this lovely valley and the surrounding regions. The *Leni Lenape* tribes were sovereigns of this soil. Here he chased the bounding deer and other game; along yon Delaware and Musconetcong he steered his light canoe, and in yon bright streams he angled. When banished from these hills and valleys, they sought wilderness homes towards the setting sun. A portion of the New Jersey or Delaware Indians, dwelt at the close of the last century, in the beautiful valleys of Neshannock and Shenango, in the country where I was born, and where I now have my home.

It is true that some white inhabitants had found their way hither, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, 190 years ago; but they were few, and compared with their tawny neighbors feeble. They who first ascended the Delaware, or crossed the South Mountain, had other things to employ them than keeping journals or writing history. The toils and cares of frontier life left no time for recording who they were or whence they came; and there are but dim rays of light thrown upon the settlement of our valley, in the *names* of the inhabitants of a hundred years ago, and the old records and deeds of land

titles. But these throw no light upon the history of religion or the churches.

No doubt Presbyterian families had come among the earlier settlers of the valley; but some years would be likely to elapse before those families would be so numerous and convenient to each other as to form congregations; and it is very probable that some visits from ministers of the gospel would be made before any attempt at organization would be proposed, so as to become matter of record. The earliest record which I have been able to find, carries us back about 136 years. In 1739 the minutes of the Presbytery of New Brunswick inform us, in their antique style, that "there came before Presbytery a supplication for supplies of preaching in Mr. Barber's neighborhood near Musconnekunk," and a minister (Mr. Cross or McRea) was directed to supply certain Sabbaths, at Lamintunk (now called Lamington), and Mr. Barber's. This Mr. Barber was probably the ancestor of Mr. Jesse Barber who, an old man, at the time I came to Greenwich, still worshipped with this church. Mr. Jesse Barber lived at the South-west base of Scotch Mountain; and so far as I could learn, his father had lived on or near the same place; whether it was his grand-father or not, whose name is mentioned in the record, is not absolutely certain, but is strongly probable, for subsequent records make it certain that "Barber's neighborhood was identical with what was afterward called Greenwich." Mention is repeatedly made of supplies being sent to Mr. Barber's, and Mr. Green's, these names being used interchangeably. Farther down in the minutes, the locality designated as Mr. Green's is called Greenridge—Greenridge, sometimes Greenage, and at last Greenwich. The different modes of designation and spelling being arbitrary on the part of the clerks.

Amongst the earlier records of this kind (1740), is one showing that "a supplication for preaching, was presented to Presbytery from *Durham, in Pennsylvania*, on both sides of the river Delaware;" and the same men were appointed to supply both places, "Durham" and "Greenidge," which renders it probable that, at that time there were some Presbyterians in Durham and in this valley, who were looking to the founding of

congregations. From 1739 forward, frequent mention is made of supplies being appointed for "Greenwich," for "Greenwich upon Delaware, for "Mansfield Woodhouse," Durham and other points in this general region. "Greenwich upon Delaware" was the district now occupied by Belvidere and Oxford; as is proven by the fact, that "Axford's" is used in later records as the *alias* of "Greenwich upon Delaware," and that the name "Axford's" is sometimes spelled with an O—Oxfords, probably from the fact that the name was pronounced with the broad A. The family of Axford's, I believe, are still to be found in Warren County. As a specimen of such records, on one occasion a Rev. Mr. Campbell was directed to supply three stations, viz. "Greenwich," "Greenwich upon Delaware" or "Axford's," and "Mansfield Wood-house;" the latter being undoubtedly the old Mansfield Congregation, now Washington.

At what precise time the first house of worship was built for this congregation we have not ascertained. It must have been between the years 1740 and 1744, for in the journal of that man of God, David Brainerd, who was laboring among the Indians in the "Forks of the Delaware," he mentions having preached twice, on Sabbath, December 9th, 1744, in Greenwich, N. J. The passage in Brainerd's diary is as follows: "Lord's Day, Dec. 9th"—Preached both parts of the day in a place called Greenwich, in N. J., about ten miles from my own house. In the first discourse I had scarce any warmth or affectionate longing for souls. In the intermediate season, I got alone among the bushes, and cried to God for pardon of my deadness; and was in anguish and bitterness, that I could not address souls, with more compassion and tender affection. I judged and condemned myself for want of this divine temper, though I saw I could not get it, as of myself, any more than I could make a world. In the latter exercise" (*i. e.* the P. M. service) "blessed be the Lord, I had some fervency, both in prayer and preaching, and * * * was enabled to address precious souls with affection, concern, tenderness and importunity. The Spirit of God, I think was there, as the effects were apparent, tears running down many cheeks." Here is a picture, worthy of the pencil of a Raphael, and it belongs, people of Greenwich, to your own

history. David Brainerd, kneeling in spiritual anguish among the bushes on the banks of your own Pohateong, deploring his insufficiency, and wrestling with God for the souls of the people who composed your original congregation! It ought to be painted and photographed, and hung up in your minister's study, and in every dwelling in the valley, and on the mountains. Here is a lesson in your early history for both pastors and people—a *humble, self-renouncing, wrestling pastor, will secure God's blessing and the penitential tears of the people.*

Brainerd continues Dec. 10: "Near noon preached again; God gave me some assistance, and enabled me to be, in some degree, faithful. * * * * Came away from Greenwich, and rode home; arrived just in the evening. By the way my soul blessed God for His goodness, &c."

That the Greenwich, thus hallowed by the prayers and tears of the sainted Brainerd, was *our* Greenwich, is rendered certain by the fact, which he mentioned, that it was ten miles from his house in the forks of the Delaware. That house was a rude cabin, and stood about one-half a mile South by West of where the church of Lower Mt. Bethel now stands, near the banks of Martin's Creek—the Indian name of which was *Sakhanwotung*. The site of the cabin was pointed out to me some forty years ago. It is just about ten miles from the site of the original Greenwich meeting house, but not more than six or seven from Axford's neighborhood, sometimes called, in the old records, "Greenwich upon Delaware." The original meeting house, built of logs, stood upon the farm formerly owned by John Riley, Esq., now by Henry R. Kennedy, Esq. The site of the church and grave-yard was to the left of the old road as you ascend the hill from the farm house going toward the South. Beneath the soil of that field sleep the bones of many of the early inhabitants of the valley. There, as "the Elders" have informed me, was a large burying-ground, in which slumber the mortal remains of many who, 130 years ago, heard the gospel from the lips of the sainted Brainerd. And that there was a house of worship erected as early as 1744, is proven by the fact that he did not preach in a private house, or he would have mentioned it; and that the congregation could not have

worshipped on the 9th and 10th of December in the open air or woods. The fact, too, that thirty-one years after Brainerd's visit, the old log church was so far decayed as to call for a new erection, renders it probable that it had been built some two or three years before his visit—probably about 1741. That locality was abandoned in 1775. The ploughshare has long ago levelled every mound that covered the bosoms of the sleepers. The golden waves of many a harvest have rustled over their heads. Few of the present generation can tell exactly where *that* "God's acre" lies. But the eye of Him, who is "the resurrection and the life," will watch their slumbering dust till He shall bid it rise.

The venerable Thomas Kennedy, already quoted, came to this township from Tinnicum, in Buck's County, when a lad of some 14 years, with his parents. From him, whilst pastor here, I derived some items of information. He remembered the old log church, already mentioned, and was of opinion that the congregation had been dependent for preaching and ordinances, upon supplies, sent chiefly by the "new side" Presbytery of New Brunswick. We know, from the records of that Presbytery, that the first supplies were sent by them. Mr. Kennedy remembered having heard, in the log house, the Rev. Francis Peppard, the Rev. James Campbell, the Rev. John Roseborough and others, all members of that Presbytery. Mr. Campbell was for many years pastor of the churches of Tehicken and Tinnicum (now Red Hill), in Buck's County. He also ministered part of his time at Durham, towards the close of his ministry; and subsequently went to South Carolina, where he preached, in the celtic language, his mother tongue, to a congregation of Highlanders from his native Scotland. There was an early settlement of Scotch and Scotch-Irish people at Durham, where there were iron works established, and where General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, was born. Morgan drove a wagon at those iron works, before the war; he became pious after the Revolutionary war ended, and was a Presbyterian Elder.

Besides those named as supplies to this nascent congregation, we gather from the old minutes of the Presbytery, that the Rev.

John Cross, Rev. Daniel Lawrence, Rev. John Clark, Rev. Robt. Cross, Rev. John Boyd, the Rev. James McRea, and others, visited the churches of this region and dispensed ordinances; but there was probably no settled pastor before Mr. Roseborough. It would be interesting to give sketches of what is known of some of these men, but it would swell this discourse beyond reasonable length.

JOHN BOYD, a Scotch-Irishman of great ability, and great eccentricity, lived and ministered in Freehold. JOHN CROSS, a man of wondrous pulpit power, and a co-laborer with George Whitfield, lived and labored in a place called, in the old records, "The Mountains back of Newark." In 1734-35 there was a wonderful revival in his congregation, noticed in Edwards' "Thoughts on Revivals;" but after a brilliant, and apparently useful career, he was finally suspended from the ministry. He was a native of Scotland.

Rev. James McRea, was from Ireland, but was educated in this country; studying at the Log College in Neshamany. He was the founder and for many years the pastor of the congregation of Lamington—from 1741 to 1776. He preached here several times. His son, Col. John McRea, resided in Albany, and his sister, Jane McRea, the second daughter of the pastor, was murdered by Indians who had been sent by her suitor, Captain Jones, to convey her within the British lines, near Fort Stanwix, State of New York. She was going to join her affianced husband, with a view to consummate their marriage. Her death made a great sensation at the time, and was used by the patriot leaders as a means of rousing the indignation of the Americans; her death being supposed for a time, to be a specimen of British atrocity. But there is no doubt that her death was the result of a quarrel between the savages, as to who should receive the reward for conveying her to the place of the wedding. They ended the quarrel and her life by the tomahawk.

The Rev. JOHN ROSEBOROUGH was, previous to the year 1770, pastor of Greenwich, Oxford, and Mansfield Wood-house. Having lost some notes taken twenty-six years ago, from the records of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, I cannot with

absolute certainty state in what year he was settled in this triplet charge, but it was about 1755. Late in 1769 he removed from this side of the river Delaware, and became the pastor of the churches in the two Irish settlements, in what is now Northampton County. The one was called the settlement on the *West Branch* of the Delaware—viz. the Lehigh, now the church of Allen Township; the other was called the *East Branch*, and is now the congregation of Lower Mount Bethel. The one on the Lehigh was called sometimes *Craig's* settlement—the other *Hunter's*. Mr. Roseborough continued to serve those churches until 1777, when, in the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, he roused, by his eloquence, the brave hearts of his parishioners to rush to the help of their country. A battalion was raised. The patriotic pastor was chosen to its command. He marched at its head to the camp of Washington, then lying along the Delaware, near to Coryell's Ferry, and tendered their services in the cause of freedom. He requested the General to appoint an experienced officer to command them, and he himself remained as chaplain. They shared in the struggle and glory of Trenton. But, a few days after that victory, the patriot pastor, who had not recrossed the Delaware with the main body of the army, was surprised by a scouting party of British horse, in a farm house near to Pennington. Finding that he was a Presbyterian and of course a Whig, they stabbed him in cold blood, and he died under their murderous hands, a martyr to the cause of American Liberty. There would be many a tearful eye in Greenwich and "the Forks," when the sad tidings arrived, that their beloved pastor and friend had died by the hands of the cruel enemy. And sad was the mission of that stricken widow, when she, accompanied by her daughter, went to Pennington, to recognize and bury the body of her husband. Elder Thomas Kennedy, told me, that he saw them as they passed through Greenwich, on this mournful mission.

When Mr. Kennedy came to Greenwich, in 1771, there was no pastor, Mr. Roseborough having removed. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Peppard and others came as supplies; but in the then unsettled state of the country, New Jersey, being the battle-ground of the Revolution, there seems to have been no pastor settled here

until 1776. In that year the British army having taken possession of New York City, all decided Whigs withdrew and none but Tories and time-servers remained. Of course Presbyterians escaped; and the pastors of the Presbyterian church in that city—the Rev. Joseph Treat and the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, collegiate pastors—were amongst the number. Most of their people having left, either to join Washington's army or to find refuge with their families; the pastors also withdrew in May, 1776. Dr. Rodgers went to Connecticut, and Mr. Treat came to this valley and to Mt. Bethel. He resided for a time in Lower Mt. Bethel, and preached there and here, upon alternate Sabbaths. He subsequently removed to this congregation, and lived in the house once occupied by Mr. Sloan, above the Bloomsbury Depot; and in a field, between the Depot and the dwelling aforesaid, his wife and daughter lie buried without a stone. The date of Mr. Treat's death I lost in the notes referred to, and cannot state it now. It was about 1797 or 1798, for, allowing for a vacancy of a few months, Mr. Sloan's advent in the latter part of 1797, would show the decease of Mr. Treat to have taken place at or before the beginning of that year. He lies buried in your grave-yard without a stone, a few feet from where I stand.

The old stone church, which was erected on this spot one hundred years ago, remained in good condition until it was pulled down to give place to the present edifice, in April, 1835. It must have been one of the best church edifices of its day in the State, and reflected honor upon the congregation which, at so early a day, and in troublous times, could erect such a building. It was built of stone-masonry so solid and well cemented that the walls seemed as firm and weather-proof in the last year of its existence as in the first. Indeed so compact and well cemented were the walls that the stalwart arms of young Greenwich of 40 years ago could hardly pull them apart. It was 49 by 38 feet, with walls 17 feet high; ceiling slightly arched across the narrow dimension of the house; gables on the East and West ends (the reverse of the present edifice), two doors in front, opening on aisles, which led back to another aisle, which extended, in front of the pulpit, the entire length of the house;

pulpit of the ancient tub species, with a precentor's box in front of it. The pulpit stood against the North wall, opposite the doors, and in the centre of the long side of the parallelogram. Galleries on three sides of the *auditorium*, reached by stairs which arose from each door. Such was the structure built upon this site 100 years ago. I describe it as it was in 1835, before it was taken down. Although built in 1775, the pews were not all put in for several years thereafter. For a long time there were but three pews erected, the mass of the congregation sitting upon benches. The pews were of the ancient Orthodox style, with straight high backs; and all the others were of course of similar construction. Of these three primitive pews, the Maxwell family built one, Judge Beavers another, and the grand-father of H. R. Kennedy, the third. The venerable Mrs. Fine, still living when I assumed your pastorate, told me that many of the workmen employed upon the church, boarded with her—she then living in a house that stood upon the farm which adjoins the Manse lot on the North.

Elder Kennedy, already quoted, told me that after the surrender of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, a detachment of the captured army was marched through this valley, and lodged one or two nights in the church.

The component elements of this congregation came from different districts and remote parts of the world. English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, German, Dutch, Welsh, and it may be, other nationalities, all contributed a share. The larger and perhaps the controlling element was Scotch-Irish. The Maxwells came from the North of Ireland, in 1747. The Stewarts, and Kennedys, and Ramseys, and McCulloughs, and Kellys, were of the same stock; but the Stewarts and Kennedys came hither from Bucks County. The Smiths, Crevlings, Bidlemans, Fines, Hulshizers, Carpenters, Hances and Youngs, were of German origin, and also the Boyers. The Hawgawouts, Hyndshaus, Beavers and Sharpensteins (now shortened into Sharps), were of Dutch or Holland origin. The Pursells, Hunts, Hixons, Davises, Hamlins, Carters, Greens, Barbers, Bulmans, and probably the Robbins', were of English extraction. The Hughes of Welsh origin. In a few cases I may have erred in these

suggestions of lineage, but of most I am reasonably certain. It is not very important, for the several races have so commingled by marriage, that few could be found with an unmixed current of blood in their veins.

After the death of Mr Treat, the Rev. Wm. B. Sloan, the venerable and beloved man whom I succeeded in the pastorate, became the pastor of the two congregations of Mansfield and Greenwich, and was ordained and installed near the close of 1797 or the early part of 1798. For about 17 years he served alternately, the two churches, and then became the sole pastor of this one, which he served until the fall of 1834—about 36 years in all.

The earliest record of session that can be found, is dated Nov. 14, 1803, seventy-two years ago. The first page contains this inscription: "Greenwich Presbyterian Church Consistory, opened Nov. 14, 1803; Rev. Wm. B. Sloan, Moderator, Peter Davis and Thomas Stewart, Elders ordained, Thomas Kennedy, Wm. Kennedy and Wm. Smith, Elders elect." The record is in the writing of the venerable Judge Stewart. The elders elect were ordained on the same day.

From that time to the present, the records of session have been kept with a good degree of regularity. Adam Ramsey, Peter Sharps, Sr., and Abraham Carpenter were elected Elders, Sept. 25, 1811. Charles Carter, Peter Smith, and Dr. Silas Cook, in July, 1819. Lefferd Haughawont, August 22, 1822. Jonathan Robbins and Samuel T. Stewart, March 6th, 1825. Wm. Carter and Daniel Hulshizer, Sept. 19, 1833. Peter Sharps, Jr., and John A. Crevling, Feb. 2d, 1839. John Carter, Robt. S. Kennedy and Spencer C. Smith, June 6th, 1848. James Stewart and John Kelly, May 4th, 1851. Wm. Stewart, Peter Pursell and John P. Smith, July 26th, 1857. Wm. Carpenter, Peter S. Robbins, Robt. S. Kelly and Wm. H. Hamlin, Sept. 8th, 1866. Jos. W. Carter, Sept. 27th, 1873. The last five constituting the present session. Of those who were ordained to the office of Deacon, the following is a list: John Carter, Spencer C. Smith, Robert S. Kennedy, Henry Gardner, John Kelly and Jesse Stewart, were ordained February 21st, 1841. Wm. Stewart, Wm. J. Fishbaugh and Henry R. Kennedy, July

30th, 1848. Peter Pursell, Robt. L. Cline and Wm. Carpenter, April 8th, 1849. John H. Hamlin, Robt. K. Hamlin, Spencer C. Pursell, Philip L. Hawk, and Joseph W. Carter, in 1869. Leffard H. Pursell, John Hart, and Jos. F. Young, May 1st, 1870.

Of the venerable and beloved men who have served as ruling elder, 21 have departed this life, 10 survive, but only 5 (the present session) are with the congregation now. Two, Messrs. Daniel Hulshizer and Robt. S. Kennedy, went with the Stewartsville organization, Peter Sharps went to Trenton, and James Stewart to Mansfield. Of the Deacons some were chosen to the office of Ruling Elder, and ceased to act as Deacons; some are dead—some have removed to other places, and but six now exercise the office.

We have not space or time to sketch the lives of our deceased office-bearers, or it would be pleasant and profitable to do it. The venerable Judge Stewart had been an elder in Tinnicum before he came to Greenwich 16 years, and served this church, in that capacity, 43 years; in all nearly 60 years an elder. He died on December 31, 1836, aged 85 years.

By a list of communicants on record, there were, in 1812, 92 communicants. From 1812 to 1834, so far as the records show, there were 197 received on profession, and 14 upon certificate, making a total of 211, which added to the 92, made 303. Of this number 111 must have been removed by death, dismissal, or otherwise, previous to 1834; for at the time of Mr. Sloan's resignation there were only 192 on the roll of communicants.

In 1830 and 1833 there seems to have been seasons of more than usual spiritual interest in the church, as during these years 67 were added to the communion upon examination—32 at one time.

Mr. Sloan continued pastor of the congregation until the autumn of 1834. On the 27th of September of that year, at a congregational meeting, he signified his desire, on account of age and infirmity, to resign his charge. The congregation acceded to the request in terms creditable to a Christian people; and at a meeting of the Presbytery of Newton, held on this ground, the following month, the pastoral relation was dissolved. The venerable man continued to dwell among us, and often to

meet us in the house of God until the close of his useful and lovely life. He was seized with his mortal illness whilst on a visit to his brother, at his native homestead in Lamington. He died there in the faith he had preached, July 3d, 1839; and on the 5th his body was laid in our grave-yard amid the tears of the sorrowing congregation.

On the 22d of December, 1833, I being then a licentiate of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, preached at Mr. Sloan's request, my first sermon in this place. This was nearly a year before Mr. Sloan's retirement. A month afterward I preached again, on Sunday, a Temperance sermon, and a large young men's temperance society was organized at the close of the service. Eight months afterward, having been pressed into a temporary agency, for the Board of Education, by the beloved and lamented Dr. John Breckinridge, then Secretary of that Board, it so occurred, in providence, that without knowing of Mr. Sloan's intention to resign, I occupied this pulpit, as an agent, the very day after his intention had been made known to the congregation, the 28th of September, 1834. Having prosecuted my agency a month longer, I received an invitation from the Session of this church, through the late Hon. J. J. Kennedy, to spend a few Sabbaths with you, with a view to settlement. Had the letter come a day later, my life might have been spent in another field, which was opened to me after I had written my consent to come hither. I arrived and entered upon my labors, on the 24th of October, 1834. It was a stormy day, and my first sermon was preached to six men, including the sexton, in the church of 1775. On the 7th of February, your congregation voted me a unanimous call, offering me a salary of five hundred dollars. I accepted the call, and at a meeting of the Presbytery *pro re nata*, on the 24th of March, 1835, I was received and examined, and on the next day was solemnly ordained to the ministry and installed as your pastor. The late Dr. Joseph Campbell preached the sermon, Mr. Sloan presided, and offered the ordination prayer, Dr. George Junkin gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. Gray that to the people. It was a scene which they who witnessed it, never could forget—never certainly can it be forgotten by myself. It was a Bochim.

My ordination took place amid joy and tears; my ministry began in tears; for an hour after the ordination closed, my first pastoral act was to officiate at the funeral of one of the loveliest Christian women that ever adorned this community. And, ah! how many scenes similar to that marked the progress of my ministry, and that of my brethren, who succeeded me in the pastorate.

What changes have occurred since that day 40 years and three months ago! Of all the ministers who that day laid their hands upon my head, not one survives. The venerable, kind and dignified Sloan has long since gone to his reward. The able and earnest Campbell is no more. The eloquent and fearless Castner, the amiable and devoted Love, are gone. The warm hearted Lowe has just recently ascended from the distant Pacific coast to tread the golden streets. The genial Candee—the social Clark (J. F.)—the grave and judicious Field—the Godly and affectionate Kirkpatrick—the sedate and devout Shaffer—the accomplished and urbane Gray—the lovely Talmage, and the learned self-denying and large hearted Junkin—all gone to the better land! Every hand that was laid upon my head, 40 years ago, now lies mouldering in the grave. No nobler band of brethren ever joined in the laying on of hands than the Presbytery of Newton, as then constituted. Brother John Van Derveer was not at that meeting, and he is the only survivor! “The fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live forever?”

And where are they of the officers and members of this congregation who, 40 years ago, thronged the dear old church whose centenary we this day celebrate? For most of them the grave must answer. Where are the hands that, 40 years ago, grasped mine in token of welcome? Most of them in the grave! And even those who, 24 years ago, gave to my brother Hand the grasp of welcome, how many lie stark in the narrow house? Ah! “the fashion of this world passeth away!” It is in my heart to name all the dear and fondly remembered dead, but time would fail, nor could this voice, without faltering, pronounce the cherished names. It is not for me to be the historian of my own ministry amongst you: much less to characterize

either it or that of my dear brethren who have served you since my departure. Many incidents of interest might be narrated, but I forbear for lack of time.

In the spring of 1851, I received simultaneously calls from the churches of Chambersburg, Pa., and F Street, Washington City. With much misgiving and heartfelt regret, I felt it my duty to accept the latter, and accordingly, my pastoral relation to this church was dissolved on the 23d of April, 1851. I preached my farewell sermon on the 11th of May, and took a sad and tearful leave of a beloved people, whom I had served in the ministry for 16½ years. This people had my *first pastoral* affections. I never loved any other people quite as I loved this. I believe it was reciprocated: and the fact that I am here to-day, by the invitation of the children, is pleasant assurance to my mind, that the love which the fathers bore me, has in some measure been transmitted. I can never forget either the fathers or the children; and the dear recollections of my pastorate in Greenwich

“ Will lingering haunt each verdant spot
On memory's waste.”

And I feel assured that my brother Hand can join with me in this appreciation of the kindness and affection for their pastor, whoever he may be, of this beloved flock; and we are happy in the belief that our young brother, who now serves you, finds a similar place in your love and loyalty.

Our history would be incomplete if we should omit the mention of the erection of the edifice in which we are now met. The structure of 1775 stood upon this same spot, to the extent of its dimensions, until 1835. In the first year of my pastorate it was taken down, and the present edifice erected. If my memory serves me aright, the venerable William Carter, then an Elder of the church, Robt. H. Kennedy and John A. Crevling were the building committee. They all proved faithful to their trust. All of the stones needed in addition to those of the old building, were taken from the hill-side, beyond the mill, and were the gift of Mr. Kennedy, in addition to a liberal cash subscription.

To Mr. Carter, especially, was the congregation indebted, for the care and economy with which the structure was built. With

every rising sun, whilst the work was in progress, might be seen driving his steady old roan horse and wagon to this place, where by his watchfulness, experience, sound-judgment and firmness, he secured diligence among the workmen, economy in the use of material, and completeness in the execution of every part of the building. His services, gratuitously rendered, were worth hundreds to the congregation. In all this he was aided efficiently by the other members of the committee. The congregation worshipped in various places, during the erection of the church. Until the harvest of 1835, we worshipped in the barn of Mr. Herbert Hiner, owned at the time by the late Dr. Cooper, and still standing near to St. James' church. After the floors and mows were needed for the harvest, we worshipped sometimes in the woods, beyond Springtown, sometimes in one school-house, and sometimes in another. But so soon as the floor was laid and the roof on, we worshipped in this place, during the autumn, although the house was not yet completed, nor formally dedicated.

It may as well be stated that instead of an old swallow's nest pulpit, as the *Presbyterian* asserted last February, the pulpit of the church of 1835, was a neat mahogany structure, quite abreast of the times. A gallery on three sides, East, North and West, afforded sittings for a large number of hearers, and the pulpit stood, at the request of the pastor, and in accordance with the usage in the neighboring city of Easton, between the doors. The Manse lot was purchased, and the Manse built in the spring and summer of 1840. I had lived in a hired house, near Springtown, during the year 1839, but it was sold and the purchaser desired to occupy it himself. I was thus without a shelter; and had concluded, in view of this and other considerations, to accept a call to Beaver, Pa., which had been tendered to me the winter before. I tendered the resignation of my pastoral charge; but the congregation, at the meeting called to consent to the separation, determined to resist my removal, and remove the causes of it; and at the meeting, they resolved to buy the glebe and build the Manse, and increase my stipend. So I remained nearly twelve years more with them. The Manse was enlarged the year before I went to Washington (1850), by the addition of the northern end of the house.

†

The Rev. A. H. Hand, now Dr. Hand, resided in 1851, in the city of Philadelphia. Upon my request he made a visit to Greenwich, before I left, and occupied your pulpit. The visit resulted in a call to be your pastor, which was made on the 17th day of June 1851, and he soon thereafter entered upon the pastorate, and was installed on the 2d day of September 1851, and served you, in the ministry of the Gospel until November 1870, more than 19 years, when he accepted a call to the church of Palisades, N. Y.

Your present pastor, the Rev. Thomas S. Long, was called to the pastorate on the 11th January, 1871, and installed on the 18th of the following May.

At the time I became the pastor of this church, there were on the roll of communicants, 192. During my pastorate there were 403 added; 34 by certificate, and 369 by profession. I baptized 427 infants and 58 adults. During my ministry, and in the spring of 1850, the church of Stewartsville was organized and 55 were dismissed to unite in that organization, including two elders, Hulshizer and Kennedy. In November 1858, the Bloomsbury church was organized, of persons belonging to this church, for which purpose 41 were dismissed.

Phillipsburg and Asbury have also received some contributions from Greenwich, so that she may justly claim to be the mother of churches.

During the pastorate of Dr. Hand, there were added to the church 228—45 on certificate, and 183 on profession. He baptized so far as the record shows, 131 infants and 21 adults. Since the accession of Mr. Long to the pastoral office there have been 117 admitted—90 on examination and 27 on certificate. In 1871 there was a gracious visit of God's spirit, the fruits of which were sixty additions to the communion—40 males and 20 females—many of whom were heads of families.

Thus have we rapidly sketched the history of this congregation for the century just closed, so far as known to us. And it is time this long discourse should close. *Pleasant yet mournful* is the retrospect: let us aim to make it also profitable. In it we find cause.

1st. For *gratitude* to God for his mercies to our fathers and to ourselves. Why are we not a *heathen* people? An *enslaved* people—a people miserable in time, and without hope for eternity? It is because of God's sovereign, free and unmerited mercy. Let every heart, by the remembrance of the days of old, be stirred to the liveliest gratitude to God.

2d. We are taught the *faithfulness* of a covenant-keeping God; and that we may *trust* him for time to come. For nearly, if not quite, a century and a half, he has preserved in this valley this congregation of the Lord, and for 100 years, upon this hallowed ground. Generation has followed generation, as wave follows wave on the bosom of the deep—but God has still kept a seed to serve him. The children have succeeded to the parents; and the dear old church of Greenwich still lives; and gives evidence of zeal and vigor in the service of a covenant-keeping God! May this continue holy ground, if the Lord will; and a worshipping people here call upon his name, until the Archangel's voice, and the trump of God shall wake the dead, and translate the pious of the final generation of men.

3d. "The fashion of this world passeth away." All earthly things are changing. And, of all things on earth, man is the subject of the most melancholy mutation. Where are those who, 100 years ago, began to erect a house of God upon this spot? The mountains still stand around your beautiful valley, as for centuries they have stood: the bright Pohatcong still murmurs past your sanctuary, as it did when the first stone was laid a century ago; the rocks upon which this building stands still lie in sturdy repose: but the men and women and children have gone. Oh! let us be taught, by these mournful earthly changes, to seek a home and a portion in that glorious world which changeth not! AMEN.