

FIRST
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
NASHVILLE

One Hundred Years of Service

The Centenary⁴
OF
The First Presbyterian Church
OF
Nashville, Tennessee



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.
The Corner Stone Was Laid April 28, 1849, and the Building Dedicated on
Easter Sunday, April 20, 1851.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

The Addresses Delivered in Connection
with the Observance of the
One Hundredth Anniversary,
November 8-15, 1914.



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CHAPTER V.

THE MINISTERS AND PASTORS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OF NASH- VILLE, TENN.

By REV. JAMES H. MCNEILLY, D.D.

One hundred years ago, in a pioneer town on the banks of the Cumberland River, with a population of about fifteen hundred, six women and one man were organized as the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville by one of the mightiest preachers and greatest orators of that or any other age.

In the century just ending that little band has grown to a membership of sixteen hundred, with branches in all sections of a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. And these branches have over two thousand members. Moreover, in the city are other churches holding the same standards of faith and order, with eleven hundred members. So that today there are near five thousand Presbyterian church members where there were only seven one hundred years ago. Our denomination has increased seven hundred fold, while the population of the city has multiplied one hundred fold. And when we note the progress of our sister denominations in our city, as compared with the growth of the population, we have reason to be encouraged.

INTRODUCTION.

The progress of any great movement depends, under God, largely on the leaders of it, and the First Presbyterian Church, in the course of its history, has had a succession

of able and godly men—"men of light and leading, who had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." They were men of commanding personality, of strong faith and courage, of intense energy, who exercised a powerful influence on the moral and spiritual life and ideals of the whole community.

I am asked to recall some of the characteristics of these ministers of the Word of God as they are preserved in written or printed records, in the traditions of a past generation, or in the memories of this passing generation.

It has been my privilege to know personally every man who has served this church as pastor since 1833—eighty-one years ago. Moreover, I have known intimately Col. W. B. A. Ramsey, long Secretary of State for Tennessee; Governor Neil S. Brown, and Hon. Charles Ready, member of Congress from Tennessee. These men were in their youth familiar with the beginnings of Presbyterianism in the State, and had often heard the great preachers of that earlier time.

REV. DR. THOMAS B. CRAIGHEAD.

The first Presbyterian minister to work in Middle Tennessee, or in the Cumberland Country, as it was then called, was the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Craighead. He was born in North Carolina, the son of Rev. Alexander Craighead, who was one of Whitefield's helpers in the great revivals under that wonderful evangelist. The son was educated at Princeton, N. J., graduating in 1775, and in 1780 was ordained by the Presbytery of Orange, N. C. After a few years' work in his native State, he came to Kentucky, and in a short time he came to Tennessee and located at Spring Hill, near the village of Haysboro, six or seven miles east of Nashville. The tradition is that when he and his company arrived in 1785 they cut down the forest trees to prepare a place for worship, and the first pulpit was the stump of a large tree, while the congregation sat on the bodies of the fallen trees—the first pews.

At Spring Hill a stone building 24 by 30 feet was erected for school and church services. There for thirty years Mr. Craighead preached, and at first taught the Davidson Academy, the cradle of the University of Nashville. Some of the foundation stones of that old building are still in place in the grounds of the present Spring Hill Cemetery. The house in which the minister lived until his death was situated just across the road, a short distance from the school-house. A few years ago the residence was burned down, but was rebuilt on the old walls and on the original plan.

Mr. Craighead was a profound scholar, an independent thinker, a man of intense convictions and of dauntless courage; and Dr. Philip Lindsley testified, "the most spiritual, heavenly-minded person he ever knew." As a preacher his diction was clear and unadorned; his manner fervid, solemn, intense; his enunciation distinct and precise. He usually spoke without notes. In person he was tall, straight as an arrow, his countenance strong and stern, his complexion ruddy, his eyes blue, his hair sandy. His bearing was dignified. He preached frequently in Nashville and in the surrounding country.

The Davidson Academy was incorporated by the Legislature of North Carolina in 1785, and in 1786 Mr. Craighead was chosen President of the Board of Trustees.

His last years were embittered by his suspension from the ministry on charges of heresy. The Presbyterianism of that day was intensely orthodox, not to say intolerant. Even Mr. Craighead himself was bitterly opposed to the measures used in the great revival of 1810, which resulted in the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The sentence of suspension was rescinded some time before his death, which occurred in 1824, at the age 71 years.

Mr. Craighead was of that stern, independent, indefatigable Scotch-Irish stock which furnished so much of the pioneer courage and strength in the settlement of Ten-

nessee. And he was a worthy representative of his race. It is said that General Andrew Jackson was his devoted friend. They were kindred spirits.

REV. WILLIAM HUME.

The first Presbyterian organization in Nashville was a little congregation of Scotch seceders gathered about the close of the eighteenth century. To them in 1801 came the Rev. William Hume, of Scotland, sent out by the Scotch Presbytery of Kirkaldy. He preached in a small brick building near the site of the University of Nashville, which, I believe, still stands. His congregation was small, his salary was meager, his circumstances were narrow, yet he continued faithfully his ministry to them with self-sacrificing devotion until 1818, when he united with the Presbyterian Church in the United States and most of his congregation followed him, uniting with this First Presbyterian Church. For fifteen years, until his death in 1833, he served churches near Nashville, and he frequently filled the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church. For many years he was a distinguished teacher. He was Professor of Ancient Languages in Cumberland College, afterwards known as the University of Nashville; after that Principal of the Nashville Female Academy until his death.

Mr. Hume was one of the wise master builders who laid the foundation of Presbyterianism and of education in Nashville. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1770; educated in the University of Edinburgh, trained in the strictest school of Scotch theology, he was a thorough scholar and an able minister of the Word of God. While he was bold and firm in the defense of the truth, yet he was a man of broad and catholic spirit, and in his daily life he was gentle and humble as a little child.

For nearly a third of a century he lived in this city, an accomplished teacher, a generous philanthropist, a cultured gentleman, and he so bore himself that he won the

confidence and love of all classes of the community, and was known as "the good man of Nashville."

REV. GIDEON BLACKBURN.

We next come to the great organizer of churches, the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, D.D., teacher and preacher, the Chrysostom of the pioneer pulpit—one of the most eloquent orators, most zealous workers and devoted ministers of the gospel who ever wrought for the Kingdom of God.

Born in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1772, in his boyhood he came with his family to Tennessee and was educated in the noted school of Rev. Dr. Samuel Doak. Having studied for the ministry, he was licensed by the Abingdon Presbytery in 1792 or 1795. He had charge of two churches in East Tennessee, but with his heart afire with the love of Christ, he went about in all the neighboring country preaching and organizing churches, and often he went from place to place armed with his trusty rifle and marching with companies of soldiers, who guarded the land from sudden incursions of Indians.

Wherever he went he won the sturdy pioneers by his genial, gracious manner, and by his wonderful gift of eloquence. He not only organized churches, but he strove to evangelize the Indians, and established schools among them, which were quite successful.

In 1811 Mr. Blackburn came to Middle Tennessee and took charge of the Harpeth Academy at Franklin, where he remained teaching and preaching for twelve years. As was his custom, he ranged widely, preaching at various points in a radius of fifty miles, and organizing churches. Often on Friday evening after school hours he would mount his horse and dash off twenty miles to one of his five preaching places and there administer the communion, preach five or six times and be back in his classroom early Monday morning. It is said that at one of these communion occa-

sions three thousand persons were present and forty-five were received into the church.

It was while he was teaching at Franklin that he made Nashville one of his preaching points. Beginning in the spring of 1811, at first he came only once in every three months, then monthly, and at length semi-monthly. In November, 1814, probably on Sunday the thirteenth day of the month, he organized this church and continued supplying it semi-monthly until 1818 or 1819.

In 1823 he left Tennessee and became successively pastor in Louisville and Versailles, in Kentucky, and President of Centre College in Kentucky. In 1833 he removed to the State of Illinois, where he died in 1838. His ministry in Nashville extended over a period of seven or eight years. At first his congregations gathered in the open air, in a grove near the Public Square, on the Sabbath. His preaching on week days was in Mr. Hume's building. The traditions of his oratory represent it as overwhelming in its power and effectiveness.

His personal appearance was remarkably impressive. Over six feet in height and finely proportioned, his bearing was distinctly military. His features were prepossessing, dominated by an eye large and penetrating, which could express every emotion of the soul within. His voice was rich and silvery and could thrill with passion or soothe with tenderness. His gestures were graceful and expressive. His sermons were carefully studied, but delivered extemporaneously with fire and energy. His greatest power was in word-painting, so that scenes and events under his magic touch lived and moved before enraptured hearers, who forgot time, place and circumstances in looking upon the vivid pictures. Governor Brown and Colonel Ready, who had heard the great orators of the American Congress, Clay and Webster, Preston and Prentiss, have told me that Dr. Blackburn was the most eloquent orator they

had ever heard. In his intercourse with others he was courteous, affable, but always dignified, even stately. Above all else he was interested in leading souls to Christ and in their living righteous lives.

REV. ALLEN DITCHFIELD CAMPBELL.

The first regularly installed pastor of this church was the Rev. Allen Ditchfield Campbell, D.D. Born in England, he came at an early age with his parents to Baltimore, where he was brought up. Graduating at the University of Pennsylvania, he studied for the ministry of the Associated Reformed Church, in which he was licensed in 1815. Soon afterward he joined the Presbyterian Church, and in 1820 he became the pastor of this church. For seven years he did his Lord's work in much suffering from frequent attacks of illness. In 1827 he resigned the pastorate. He was one of the founders of the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., and for a time taught some of its classes. He died in 1861.

Dr. Campbell was an earnest preacher of the Word, simple, clear and devout. Of his preaching it could be said that "the common people heard him gladly." He was exceedingly hospitable and generous in his helpfulness to theological students and to his brethren in the ministry.

REV. OBADIAH JENNINGS, D.D.

In 1828 the Rev. Obadiah Jennings, D.D., was installed pastor of this church. His pastorate lasted only four years until his death in 1832, but by his profound intellect and logical power, his sermons, although generally read, made a positive and deep impression on the members of the congregation and upon the men of the community generally.

Dr. Jennings, the son of a Presbyterian minister, was born in 1778 at Basking Ridge, N. J. Manifesting remarkable powers of mind, he was given a finished education. He studied law and won a high reputation at the bar in Penn-

sylvania and Ohio. He did not unite with the church until he was 32 years old. He continued to practice law with great success, but feeling called of God to the ministry, he was licensed to preach in 1816. After serving churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania for eleven years, he was called to this church. In his brief pastorate of four years he labored with zeal and faithfulness, and his influence was felt throughout the regions around the city. In 1830 he was unexpectedly drawn into a public debate with Rev. Alexander Campbell, one of the founders of the present body known as the Christian Church. Mr. Campbell was a very able man and a skillful debater, but he found in Dr. Jennings "a foe-man worthy of his steel," whose legal training fitted him for the debate.

Dr. Jennings was a man of sweet and lovely spirit. In his intercourse with others he was genial, frank, witty, animated and sprightly in conversation, yet never violating the proprieties which bind a gentleman and a minister. He died January 12, 1832, and the house of worship, completed in 1816, was destroyed by fire two weeks later, while draped in mourning for the beloved pastor.

His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. William Hume, who was to follow him to heaven in the next year.

REV. JOHN TODD EDGAR, D.D.

We come next to Rev. John Todd Edgar, D.D., *clarum et venerabile nomen*. In my youth he was my ideal of a true minister of Jesus Christ, and in my old age my memory holds his image as *primus inter pares* of all the great preachers I have known. With him begin my personal recollections of the pastors of this church, and I must crave pardon if the remainder of this paper shall take the form largely of reminiscences of that noble company with whom I was associated in the work of the Lord in this city.

Dr. Edgar was wonderfully eloquent in the pulpit; in the pastorate he was tender and gracious. In all his rela-

tions with the world he was the accomplished, genial gentleman; in his personal life he was the humble and devoted Christian.

For twenty-seven years he went in and out before this people, winning the love and commanding the respect, yea veneration, of all classes in this city from the highest to the humblest.

He was born in Delaware in 1792 and was taken with his father's family to Kentucky in 1795. He studied theology at Princeton, graduating in 1816. He served churches in Kentucky with increasing reputation. After a six years' pastorate in the capital city, Frankfort, he accepted the call of this church in 1833. Here his lifework was done, ending with his death on November 13, 1860, at the age of 68 years and 7 months. The elements which went to make the success of Dr. Edgar as a minister of the gospel were distinct and marked of all men. Physically he was a splendid type of symmetrical, virile manhood. His body was finely proportioned, being somewhat above the average height. His face mobile and quick to respond to every change of feeling, with an eye of dark hazel that could flash with enthusiasm or melt in tenderness, was one of the most potent aids to his oratory. His voice of extraordinary compass and sweetness by its witchery and melody at once gained and held attention. When he was a young minister at Frankfort, Ky., Mr. Clay, prince of American orators, was asked who of his contemporaries was the greatest orator. His answer was, "Go to the Presbyterian Church of Frankfort and you will hear him."

In 1860, just a few months before his death, he was commissioner with Hon. Henry Cooper to the General Assembly in Rochester, N. Y. When the Assembly adjourned, Mr. Cooper invited the doctor to take a trip with him through New England and Canada. They spent Sunday in Boston, and the doctor was asked to preach in one of

the largest churches of that city. Mr. Cooper told me that the "Old Man Eloquent" was at his best, and as he stood before that large audience and without notes poured out the treasures of the gospel in tones of silvery sweetness, the people were literally spellbound. And when he preached at night, in the same place, not only was the church packed, but the street in front and the windows were crowded with eager listeners.

I had known him from my boyhood, for occasionally he took a vacation of a few days and spent it with my father in deer hunting. On these occasions he would preach on the Sabbath in the courthouse, for the village church could not contain the congregation. I remember the profound impression made on me on one of these occasions. My father's associate elder, Major Strong, a soldier of the Revolution, then 90 years old, sat in the judges' stand by the preacher, and the doctor, speaking of the frailty of life, laid his hand on the "good gray head" and repeated the words of the Psalmist, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." It was done so gracefully and so graciously that the whole congregation was moved to tears.

He was noted for his reading or reciting of hymns. The last time I heard him preach he repeated the lines—

"In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,"

with thrilling effect. The desperate loneliness of that dark world seemed reproduced in the mournful cadences of his voice. Indeed, I have heard of some of the congregation saying that the choir should not try to sing a hymn after he had read it. And Dr. Robert Breckinridge stated that when a committee was preparing a new hymn book they had to appoint another reader, for Dr. Edgar's reading made the

most commonplace hymn beautiful. In every service when I have heard him he read the whole hymn, and the congregation sang it then with the spirit and the understanding.

Dr. Edgar's piety was of the robust type and he was apt to call things by plain names. On one occasion a man who was already ready to report unpleasant things met the doctor on the street and said, "I heard one of your brethren in the ministry say that Presbyterians believe that there are infants in hell not a span long. What do you say to that?" The answer came with energy, "It is an unfeathered lie and nobody but a fool would believe it."

When I was examined for licensure, the Presbytery took time and had me on the grill for three hours a day for three days. Dr. Edgar examined me in theology and he was so clear in his questioning that I could answer nearly every question in the words of the Shorter Catechism. But one of the ministers seemed anxious either to expose my ignorance or show off his learning, so he plied me with all sorts of difficulties, much to the doctor's disgust. At length the question was put, "If I were to say to you that if God predestinates men to salvation, then a man is not responsible for his acts, and God is unjust to condemn him, what would you answer?" Dr. Edgar, out of patience, spoke up, "He ought to answer, 'Who art thou, O fool, that repliest against God?'" When the examination was concluded the doctor moved that it be sustained, and that the Presbytery vote its thanks to this boy's mother as his best teacher of theology.

He was a strenuous Calvinist, and stood for the Biblical order that the man must rule in the church and in the home. Yet he rendered the most chivalrous deference to woman as the most devoted follower of Christ and the queen of the home. Man the head, woman the heart.

I remember a piece of practical advice he gave me when I was licensed. "My boy, the women will be your most

efficient helpers in the church, so pay them all respect, but remember you are to be the head, and don't kiss any female between six and sixty unless she is close kin to you," a rule I observed for nearly fifty years, but now so many of those whom I baptized and received into the church and married, gather about me with their children and grandchildren that they seem close kin as my own children. But I must not take up all the time on this grand old man. He was dignified yet genial, witty, approachable and the very soul of hospitality.

On the evening of November 13, 1860, he conducted a service in this church, and returning to his home was suddenly stricken by the messenger of death and entered into the presence of the Lord. So great was the sense of public loss that the law courts suspended their sittings and the business houses were closed by proclamation of the Mayor during the funeral service. In 1842 he was Moderator of the General Assembly.

REV. JOSEPH BARDWELL.

In 1859 Rev. Joseph Bardwell was called as associate pastor with Dr. Edgar and became sole pastor after the death of the doctor. But after the occupation of the city by the Federal forces he went South and his connection with this congregation ceased. Dr. Bardwell was a strong preacher of the gospel, inclined to be metaphysical in his presentation of the truth but earnest, clear and deeply spiritual. He was afterwards Professor of Theology in the Southwestern Presbyterian University.

For three years the church building was used by the Federal Army for hospital purposes.

REV. ROBERT F. BUNTING, D.D.

After the close of the Civil War the Rev. Robert F. Bunting D.D., was called to the pastorate of the church and he continued his labors until November 15, 1868. He

was a man of intense energy and specially adapted to the work of gathering and reorganizing the members of the First Church, scattered by the war. He had been Chaplain of a noted Texas cavalry regiment and had shared the hardships and dangers of his men in camp, on the march and on the field of battle, and he brought the same zeal and activity into the service of the church. He was indefatigable in visiting and in looking after the temporal interests of the church. He was a good preacher, but it was in organizing the activities of the congregation that his genius was manifest.

As an example of the impression made by his activity, when the General Assembly met in this church in 1867, an old brother from a rural congregation, who had been accustomed to amble along at an easy pace, was anxious to have an interview with Dr. Bunting, but could never find him at home nor in the study. Finally he wearily asked another brother how to get Dr. Bunting. The answer was, "Stand on this corner half an hour and you will see him." "Why, does he make this corner a special stopping place?" "Oh, no, but he passes every corner in the city every thirty minutes."

The Texas people were devoted to Dr. Bunting because of his ministry to their soldiers during the war, and so he was called to the church in Galveston in 1868, where he remained until he had built up a strong church. He was afterwards financial agent of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, and finally was pastor at Gallatin, Tenn., where he died suddenly.

REV. THOMAS VERNER MOORE, D.D.

The Rev. Thomas Verner Moore, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Va., was Moderator of the General Assembly that met in this church in 1867. He made so profound an impression on all our people that when Dr. Bunting resigned he was called to this

pastorate. He had been pastor in Richmond for over twenty years, but he accepted the call to Nashville and began his work in December, 1868, continuing until his death in August, 1871. A great deal of the time he was in feeble health, and had to spend the winters in Florida, yet I have never known a brief ministry to exercise so wide, permanent and beneficent an influence. His personality impressed all who came in contact with him. He seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of holiness, yet there was nothing sanctimonious or puritanical about him. He was genial, companionable, warm-hearted, sympathetic. He seemed to have the spirit of the beloved disciple John, gentle, patient, gracious.

His preaching was very attractive. He wrote his sermons, and yet his reading was apparently as free as extemporaneous speech. His style was highly rhetorical, a model of clear, beautiful English. He sought to edify by careful exposition of the scriptures and these expositions were deeply spiritual in application. He had published valuable expositions of scripture.

While his physical health was delicate and his body frail, yet his face was bright with a heavenly beauty and this congregation loved him devotedly.

I was impressed by his wisdom in counsel. He would listen patiently, advise gently and bear the burdens of others with deep sympathy.

He was a thoroughly manly man, and like all Johanine men, he was capable of sudden flashes of indignation. As an example, when he came he was put on the Committee on Home Missions, of which I was Chairman. I confess I looked up to him, not only with reverence, but with awe. We had been anxious to secure a city missionary, and I had secured the salary and had it in bank. I wrote to a young man just about to finish his course in the seminary, who had worked for us during his vacation, and who knew the

field. I urged him to answer at once. I received a long letter saying he would consider it as an indication of providence and would prayerfully consider the matter. Then he took up four pages exhorting me to pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest. I was angry, and just then met Dr. Moore, and asked him to go to his study with me. I handed him the letter and he read it slowly with growing wrath. Then he gave it back to me with the remark, "That is the kind of letter to make a preacher swear. Drop that fellow at once and let us get somebody with more sense and less gush." I understood him better after that interview.

At last this saintly man lay for weeks slowly fading away into the eternal glory and his sick chamber was a center of love and prayer from which went forth gracious influences to comfort and bless his people.

For several months after Dr. Moore's death the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. J. E. Wheeler, of Vicksburg, Miss., a young man of fine culture and ability.

REV. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, D.D.

In 1872 the Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., was called from Brooklyn, N. Y. He began his labors in February, but after a few Sabbaths the condition of his wife's health made it necessary for him to take her to Europe, and as she did not improve, he resigned and went back to his former charge. He was never formally installed over this congregation.

REV. THOMAS A. HOYT, D.D.

In 1873 the Rev. Thomas A. Hoyt, D.D., was called, and he began his work here on February 1, continuing pastor until May, 1883. He had been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Ky., but during the Civil War he was sent away by the Federal authorities and was forbidden to preach. Going to New York he engaged in

business, and when he was permitted again to preach he did mission work in the city, while continuing in business to support his family, all the while anxious for a church in the South that could give him a living. For ten years he did his work here with distinguished ability, finally giving up on account of failing health. He afterwards became pastor, serving for many years the Chambers Church in Philadelphia.

Dr. Hoyt was a man of splendid presence, being six feet three inches in height and large in proportion. He was an impressive speaker, a gifted orator. His sermons were carefully prepared but delivered without notes. His preaching was largely theological, strong, clear, logical and elegant in diction. He spoke with energy and zeal. He was popular as a pastor, especially with the plain people.

Dr. Hoyt was a man of fine and extensive literary culture. In 1880 he was Moderator of the General Assembly that met in Charleston, S. C.

REV. JERE WITHERSPOON, D.D.

After Dr. Hoyt's resignation the pulpit was supplied for nearly a year by the Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Church. In March, 1884, the Rev. Jere Witherspoon, D.D., came from Jackson, Tenn., and began his work in this church. For over ten years he was in labors most abundant and won the devoted love of the whole congregation. He accepted a call in 1893 from the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, Md. Afterwards he was pastor of the Grace Street Presbyterian Church, of Richmond, Va., until his death, a few years ago.

Dr. Witherspoon's preaching was largely emotional. He was a man of tender sympathies, warm in his affections, earnest and zealous in his love for the Saviour and for the souls of men. One of his gifts that made him effective as a pastor was his remarkable memory of faces and names. He seemed never to forget any person, however casual the

meeting might have been. In sickness or distress of any kind he was Barnabas, the Son of Consolation. And so his sermons, delivered in a voice of sweetness and melody, brought comfort to weary hearts and encouraged them under life's burdens and warfare.

One feature of his character that aided in his work was his exquisite sense of humor. He not only saw the bright side of things, but he could laugh off imaginary troubles in view of their comic side.

He was quickly responsive to the sympathies of his brethren, and was absolutely free from envy or jealousy. Once, after a very exhausting winter's work, I saw that he needed a period of rest before his regular vacation in the summer, so I went to several of the elders and told them they must send him away for a while. With generous liberality they consented and provided for all expenses. When I told him what was done, and also told him that we all felt he had done a great work for the church, his eyes filled with tears and he said, "I didn't know my brethren felt that way about me." It encouraged him wonderfully. One more incident to show how dependent he was on the love of his people: In going to Baltimore he was anxious as to whether he could win the love there which enveloped him here, and he said in his family, "I am afraid that I can't win their love." His little son replied, "Why, father, if you should go to Lapland they would gather about you to get warm." So he lived loved and loving to the end.

REVS. DRS. VANCE AND ANDERSON.

After Dr. Witherspoon's resignation in 1893 this pulpit has been filled by two great preachers, Drs. Vance and Anderson, who are here to speak for themselves. It would be ungracious in me here to characterize their ministry further than to say that they have worthily maintained the great traditions of this pulpit, and to wish that they may live long to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ's gospel.

CHARACTERISTICS.

May I call attention to some special marks of the Presbyterian preachers of the earlier days which are not so emphasized today?

1. Their abounding hospitality. They kept open house. Dr. Edgar spent his own and his wife's patrimony largely in entertaining guests and in charity.

2. Their solemn sense of their responsibility for souls. Spiritual and eternal verities were very real to them.

3. Their personal dignity. It was not unbending and austere, but they were genial in social intercourse, still their constant engagement with spiritual interests lifted them above the frivolities of the day. Now, changed conditions make the old-time hospitality impossible, and there has been introduced into the pulpit a levity that often lowers its tone.

There was, especially in the South, in those days a reverence and respect for the ministry as a holy calling that tended to promote personal dignity. If I may be pardoned a personal reference, I was associated for four years with Confederate soldiers. I camped with them, marched with them and went into battle with them. I was hungry with the hungriest, ragged as the raggedest, yet I was always *The Parson*, and the profanest soldier would not allow an oath in my presence, and the whole regiment would have resented any personal disrespect to me. Respect for womanhood and reverence for the ministry of the gospel were in the fiber of the Southerner's makeup.

I would just as soon have slapped General Washington or General Lee on the back and call them "Old Fellow," as to have attempted the same familiarity with Dr. Edgar or Dr. Moore. They knew how to be companionable and gracious and yet maintain respect for their calling.