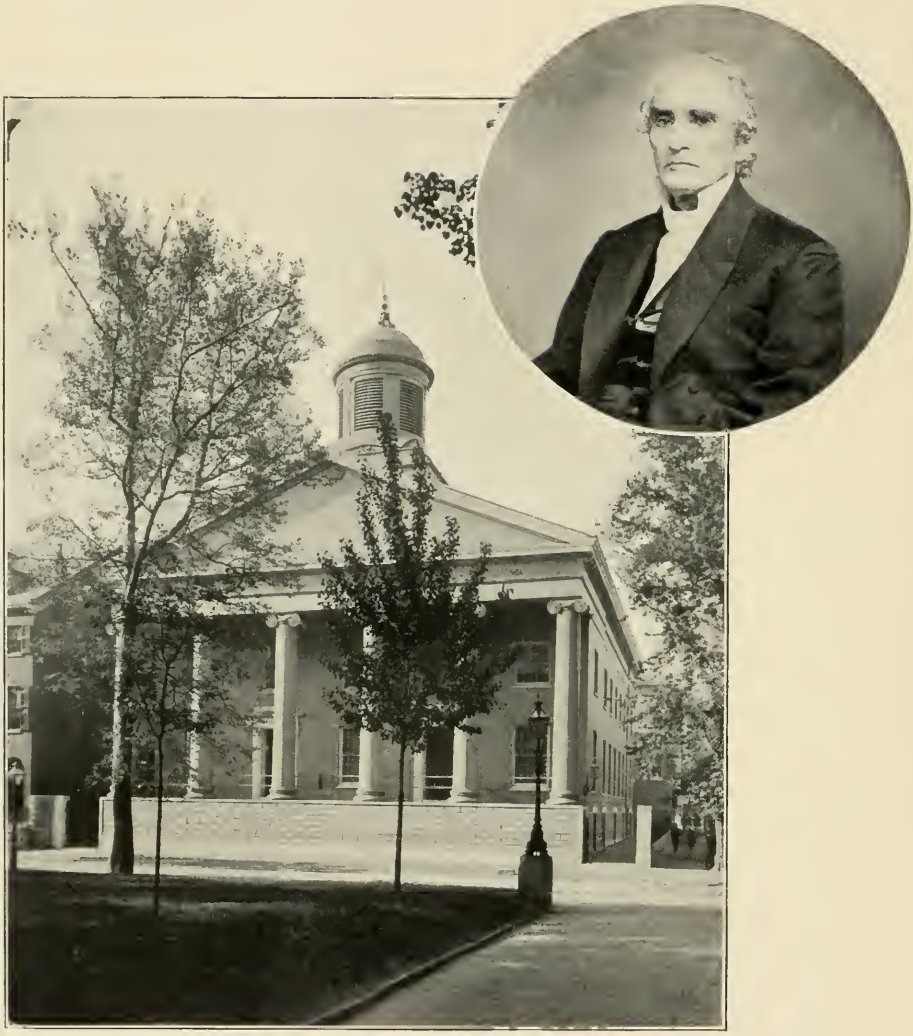
1698 1898

BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA

Albert Barnes Wiley
Son of John and Mary Hamilton Wiley
Born Stevenson Wiley
Died in Phila. Pa. Jan. 5, 1925 at 245 N. Walnut St.
named for Albert Barnes
for which the building
pictured was named.

To a wonderful minister
Rev. W. Richard Foster, Jr.
By Lydia M Decker
Oct 21, 1973



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA, (1698 TO 1898), ERECTED IN 1821, (WASHINGTON SQUARE).
REV. ALBERT BARNES, PASTOR, 1830 TO 1870.

1698. 1898.

EXERCISES

AT THE

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN

PHILADELPHIA.

Sabbath Morning, November 13, to Friday Evening,
November 18, 1898.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF HENRY B. ASHMEAD.
1900.

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GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
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PASTORS

OF THE

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IN

PHILADELPHIA.

FROM		TO
1701	JEDEDIAH ANDREWS.	1747
1739	ROBERT CROSS, A.M.	1766
1752	FRANCIS ALISON, D.D. Vice Provost, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Philadelphia.	1779
1759	JOHN EWING, D.D. Provost, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania.	1802
1801	JOHN BLAIR LINN, D.D. A young man of genius and great promise.	1804
1806	JAMES P. WILSON, D.D. For many years, a distinguished Jurist; Subsequently an able Divine. A profound Scholar, and eminent Christian; faithful alike in the performance of his public and social duties; of manners dignified and refined; Beloved by his people; Respected by all; An honor to his Country, to the Church, and to the Age.	1830
1830	ALBERT BARNES.	1870
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1885	GEORGE D. BAKER, D.D.	

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

SABBATH MORNING,

NOVEMBER 13, 1898.

HYMN 80.—(Presbyterian Hymnal.)

PRAYER.—Rev. Matthew P. Grier, D.D.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, Thou art God, and hast been God over all, blessed forever. In the midst of the years we remember Thee. We lift up our hearts to Thee, O Thou Eternal Dweller in the heavens. We praise Thee for Thy goodness, for Thy loving tenderness and mercy, which have been ever of old. Hear us this day, O God of our fathers. Hear us as we praise Thee, and magnify Thee, and glorify Thy great name for Thy great goodness. Bless us, O Lord, with Thy favor and with Thy love, and guide us through all the services of this day and of this week, that Thy name may be glorified and the souls of men benefited thereby. We ask these things in the name of Him who has taught us to pray, saying, "Our Father," etc.

SCRIPTURAL READING.—Psalm XLVIII.

ANTHEM.—"The Magnificat."—*Hopkins.*

SCRIPTURAL READING.—Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D.

Gospel by John, first chapter.

PRAYER.—Rev. J. M. Crowell, D.D.

O Lord God Almighty, Thou dwellest in the high and holy places. We come to worship Thee in Thy holy court. We bless Thee that Thou hast made Thyself known unto us. Though Thou art exalted high upon Thy throne in glory, yet Thou hast taken up Thy dwelling with Thy people on earth, and in every humble and contrite heart. We come before Thee to-day to bring Thee our thanksgiving and our praises. We come before Thee with the voice of thankful song, as we call to mind the days of the past, the years of ancient time, and commemorate the goodness and the grace of God which has so abundantly crowned the past history of this beloved church. O Lord, our God, we bless Thee for the way in which Thou hast dealt with Thy people of this church, for the way in which Thou hast led them through these two hundred years which have gone. We thank Thee for the noble record of godly, faithful, able pastors, after Thine own heart, whom Thou didst give to this people to feed them with knowledge and with understanding. We thank Thee for their blessed and prolific ministry, for their agency in establishing the church here upon a good foundation, in building up Thy people in their holy faith, in winning many souls to the Lamb of God. We render Thee grateful praise for the goodly company of faithful officers of the church whom Thou hast raised up during its history, to bless the people by their faithful service, to sustain the hands of their pastors and to set a godly example for those before whom they lived; and we render Thee praise, O God, for the great host of Thy redeemed saints whom Thou didst call and justify and sanctify and glorify, who served Thee here on earth in connection with this church, in their beautiful and consistent Christian life, in their many ways of holy living and of generous giving and of faithful service, until at last they entered in through the gates into the city, and are now at rest and at home with God. We thank Thee for all that has been accomplished through the agency of this church in the different periods of its history, for

the streams of beneficence which it has sent out into the world to purify and sanctify and save it, and for all the blessed influences which it has sent forth in this great city and community. And now, as we stand at the end of this time of blessing, we look forward into the future, and commit this church to Thy gracious care and love for the days to come. Surely Thy people can say, as one of old, "Thou hast been mindful of us. Thou wilt bless us." This God, whom our fathers served and trusted, will be our God forever and forever. Thou wilt be our guide even unto death. O God, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt watch over the interests of this church, and may it be enabled to accomplish far more in the days to come than it has in the days that have gone. Direct and bless and help them in all their operations of Christian service, in all the different works of beneficence in which they are engaged. Especially bless Thy beloved servant, their present pastor. Grant unto him grace and wisdom, that he may accomplish well the duty laid upon him, that he may serve Thee faithfully. Give unto him the joy of winning many souls for his Saviour. And we pray that Thou wilt bless all that is done in this church for the advancement of Thy kingdom and glory. So bless all the churches of Christ in this great city, throughout the land and throughout the world. We commit to Thee the interests of the church universal. We pray that Thou wilt comfort Zion, that Thou wilt comfort all her waste places and make her wilderness like Eden and her desert as the garden of the Lord, so that joy and gladness may be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. And upon all that is undertaken in Thy name and through faith in Thee by Thy Church on earth, let the beauty of the Lord rest, and establish Thou the work of Thy people's hands—yea, the work of their hands, establish Thou it; and unto God Almighty, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, shall be the glory everlasting. Amen.

THE PASTOR.

You have in your hands the order of services for the week,

and this renders it unnecessary for me to give them in detail and so take unnecessarily precious time. This afternoon we shall have our Sabbath-school celebration, which I think will be of unusual interest, with addresses by Drs. Patton and Johnson; and this evening Dr. Johnson, whom so many of you know, a former pastor of this church, will preach. To-morrow evening will be the historical evening; but I will not enumerate the services, as I have said, in detail. You will take this booklet home with you, I trust be interested in it, and, led by it, come yourselves to these services, and make them known to others, that they may have the pleasure and profit which I believe are to be derived from them. Our offering this morning, according to the notice which you find upon the order of exercises, is for the increasing of the endowment fund of the church, that we may be better able to do the work in this neighborhood which God has given us to do. Whatever offerings may be made throughout the week will be thus applied. There may be some who, when they know that we have almost or quite $100,000 already in our endowment fund, will ask, why do you need more? Simply because our work is increasing more and more. Simply because we are ambitious to do more than we are able to do now with the money at our command. When we were raising our present endowment fund, I had an interview with Mr. Alexander Brown, who gave very liberally to it, and who said to me, "You will not stop when the $100,000 mark is reached?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "You must not. You will make a great mistake if you do. That is a comparatively small sum for a church like yours, with the work that it has to do. The income to be derived from it is not large, and it will be smaller as the years go on. In order to safely invest it, you must be willing to take small amounts comparatively of interest." I believe that God has a greater work for this church to do. It is standing nobly, under trying circumstances, endeavoring to do its whole duty, and in my soul I believe that whoever contributes to this endowment fund, and so enables it to stand through the years to come and to stand as it

ought to stand, fully equipped, will be rendering a service to God beautiful and lasting. So the offering now will be made. There are cards in the pews. If any here present should desire to give more than they may have in their pocket-books at this present time, they may place the amount upon the card, and pay it at their own convenience, after a month, or six months, or a year, as it may please them. The offering will be made.

OFFERTORY (for the Bi-Centennial Fund).—"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."—*Smart.*

SERMON.—"PRESBYTERIAN DOCTRINE."

REV. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Princeton University.

You will find the words of the text in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, fourteenth verse:

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

There are certain doctrines that are peculiar to the Presbyterian Church. There are other doctrines that we hold in common with other churches in Christendom. The doctrines we hold in common with other churches are far more important than those that we hold as peculiar to ourselves. Nay, the doctrines that we hold as peculiar to ourselves derive their importance from these very doctrines that we hold in common with other Christians. Therefore in speaking this morning, as I am announced to speak, on the subject of Presbyterian Doctrine, I make no apology for calling your attention to the great truth that we hold in common with the Christian world, which in fact serves to unify the Christian world. That doctrine not only belongs to us in common with the rest, but it is the one which constitutes the basis upon which all that is peculiarly distinctive of our denomination rests.

I want to speak, then, this morning on the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. How do we get this doctrine? It is not proven by this text or that text. It is not by putting texts together that you get any doctrine. It is by a consilience of proofs, by an inductive process and in the terms of inductive probability, that we establish, not only this, but all the doctrines that constitute Christian faith, in fact, that constitute the beliefs of the world on any subject, whether it be in science or in philosophy. Our Lord gave us a hint as to the place of probability in theological inquiry, in his own words: "Ye can discern the face of the sky, and ye cannot discern the signs of the times. In the evening ye say, 'It will be fine weather to-morrow, for the sky is red'; and in the morning ye say, 'It will be foul weather to-day, because the sky is red and lowering.'" That was before the day of what we now call the doctrine of probabilities in respect to the weather. It was before the day of the enunciation of Butler's great principle that probability is the guide of life.

There was a division among the people in the days of our Lord because of him. That division grew out of a dispute about facts, and it was a division that grew out of a dispute about the proper inferences to be derived from facts. Divisions among men at the present time about Christ grow out of a dispute about facts, historically speaking, and grow out of a dispute about the inferences to be derived from those facts, philosophically speaking. So you come pretty close up to the question of philosophy in its relation to the construction of Christian belief, and in its relation particularly to the doctrine of the incarnation.

Some people say now that philosophy must be left to the philosophers and theology must be left to the theologians, and that religion is the thing with which we Christians have particularly to do. Now, as a matter of fact, "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." If the fundamental principles, upon which all reasoning proceeds, be denied, how will you ever validate any reasoning? If the fundamental

postulates of belief, that condition our belief in history, be denied, how can you have any history? It is in vain that we undertake to build the superstructure of the temple of knowledge, in vain that we build nave and transept according to the demands of an exacting science of architecture, if, after all, we are building upon a quicksand. "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ"—foundation for doctrine, foundation for character, foundation for hope, foundation for all expectation with respect to the eternal world. But our knowledge of Christ and our belief in him itself depends upon certain fundamental convictions which underlie inquiry on all subjects; so that we are in the position to-day as to the relation between history and philosophy, where we must choose whether we shall let our philosophy make history for us, or whether we shall let our history make philosophy for us; whether we will cast discredit on the fundamental verities of the New Testament in the interest of certain foregone Pantheistic conclusions in philosophy, or whether we will repudiate the conclusions of a Pantheistic philosophy by a reverent regard for the irrefutable facts of gospel history.

Now, Christianity is simply theism, or belief in God, *plus* the incarnation. What is the relation between these two ideas? It would be natural to say, "I believe in God first and believe in the incarnation afterward." According to our Saviour's own words, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." It would look as though belief in God were the postulate and prerequisite of belief in Jesus Christ. How can you believe that God has sent Christ, if you do not believe antecedently that there is a God? That looks as though it were perfectly logical; and yet truth does not move always in straight logical lines, or in what we think to be such. It is perfectly proper to move along the line of inference and causation, and the argument from design, the argument from order, and establish your belief in God, and then, having established your belief in God, to ask yourself the further question whether God has spoken, and if he has spoken, how, when and through whom, and whether Jesus Christ is the

climax of those revelations. But may I not come straight up to the question of the incarnation, and on the basis of the incarnation work back to the belief in God? I think I may. I think that a man who at present has no faith in God in possession, who as yet does not realize the full force of arguments in support of the existence of God, may at least be confronted by the fundamental facts of Christianity. He may be forced by sheer regard for the historicity of the New Testament to say that there was something exceptional, marked, unique, so to speak miraculous, in the life and experiences of Jesus Christ that called for explanation; and in his search for an adequate hypothesis in explanation of the life and career of Jesus Christ, may feel himself shut up to belief in God.

Still, apart altogether from the question whether I believe in God first and get the incarnation afterward, or believe in the incarnation first and get the existence of God afterward, it is quite clear that the incarnation is an advance upon mere theism. Because, suppose I do believe in God; suppose I do, as a matter of philosophy and in my search for a theory of the universe, find myself shut up to a necessity of believing in some great manufacturer of atoms, some maximum brain that is capable of grasping the totality of things in one great intuition,—that does not satisfy me. The moment I have grasped that idea and taken hold of the thought of this infinite, omnipotent will, my interest is awakened, and I want to know what he is going to do with me. I want to know whether he will harm me. I want to know whether he has any future for me. I want to know what my destiny will be; and I get no complete answer to that question until I find the attributes of God revealed in Jesus Christ, and realize that "God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Ye believe in God, therefore you may believe in me. But that is not all. You believe in God; you must believe in me.

Now a man might ask whether we are under such obligation

to the incarnation for this knowledge of the attributes of God. Is it necessary that I should come to a knowledge of God in Christ in order that I may know God loves me and is my Father? Can I not trust my religious feelings? Are not my religious instincts sufficient to give me this proof about the way in which God regards me? Let us consider that question; and I am not so sure but that the raising of the question gives us an opportunity to say a word with respect to the entire relationship of these two thoughts, the subjective feeling that I have about God and about my relations to him, and these objective facts that are revealed to me in the New Testament. Again I say truth does not always work in straight lines. Truth works both ways; and when you have two distinct lines of argument you can say, "These being the facts, we can advance from this given state of facts to that inference on the one hand," and then say, "These, on the other hand, being another set of facts, we can advance from this state of facts back again by way of deduction to the other conclusion, each position reinforcing the other." So I can say, given a strong feeling or desire for the incarnation, a longing for satisfaction that finds expression in expiation, a longing for communion with God that finds expression in the doctrine of regeneration and sanctification, it is natural that these instincts of our nature should be corroborated, reinforced, satisfied, gratified, in these three great cardinal truths of the Christian religion. And I can argue back again and say, inasmuch as God, on the distinct historical testimony of Christ and his apostles, has spoken to us with respect to these three great truths, these instincts of our nature are thereby re-affirmed. The instincts confirm Scripture, and the Scriptures corroborate the instincts. So that we can work both ways; we can vindicate these instincts that we are born with and that constitute part of the capital with which we are set up in the business of thinking as moral agents, and in so doing contribute a strong argument in support of the inspiration of the Bible that speaks about those instincts. And again, we can consider the specific historical truths that go to accredit the Bible as a miraculously

given revelation from God; and in so far as we establish its historicity and inspiration, to that extent do we contribute a strong argument in support of that intuitive philosophy that defends those instincts against the empiricism that would treat them as processes of a naturalistic character. We defend the one by the other. Each in its place is a good argument to the help of the other.

Now, this bearing of the religious instincts that I refer to upon the doctrine of the incarnation gets a little support I think from the attitude of the irreligious thought of our own day. The peddlers of the small wares of infidelity that are so common do not really represent the world of unbelief, because we must do the serious men of the unbelieving world the credit of recognizing that they are about serious business; and if there is anything that is characteristic of the better class of philosophic men who do not believe in Christianity, it is that they are not happy in it. There is a certain sadness of tone manifested in what they write. They are perfectly honest in not being able to accept Christianity; but if they were to say what they think, they would honestly say they wish they could accept it, because they have no substitute for it, and they see the world's despairing attitude once they give it up. As Clifford said, he sighed when he felt that the great companion, meaning God, was dead. Nothing is more pathetic in literature than Romanes' picture of despair when he found that he could no longer believe in God. Thank God, he found him before he died, and his last utterances were magnificent contributions to Christian faith. These men that do not believe in God, and that have given up Christianity, cannot give up everything. The heart is human, though men belie its instincts. They would fain conserve morality, although they must admit that the bottom drops out of morality when they give up its intuitional principles. They have done as the Jews did when they crucified the Saviour. They are now casting lots for his raiment; and it is a fact that the only thing that will save the decency of moral life is to be found in the wardrobe of Christianity. Men want to

believe in ideals. They cannot have a moral ideal when they have discarded Christ. Men want to believe in the immortality of perpetuated influence. There is no such thing as the immortality of perpetuated influence when personal immortality is denied. They wish to believe in an altruistic mode of living. The highest type of altruism was illustrated in him who died, the just for the unjust, that he might reconcile us to God; and when they give up Christ, they will make only a very ineffectual stand for the utilitarianism that seeks the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Oh, I do not wonder that men wish to get back to Christ! I do not wonder that men begin to feel that we are at the place of the parting of the ways, that you must either get back to Christ, with all that is supernatural in him, or that you must go on to despair. I do not wonder that men are asking the question whether life is worth living. It is Christianity that says "Do thyself no harm" when one is tempted to draw the sword and end the misery of existence by suicide. I do not wonder that when men have given up their divinity of Christ and accepted a Hegelian philosophy which is Pantheism, or a materialistic philosophy which is worse, and feel that the outcome leaves them really no basis for morality, they resolve upon some sort of compromise between the old-fashioned Nicene theology and Pantheism which makes Christ simply a symbol, a name and nothing more. I admit that these writers do, when they speak about Christ, talk about his divinity as having a certain judgment value—that is, speak of it as something which has been discarded by intellect, but then picked up by feelings. I do not wonder that these people take that doctrine as a sort of compromise, and yet, after all, realize, as they must, that they are standing in unstable equilibrium. In considering their position, from an ecclesiastical or theological point of view, whether we shall regard it as a movement in descent to a doctrine still lower, or whether we shall regard it as a reactionary movement, a good sign of the times, an indication of a backward move towards Christ, is a question about which there may be very well a difference of opinion, and

the answer to that question will depend very largely upon the individual's point of view; but we are at the place unquestionably where it must be seen by everybody that the heart of all modern controversy on all questions is this question about Jesus Christ.

Did he rise from the dead? Arnold says he did not.

> "But he is dead; far hence he lies
> In the lorn Syrian town,
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down."

If he is, I do not wonder that there is that note of sadness in all of Arnold's poetry. So we come back to that question, recognizing that this is the heart of the inquiry. The theme of the world's debate is Jesus Christ. The battleground of the world's controversy is Calvary. The arch controversy of all the ages is that old inquiry which first fell from the lips of the Master himself, "What think ye of Christ?" We come to see that the incarnation may, therefore, be taken as the basis of the world's apologetic at this present time, and so we may begin our defence of the Christian religion right there.

It may not look as though we were reasoning as logically as people would like. If we should say, in the first place, we are indebted to the Bible for the doctrine of the incarnation, and, in the second place, we defend the inspiration of the Bible by means of the doctrine of the incarnation, certain very vigilant critics might seek to trip us, and say, "You are reasoning in a circle, proving the Bible by the incarnation and then proving the incarnation by the Bible." Suppose we did. That is a perfectly proper thing to do. From the purely dogmatical point of view, where everybody accepts the Bible as the inspired word of God, we may proceed to see what the Bible has to say about Jesus Christ, and build up the doctrine of the person of Christ, and get our doctrine of the incarnation that way. But we do not depend upon the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible for the doctrine of the incarnation; and if you will concede to me

that the prophetic trend of the Old Testament reached its climax in Jesus Christ, if you will concede to me on simply historical ground the resurrection of Jesus Christ, if you will concede to me the conversion of the apostle Paul, then upon any three of these facts, and certainly upon all these facts put together, we will agree to establish the fact that the person of Jesus Christ is so unique and miraculous that its explanation is possible only in the terms of what is called the doctrine of the incarnation, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

Now then, that being the case, Christ stands there at the very climax of the body of literature that we call the Old Testament. He stands there at the very beginning of the body of literature that we call the New Testament. He stands there in such marked, obvious relationship to all this literature that it is as impossible for us to escape the argument of design in its application to the person of Jesus Christ as it is for us to escape the argument of design in its application to the world as related to a creating God. The incarnation is not a patch that has been put upon the garment of Christianity. It is so woven into all the warp and woof of Christian literature that it is impossible for you to eliminate it; and the question is, How do you account for it? How do you explain the organic relation that Christ sustains to Old and New Testament literature? You will have to say it was either done by chance or done by choice. You will have to explain it as a matter of blind chance, or on the supposition that the prophet was the blind weaver of this web of destiny, speaking things he did not wot of, but that behind the prophet and speaking to the prophet was the spirit of the prophet that shaped his vision, and whose word was on his tongue. When we are in that position where, on the basis of the incarnation, we have in a measure vindicated, I will not say what kind of inspiration, I do not say what sort of inspiration, but vindicated some sort of supernaturalism for this totality of biblical literature that we call the word of God, and in such way as to make it authoritative, we are in a position to

consider the incarnation in its relation to the doctrines of grace.

If there is anything peculiar about the Old Testament, I imagine we will pretty generally agree that it is a marvellous declaration on the part of God of his interest in humanity, of his interest in the people of his choice. He led them, he fed them, he worked miracles in revelation of himself and for them, in all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. Could he do anything more? Yes, the Scriptures tell us he could do more. He could carry theophany to the point of actual identification with mankind. He could become man. He could take upon himself our nature, and so we read "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." The New Testament is just the climax of Old Testament teaching. The New Testament is just the explication of what was taught by implication in the Old Testament. What else is there taught in that Old Testament? Why, if there was any other idea that was distinctive of the Old Testament, it was God's hatred of sin and God's love of the sinner; and we know how the Levitical institutions of the Old Testament bear testimony to both. Could God do anything more? Yes; he could be made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemn sin in the flesh. He could be made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. He could be the propitiation for our sin. He could taste death for every man. He could go down to death and destroy him who had the power of death, and deliver us who, through fear of death, were all our lifetime subject to bondage. In other words, the two ideas that struggle for reconciliation, and that find their reconciliation in the gospel of Jesus Christ, are love and law; and if we will give these two ideas their proper value, and assign them their proper place in our thinking, I do not think we will have much trouble about the atonement. I do not think we will have much trouble about the future state. Yet the heresies about the atonement and heresies on the subject of the

future state have generally grown out of a failure to appreciate the relation of these two ideas of law and love as they emerge in the person and work of Jesus Christ. Men take the doctrine of the atonement and pass it through the prism of analysis, and they find it distributes itself, just as light distributes itself into various colors, through this analytical process. One man says blue, orange or red is the light. It is not. One man says it is the moral influence theory, or the vicarious theory, or the governmental theory, or the representative theory, that is the atonement. It is not. There is truth in all of them, but the great doctrine of the atonement is bigger than any of them, and it is the synthesis of the whole. In the same way with the doctrine of retribution, when the heresy came into the church that attacked the divinity of Christ, there grew up a corresponding view of the atonement that did not need the services of a divine Saviour, and you could imagine what that was. When sentimentality took possession of the soul and ousted the word of God, there came in opinions about the process of salvation and the duration of punishment, and the two theories of retribution that struggled for the mastery were these. On the one hand it was said that God was too fond to punish people eternally, if he punished them at all, and there was the doctrine that if you were only sorry for what you had done you would go to heaven. That was all you needed. That was the doctrine of love without law. By and by men found that this theory would not work, and did not satisfy the instincts of the heart or the conditions of a correct exegesis. They gave it up. In place of it they said, "It does not make any difference how much you repent or feel sorry, or how long you feel sorry, there is no way to be happy unless you are good. There is no way of salvation except by a good character." That was the doctrine of law without love. The real doctrine of the Bible, as taught us through the incarnation, is neither the doctrine of love without law nor law without love, but it is the union of the two, mercy and truth having met together, righteousness and peace having kissed each other.

I am not sorry to have men raise the cry of "Back to Christ."

I am not unwilling to have men say, "We have too much doctrine nowadays." I am willing to be accommodating in the largest spirit of accommodation; and if they say that in these days it is hard to get men to believe anything, and it is best to take what you can get, we are willing to have Christianity reduced to its lowest terms, and expressed in its *minimum quid*. What is it? Make jetsam and flotsam of the doctrines if you want to. Throw overboard the Old Testament and the New Testament if you want to. Give me something. Give me the resurrection of Christ. Give me the conversion of Paul. Give me his four undisputed Epistles. Give me at least the three synoptic Gospels. Give me as little as this. Give me this fundamental statement, to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. That is all I ask. That is the *minimum* of Christianity. That, in other words, is the essence of Christianity.

You know what a man means when he says, "That is the essence of a thing." No one ever stated what the essence of a thing was quite as prettily as Spinoza. The essence of a thing is this: it is that without which the thing, and which itself without the thing, can neither be nor be conceived. You give me the incarnation, and you give me that without which there is no Christianity, and that which, being given, you cannot help having Christianity. All I want is there, and I will not take less. Why? Christianity is a creed, a code and a cult. It is something to believe, something to do, and something to worship; and you cannot get along without the element of worship, because if you do, then, as somebody has very prettily said, you will make of Christianity a scientific garden which has a tree of knowledge without a tree of life. When you vacate Christianity of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, you take out of it the element of belief. You have not anything distinctive to believe then. When you take the divinity of Christ out of Christianity, you take out of it the authority for what he says, and it is a mere matter of choice and sympathy with me whether I will accept him or not. Take the divinity of Christ out of

Christianity, and Christianity becomes mere intellectualism or mere emotionalism; and Christianity to-day, so far as its enemies are concerned, is in just that position, and it is a question to-day whether those who do not accept the divinity of Christ will go on to mere speculative philosophy on the one hand or on to mere sentimental hero-worship on the other.

I say I am perfectly willing to have these men preach sermons about Christ, and say "Get back to Christ"; but I want to ask them one question. I want them to be very specific about this. Is it what Christ says, or is it who Christ is, that they mean when they talk about preaching Christ? Because I tell you that the question as to what Christ says does not begin to be as important as the question who Christ is, for all that Christ says derives its value as authority from the answer to the antecedent question as to who Christ is. And if you have settled it that he is a mere man, and that therefore, to all intents and purposes, an atheist could be a Christian, then you have vacated Christianity of all that makes it what it is. When I say, therefore, that the cry "Back to Christ" is a thing we sympathize with fully, I mean that it is the divine Christ that constitutes the *minimum* of Christianity. I think it will be found that this doctrine involves by implication the *maximum* of Christianity too; for, having accepted the divinity of Christ, we cannot help having other doctrines also in our creed.

So that, having disrobed yourself of all your doctrinal raiment, and come down to the simple garment of the deity of Jesus Christ, I hope you have not put the rest of the raiment where you cannot find it, because you will need it; for the moment you have accepted the divinity of Christ, you will begin to rehabilitate your beliefs, and, in spite of yourself, you begin to see that this divine Christ sustains relations to the Father and Holy Spirit, and you will have some sort of a trinity; that this divine Christ sustains relations to the doctrine of sin, and you will have some sort of doctrine of sin; that this divine Christ sustains relations to the doctrine of atonement, and you will have some sort of doctrine of atonement; that this divine Christ sus-

tains relations to the doctrine of justification, and of the future state, and of the purpose of God, and that therefore you will have some sort of doctrine of the purpose of God and of the future state and of justification. It is not a question what you are going to believe about these doctrines, but that you must believe something about them. It is not a question whether you will have any theology; it is a question as to what that theology shall be, once you have taken into your embrace this doctrine of a divine Christ. Oh, don't you see where we are? Don't you see that the alternatives are these: you must either give up your Christ, his supernaturalism, and, giving him up, have no authority even for your morality, and be in a position where you cannot make a respectable stand even for the ten commandments; or, having accepted the divine Christ, you must go on to complete your theology and formulate for yourself, in some way or other, a large area of systematic theology? Those are the issues. Those are the choices. I tell you there is no escape. It is out-and-out naturalism on the one hand, or out-and-out supernaturalism on the other.

What are you going to do? Yes, dear friends, Christ is the minimum of Christianity, and the maximum of Christianity too, as I have said. When we have accepted this doctrine of a divine Christ we shall see that he sustains relationships to our practical life. I know what people say. I know they say, We are not so bad as that. We are not going to give up everything. We like those beautiful statements in the Sermon on the Mount about loving your neighbor, and all that sort of thing. That is true, you like them. Suppose you did not like them. Suppose somebody comes along who does not like them. That is a mere difference of opinion between you. What are you going to do? When you ask me whether I do not recognize the educational power of Christianity, why, certainly I recognize that the Christian life in its practical aspects is one of the most important things with which you and I have to do. Christianity is not only a warfare, Christianity is not only a ransom price; Christianity is an education, and, as in other processes of educa-

tion, it is a gradual thing, and Christ moreover is the great subject of study, Christ is the great theme in the curriculum. It is in Christian life as it is in all life: we learn very slowly, we learn gradually. Those bits of color that range themselves, as if by magic, on the canvas according to the law of light and shade and perspective, you know they are not accidents. Those complex pieces of music that the skilled performer executes without volition, automatically, as it seems to us, these are not accidents. They are the outcome of incessant practice, repeated mortifications and failures. Those words of the finished speaker that drop so easily from his lips, they are not accidents. They too are the result of time and industry, the product of the two. So with Christian life. Paul says, ye have not so learned Christ. Christ is an object of study. You may look on him as a representative man, the enunciator of great ideas,—as the one who peerlessly illustrates the power of a pure life. Yes, looking upon Jesus as a subject of study, I can well understand how men who do not believe in the divinity of Christ can say, "We cannot get along without Christ." They cannot. They cannot. Why do they not say, We cannot get along without a divine Christ? Because, I tell you, when they say, We cannot get along without Christ, meaning, we are going to get along with a mere human Christ for the sake of these human ideals, and for the sake of the educating processes of morality, they are trying to do the impossible. They are having a Christ who has no authority. That is the difference. Christianity is two things. It is the incarnation; it is also the incarnation for purposes of atonement and blood shedding. If it were the atonement without the incarnation, it would be a valuable idea without any authority. If it were the incarnation without the atonement, it would be an authoritative idea without any value. But the glory of Christianity is that authority and value are wedded in this doctrine. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to men their trespasses.

No, we yield to no man in our recognition of the imperial Christ in his human aspect, and the educative power of Chris-

tianity in its moral aspect; but we say, to keep that educative moral power you must have a divine element in the incarnation, and the practical question of atonement, the question of the divinity of the incarnation, may well be made the central theme of Christian preaching, because, among other things, it settles for us man's place in the scale of being. I do not wonder that in the presence of the world's splendor, that standing in the gaze of the world's immensity, a man is tempted to turn materialist. He can say to-day, with a thousand times more significance and meaning than the Psalmist ever said it—and yet the Psalmist, with his limited knowledge of the physical world, knew enough to be able to say—"When I look up unto Thy heavens, and to the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, then say I, What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Materialism is very natural; and when man tries to fight his materialism, he is apt to fight it by saying, "All that looks so solid and substantial is not real. The only real thing in the world is mind; and mind is God, and there is but one mind. I create the light and I make the darkness"; and in identifying himself with God he loses himself. Now, the hard thing for philosophy to do is what Christianity accomplishes. The hard thing to do is to conserve your separate, finite, perdurable intelligence as mind, and yet keep it distinct from God; to conserve that infinite intelligence, God, and yet not identify it with the world. Christianity is not the identification, but it is the reconciliation, of God and man; and it is because of Christ's wedding the *logos* with a true body and a reasonable soul, and lifting that body with him to glory, that we do not sing the hymn about wanting to be an angel and with the angels stand. We know better. We know that Christ still has a human heart, and that a human hand is guiding the sceptre of the universe; and we know moreover that this event that took place nearly nineteen hundred years ago settles for you and for me our theory of history and our explanation of this universe.

You need not talk in technical terms. You need not use the-

ological expressions. You need not say anything about Calvinism or Arminianism; but I say that the event that we are speaking of could not have taken place until the clock struck the hour that marked the fullness of the times. I say that, since that incarnation took place, it was in the nature of things impossible but that there should be a great multitude out of every kindred and tribe and tongue who should believe in Him, who should be redeemed by Him, and who should reach heaven, blood-washed, white-robed, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Now, why? In order that in the ages to come might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God. In other words, it was purposed. So this doctrine of the incarnation, this single doctrine, widens, widens, widens, until it comprehends every event that has taken place in the history of the world. We do well to ponder this doctrine; we do well to treasure it. The *logos* takes into union with Himself a true body and a reasonable soul. So God becomes man. The Spirit of God takes up His abode in a finite human spirit, and man becomes a partaker of the divine nature. These are the two great truths of Christian life. What do they betoken? What do these ideas indicate? They indicate the destiny, the glorious immortality, that awaits the children of God. The perdurable personality of the theanthropic Jesus is the prophecy of the glorious future of every one that believes in Him.

Do you believe in immortality? There is a great literature growing up now about immortality. A professor in New York told us, with a great deal of hesitation, as though he were still unconvinced, and with a great deal of apparent apology for it, that he was really getting into a frame of mind where he thought it might not be impossible, though he had always thought it impossible before—might not be impossible for people to live after they died, thanks to these modern discoveries of spiritualism. Now are we indebted to Mr. Hyslop, Prof. James, Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers, to those people whose business it is to take kodak photographs of ghosts, for the vindication of the Christian doctrine of immortality? or is there not higher ground on

which to stand, and where we can say with the apostle, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"? No new doctrine this of immortality to you and me; no hypothesis to be vindicated by ocular demonstration, photographs of ghosts, and seances of spiritualists, but the revealed word of God, anchored in the truth of the incarnate Christ. Nor need this personal interest that you and I have in the doctrine of the incarnation blind us to the fact, to the official interest we may have in it as those who have been commissioned to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ Let us not be discouraged. The enemy comes in like a flood; but, after all, the real apologetic is not made by men, but by the Spirit of God, and our faith shall stand not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." This is our message; this is our duty; this is our official station as ministers of Jesus Christ. To us is committed this high duty of acting as the servants of God to sue for the hand of humanity, to go forth and lead her back to the palace gates of heaven as the chosen bride of Christ; and in spite of all the coldness with which our message may be received, in spite of all lack of responsive attention, we believe that the union between God and man that took place nineteen hundred years ago was but the prophecy of that good time coming when the bells of heaven shall ring in the nuptials of the ransomed church and her royal Spouse. To this consummation the world is tending; for this consummation, O thou Son of God, thy people wait.

PRAYER.—The Pastor.

O God, we believe in Thee, Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord, who was conceived of the

Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead and buried. The third day He rose from the grave, and ascended up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. Great is this mystery of godliness; but we know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him. Keep Thy church steadfast in this confidence, we beseech Thee. May she be indeed immovable in this her faith, that so she may be a true witness for God—that so she may win men unto Him. Fill with Thy blessing, we beseech Thee, this service. Bring us together again, that we may this afternoon and this evening, if it please Thee, still be filled with these things of God; and unto the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit shall be all the praise. Amen.

HYMN 102.

BENEDICTION.

SABBATH AFTERNOON,

NOVEMBER 13, 1898.

SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

ANTHEM.—"Te Deum Laudamus" (Festival).—*Dudley Buck.*

RESPONSIVE READING.—Psalm 132.

PRAYER.—The Pastor.

O God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this day. We have waited for its coming, and now we rejoice in it. We do bless Thee for this Sabbath-school, that Thou didst put it into the hearts of godly men and women so long ago to begin it, and that it has always had true and loyal friends to take care of it through all the years. We thank Thee for all who have here superintended, for all who have taught Thy word, and for all who have gladly received Thy word into their hearts. We thank Thee that so many have here learned in their hearts the story of Jesus, and gone out to live it in their lives. For all who have been saved through the instrumentality of this school, we thank Thee; for all still upon the earth, scattered here and there in so many places, and for those who have gone to heaven, and there thank Thee that they were brought up in this Sabbath-school and here learned the way of life. And now we thank Thee that we are members of it. For all the pleasure we find in it, we bless Thee. We pray that we may always love it more and more, and do everything in our power for its welfare, trying to increase its numbers, trying to make it more efficient, trying to make it more in very truth a school of Christ and for Christ. Grant

that we may this afternoon have an hour which shall be memorable to us, which we shall think of with great pleasure for a long time to come. Bless those who shall speak to us. We thank Thee for their coming. We thank Thee that they are with us on this day of festivities, and we pray Thee that we all who are now before Thee may be anew consecrated to Thy service and give ourselves wholly up unto Thee, who hast loved us and given Thyself for us. We ask it in our blessed Saviour's name, who has taught when we pray to say, "Our Father," etc.

HISTORY OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

MR. GEORGE GRIFFITHS, Superintendent.

The First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia was organized in 1698, and the Sunday-school in connection with the church was commenced in the winter of 1815, in the parlor of Mr. Jonathan Smith, Walnut Street, above Eighth. The minutes of the church state that, October 17, 1815, an application was received from S. Hall, on behalf of the young ladies of the congregation, for permission to use the church as a school for the instruction of poor children on the Sabbath, at such times as should not interfere with divine service. The corporation unanimously agreed to grant the request.

The school was held in the church, south side of Market Street, corner of Bank, below Third. During public worship, children and teachers occupied benches ranged against the walls. The first superintendent was Mrs. John Conolly, the wife of an elder, and meetings for consultation on the welfare of the school were held at their house.

The teachers were encouraged by increasing numbers and other indications of success. But the tide of business was moving westward and carrying with it many private residences. It was necessary to move the church, and the present site was selected in 1820. After the sale of the old church, the school found temporary accommodations in the lecture room of the Second Presbyterian Church, Cherry Street, west of Fifth.

In the spring of 1821 the new church was opened, and the Sunday-school held its sessions in the rooms on each side of the vestibule of the church, now the pastor's study and the church parlor.

The school appears to have needed enlarged accommodations, for, in November of the same year, "the teachers applied for the use of the prayer room and for two or three pews in the gallery." Both requests were granted, and two pews on each side of the choir were allotted to the school.

The first mention of the boys' school in connection with the First Church is seven years after the establishment of the girls' school. December 2, 1822, we find the following minute:

"*Resolved*, That the application of the young men for the use of the western room in the new church for a Sunday-school for boys be granted."

Two months later the following minute appears:

"That the schoolrooms adjoining the vestibule be closed and locked as soon as worship commences in the church."

The Rev. Dr. Eckard, formerly missionary to India, afterward professor in Lafayette College, gives some interesting information in a letter dated 1868. He says:

"The boys' school, I always understood, was commenced by Lemuel Wilson, son of the pastor, Dr. James P. Wilson. Lemuel soon died, and the school dragged along a half-dead and half-alive existence. William B. Davidson was the one who kept up the little life there was in it. One Sunday morning, I think in 1828, Mr. Davidson asked me if I could not help him get up a better Sunday-school for boys. He did not make the request on the ground of religious duty—neither of us made any religious profession—but he spoke of it as a sort of duty to the community to teach religion to bad and ignorant boys. To the objection that I had no religion myself, and, of course, could give no instruction in it, he replied that I could get a commen-

tary on the Bible and tell them what was said in it. I mention this as a fair idea of the spirit in which the school was then taught.

"Next Sunday I went to the room which was for so long a time occupied by Albert Barnes as his study. It was scantily furnished with a few benches and chairs, and a desk, nominally for the superintendent. Mr. Davidson held that office, but he had so little to look after that he acted also as a teacher. No one connected with the school had then made a profession of religion. There was no prayer offered in the school, nor, so far as I know, for the school. When the hour came, we took seats and gave such ideas of the way to salvation and the meaning of the Bible as might be expected of such teachers. We had a small library, having learned that a library was a fit adjunct of the Sunday-school.

"I offered the first prayer ever made in the school on the day when I made a profession of religion. Mr. Davidson told me, when I proposed it, that there could be no objection; indeed, he thought it would be a good thing. Soon afterwards I was elected superintendent, merely to have the school opened with prayer. Thus we groped on as well as we could, gradually enlarging in our ideas, but never getting very high up.

"Mr. Joseph H. Dulles left the Arch Street Church—Dr. Skinner's—and came to the First Church. I resigned that he might be elected superintendent. But we had made some progress and our numbers had increased. This was aided by fitting up rooms in the basement—two rows of arches on the west side for girls and one on the east side for boys (1831?). Another aid was the formation of a sort of confederation with the ladies, whose school was at first quite separate, and who had got far ahead of us, both in intelligence and in action. The whole expense, about one thousand dollars, was contributed by the congregation with great promptitude and liberality. A great impulse was given to the school by these superior accommodations. After awhile, many thought these basement rooms damp and unhealthy, and this led to the erection of the building northeast corner of Seventh and Spruce Streets.

"Before Albert Barnes came to the church, we felt the need of mutual instruction in the lessons and other matters. This led to a meeting of all the teachers, and we came to understand our lessons and duties better than by a course of solitary study. As the school increased, piety was manifested by several of the teachers. A more potent influence for good than the improved accommodations was the loving care and strong interest manifested by the new pastor, Albert Barnes. Large Bible classes were formed, an infant school was established, and a teachers' prayer meeting was held at the close of the afternoon service. In 1831 a class for catechism was commenced on Saturday afternoons. On the second Sabbath of every month instructive services were held under the direction of the pastor, which left a pleasant impression on many minds.

"In the extensive revival of 1840, thirty-four of the school stood up boldly for Jesus, and devoted their lives to his service.

"For years the good work continued. While the older members of the church formed an association to attend to its secular affairs, the younger ones went out to labor in different portions of the Master's vineyard. At one period the schools connected with the church numbered fifteen hundred members."

Dr. Eckard also sent the Register of the Boys' School, commencing December 29, 1829. It is probably the oldest Sunday-school Register in the city.

In 1848 the property northeast corner Seventh and Spruce was purchased, and the building erected and occupied until March, 1896, when the erection of the present building was commenced.

Beginning with 1856 monthly services were held for the children in the lecture room. Mr. Barnes gave the Catechism questions, the children answering in classes.

In October, 1856, Rev. Dr. Malin addressed the school on behalf of the missionary ship, Morning Star; $102.51 were collected. Many distinguished missionaries have visited the school; Dr. John Scudder, over forty years in India; Dr. Perkins, twenty-seven years among the Nestorians; Mr. Gleason, thirty-

six years among the Choctaws; Mr. Wiley, missionary to the Cherokees; Mrs. Wilder, Miss Brittan, Messrs Briggs, Baxter, Chidlaw and others.

In 1857 Mr. William G. Crowell was elected superintendent.

Morning and afternoon sessions of the school were held until 1870, when it was decided to hold one session at 2.30 P.M.

In October, 1880, the school was addressed by members of the Pan Presbyterian Council.

January 5, 1881, the Sunday-school was called to mourn the loss of its beloved superintendent, Mr. William G. Crowell, who was called from the labors and cares of the church militant to the rest and peace of the church triumphant.

Mr. Crowell was connected with the school for forty-five years as scholar, teacher, and from the year 1857 to the day of his death as its faithful and efficient superintendent.

By voluntary contributions of teachers and scholars, a marble tablet was placed in the Sabbath-school, with this inscription: "In Memoriam, Our Superintendent twenty-four years; connected with the school forty-five years. William G. Crowell, 'Asleep in Christ,' January 5, 1881. A tribute from teachers and scholars. He loved the children."

Since the organization of the school the following named persons have occupied the superintendency:

LEMUEL WILSON,
WILLIAM B. DAVIDSON,
JAMES R. ECKARD,
JOSEPH H. DULLES,
CHARLES M. McINTYRE,
MATTHIAS W. BALDWIN,
ISAAC DUNTON,
HENRY DAVIS,
WILLIAM PURVES,
JOHN SPARHAWK,
HIRAM WARD,
E. D. ASHTON,
WILLIAM G. CROWELL,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS, since Jan. 1881.

AND OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL:

MRS. JOHN CONOLLY,
MISS JANE HAYS,
MISS E. PETTIT,
MISS KEPPELE,
MISS MATILDA WALLACE,
MISS AMELIA DAVIDSON,
MRS. LAWRENCE,
MISS ELIZA AUSTIN,
MRS. ELIZABETH P. WILSON,
MISS M. N. PAUL.

Blessed roll of honor through many years of faithful toil! And what a list of godly ministers, who have labored at home and abroad, lawyers, physicians, business men and earnest workers in all walks of life, have passed from faithful teachers through these eighty-three years!

And what a large amount of money has found its way into the Lord's treasury through the offerings of the school and mission bands!

For several years there was a feeling among many in our congregation that, to accomplish the work that ought to be done by the First Presbyterian Church in this part of our city, a building more suitable than the one erected in 1848 should be provided, and so the purchase of adjoining properties was made. Plans and estimates were obtained and the work of rebuilding commenced March 2, 1896.

The laying of the corner-stone took place May 23d, and dedication services were held December 13, 1896.

The Albert Barnes Memorial was erected in loving remembrance of one who, for forty years, faithfully labored among this people, and whose pen was ever busy in making plain to all who read his commentaries, God's holy word.

This building is the home of the Sabbath-school, mission bands, mothers' meetings, sewing school, reading room, boys' guild, literary union, library and gymnasium, and a rallying centre for a great deal of work that is helpful to very many persons.

The Chinese have a character which means, "Hall of Happiness and Glad Tidings"—being applied to places for their amusement. May this building ever be in the purest and highest sense a place of true happiness and glad tidings to very many.

With gratitude to God for what has already been accomplished, and with renewed hope for greater usefulness and success in the work of building up the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, let us first of all present ourselves wholly unto our King and loving Heavenly Father, who delights in

his children's affections, and then pray that this edifice may ever be used for that which will glorify God and save men unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our dear Lord and Redeemer, being thus led by the power of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

HYMN.—"Praise Him, Every Voice."—(The Primary Department.)

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

In 1882 we were privileged as a church in having as Stated Supply one whom we all honor and who has been, during six years at Princeton, New Jersey, influencing many young men in their lives, who have gone forth in various walks of life, in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, impressed by words spoken from one who shall talk to us to-day—Dr. Patton, president of Princeton University.

ADDRESS.—Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D.

My dear Christian friends, I begged off when I was asked to make this speech this afternoon, and I do not think I should have spoken if it had not been that I could not very well say no, as Mr. Perkins and Mr. Griffiths wrote me that I must say something. So I have come to say something, not much, but something. I recall very pleasantly these relations that Mr. Griffiths has so kindly referred to. I recall very well an occasion similar to the present, when I stood on this platform and addressed the Sunday-school. Indeed, the only argument that seemed to prevail with me, when I said I could not talk to the Sunday-school, was that he said I could; I had done it, he remembered it. I could not go back on that statement. I knew I had done it. I remember the occasion. I remember my friend Judge Pierce was here that day. I remember his speech. I do not remember anything of my own. Of course, having consented to come, the next question was what I should say. I did not know what to say. I wanted a text. I had not any text.

I am so much in the habit of preaching from the pulpit that I cannot very well make a speech even to the Sunday-school without a text. But I got a text. I did not get in town until very late last night. Mr. Perkins had almost given me up, I expect, but I could not come any sooner. I would have come sooner, but I had to stay and see the game. My! but that was a great game. I stood up on the top of the grand stand. I was on my feet for two blessed hours—two hours and a half. You know it is a great deal of a strain to stand up all that time and watch, and not see as well as most people do, have to strain your eyes to see, and be so tremendously interested in seeing everything. But I saw it, and am very glad I did. That is my text. I have not anything better to bring to you to-day than an account of that foot-ball game. I know there may be some people here that do not like foot-ball. It was pretty rough, a rough game, but it was a good-natured game, played in good spirit, and we won. That is what pleased me, and it pleased me all the better because we had to fight so hard, play so hard I mean, to win. That is everything I want to say, because it seems to me that game has a religious side. I would not come here and speak unless it were on a religious subject. There is a religious side to life in everything if you only stop and look for it. There were two kinds of people at that game—those that played the game and those that only looked on. Of course that would be a division into the players and those who were not. I am not going to make that division further than to say the players would not have done as good work if it had not been for the spectators. The 16,000 people watching the Princeton and Yale men put a lot of nerve into the Yale and Princeton men. They played for all they were worth because there were these 16,000 people looking on and cheering them. Now Yale cheered this side, then Princeton cheered the other side. I began to think of that part of the Bible where the apostle says, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before

us," and so on. What I mean is that there is a great fight going on. I am a little mixed up, I admit, as I shall go through, because the real thing I am talking about, the real illustration that there is of materiality to talk about, is the game. I do not want you to think foot-ball is a fight, yet I do not want you to think life is a game. Life is serious. Life is earnest. Life is a battle, but foot-ball is a game, and plenty of fun in it, too. What I want you to understand is that the people that look on, that watch, that watch with interest, have a great deal to do in the results that are accomplished by the men who are really doing work, carrying burdens and doing the fighting, wherever it may be, whether it be in the battlefield at Santiago or whether it be in the battlefield of reform in the city—the fight against corruption. That is one thing.

Another thing I want to say is this, that I noticed that pretty much everybody on that grand stand took sides, and I do not believe they could be very much interested in the game if they would not. You see, now one side would gain a yard, now the other side would gain a yard. If a man stood up there and said "I don't know that I care which one wins," I do not think he could have felt very much interest. The interest in the thing consisted to a very large extent in that you wanted one side or the other to win. I know exactly, if my friend Mr. Perkins had been there, how he would have felt. He would not have felt as I did. He would have been just about as much interested as I. I do not know what his views are on the general question of foot-ball. I know what his views would have been if he had been on the grand stand alongside of me. I know he would have wanted Yale to win, and would have come away with a very different sort of elation from what I came away with. He would have wanted Yale to win about as much as I wanted Princeton to win. I have not much use for people who have not enthusiasm enough to feel interested, who have not enthusiasm enough about the great fight going on against sin and corruption in high places and low places to feel interested and want the right to win. That is what we must do. I think if a boy or

girl gets started with that sort of feeling that "I want the right to win," he has made a very good start in life. Now a man might have that sort of feeling and yet not say much about it. A man might say "Of course I am on the right side" when the call comes "Who is on the Lord's side?" because there is a right side and a wrong side, there is a Lord's side and a devil's side, and the question is, who is on the Lord's side? A man might say "Of course I am on the Lord's side. I don't care to say much about it. I don't care to talk much about it. I am very modest in the way I feel about this thing." I tell you they were not modest yesterday. You knew which side a man was on. You knew if he had a yellow chrysanthemum in his button-hole which side he was on. You knew if he had a Yale flag waving which side he was on. There is a great parable taught by that game to me yesterday. I tell you these are times when a man ought to show his colors, when a man ought to let people know which side he is on, and if he is on the right side, say he is on the right side, or what he thinks the right side. I do not like to press that figure too much, because I suppose both sides thought they were right, and much more I want to impress you with this idea, that of course we went in to win, and they went in to win, and we won, and the principal thing was to win, and in the game of foot-ball I suppose that is the main thing, but in the great battle of life, in the great fight for what you call success, in the great achievements, as men call them, in the way of overcoming obstacles, there is something else besides winning. It is not a question whether you win. It is the question of what you win. It is the question of how you win it. I recall that passage in the Bible where it says that if a man strive for mastery, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully. I never saw anything like it—run, run, run, and when Pole made that touch-down you ought to have seen the enthusiasm. You ought to have seen how the Princeton people got up on the grand stand and waved flags and shouted. By and by, in the next part of the game, another one ran just as fast and got just as far ahead. Everybody was shouting the same way. The

first thing we knew the ball was put back in its place. He was not crowned that time. It was a mistake, and that is one thing about this game, it teaches you you have to play the game straight; but in the world's fight it does not make any difference so you get ahead, so you make money, so you get the advantage, but the glorious thing about foot-ball is that when you win a victory there you are not crowned unless you strive lawfully. I wish that commercial men, the men of Wall Street, the men that run railroads, the men that put stock on the market, the men that water stock, the men that float bonds that ought to sink and will sink them if they do not get rid of them—I wish they could learn something from foot-ball. I wish they could learn that the only victory that counts, the only thing that tells on character and makes men, is not winning the victory, but winning it in an honest way.

One thing more I want to say. I do not know how many of our friends know what it costs to win one of these victories. Men do not consider how much is meant by this co-ordination of the faculties. An old philosopher once said in one of the shortest sentences he ever wrote, but you can afford to read it even to-day in spite of all advances that have been made in philosophy, "Thought is quick." My goodness, it is quick as lightning. Just think how quick it is! A man thinks, and instantly his muscles respond. The training you get in foot-ball and base-ball is that training of the eye, the hand and all the muscles of the body, so that the will shall be in complete command of every muscle, and it shall fly in immediate response to that mandate. A man has not time to think much, to think long, to deliberate. He has to think, resolve and act—all in something less than the hundredth part of a second. To do that means training, means practice, and the man has to keep his body under. He cannot indulge in appetites, whether it be eating or drinking. He has to be temperate in all things. That is one of the things that a man learns. He learns to keep his body under, and I tell you in this great fight that we have to maintain character, to be moral and put appetite under foot, to

rise superior to base practices, to control ourselves and learn this power, so that we shall have our faculties always at command, it means eternal vigilance. Now, these fellows do it just for what? Just for the applause of that crowd. Just for the glory of their college. Just for a temporary and evanescent sort of reputation and fame they do it. As the apostle says, for a corruptible crown—for a wreath that will be faded in less than a week. But we? Why, we are doing the same thing. We are doing it for an incorruptible crown. Think of the motive that we are under. Think of the inspiration that ought to actuate us. Think how we ought to live, control our appetites and master our baser nature, in order that we may rise to the full dignity of the great manhood that is our destiny if we are only true to what is before us.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

President Patton wrote, "If I accept your invitation and speak, you will regret that I have spoken upon an occasion of this kind." I am sure all of us have no such regret, but we are exceedingly glad President Patton accepted the invitation for the second time. Sixteen years ago, and then again to-day, he has talked to the Sabbath-school of the First Church. All of us who will try to remember his earnest words and carry them out in our lives—this doing right—just raise the hand to thank him for talking to us this afternoon. A vote of thanks, President Patton, for your words to us.

ANTHEM.—"Praise Ye the Lord."—*Gounod.*

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

In 1868, long before most of us here to-day were born, there came to this church a man, to succeed Mr. Barnes in the active pastorate, selected by Mr. Barnes himself, followed by that of the congregation, and for two years and a half, as a son

to Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Barnes as a father to him, I shall never forget how beautifully they seemed to walk and work together in this old church. Then Mr. Barnes was called home to his rest in heaven. For three years and a half following this same man continued—oh, with what earnestness and enthusiasm—a helper to so many! Then, failing in health, he was compelled to resign and go from us; but, oh, the impress made in those six years upon many lives will never be forgotten as long as they live upon this earth; and in the life to come, oh, how many will meet with Dr. Herrick Johnson and thank him for the words of encouragement and the help he gave to them during those six years! And it is a great joy and pleasure to us who knew him that he came all the way from Chicago with Mrs. Johnson to spend these days with us, to preach to us this evening and to talk to us this afternoon. We all welcome him a thousand times and pray that God's blessings may ever be upon him.

ADDRESS.—Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Patton has brought you a text which seemed to have a good deal of inspiration in it. I have not a base-ball or foot-ball game behind me, and I cannot get my inspiration from such a source as that; but very tender are the memories and very precious are the associations connected with this hallowed spot to me, for six of the best years of my life were spent in a loving ministry with a people whose match I believe could hardly be found on the face of the earth, and especially the association of those early days in that ministry with the beloved Albert Barnes, and throughout the entire ministry with the beloved William G. Crowell, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school during all those years. I thank God for the association and the memories to-day, and bless Him that He permitted me to put something of my life, my heart, my wish and will down into this beloved church. I have been thinking what I should talk to you about to-day, and it has suggested itself to my mind that the two hundred years of this church's life is a good thing—suggestive,

bringing some things to mind and heart that perhaps it would be well for us all to remember.

This church is two hundred years old. How old are you? Well, that question was asked by Pharaoh, you know, a good many years ago of Jacob when he was an old man. It has been asked often since. Some regard it as a piece of impertinence to ask a question like that. Some hesitate to answer. Some refuse to answer. Some lie in the answer. But there is a sense, I think, in which the question may be appropriately asked of all of us, suggested by the life of this church. Two hundred years! That is a long time. That is longer than any of us will live. At the best, we will not get much beyond our three score years and ten, and then we will pass away, and very likely will be largely forgotten. How does it come to pass that this church is two hundred years old? Because it is an institution. Men die; institutions live. My point is suggested by the associations of the hour. Get yourselves, as soon as possible, into something that will last. The men that put themselves into this church have made something that lives much beyond their own years. Take that list out there on the tablet in the vestibule, and over against each name is the date of what? Of his death. This church has lived on through the years. These men have died. They are immortal in part, just as they put themselves into this church. I say to you, boys and girls, as soon as possible get yourselves into something that will last, for we all do fade as leaves, and we are going out of this world pretty soon, at the longest, and if we want to be immortal in this world, let us try and get ourselves into an institution, into the church, into an asylum, into a library, into a college—into something that is built for the future, and so perpetuate ourselves, and be careless, like the leaves, about the monument that is placed where we die; but build while we live and where we live. That is it, boys. Build while you live and where you live. Put something of yourselves into an institution of some sort that is going to last when you die. What do the leaves do? They build where they live, in the trees. The tree is their monument. There they lived, there they wrought, there

they worked, and what cared they when they fluttered away from the tree where they landed finally and passed again to their kindred dust? It did not make any difference where they died. Their monument was where they lived.

Some men are very ambitious to have a monument where they die. Boys, that don't amount to anything. A monument built by a man who has achieved a fortune, and with that has built his monument—a monument of that sort tells a story, but it is not a very good one. It is a reminder of something; but it is not a reminder of anything any man ought to be wishing that he might perpetuate. A monument in a cemetery is the most perpendicular thing I know. It stands erect, but it can lie like everything; and so they reveal sombre fiction—at least I know of that being written over a cemetery at one place, perhaps by way of reflection, not because it belonged there: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie." The epitaphs over a good many of our tombs are epitaphs that cannot stand the investigation of scientific research. They do not tell the story. If the truth were told concerning a man who had achieved a fortune and then left it—$50,000 or $100,000—to build a monument over his grave, what would that monument say? It would say something like this: "This is sacred to the memory of a man who achieved a fortune without character. He left $50,000 to build this monument, and this monument is just as useless as he was. It perpetuates nothing worth remembering; neither did he." That is about the truth concerning such a monument. Build your monument where you live, and be careless about the monument that is placed over your grave. A library, an institution of learning, an asylum, a church lasts. Build there as soon as possible. Put yourself into some good thing that is going to be permanent. Here is a Sabbath-school superintendent, who is putting a good deal of the best of his heart and brain and body into this Sabbath-school. William G. Crowell poured out his heart here in this school, and here is his treasure; and I reckon that when he went up to heaven to receive a reward for his fidelity he found that the best work he ever did in this world was the work he did

in connection with this Sabbath-school—praying, toiling, laboring, caring for the children. Get yourselves into this school, get yourselves into this church, with your money, with your prayers, with your tears, with your toil, with self-consecration. Be sure you are looking out for the future, and that something will last after you are taken away.

Yet if I left this matter here, I do not think I would have said all that should be said. After all, what is the most everlasting thing in this world? It is personality. The person lives and the institutions die. That is the other side of it. The person lives; the institution dies. There is nothing in this world so big, there is nothing in this world so everlasting, save God's truth, as your personality. God is person; that distinguishes him from everything else in the universe. When he made man, what did he do? He lifted him to a distinguished place in creation by making him a person. He endowed him with personality. "I will make man in my own image," and he made every man and every woman a person like himself—the biggest thing in the universe, the everlasting thing. A man says, "I have not been a success in life. I am going to kill myself." Can he kill himself? He can kill the body, but after that there is no more that he can do. His personality goes on and on and on. Why, then, of course the best thing to build is the everlasting thing. Boys and girls, begin building right away here your character. What is the foundation stone? Jesus Christ. Get him into your life and heart first of all. Lay that chief corner-stone, for no other building work will amount to much. It may last, but it will last with pain and sorrow to you. The time will come when you will wish you could die and you cannot die. You have got to live on. That personality is indestructible. Begin building in such a way that it will be a perpetual and everlasting joy to you. Build by putting Christ there as the corner-stone, then build on that. What? Why, everything that is pure, everything that is lovely, everything that is honest, everything that is of good report. Think on these things. Get these into character, for

they are Christ-like, and build up there on that corner-stone a character that shall at last be holy like the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you have done the everlasting best thing that any person can do in this world. You have made a soul, originally made in the divine image, but that image marred and defaced by sin; you have built it back again, with Christ as a foundation, into the beauty of holiness, and that will last and be a joy forever. May God help you to such a building work, and may you begin with this hour.

The list of names of scholars entitled to rewards was read.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

My prayer and hope is that this service of our Sabbath-school, in connection with the Bi-Centennial, may be an inspiration to go forward to even the very youngest child, as the little one retains this order of services, growing older and recalling, it may be, a few words of what you heard from Dr. Patton or Dr. Johnson; and also to the oldest of us as we look forward to the better things that await us further on—the better things in the kingdom on high God has for all His dear children. Let us press forward, and His blessing will ever be upon us.

HYMN 300.

BENEDICTION.

SABBATH EVENING,

NOVEMBER 13, 1898.

ORGAN PRELUDE.—"Pastorale—Messiah."—*Handel.*

DOXOLOGY.

INVOCATION.—The Pastor.

Unto Thee do we lift up our eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their master, and as the eyes of a maiden to the hand of her mistress, so do we look unto Thee. Grant us Thy blessing. Grant that we may rejoice in Thee, O Lord, to-night, and be glad in the God of our salvation. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, who hath taught us, when we pray, to say "Our Father," etc.

ANTHEM.—"Te Deum Laudamus" (Festival).—*Gounod.*

SCRIPTURE READING.—Psalm 122.

CHANT.—"Gloria in Excelsis."

SCRIPTURE READING.—Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D.D. (Parts of the Second and Fourth Chapters of 2 Timothy.)

HYMN 151.

PRAYER.—Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., of Norwich, Connecticut.

O Almighty and Eternal God, who art the refuge and dwelling place of Thy people in all generations, in Thee our

fathers trusted. They trusted and Thou didst deliver them, and in Thee will we put our trust. O Lord, let Thy mercy light upon us according as our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have we trusted. Let us never be put to confusion, world without end. We bless Thee at the remembrance of Thy benefits, of Thy faithfulness and love to all Thy flock. We thank Thee for what Thou hast done for this land. Thou, who didst bring hither the shoots of that true vine, and plant them and attend them that the wild boar from the woods should waste them not, who didst care for them until they grew here to be a goodly vine, whose branches reached far to the sea and to the river. We bless Thee, O Lord, for all that Thou hast wrought here—for faithful men here who have testified of the grace of God, for the goodness that hath watched over this church in times when the fire seemed to be consuming, and yet consumed not. We have turned ourselves aside to look upon this great sight, and we bow before Thee and adore. We bless Thee for all that has been wrought here—for the blessing of this people, that here streams of happy influence have flowed forth like the rivers that make glad the City of God; that here souls have been won from sinfulness to the obedience of the just; that here saintly lives have been lived to Thee, and here, dying, Thy people have testified to Thine unfailing grace; that here children have grown up, taught from their childhood to bless and trust the holy name, and that thus Thy name hath been honored and glorified by them that have borne it. For all these things we bless Thee—for holy influences, felt not here alone, but far away in the ends of the earth, where are those that give thanks because of this people; and now, looking back with thankfulness, we look forward with hope and trust to Thee. God, who hast been with our fathers, be Thou with our children after us. Here be Thy Word preached, Thine ordinances administered, Thy law fulfilled in saintly lives, and here may the name that is above every name be glorified and honored until the Lord shall come again. Grant, we pray Thee, that thus, day by day, new blessings may flow hence. Grant that so the works of this church may be abundant—that here,

amid the swarming multitudes of this great city, where Thou hast multiplied the people and hast increased the joy, sower and reaper may rejoice together with the joy of the harvest, and as with the joy of them that divide the spoil. So may many be glad because of this people, and may they that pass by say, "We bless thee in the name of the Lord." Hear our prayer for this church, and for the congregations of Thy one holy Church throughout this great city, with all their ministers. God be with us and bless us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health to all nations. Hear our prayer which we offer Thee, we the unworthy, in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour, to whom, with Thee, O Father, and the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

THE PASTOR.

As you may have noticed upon the order of services, all the offerings that are made throughout this commemorative week will be applied to the Endowment Fund of this church, in order that we may yet more vigorously, by the help of God, prosecute the work which is given us to do. We hope much from this week of festivity, and we do not propose simply to look back, but we propose to look forward and to get inspiration for better and more earnest service in the days to come. As I said to you last Sabbath evening, we thank God that this church has stood through all these years in this part of the city where it at first was planted. By His blessing it shall continue to stand here; but we need the sympathy, we need the prayers and we need the money of those whom God has entrusted with it, that we may accomplish our mission—that we may enlarge our activities. Something was said this afternoon by Dr. Johnson about building ourselves into institutions. I believe every man and every woman that, in the name of Christ, gives to this Endowment Fund, and thus builds himself or herself into this church, will

have reason, not only in this life, but in the life hereafter, to be thankful. The offering will be taken.

OFFERTORY.—"O Lamb of God" (Quartette).—*Gounod.*

THE PASTOR.

We shall now have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Herrick Johnson, Professor in the McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago, and who for six years was the honored and beloved pastor of this church.

ADDRESS.—"The Presbyterian Bulwarks of Liberty and Law."

Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D.

Two hundred years ago, in the summer of 1698, a young man came to this town to look after some Presbyterians who were known to be residents here, and who were without church organization, or pastoral care. His name was Jedediah Andrews. The Church-of-England minister then residing here, Thomas Clayton, wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania, November 29, 1698: "I have often talked with the Presbyterian minister and find him such as I could wish. They tell me, that have heard him, that he makes a great noise, but this did not amaze me, considering the bulk and emptiness of the thing—but he is so far from growing upon us that he threatens to go home in the spring." But he grew upon somebody, and he did not go home in the spring. Whether he kept on making a great noise or not, I do not know. But he kept on preaching the Gospel here for nearly fifty years. In the letter book of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is another letter from Philadelphia, written in February, 1702, saying, "They have here a Presbyterian meeting and minister, one called Andrews, but they are not like to increase here." Another unfulfilled prophecy. And Talbot writes in September, 1703, to the secretary of this same society, "The Presbyterians have come a great way to lay hands

one on another; but, after all, I think they had as good stay at home for the good they do."

These writers evidently had not taken the true measure of Presbyterian grace and grit. When this church was organized, it was the day of small things for American Presbyterianism. The 18th century opened with only one Presbyterian minister in the entire Colony of Pennsylvania. But the mere handful of corn that represented Presbyterian planting in those early days, grew and grew, until "the fruit thereof" has "shaken like Lebanon." In 1706 the first American Classical Presbytery was organized—The Presbytery of Philadelphia. By 1716 the Presbytery had grown so large, and covered so wide an area, that it was divided into three Presbyteries, forming a Synod, which first met the next year. Toward the close of the last century the American Presbyterian Church had reached such proportions, that it was impossible for even a majority of the ministers to come together in the annual Synod. Some kind of representation was rendered necessary. This led, in 1788, to the organization of the General Assembly, with four Synods and sixteen Presbyteries, and the first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America met in this city in 1789.

Thus the American Presbyterian Church came to its full organic form, commensurate at last with the needs of a continent, and with all the possibilities of development and enlargement of the new nation that had just been born in the fires of Revolution.

In 1786 the Synod ordered the preparation of "a book of discipline and government . . . accommodated to the state of the Presbyterian Church in America." This was placed in the hands of a committee, of which Dr. Witherspoon was chairman. It is a striking and memorable coincidence that while in this very city the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, in 1787, was discussing and amending the report of Witherspoon and his associates, and seeking the best possible embodiment of Presbyterianism as an organized, representative and constitutional government, the Constitutional Convention was also at the same time, in this same city, debating and determining the best form

of government for the new nation. Through those preceding revolutionary years discussion had been at white heat. It was Monarch and Prelate against Puritan and Presbyter. While the Joshuas came across the sea for liberty of conscience, intolerance, as a kind of demoniac possession or devil incarnate, came also. Makemie was arrested and imprisoned unlawfully on the charge of preaching without a license. Dissent was accounted as obnoxious here as in England. Men became exiles from their native land because of persecution and oppression, only to find the yoke of intolerance fastened to their necks this side of the sea. The Westminster divines, one hundred and fifty years before, were set to the long task of determining what God's word authorized as doctrine and government for Christ's kingdom on earth. The issues of that historic assembly made it forever clear that the Presbyterian Church was to stand for a certain system of doctrine and a certain form of government. And in that Assembly, made up of Presbyterians, Independents and Erastians, one of the battles of the giants, that raged the longest and that was fought the most vehemently, was on the Form of Government that Christ the King had given his Church. They declared for a government by elders, as representatives of the people. They found it facing them on almost every page of New Testament history. Indeed, they lifted it up to such conspicuity, and so interlaced and interlocked it in a system of graded courts, that some of their enemies charged that "Presbyter" was only "Priest writ large." But not a shred of Prelacy or Papacy can be found in the garments these Presbyterian weavers wove. Their doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers left no room for Pope or Prelate.

But intrepid and lion-hearted as those Westminsters were, they still stood in the shadow of Cæsar. And though defending the crown rights of their King, they did not come to the full inheritance of Christ's freemen. For they suffered an appeal from the courts of Christ to Cæsar, and thus recognized, in matters that were purely ecclesiastical and spiritual, the power of the civil magistrate.

When, however, our American Presbyterian Fathers, a hundred and fifty years after, met to form "a government accommodated to the state of the Presbyterian Church in America," they had been utterly cured of this plague of Cæsarism. Led by Witherspoon, whose blood still tingled with the thrill of the hour when he signed the Declaration of Independence, they took the Confession of Faith in hand, here in this city, in 1787, and without any scrupulosities of reverence for it as a venerable symbol, and in absolute indifference to possibilities of patchwork, stripped it of every vestige of Erastianism, and ordered a thousand copies of the plan, as thus amended, printed for distribution among the Presbyteries, "for their consideration, and the consideration of the churches under their care." In the next Synod, 1788, after further amendment and full discussion, the whole plan was finally adopted as "The Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America."

Thus the government of the Presbyterian Church was made consistent in its entire and absolute separation of Church and State. The completed work became a bulwark of Christian liberty, and it stands to-day four square to all the winds of Cæsarism and the Papacy.

But these Presbyterian Fathers did more than this. They made a luminous and comprehensive statement of "the general principles" by which they had been governed in the formation of the plan. These principles are basilar and structural; they enter vitally into our form of government and discipline. They are at once its foundation and its vindication. For the clearness and comprehensiveness of this declaration of principles, for its balance and poise, for its grasp of fundamentals, for its truths whose very statement, when once understood, makes them seem almost axiomatic, for its safe-guarding of sacred rights, for its just limitations put about liberty to keep liberty from license, and for its equally just limitations put about power to keep power from tyranny,—for all this, and also for the lofty spiritual tone and the calm judicial temper pervading it, I know nothing to match it, of its kind and within the same compass, in

all literature. It has been too much hidden under a bushel. In a ministry of forty years I have never once heard it publicly referred to. In the histories I have consulted it is passed by with the barest mention. It is my desire on this signal anniversary occasion, in the time still left me, to make it as a city set on a hill, that it may give light to those who are yet in darkness as to Presbyterian government and discipline, and that it may more wisely do what its authors hoped it would when they gave it to the world—viz., "prevent those rash misconceptions and uncandid reflections which usually proceed from an imperfect view of any subject."

These fathers of American Presbyterianism were "unanimously of opinion"—

First. "*That God alone is Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to his word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship.*"

This supreme assertion of freedom of conscience is taken from the bosom of the Confession of Faith, where it had been placed by the Westminster divines when they wrought out the doctrinal standards in the famous Assembly of 1643. Our American Presbyterian fathers copied it from the Confession and lifted it to the foremost place in the Form of Government, where it leads the brilliant galaxy of principles for which many have died and millions more have been willing to die. It is *our immortal Presbyterian Declaration of Independence.* It matches and surpasses Thomas Jefferson's world-famous manifesto, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let me repeat this first principle of Presbyterian government: "God alone is Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to his word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship." To this the fathers added in this same first section the following irresistible *sequitur:*

"*Therefore* they consider the rights of private judgment in all matters that respect religion as universal and inalienable. They do not ever wish to see any religious constitution aided by the civil power further than may be necessary for protection and security, and at the same time be equal and common to all others."

True to this declaration, they swept everything out of the Confession that looked at all like union of Church and State. And they made clean work of it. Not a vestige of the union of Christ and Cæsar was left. No king but Christ. No vicar of Christ, usurping lordship. A conscience free from all commandments of men that are not commandments of God. The right of private judgment in matters of religion inalienable; nay, more: no alliance with the State whatsoever; no aid to *any* religious constitution *by the civil power*, save in the protection of rights common to all; that is to say, no public money for sectarian use.

These are the ringing words by which the Presbyterian Church irrevocably commits herself to the crown rights of her Lord and King. The principle is held by other evangelical faiths. But it has been given a rare historical setting by Presbyterians; notably when the Free Church of Scotland, in 1843, left her earthly all rather than bow to the behest of civil magistracy, and her four hundred ministers turned their backs upon manses and glebes and benefices, and boldly walked forth to be God's freemen; and notably again when the American Presbyterian Church placed this principle first and chief of all in the charter of her God-given rights—set it as the crown jewel in her diadem of Christian loyalty and liberty.

I need hardly say to you that there are portents of a coming time when we and other faiths of God's free hosts may be obliged to stand for this principle as with faces of steel and consciences incarnate against a wily, grasping ecclesiasticism whose history is black with the record of her usurpation of powers that belong to our Lord and King alone.

I pass now to a consideration of the second principle affirmed

by the fathers in the first chapter of our Form of Government.

They are unanimously of opinion—

Second. "That, in perfect consistency with the above principle of common right, every Christian church or union or association of particular churches is entitled to declare the terms of admission into its *communion* and the qualifications of its ministers and members."

This statement seems almost axiomatic. It is the common law of organization. Safeguarded interests are impossible without it. The bride of Christ must keep her robe unsoiled. She has a God-given stewardship. Shall anybody be admitted to her communion? Shall she put her *imprimatur* on every veriest tramp that claims to be commissioned of heaven to preach the Gospel? How could she keep her peace, or care for that which Christ had committed to her, if she flung her gates and her pulpit wide open and let the whole motley world in to her communion and her ambassadorship without condition and without limitation? If terms of church and ministerial fellowship are to be made at all, who shall make them and determine their nature and spirit if not the Church herself, in the light and under the law of that Word which Christ has given her? It is true that, in the exercise of this right, any particular church or association of churches may err "in making the terms of communion either too lax or too narrow." But even in this case, said these Presbyterian fathers, "they do not infringe upon the liberty or rights of others, but only make an improper use of their own."

Now what are the terms of communion imposed by the Presbyterian Church? Looking into the New Testament record of the early church, she found only one condition of church membership, viz., *belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour;* and that, and that only, she has placed at the door of her communion. She demands no assent to an extended creed. She presses no question about a system of doctrine. She seeks to know simply whether the applicant for admission to her fold is a Christian—a loving, obedient disciple of Jesus Christ. If he

be that, he is welcome to all the privileges of her church membership. Any true child of God, of whatever name or creed, may come knocking at the door of the Presbyterian Church asking "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" and the swift answer shall be, "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest." He may have imperfect views of Christ; he may stumble at the Trinity; he may have doubts about the mode of baptism; he may be an Arminian as to the decree, or a Pelagian as to the human will, or a Lutheran as to the Lord's Supper, or a Sabellian, a Swedenborgian, a Congregationalist, a Prelatist. No matter. Has he the spirit of Christ, and does he believe there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby he can be saved? Then the Presbyterian Church says his place is within Christ's visible fold, and without a question as to his orthodoxy in any other regard she opens wide her door to welcome him. And her ground and warrant for this is that, according to the Scriptures, there should be no conditions of church membership which are not conditions of salvation. Surely the Church should receive to her fold anybody that she has reason to believe Christ would receive to his. What possible right have we to make it harder to get into the Church than it is to get into heaven?

This is no new, no individual opinion—outside judgment to the contrary notwithstanding. It is the historic position of the American Presbyterian Church. In the Adopting Act of 1729—more than one hundred and fifty years ago—when the question of subscription to the doctrinal standards was up for settlement, while the Synod claimed the right and avowed the necessity of demanding of its ministers an assent to all the essential and necessary articles of the Confession of Faith, it made this distinct avowal concerning all applicants for admission to *church membership*, viz.: "*We are willing to admit to fellowship in sacred ordinances all such as we have ground to believe Christ will at last admit to the kingdom of heaven.*"

Thus we build no wall about our communion that Christ hath not built. Our banner is inscribed with "Whosoever believeth,

let him come." We bar out no Christian because of his intellectual doctrinal conviction. Instead, therefore, of our being bigoted and narrow, as is often charged, binding a rigid creed on the brow of every believer as a condition of church membership, there is scarcely so broad and free a communion in all the ranks of evangelical Christendom.

But still further did the Presbyterian fathers lay down the principles of church government.

They are unanimously of opinion—

Third. "That our blessed Saviour, for the edification of the visible Church, which is his body, *hath appointed officers* not only to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments, but also to exercise discipline for the preservation both of truth and duty."

They agree with the Westminster divines of a century and a half before them that "The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his Church, *hath herein appointed a government* in the hand of church officers distinct from the civil magistrate."

On the ground of antecedent probability they would reach this conclusion. The government of God's Church would seem to be too vital a thing—of too vast concern and covering too many interests—to be left to the varying caprice and prejudice of even regenerated Christian men. Christ came to establish a kingdom; but a kingdom implies government, and a government without a form of government is impossible. Christ surely did not set up a kingdom only to leave it with no regulative principles and no offices of rule, without order and without law. This would be to leave it a mob.

But these men were not content to rest so important a matter on the mere warrant of antecedent probability, so they searched the New Testament Scriptures to ascertain the kind of government Christ left his Church. They found clear record of the following facts: That there were authorized rulers in the early Church; that these rulers were elders; that elders and bishops were identical, the titles being used interchangeably; and that there was a plurality of these elders or bishops in every church.

And they came with overwhelming and unanimous conviction to the conclusion *that the government of the New Testament church was a government by elders.*

The record is unmistakable. He who runs may read. The persons we meet oftenest in the inspired account of early church organization and activity are the elders. They come into view everywhere. There were elders in the church at Jerusalem (Acts 15 : 11); elders in the church at Ephesus (Acts 20 : 1); elders in the church of the Dispersion (1 Peter 5 : 1); Paul and Barnabas, on returning from their first missionary tour, "appointed elders in every church" (Acts 14 : 23); Titus, in Crete, "appointed elders in every city." What were the duties of these elders? Just what they are now in the Presbyterian Church. They were rulers—officers of government. Paul, in his letter to Timothy, charged that the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor. (1 Timothy 5 : 17.) In his letter to the church at Rome, while speaking of different gifts in the church, he says: "He that ruleth" let him rule "with diligence." (Rom. 12 : 8.) In his letter to the Thessalonian church he speaks of those that were "set over them in the Lord." (Thes. 5 : 12.) In his talk with the elders of the church at Ephesus he says: "Take heed to all the flock, in the which the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops." (Acts 20 : 28.) In the letter to the Hebrews, Christians are bidden to "remember," and "obey" and "submit to" those in the church who "had the rule over them." (Heb. 13 : 7–17.) But ruling was not all. They were to "watch in behalf of souls." (Heb. 7 : 17.) They were to "speak the word of God." (Heb. 7 : 17.) Paul bids the elders of Ephesus "feed the church of God." (Acts 20 : 28.) Peter exhorts the elders to "tend the flock of God, exercising the office of a bishop." James tells the Christians of the dispersion, "Is any sick among you, let him send for the elders of the church." And Paul, in his letter to Timothy, commends especially those of the elders who "labor in the Word and in teaching."

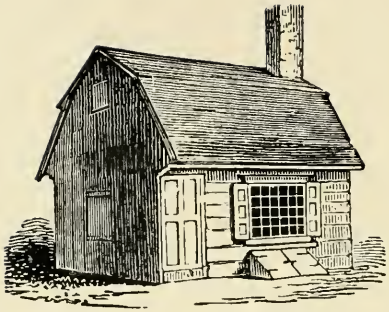
This is the New Testament doctrine of the eldership. These

following things lie on the very surface of Scripture, viz.: There was a plurality of elders in every church, even in the small mission churches; these elders all ruled; they were officers of government; they watched over the flock of God; they exercised the functions of a bishop; and some of them, at least, not only ruled but preached the Gospel—"labored in the Word and in teaching." Surely our Presbyterian fathers had a right to say "The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his Church, hath therein appointed a *government* in the hands of *church officers*." And for naming these officers "elders" they had a "thus saith the Lord."

But still further, in laying down the fundamental principles of church government these Presbyterian fathers are unanimously of opinion—

Fourth. "That truth is in order to goodness, and the great touchstone of truth its tendency to promote holiness, according to our Saviour's rule, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' And that no opinion can be either more pernicious or more absurd than that which brings truth and falsehood upon a level and represents it as of no consequence what a man's opinions are. On the contrary, they are persuaded that there is an inseparable connection between faith and practice, truth and duty. Otherwise it would be of no consequence either to discover truth or to embrace it."

This admirable principle never had better expression. The Church of God is put in trust of God's truth. But what profit is it that we keep his truth if it is of no consequence what a man's opinions are, and there be no inseparable connection between faith and life? Paul's terrific arraignment of men was that they had "exchanged the truth of God for a lie." The consequence of that exchange was that they became "vain in their reasonings," and their senseless heart was darkened. Of course all truth is not in order to goodness. The truth of the Copernican theory of the universe, or of the circulation of the blood, or of the correlation and conservation of force, or of a



THE BARBADOES STORE, IN WHICH THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FIRST MET, 1698.

ERECTED IN 1704 ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MARKET STREET, CORNER OF WHITE HORSE ALLEY, NOW BANK STREET. IT WAS REBUILT IN 1791.

problem in mathematics, may be accepted or denied without making a man the better or the worse. But this is not the kind of truth these men of God were talking about when they were laying down the fundamental principles of church government. They meant the truth of revelation; the truth of God's word; the truth that vitally touches life, and harnesses itself to the human will and goes down into character. It was with this clear limitation that they said "Truth is in order to goodness, and the great touchstone of truth its tendency to promote holiness."

The principle needs no proof. Its statement is its demonstration. Under the conviction of this principle they are unanimously of opinion—

Fifth. "That it is necessary to make effectual provision that *all who are admitted as teachers be sound in the faith.*"

Here we see a marked and important difference between terms of admission to the Church and terms of admission to *office* in the Church. Ready as our Presbyterian fathers were to receive into church membership any and all whom they had reason to believe Christ would admit to heaven, they nevertheless thought it necessary to make effectual provision that the officers of the Church, to whom is intrusted the teaching and preaching of the Word, be sound in the faith. The reason for this necessity is not far to seek. The Presbyterian Church stands for a certain system of doctrine and a certain form of government. She believes God's word teaches that system of doctrine and authorizes that form of government; she believes that these are nearer the mind of God as revealed in the Word than are the systems of doctrine and governmental forms of other evangelical faiths; and she believes the differences are so important, and affect Christian character and church efficiency so vitally, as not only to justify her separate and continued existence as a branch of the Church of Christ, but also to bring her to the maintenance of her faith with a mighty constraint of conscience.

This is her *reason for being*—the only ground of her separate

existence. If she has nothing distinctive in faith and government which she thinks her Lord has put her in trust of, she is guilty of schism, of dividing Christ's body without cause, and she ought not to maintain her separate organization—no! not for an hour.

But her martyrs have not died for nothing. She has not fought with the wild beasts of tyranny and intolerance with no stay and courage from her great truths. She has not grown oaks without congenial soil. She has gone through two and a half centuries thinking, in her heart of hearts, she saw in Holy Scripture some doctrines of sin and grace and some principles of government that needed to be embodied in a system if all God's truth were to be told and used in making Christ's kingdom come. So she wrought out her Confession of Faith and her Form of Government and published them to the world. Who shall question her right to do this? Nay, who shall challenge her duty to do it? And, conceding her right to confess her faith, who shall challenge her right to guard and keep it? And by what better way can she keep it than by "making effectual provision that all who are admitted as teachers must be sound in that faith"?

Clearly wolves must not be given the liberty of the flocks of God. Pulpits must not be open to false teachers, privily bringing in sects of perdition, denying even the Lord that bought them. This goes without saying. But more goes with it that needs to be said, and said with emphasis. When men come to the Presbyterian Church seeking the solemn sanction of ordination to her offices or of admission to her ministry, she surely has a right to know their attitude towards her doctrine and government. Her doctrine is embodied in her published Confession of Faith.

So one of the questions to be asked of all men before they can be enrolled as office-bearers in the Presbyterian Church, and accredited as her duly authorized official teachers and preachers, is this:

"Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith

of this church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures?"

The Confession of Faith is the doctrine of the word of God as interpreted by the Presbyterian Church. She has embodied it in a system. She believes this system is taught in the Holy Scripture. She asks for no *ipsissima verba* subscription. Many specific detailed statements might be doubted, or denied, without affecting the integrity of the system. But three historic phases of belief are unchallengeably included in this Presbyterian Confession of Faith. First, the evangelical system, common to all evangelical churches of whatsoever name and embracing the doctrines *essential to salvation.* The extremest advocate of liberty of subscription would not for one moment contend that any true church of Jesus Christ could demand less than this. Neither the Presbyterian Church, nor any other Christian church, could ordain to her ministry an atheist or an infidel without denying the Lord that bought her.

But the system of doctrine in the Presbyterian Confession embraces also the Protestant system as opposed to the Roman Catholic. And neither here can there be any doubt as to the right of the Presbyterian, or any other Protestant church, to demand as a condition of entering her ministry an acceptance and adoption of the Protestant system as contained in her Confession of Faith. Not without treachery to the one sole Head of the Church could she ordain a man to her ministry who leaned to altars and crucifixes and the worship of the Virgin, and the real presence, and the infallibility of the sovereign Pontiff.

But still another system of doctrine is in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. It is commonly known as the Reformed or Calvinistic system. This system, first of all, exalts God, places him on his eternal throne, in active, undivided, unconditioned sovereignty. It humbles man as a sinner and smites him with a sense of spiritual impotence. But it glorifies him in Christ as a believer, to which glory it declares him chosen of God in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, and effectually called in the fullness of time, and the eternal realization of which has been

made forever sure to him; so that, once in Christ, he is always in Christ, and can never perish.

It is this system, as well as the common evangelical system and the common Protestant system, Presbyterianism has embodied in her Confession of Faith; and it is this, as well as the other two, which she, in her exercise of government, demands assent to, and adoption of, before any one can enter her ministry. Has she a right to place this condition at the door of entrance to her official stewardship of the mysteries of God?

We might better ask, Has she a right to do otherwise? Can she do otherwise without betraying her trust? This Calvinistic system of doctrine is her peculiar testimony. This and her Form of Government are the justification of her existence. To witness to this strong doctrine of God and sin and salvation she was especially set. She *believes* that the system, in all its essential and necessary parts, is in Holy Scriptures, a sacred and important part of the trust of truth God has committed to his Church. Belief in it has helped her make two and a half centuries of no mean history. In this soil of doctrine and in this air of liberty she has grown her oaks. It is no wonder she loves and keeps her faith.

Suppose now an applicant appears for admission to her ministry, who is manifestly a true believer, accepting the Scriptures as the word of God, and bowing in joyful obedience to Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. He is asked the usual question: "Do you receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures?"

He answers, "I receive and adopt the Confession as containing the evangelical and the Protestant system of doctrine, but I cannot adopt its Calvinistic system, for I do not find it in the Scriptures."

Clearly this is no case of a man challenging the crown rights of Christ. Instead, he joyfully crowns him Lord of all. This is no case of a false teacher, bringing in damnable heresies and denying the Lord that bought him. He will preach no word that will drown men in destruction and perdition; for he be-

lieves with his whole heart in all the doctrines of the Gospel essential to salvation. But he does not believe in the Calvinistic system of theology. In other words, he is not a Presbyterian; for the Presbyterian Church does believe in the Calvinistic system. It has the indorsement of her scholarship, her conscience and her heart, as God's own truth to which she owes much of her iron nerve and rootedness, preferring rather, in the strength of her high thought of God, "to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence." Yet she is to receive this man, though he does not and will not receive the truth she holds as her peculiar heritage. She is to enroll him in her ministerial ranks, and he is henceforth to preach in her pulpits, be installed over her churches, minister at her altars, and feed her lambs. In God's name, she cannot do this inconsistent thing. It would be a label that told a lie, a house divided against itself, a suicide by self-contradiction.

But in thus taking care that her faith be kept, she is doing neither the one nor the other of two things with which she is often charged in this matter of safe-guarding her ministry. She thereby imposes no faith on other men's consciences. She simply stands for her own Confession. And she thereby casts no reflection on the applicant she declines to receive. She simply recognizes the fact, as our Presbyterian fathers declare in this same section of fundamental principles, that "there are truths and forms with respect to which men of good characters and principles may differ." Thus she blends a broad Christian charity with tenacious doctrinal conviction. She knows that a great proportion of Christendom, endowed with learning, and rich with men of keen intellects and consecrated hearts, whose reverent study of God's word, and whose enthusiastic devotion to Christ, it would be folly to question, do not find the Calvinistic system in the word of God, and do not believe it is the word of God. In other words, perhaps the majority of those who love Christ, obey his will, fight his battles, and hope for heaven only through his cross, do not believe as we do, who stand for Presbyterian government and Presbyterian doctrine. This should make us, not

less inflexibly loyal to our faith, but charitable in judgment, and not swift to deny that those whose walk with God we dare not question, yet who do not look out of our theological eyes, may have as much of heaven's light on their Bibles as falls on ours.

But I must pass to speak of another principle set in this first chapter of our Form of Government by the Presbyterian fathers. They are unanimously of opinion—

Sixth. "That though the character, qualifications and authority of church officers are laid down in the Holy Scriptures, yet *the election of the persons to the exercise of this authority, in any particular society, is in that society.*"

They thus declare for the right of suffrage, assert the autonomy of each individual church, and make the government of the church representative. And thus a cardinal feature of Presbyterian church government gets its complete expression—viz., a government under a written constitution and administered by elders *as representatives of the people.* It is neither autocracy nor democracy. It has neither hierarchy nor oligarchy. Its elders are taken from among the people, are chosen by the people, and they rule in the interest of the people. It is therefore, in the highest and best sense, a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Presbyterians believe that all power in the church is vested in the people. They hold that the people have a right to a substantive part in the determination of all questions of doctrine, discipline, order and worship. Christ, the King and Head of his Church, has vested power of government in his Church. Who are his church? Bishops, Prelates, Elders? No. The universal priesthood of believers—the whole body of believers in Christ Jesus. These are the Church. Hence, power is vested in them. The Holy Spirit is the source of all power. And the Holy Spirit is given, not to the apostles alone, not to their so-called successors alone, nor to any church officers alone, but to the entire Church. The Presbyterian Church, therefore, stands for election of officers by the people, and her suffrage is as wide as her communion. Whoever has a right to the Lord's table, man,

woman or child, has a voice in the government of the church. Woman suffrage and minor suffrage, as well as manhood suffrage, are her usage and her law. Hence there is no government on earth, of Church or State, more fully and completely representative.

Church power relates to three things: First, to matters of doctrine. The Church must interpret God's law and frame her creed as based on that law. Second, to matters of government. She must determine, in the light of God's Word, her own form of government. Third, to matters of worship. She must determine, subject to the written Word, the rules for the ordering of worship. Now, if church power covers this wide field, and all power vests in the people, then back to the people at last must come every question of doctrine and government and worship. So the Presbyterian Church believes. Every member of her communion votes. These votes elect the elders; these elders rule. We freely move in the grooves of law, for we make the grooves. If we do not like them, we need not break them; we can change them. Process is provided for every desired change in doctrine, discipline or order. The process is slow and long and guarded, as it ought to be. Changes in any constitution, but especially in the constitution of the Church of God, should not be made in a spasm. But they can be had, and by the people, if the people will.

I pass now to the seventh and last of the underlying principles framed by the fathers and set in this marvellous first chapter of our Form of Government.

They are unanimously of opinion—

Seventh. "That all church power, whether exercised by the body in general or . . . by delegated authority, is only ministerial and declarative; that is to say that the Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith and manners; that no church judicatory ought to pretend to make laws to bind the conscience, in virtue of their own authority; and that all their decisions should be founded upon the revealed will of God."

Thus we are reminded that, in the last resolve, the constitution of the Presbyterian Church is the inspired and infallible Word of God. The final question with every Presbyterian conscience is, What saith the Scriptures? "Synods and Councils may err," frankly say these men of God. Human standards, even as interpretations of Holy Scriptures, are fallible. The Presbyterian Church does not claim that she has any authoritative court of Christ, of which it can be said "When it speaks, God speaks." We call the standards of doctrine and government and worship the Constitution of our Church. And so they are, but only in a modified sense. They are the subordinate standards. The court of final appeal is the Word of God. "The whole counsel of God concerning all things necessary for his own glory and man's salvation, faith and life is either expressly set down in Scripture or by good and necessary consequence may be deduced from Scripture; unto which nothing at any time is to be added, whether by new revelations of the Spirit or tradition of men."

We reach now the last section of this matchless chapter. It is the beautiful, magnificent and irresistible corollary from the seven preceding scriptural and rational principles.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America are unanimously of the opinion—

Eighth. "That if the preceding scriptural and rational principles be steadfastly adhered to, the vigor and strictness of its discipline will contribute to the glory and happiness of any church."

And here follows the closing sentence, that should be written in letters of golden light over the door of every judicatory of our beloved Zion:

"Since ecclesiastical discipline must be purely moral or spiritual in its object, and not attended with any civil effects, *it can derive no force whatever but from its own justice, the approbation*

of an impartial public, and the countenance and blessing of the great Head of the Church universal."

Bare majorities would never have passed extreme measures in our Church, the knife of discipline would never have cut clean through the whole quivering body of our Church, and the bitterness of strife would often have been drowned in a deluge of patience and good will, if the spirit breathed in these words had always dominated in our Presbyteries and Synods and General Assemblies.

And this does not mean a boneless, pulpy, flabby theology. Much less does it mean a peace purchased at the price of any truth of God. It means a spirit that can keep the balance amidst the profoundest agitation of great debate; that will at any cost hear the other side, and all of it; that will believe the positive statements and frank disclaimers of a brother in Christ rather than even its own fallible inferences; that has learned something from the old battles with which the bride of Christ has been torn and rent, the issues of those fierce strifes often having proved that they were mainly wars of words. Would to God that across our seven-jeweled crown of church government—placed here by the fathers over the very threshold of our palace of law—would that across this seven-jeweled crown of government might be set in immortal brilliants, to be known and read of all the Presbyterian host, this ever-memorable truth: "*Ecclesiastical discipline can derive no force whatever but from its own justice, the approbation of an impartial public, and the countenance and blessing of the great Head of the Church universal.*"

I have thus passed in review the seven great principles that enter vitally into the structure of Presbyterian polity. I have called them the seven jewels in our crown of government. They might well be named our seven great bulwarks—bulwarks alike of liberty and of law.

With these we face the foe, and in the name of the omnipotent Jehovah fling down our challenge to the world, the flesh

and the devil. We blaze their names upon our battle-scarred banner and joyfully bear them aloft before our bannered host: Christ's lordship of conscience; wide-open communion; heaven-ordained officers; inseparableness of truth and duty; guardianship of truth; universal suffrage; and Holy Scriptures the last appeal. These are indeed bulwarks of liberty and bulwarks of law.

How they stand for liberty: They declare for the inalienable rights of private judgment, and enthrone the conscience as free from the doctrine and commandments of men and to be bound by no man-made laws that are not also the laws of God. They swing wide open the door of church communion, and, like heaven's door, whosoever believeth may go in thereat. They unchurch no Christian. They shut no one out of God's banqueting house who loves Jesus Christ. They put a ballot in every hand that takes the bread and wine of communion, and the ballot may be cast by man, woman or child in the fear of God for the government of the Church.

But this large liberty is no license. See how these bulwarks stand for law. They declare for officers of rule and instruction authorized by Christ, the King, "for the preservation in both of truth and duty," to preach his word, administer his sacraments, and shield his flock.

They brand as pernicious and absurd the opinion that degrades truth to a level with falsehood by making it of no consequence what a man's opinions are.

And giving truth its regnant, transcendent place in God's kingdom, they safeguard truth by providing that all *teachers* of truth shall be sound in the faith.

And, above all, they enthrone Christ not only as the Lord of the conscience, but King of his Church and Lord of all; upon whose shoulder government is; whose name is the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, of the increase of whose government and peace there shall be no end; King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who is far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come;

Prophet, Priest and King, Saviour and Head of his Church, containing in himself by way of eminency all the offices of his Church. How could there be lawless license under such acknowledged Kingship, with the Word of God as infallible rule and officers of Christ bound by ordination vows to keep and guard the published faith as containing the system of doctrine taught in Holy Scripture?

Law and liberty, therefore, hold their balanced and co-ordinate place in the government of our Church. We have "superiority without tyranny," "parity without confusion," "subjection without slavery." We voice the unity of the Church in our graded assemblies of elders, but neither in Session nor Presbytery, nor Synod nor General Assembly, does any officer come to pre-eminence of power or jurisdiction.

Such a Church must needs have stood for civil, as well as religious, liberty. Who that reads can doubt it? History is ablaze with the record of Presbyterian fidelities in the battles against oppression. Look at the little republic of Geneva, a town that shot more light of civil liberty into surrounding darkness than all other municipalities of the world combined. Call the roll of Huguenots, Covenanters, Puritans, Pilgrims. Where stood our Presbyterian fathers who founded and adopted the principles we have been discussing here to-day? Almost to a man they were for independence. Witherspoon would rather go to the grave by the hand of the executioner than desert at that hour the sacred cause of his country. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Mecklenburg, in convention assembled, on May 20, 1775, a full year before Jefferson voiced the unborn nation's throes and throbs of liberty, "*Resolved*, That we hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and declare ourselves a free and independent people, . . a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of Congress, to the maintenance of which we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation and our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor."

And the Synod of 1783 in their pastoral letter to the churches say, "We cannot help congratulating you on the general and almost universal attachment of the Presbyterian body to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. . . . . Our burnt and wasted churches, and our plundered dwellings, in such places as fell under the power of our adversaries, are but an earnest of what we must have suffered had they finally prevailed."

So it has ever been. Her kingship of Christ and liberty of conscience and election by the people, commit the Presbyterian Church to civil liberty as naturally and inevitably as the sun commits the day to light and cheer.

So, too, is she forepledged to education by the very logic of her systems both of government and doctrine. By the law of Christ her King, power rests in the people. Popular election of church officers necessitates intelligence. A blind ballot is a deadly weapon. A sufficient number of them means possible revolution any hour in Church or State. Hence Presbyterians have always been, by preference and conviction, patrons of the school. Students flocked to Geneva and Calvin. Bancroft says, "Calvin was the father of popular education and the inventor of the system of free schools."

Here I submit the case. I have thought it well on this two hundredth anniversary of this beloved old church that we mark well the bulwarks of our Presbyterian Zion. They are the principles imbedded in this first chapter of our Form of Government. They have stood us in good stead. They have made us reverers of law and lovers of liberty. They enthrone Christ over conscience, and allow no other king. They throw our gates as wide open as heaven's. They establish a scripturally authorized office of rule. They exalt truth, and bind it inseparably to life. They guard truth by testing and proving the teachers of it. They put a sovereignty in the bosom of the Church, believing it vests there by Christ. And they bind no conscience with a man-made law. If under these principles we have ever been intolerant, or hedged God's free communion

about with extended and rigid creed, or betrayed truth by laxity in ordination, or usurped powers vested of Christ in the people, or substituted our fallible Confession for God's infallible Word, or disciplined where the discipline got no force, either from its own justice or from the approbation of an impartial public, or from the countenance and blessing of the great Head of the Church, it is because we have been false to our far-flung battle cry.

> "If, drunk with power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
> Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
> Or lesser breeds without the Law—
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget."

But the times are not ripe yet simply for Gospel lullabys. We still are confronted with illusion and mendacity. Men are still preaching doctrines of devils. Intolerance no longer builds bonfires to burn dissent; but it lurks still in high places, wearing sheep's clothing.

The battle is not over. We shall long be in need of intellects that can "pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company." We shall still have abundant service for men of the Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego sort; men who can walk into the fire, and though their flesh quiver, their hearts will not; men who though they are crushed down will rise again, whom, though they may be splintered and torn, no power on earth can bend or melt—stalwart, strong oaks. And the centuries show that there is a soil and an atmosphere congenial to this fixed conviction and deathless courage. It is the soil of Presbyterian doctrine, and the air of freedom that sweeps through all our structure of Presbyterian government, where liberty and law lock hands, and ever walk together in a goodly and godly fellowship.

In our loyalty to these historic and heaven-honored symbols of Presbyterian doctrine and government, let us praise God and shame the devil. They are red with the blood of martyrdom;

they chronicle multiplied victories of conscience. In all their essentials they are truth of God.

"Shame to stand in God's creation,
And doubt truth's sufficiency."

Let us be swift to recognize the honored hosts of other faiths who make Christ King, and crown him Lord of all. Let us give them cheer as they fight and pray, and let us thank God for their victories; but with a dear and deathless regard, let us stand by the beloved old Church whose name we wear, and whose doctrine and government we this day honor. And here at these altars let us take oath again that we will give to her through all the years our prayers and tears and toils.

RESPONSE.—SANCTUS—"MESSE SOLENNELLE."—*Gounod.*
(Tenor and Chorus.)

PRAYER BY THE PASTOR.

O Lord, wilt Thou add Thy blessing to the services of this day in this house. Build us up in our most holy faith, and help us—oh, help us!—to show our faith by our works, and unto the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit shall be the praise. Amen.

HYMN 297.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN POSTLUDE.—"CHORUS—MESSIAH."—*Handel.*

MONDAY EVENING,

NOVEMBER 14, 1898.

THE PASTOR.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee to grant us Thy presence and Thy blessing in this hour of service. May everything be according to Thy will and to Thy glory. We ask it for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM.—"Praise Waiteth for Thee."—*Sudds.*

PRAYER.—Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, D.D.

O Holy Father, gathered around Thy feet to-night in this service of remembrance, we would be deeply impressed with the thought of the divine constancy, the constancy of Thy providence, the constancy of Thy care, the constancy of Thy grace, that can make such a record as this church presents possible. Thou didst plant this church as a beacon light of liberty and of law in this city of ours, and Thou hast upheld it throughout all these decades of years by Thine almighty arm, hast preserved it from harm amid every peril. Thou hast smiled upon the undertaking from the very start until now. Thou hast greatly prospered, so that from being a little vine Thou hast made it a plant of renown. And especially at this hour we would recognize the constancy of Thy gifts to this church in bestowing upon it a succession of godly men and true men as leaders, able ministers of the New Testament, courageous and faithful. We recognize the unusual gifts with which Thou didst endow so many of them, influential in the

university and in civic affairs, as well as in the church and in society. It is Thou, Thou God, Head of the church, that hast given to it pastors and teachers as well as helpers and governors. Thou didst call men and equip them for their vocation, and bless their messages, and make them servants and helpers to the people and the world; and as we look back over what God hath wrought here for two hundred years, we are again and again impressed with the constancy of God's presence and help. So has it been always. And now, rejoicing over the rich heritage that has come to us out of the past, we pray, Holy Father, for present grace, for Thy presence still in the years ahead. Bless Thy beloved servant who stands here to-day. May he feel a fresh inspiration coming into his life as he recalls this divine constancy so illustriously exemplified in the pastors who have gone before him; and may he to-night hear the word of comfort whispered to his inmost soul, "Fear not, I am with thee. As I was with thy predecessors, so will I be with thee." And do Thou make Thy servants here yet more diligent in cultivating the field Thou hast given them to fill. Bless them in their visits to the haunts of the poor; and as they venture with Thy Gospel into even the haunts of vice, make every dark spot light with the light of Life, and may this whole neighborhood become as the very garden of the Lord. Make Thy church still a fruitful vine. Thou hast called one and another from the homes of Thy people here to serve Thee at Thine altar, and to become standard-bearers in Zion. God bless them each one in the sphere in which they are now working for Thee, and continue in this way to honor Thy church here by making it not only a busy hive for all departments of Christian work, but also a training school for the church's leaders at home and abroad; and may there come to this church during this week of rejoicing a refreshing from the presence of the Lord, a renewal of covenant vows, a reviving anew of the ties of Christian fellowship, a spirit of consecration, a profounder appreciation of the church's responsibilities and opportunities. And we pray, Holy Father, that amid the joys of these auspicious days, some who have been long hearers of the word

here, but have as yet withheld their hearts from Thee, may be led by Thy spirit to offer themselves to the Lord, and be heard saying, "I will go with you. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God." Oh, hear us, God of the fathers. Be Thou the God of their children and of their children's children. May none of these be lost, and at the next communion season may there be a great ingathering, and among them many who shall from this week's services be led by the good Spirit of grace to make the great decision for God and for his Church; and unto God the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit, be all the praise. Amen.

HYMN.—"The Church's One Foundation."

HISTORICAL SKETCH.—The Pastor.

Although neither the day of the week nor the date of the month can be positively given, it is reasonably certain that the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia was organized in the autumn of the year 1698, and in all probability in the month of November. A Presbyterian congregation had been slowly forming for several years before. The visit of Francis Makemie—a name that American Presbyterians should never let die—to the city in 1692 led to the gathering of the Protestant Dissenters of different denominations for worship at the Barbadoes Store, of which we shall speak later. But it was not until 1698 that stated Presbyterian services began. This, be it noted, was only fifteen years after William Penn first landed in America. He obtained his charter from Charles II. in 1681, and, prior to his own coming two years later, he sent his surveyors to lay out the town, the plan of which he had in his own mind; and the general form of it was then laid from river to river, between what are now Vine and South Streets. At that date this region was, of course, a comparative wilderness. There were a few scattered houses, if such they could be called, on the bank of the river, which then was a steep bluff about twenty-five feet high. It was the plan of the benevolent projector of this city to have

this bluff preserved as a promenade, to which the people could resort after the toil of the day and enjoy the cooling breezes, together with the view of the stately river and the delectable Jersey shore beyond. It is worth remarking, in passing, that the earliest settlers dwelt in caves, or, as they are called now in the Far West, "dugouts," holes hollowed out of this high river bank. Think of this when, the next time, in approaching the Market Street ferry, you find yourself going down a very respectable hill.

As nearly as I can make it out, at the time that Christ Episcopal Church was organized—viz., in 1695—there were residing here a little company of English Dissenters, Welsh Calvinists and French Huguenots, who had sought this shore for "conscience sake," and especially for their avowed Puritanical principles; and not being able to feel at home, as was naturally the case, in the Church of England—*i. e.*, in Christ Church, which was already holding worship—they met together for union religious services in a little store which belonged to the trading company which William Penn had chartered, called "The Society of the Free Traders" or the "Barbadoes Company." This company traded principally with the West Indies—with those very islands which now, after two hundred years, have passed into our possession. Their store was a small one-story-and-a-half frame building, with a peaked roof (you have the picture of it on the order of service), and stood there—at what is now the northwest corner of Second and Chestnut Streets—as late as the year 1832, eleven years after this edifice was erected. This little company of worshippers felt the need of a minister to reside among them and to organize them into a church, and accordingly, casting about, they secured the services of Mr. Jedediah Andrews, a licentiate not yet ordained, who in the autumn of 1698 came from Boston and began his labors among them. Mr. Andrews was an Independent, or Congregationalist, but his congregation, largely composed of emigrants from Scotland and Ireland, were chiefly Presbyterians, and it seems to have been a case of "like people like priest," for almost immediately, with

the cordial assent of Mr. Andrews, the Presbyterian form of government was adopted. It is easy to see how kindly Mr. Andrews took to Presbyterianism when we learn that he was a "Congregationalist according to the Cambridge platform." The Cambridge platform admitted the office of ruling elder in the church, and most of the Congregational churches of that day had them. We are sorry that they have "fallen from grace" in this respect.

It is most interesting to note how tactful was Mr. Makemie. Verily he had "the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove." He induced his Presbyterian neighboring ministers to unite in forming a Presbytery upon lines liberal enough to satisfy Mr. Andrews and his Congregational brethren. At the same time he secured the name and all the essential principles of Presbyterianism. In this fraternal intercourse these two men, Makemie and Andrews, the fathers of Presbyterianism in America, lived and wrought until Makemie's death, without the least jar or discord. "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" when, by so doing, they sacrifice no essential principle.

Mr. John Snowden, by occupation a tanner, and Mr. William Gray (baker) were the first ruling elders of the church associated with Mr. Andrews in the moulding of the people into Presbyterianism. Under the ministry of these men the church prospered, and the congregation so much increased that, in the year 1704, they found it necessary to have a larger place of worship. Accordingly they secured a lot on the corner of White Horse Alley (now Bank Street) and Market Street, and on it erected a new church edifice. Of this edifice, unfortunately, we have no picture. It is the only one of which we have not. But from a Swedish traveller, by the name of DeKalm, who visited this country in 1748, we learn that it was a plain building, with a hexagonal or semi-circular roof, and that it ran north and south, "because," as he said, "the Presbyterians are not particular as to the points of the compass in placing their churches," implying, of course, that some other churches are.

In this house Mr. Andrews was ordained and installed pastor by the Presbytery organized through his efforts and those of his friend Mr. Makemie.

In the year 1701, which was also the year in which William Penn granted the city a charter, Mr. Andrews began keeping the records of this church in a book which is now in the custody of Dr. Perkins, the clerk of the session. In this book we have the record of baptisms dating back to 1701, when March, not January, was reckoned as the first month of the year; and the record of marriages also is in this most interesting and valuable volume, application for transcripts from it being still received. An entry in it, made by Mr. Edward Shippen, the first mayor of Philadelphia, is interesting. It bears date of March 13, 1753, and is as follows:

"As I think it necessary that this book of records should be preserved, I desire that my executors or administrators will take particular care of it. It was delivered to me by William Gray (one of the first elders), one of the executors of the Rev. Mr. Jedediah Andrews, deceased. EDWARD SHIPPEN."

The congregation steadily growing, the church edifice of 1704 was enlarged in 1729 by the help of contributions received from Boston, "and it would not," says Mr. Andrews, "have been done without it." This house was called "Old Buttonwood," from the fact that some large buttonwood trees were adjacent to it. (Of this edifice also you find a picture in the order of services in your hands.) At this date the population of the city numbered but about twelve thousand, and there was nothing whatever worth speaking of beyond Fourth Street.

It is interesting, especially if we are ever tempted to say that "the former days were better than these," to note that almost directly in front of this "Old Buttonwood" church in those days, in the middle of the last century, slaves were sold upon the auction block. Here are two very curious advertisements taken from an old paper printed by "B. Franklin" (Benjamin Frank-

lin), who was then postmaster and a frequent, if not habitual, worshipper at the First Church, under date of 1758:

"To be sold: A likely negro wench about thirty-five years of age; is an exceeding good cook, washerwoman and ironer, and is very capable of doing all sorts of housework. Inquire of the printer."

But here is an advertisement, part of which is unfortunately torn, that is still more curious. It was the custom in those days not only to sell the negroes as slaves permanently, but many of the poor emigrants who came over were also actually sold, or, perhaps more accurately, "leased," for a term of years. There was a large portion of the German population that were sent over here owing to the political disturbances in Europe, and who regularly sold themselves, and were known as "redemptioners." This certainly is a very peculiar advertisement:

"To be sold: An Irish servant girl fit for"— That part is torn out, but this still remains: "—being a good washer, and can spin very well. Inquire at the New Printing Office."

Mark you! this thing was "not done in a corner," but under the very shadow of the First Presbyterian Church of those days. It was almost in the very year in which this church was organized that a clergyman at New Castle, Del., in a letter to one of the members of the church, states that they "have lost our schoolmaster, but that he can be replaced, as he learns that a vessel is shortly to arrive, when he will go to the dock and buy one." And it is also stated that no less a person than a distinguished signer of the Declaration of Independence was sold in his youth as a slave, and after the expiration of his time taught school.

In course of time, under the able ministry of Francis Alison, the church edifice at Bank and Market Streets also began to be too strait, and, being also out of repair, it was deemed best to

take it down and build a new one in its place; as the old record has it, "The congregation, being able and flourishing, began to think it necessary to rebuild our church, and in 1793 subscriptions to a large amount were raised, and the (present) elegant building commenced. Captain Magnus Miller, an 'antient' and wealthy member of the congregation (I am still quoting from the record), devoted his whole time in superintending and rebuilding, and whilst the pestilential fever was raging throughout the city did this worthy man continue to superintend the rebuilding." It is pleasant to note that, whilst the church was rebuilding, the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania generously allowed the congregation to worship in their hall.

In 1796, Dr. Ewing being then pastor, the congregation began to worship in the new church, a picture of which you will also find on the order of service. The original subscription lists to this new building have been preserved and are in the possession of the session. The first name which appears upon the list is that of Thomas McKean, who was chief justice and governor of this province and state. The pews were to be allotted. The person who subscribed the most was to have the first choice. The one who subscribed next, the second choice. If there were two or more subscribing the same sum, they were to draw lots for the choice. And I want to call your special attention to this memorandum: "Provided always"—and this is part of the terms of subscription—"provided always that the society reserve to itself the right of allotting a pew in all or any of the said classes of subscribers for the accommodation of such members as may be aged, infirm, hard of hearing or respectable for their long standing and usefulness in the congregation, without having any reference to the amount of their subscriptions." Surely that has the true Christian ring, and has rung down, thank God, to the church of to-day!

This church edifice, a truly fine one, remained until 1820. By that time, while the town had had no extraordinary growth, it had extended considerably toward the west, and there was a

desire on the part of many that the church should "go in the same direction." But this was strenuously opposed by others. The controversy over it is racy reading. The war was largely carried on through pamphlets, and the air was thick with them. It was insisted, on the one hand, that the building was utterly unsafe—that the gallery was likely to fall down upon the heads of the people at the very next service; on the other hand, it was claimed by those who had employed "experts" to make an examination that the building was never in a better condition, and never could be. It would stand for a century yet, and then require only very slight repairs—not worth mentioning. Why, then, commit the folly of moving to a far-away locality (to this present one)? Why erect a church in a duck pond in the wilderness? The fact was that, at that time, the site proposed (on which we now are) was used as a cattle yard. In 1701 the square yonder, or what is now the square, had been granted by the "proprietaries" as a "Potter's Field" for the burial of strangers, and it was not until 1795, after the Revolutionary War had closed, that burials ceased. Large numbers of the soldiers of the Revolution who died from wounds or sickness were buried not many yards away from us. And to the west the houses were few and far between—a great stretch of barren pasture land, from which the timber had been cut by the British during the war. But the majority were for moving, and so it came to pass that, in 1821, this edifice in which we are assembled to-night was built. And those of us who have had occasion to wander through "the crypts," in which aforetime the Sabbath-school met, can testify that its foundations are strong indeed. Grace and sense have been given to its custodians to preserve it to this day in its original simplicity. It has not been modernized and so spoiled; and, notwithstanding it was built seventy-seven years ago, there are not a few who are modestly of the opinion that for the simple purposes of public worship it is not surpassed by any church in the city to-day.

In the course of time the necessity for a better housing of the Sabbath-school than the crypts beneath was felt, and accordingly

in 1829 the building, now "lost to sight, but to memory dear," was erected on the corner of Spruce and Seventh Streets. There for forty-seven years the Sabbath-school met, and there it received the choicest blessings of divine favor. It was identified with the lives of some of the noblest men and women whom the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia has ever known. The building in which they toiled for God has passed away, but what they there wrought can never die . . . But prized as the building was on account of its associations, it was admittedly not well adapted to Sabbath-school purposes; moreover, there was a growing feeling that in order that this church might continue to stand in its lot and do its work, instead of "following the fashion" of moving to a new locality, it must have certain additional facilities for adapting itself to its changing environment. That conviction was at length embodied in the beautiful "Albert Barnes Memorial," which in the year 1896, at the cost of about $75,000, displaced the old structure. It is a noble memorial of a noble man, just such a memorial in its structure and its purposes as we believe would be according to his own broad mind and generous, loving heart. For this memorial building, as for the endowment fund of the church, which in this bi-centennial year has so nearly reached the sum of one hundred thousand dollars that that amount is now assured, we are largely indebted under God to our elder and Sabbath-school superintendent Mr. George Griffiths, without whose faith and works it is doubtful whether they would have ever been. As Mr. Andrews said about the Boston contributions, "it could not have been done without him."

As you have noticed, I have made thus far almost no reference to the pastors of the church, for the very good and sufficient reason that my friend and brother, Dr. Purves (a First Church boy, we are proud to say), is to follow this sketch with an address devoted exclusively to them. According to my promise to him, but at the cost of extraordinary self-restraint, I have left them severely alone, knowing that at his hands they will receive ample justice. I should dearly love to have a similar paper devoted to

the eldership of the church, and I hereby charge Dr. Perkins, in compiling the full history, to give the eldership their due; for whatever this church is or has been, in all these two hundred years of its life, it largely owes to the able and devoted men who from time to time have composed its session. Among them are not a few names conspicuous and renowned, not only in the Church, but in the State as well. I cannot forbear speaking of two or three. There was Dr. Hugh Williamson, a man of great learning, but child-like piety, and possessed to a large degree of the qualities which make up the true statesman. He was one of the most influential members of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. Then there was Mr. Charles Thompson, who was the first Secretary of the first American Congress. He was brimful of patriotism, one of the master spirits in American independence. When Franklin wrote to him in July, 1765, "We might as well have hindered the sun's setting (as to have had the Stamp Act repealed). That we could not do. But, since it is down, my friend, and it may be long before it rises again, let us make as good a night of it as we can. We can still light candles." Thompson answered as follows: "Be assured, the Americans will light lamps of a different sort from those you contemplate." It is an honor to any church to have had such a man as he upon its rolls, and influential in its councils. While a boy of only eleven years, in 1739, he came with his father and two brothers to this country from Ireland. His father died on the voyage. His dying prayer was, "God take them up." The captain of the ship robbed the children of all their property and turned them loose down the Delaware somewhere. The lad found his way to Dr. Alison, afterward pastor of this church. Dr. Alison took him and educated him—as he did many another boy—in the academy in this city and in the university into which that academy grew, and of which he was provost. Dr. Alison instructed at least four Governors, eight Congressmen and four signers of the Declaration of Independence. The president of Yale College declared him "the greatest classical scholar in America, especially in Greek." Young Thompson

had a remarkable aptitude for languages. In later years he translated the Septuagint—an original translation—copies of which are very rare, but of which there is a fine one in our own church library. According to Dr. Ashbel Green, it was a popular mode of asseverating the truth of anything to say, "It is as true as if Charles Thompson's name were to it." In all the factional disputes of the Revolutionary Congress, his judgment was respected. When a Congressional paper appeared, sanctioned by his name, it was the custom to forget his official character and say, "There comes the truth." It is pleasant to know that those who served this church in those early days had such an unquestioned reputation for veracity and honesty, as the following indicates. Upon the title-page of the third volume of Baxter's works in our church library this is written: "Presented by the Rev. Jedediah Andrews to his friend, Mr. David Griffing." (This Mr. Griffing was one of the early elders.) Then Dr. Wilson writes underneath, "This cannot be true, because the Rev. Jedediah Andrews never would have given away that which did not belong to him!" And in this connection I cannot help mentioning that royal man, Mr. Thomas Fassitt, one of the trustees of the church, who purchased the exceedingly valuable library left by Dr. Wilson, and presented it to the church. It is a rare collection, indeed, and one of which we may be justly proud, containing as it does books dating back to the very beginning of the sixteenth century—the oldest one, a copy of Lactantius, bearing the date of 1515—noble specimens of the printer's art. This deed is one of many wrought from time to time throughout the history of this church by its trustees in their individual or corporate capacity, which attest their loyalty and devotion to it. To my surprise I find that the organization of this church was not complete until the recent date of January 13, 1875, for it was not until then that deacons were ordained. No doubt before this the church had its needy poor, and no doubt they were cared for, but not in this constitutional and Presbyterian way. "God hath chosen the poor of the world rich in faith," and no church is complete without them and those

appointed to minister to them. The men who have served and are serving in this capacity are worthy of the Christ-like office they hold. As to the goodly membership of the church, the men and women who from the beginning until now have here been confessors of Christ, and sought to promote the interests of his kingdom, only a passing reference can be made. No church ever had from generation to generation a more loyal membership. The history of the church throughout has shown a certain most marked "*Esprit du corps*," which has unified it and made it strong. While devotion to and support of the men who have served it in the pastorate has been most pronounced, there has through all its vicissitudes been a loyalty to the church, a standing by it, a holding on to it, which has been most beautiful. Many there have been (and many still there are) who have said from these seats, "Thy servants take pleasure in the stones of this Zion and favor the dust thereof." It is impossible in this brief paper to recount their virtues, to enumerate their good works, or to tabulate their benevolent offerings. The record of these things is on high. "They labored and we have entered into their labors." But there is something most impressive in the thought of what the life of this church for the last two hundred years stands for; in the churches which have sprung from it, directly or indirectly—is it not the mother of them all?—in the men who, as ministers and missionaries, as statesmen and jurists, or in humbler, but it may be not less useful, ways have served God and their generation; in the great company of devoted women, who by their prayers and such blessed ministry as only they can render have exemplified and made real and beautiful the gospel they have here been taught. What this church has been to the community, what part it has had in moulding public opinion for good, as well as in saving individual souls, is known only to Him who gathers up into his own pierced hands all the scattered threads of human lives.

Throughout its entire history this church has had a most conspicuous and a most honorable place in the larger life of the great Presbyterian Church to which it belongs. In the old

Buttonwood Church the First Presbytery was organized in 1705. Of the one hundred and ten General Assemblies of the church, thirty-eight have convened under the roof of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia—viz., the assemblies of 1790 (the third), 1796, 1797, 1800–1810 inclusive, 1812, 1813, 1815–1818 inclusive, 1824–1832 inclusive. These assemblies were held before the division into New and Old School, which, happily, has now become almost altogether a mere matter of history. When that division took place this church went with the New School branch, and the New School Assemblies of 1839, 1840, 1843, 1846, 1849, 1854, 1863 met in this sanctuary. And here in more recent times, within the memory of a considerable number present to-night, were held two memorable assemblies—that of 1870, when the church was again one, and that of 1888, the Centennial Assembly, which is commemorated by the brass tablet of unique design in the vestibule of the church. Such, most briefly and fragmentarily, as must needs be in this sketch, is the history of this dear and venerable church. "Its past, at least, God be thanked! is secure." Of its present we may not speak. Nor is it necessary. "Here it is: Behold it and judge for yourselves!" It is standing in its lot, true, we trust, to its traditions, with a strong sense of "Noblesse Oblige." With a larger membership to-day than it has ever had in its entire history, with a more adequate material equipment than it has ever known, with an endowment fund, which only needs to be doubled in order to enable it to do without embarrassment the enlarging work marked out for it by God's providence, it is determined by the divine blessing to keep the Presbyterian Banner waving in its strength and beauty in this very part of the city where two hundred years ago it was unfurled to the breeze in the love of God and man!

ADDRESS.—"The Pulpit of the First Church."

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It would not have been possible for this church to have

maintained itself in influence and prominence during two centuries, if its pulpit had not been filled by a royal succession of powerful preachers of the Word. The pulpit is the brain of a Presbyterian organization. The brain, indeed, needs to be fed by the life blood which circulates throughout the entire body, and which in this case constitutes the faith and piety of the congregation. But the pulpit is the organ of thought, the nerve centre, in a Presbyterian body, the instrument and the master of the believing, confessing, consecrated life of the church. Other churches may depend for their existence upon church establishment, state establishment. Others may depend upon hierarchical pretensions. Others may seek to be supported by richness of liturgical service. But the American Presbyterian Church has and wants none of these supports. If it continue to flourish, it must be because of the vitality of the congregation; and this will be represented in the pulpit.

This celebration therefore would be incomplete if a tribute were not paid to the distinguished men who have constituted the ministry of the First Church. To them, more than to any others, does this church owe the fact that it has been built and adorned in successive generations. They have here preached with great fidelity the truth of the living God, and at their incentive the influence of this church has gone forth for good into city, land and world. It is true that in every generation they have been supported by a loyal people, and oftentimes by persons of conspicuous influence and large worth; but the ministry of the First Church of Philadelphia has organized and commanded and has directed the life of the church. Its history is their history. It is best known by the records which they have made and left behind. They are the most distinct figures as we look back from 1898 to 1698,—some of them clear and freshly cut, as if they were but made yesterday, others of them dim and blurred with time, but all of them, whether near or distant, the impressive representations to us of the vigorous vitality of this long-lived community of saints. We do well to honor the Christian ministry. The history of a pulpit like this is better worth reciting than the

history of many thrones. It is worthy of critical study as well as of reverent praise. I do not come here to-night for the purpose of bestowing upon it mere laudation. I would rather derive from it lessons for the present and inspiration for the future.

But I am embarrassed, of course, by the necessity which is upon me of describing the ministry of two centuries on a very small canvas. Even without giving the biographies of the pastors of this church—which I certainly shall not attempt to do—the subject would be beyond my compass if it were not for two natural limitations which I may place upon the subject. In the first place, I shall draw a line between the living and the dead; and I am sure that the still living pastors of this church would wish me to do so. They would rather unite with me to-night in paying tribute to those who are the spiritual fathers of our body. In the second place, my theme is reduced in size by the marvellous length of the pastorates of this church. There are really only six men whose names need be mentioned between the beginning of the First Church and the year 1870. There were others who preached here, either as assistants or as stated supplies, but they did not contribute anything to the history of this pulpit. There was, indeed, one memorable exception to the statement which I have made. In the early part of this century this pulpit was occupied for five years by a young man whose ministry was too brief to produce any great impression upon the history of the church, but whose ministry was so brilliant that it should not be passed unnoticed by me to-night. That was John Blair Linn. He was only twenty-two years of age when he was called to be associated with Dr. Ewing in this church. Two years after Dr. Ewing died, leaving him full pastor; but after three years more Linn also passed away at the early age of twenty-seven. He was a poet, as well as a scholar; he was a man of letters, as well as a preacher of the faith. He had begun to study law in the office of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, but his mind was not of the legal type. He was a man of imagination and feeling; easily depressed and easily exalted; acknowledged by his friends to be a genius, and evidently en-

dowed with the orator's magic art. But his life soon became a pathetic struggle with disease and its attendant melancholy. Had he lived he would doubtless have filled an honorable career in the history of this church. But we need only pause to-night that we may place a wreath of immortelles upon his early grave. With that exception, the pastorates of this church have been singularly long. Here is the roll of honor. Jedediah Andrews, pastor for forty-six years, or, if we include the three years when he was preaching in the Barbadoes Store, for forty-nine years. Robert Cross, who served this church for nineteen years. Francis Alison, who served the church for twenty-seven years. John Ewing, who was pastor for forty-three years. James P. Wilson, who was pastor for twenty-four years. Albert Barnes, pastor and pastor emeritus for forty years. What a record it is of glorious and efficient service! What a testimony at once to the loyalty of the people and to the fidelity of the pulpit! In these days of pulpit instability and of popular mutability, our modern life stands aghast at the staying powers of our fathers, and we wonder whether we, with our swift changes, will be able to make the impression upon our day which they made on theirs. But, at any rate, their long pastorates reduces my subject to-night. There are really only six links in the chain which binds the ministry of the present with that of the beginning, and those six men fall naturally into three classes, which correspond to three periods in the history of the church: the period of establishment, which was marked by the ministry of Andrews and Cross; the period of solidification, which was marked by the ministries of Alison and Ewing; and then what, without disparagement to others, I may call the period of renown, which was marked by the ministries of Wilson and Barnes. At any rate, the pulpit of this church in these three periods, whether I have given them right titles or not, differs distinctly from the character of the pulpit in the other periods, and this may serve to guide our remarks to-night.

The period of the establishment of this church was marked, then, by the ministries of Jedediah Andrews and Robert Cross.

It was the period in which the Presbyterian Church was forming in America, along with her other institutions, and the First Church of Philadelphia was forming with them. It was the period of Presbyterian emigration. The tide was coming mainly from Scotland and from the north of Ireland, but also from the Palatinate and from England, while within the colonies themselves there was constant movement, especially from New England into what are now the Middle States. Mr. Andrews himself came from Massachusetts. He was a graduate of Harvard, and he represented the conservative Congregationalism of Massachusetts, his native town of Hingham presenting an example of a church which was almost as much Presbyterian as it was Congregational. Robert Cross, on the other hand, came from the north of Ireland, and he represented the staunch Scotch-Irish stock which has contributed so much to the making of stalwart Presbyterianism. The work of these two men naturally lay in the building up of the Presbyterian Church in this new country. Especially was this the work of Mr. Andrews. As you have already heard, he was one of the founders of the First Presbytery, and it is a testimony to the large-hearted judgment of the man that, Congregationalist though he had been, he entered so willingly into the formation of a Presbyterian church in the Middle States, instead of insisting upon what would have been an isolated example of Congregationalism. He it was who moulded the mixed company who first met in the Barbadoes Store in this direction of ecclesiastical government. He became one of the leading members of the First Presbytery and of the First Synod, when the latter was formed in 1717. We know also that he was exceedingly interested in watching the growing stream of immigration into this colony, that he made frequent missionary tours into Jersey and into Pennsylvania, and a letter which has been preserved from Mr. Andrews indicates the eagerness with which he felt the necessity of moulding these newcomers into a united ecclesiastical system. But the rapid succession of Mr. Andrews and Mr. Cross in the pastorate of this church is significant of a still larger fact in our American Pres-

byterianism, one that is important for the historian to notice and which describes to us the character of this pulpit. As I have said, Mr. Andrews was from Massachusetts. Mr. Cross was from the north of Ireland, and therefore they represent the confluence of two streams of Presbyterian immigration and of two types of Presbyterian life and thought, which united to form this church, as they united to form the Presbyterian Church in the United States. For I am glad to say that our American Presbyterianism is not a transplantation of any foreign type. It is the complex of several. It is an American product. Its seeds came from the Old World, but it made an American Presbyterian Church, with American ideals and with American history, and the combination of two men like Andrews and Cross in the pastorate of this church in the period of its establishment was significant of the new church which was being formed, to make for a new country a new ecclesia which should better lift the standard of a common Christ. Therefore, Mr. Cross and Mr. Andrews are significant to us to-night of the period of the church's establishment. Both were strongly conservative men. Both were intense in their devotion to Presbyterian doctrines. At any rate, Mr. Cross was the leader of the old side. He was the one who made the protest against what he deemed the extravagance of the revivalists which had then come before the Synod. He was a conservative man. Mr. Andrews sided with him in his conservatism, and this church followed its pastors into the old side in the controversy of nearly 250 years ago. This was proved by the very criticisms which were made upon these men. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, although he often worshipped here, did not care to listen to Mr. Andrews, he said, because he was so polemic, because he was continually proving the doctrines of his sect, which to the ethical philosopher were exceedingly dry and uninteresting. George Whitfield himself tells us that "Mr. Cross lashed me bravely last Sunday morning, and Mr. Andrews preached against me." Let it be said, however, that at a later time Mr. Cross invited Whitfield to preach in the pulpit of the First Church, and the invitation was ac-

cepted; but the criticisms show the type of the pulpit as it then existed. It seemed to these men more important to insist upon binding what was peculiar to the different types of Presbyterianism together, in order that they might establish a Presbyterian church in this place. No doubt they sometimes leaned backwards. No doubt they did not appreciate the good there was in the great awakening, and perhaps they did not appreciate even the good there was in Dr. Franklin's ethical philosophy; but be that as it may, they were so tolerant that they combined the different types of Presbyterianism into one body, and they gave themselves, as wise men should do, to the supreme work of building up on these shores a distinctively American, but a really Presbyterian church, which should here carry on the fundamental principles for which the fathers had bled and fought and suffered beyond the seas.

The period of the solidification or perpetuation of this church comes next. During the last half of the last century we find this church steadily growing in power and influence, until it becomes the influential body which we find it at the beginning of the present century, and this continual growth and solidification was mainly due to the ministry here of two remarkable men, Dr. Francis Alison and Dr. John Ewing. Both of them were scholars, both of them were great educators, and their lives were beautifully intertwined. Alison had come from Ireland at the early age of thirty. He had first been tutor in the family of Governor Dickinson of Delaware. Then he had been ordained, and settled in the town of New London, Pennsylvania; but he had soon become a teacher as well as a preacher, and he had established in New London an academy which quickly sprang into fame, both because of the learning of its principal and because of the many distinguished men who in time came to graduate from it. After awhile, however, he retired from New London to Philadelphia, took charge of the academy in this place, and became the assistant to Mr. Cross. When the academy was changed into the College of Philadelphia, Dr. Alison became its vice provost and professor of moral philosophy, and when Dr. John

Ewing succeeded Robert Cross in the pastorate of this church, Dr. Alison was continued as his colleague also; for those two men, Alison and Ewing, had long been friends. They were both of the Scotch-Irish stock. Ewing had been Alison's pupil at school at New London. Then, after having graduated from the College of New Jersey, he had gone back to his old preceptor to study theology, and then had followed him to Philadelphia and into the teaching corps of the academy or college in this place. Ewing, however, was evidently the finer preacher of the two, for on the death of Mr. Cross he was unanimously called to the pastorate of this church in 1759. When he became the pastor of the First Church, however, he did not cease his interest in education. This is proved by the fact that he went abroad in order that he might gather funds for the Newark Academy, and on his return in 1779, when the College of Philadelphia became by Act of Legislature the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Ewing was made its first provost and professor of natural philosophy, and these offices he continued to hold in connection with the pastorate of this church. So for half a century the First Church of Philadelphia was held by men who sat in professors' chairs, and by means of their large culture and wide intellectual influence this pulpit was brought to bear upon the best minds of the community about them. Alison was pre-eminently a scholar and man of classical attainments, though widely read in history and in ethics as well. He received degrees from Yale; he received degrees from the College of New Jersey. He was, it is believed, the first man to have received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from a foreign university. What he was as a preacher we do not know. We know that as a theologian he, too, was conservative, and that he joined Mr. Cross in the protest made against revivals in the Synod; but his friend, Dr. Ewing, describes him as a man frank, ingenuous and nobly catholic in his spirit, a lover of liberty to all mankind—how that note is always struck in the men of those days!—and a man who hated bigotry, superstition and oppression. As a preacher, it is said, he was warm, animated, argumentative and pathetic, and, says Dr. Ewing, his

friend and his companion, "There are thousands in this city today [Philadelphia] who can bear witness to the earnestness with which he was willing to spend and to be spent for their salvation, and to declare to them the whole salvation of God." But Dr. Ewing was evidently himself the greater man. He was a man of urbane culture and of the widest type of intellectual discipline, with superb health. He discharged for many years the work of pastor, provost and professor. When he went abroad the freedom of the city of Glasgow was given to him. He argued the cause of the colonies with Lord North before the Revolution. He mollified and he made courteous even the irascible and anti-American Dr. Samuel Johnson by the beauty of his reply and the evidence of his learning, and, as the provost of the university and as the pastor of the First Church of this city, in this place he occupied a position of commanding influence. In fact, the language of Dr. Samuel Miller, of Princeton, with regard to Dr. Ewing seems almost too extravagant to be true or for me to repeat. Dr. Samuel Miller wrote, "There is absolutely no one in America who has so wide a knowledge of all the studies which are studied in college as Dr. Ewing. Logic and history, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, metaphysics and philosophy—he is equally at home in them all." And Dr. Miller adds that the provost of the university, who was also pastor of this church, when he was called upon at an hour's notice to fill the vacant chair caused by the absence of a professor temporarily, was able to step in and fill that chair, be the subject what it might, with as much success, and Dr. Miller says with even more success, than the incumbent of the chair could himself. Surely under the influence of two men like Alison and Ewing we can understand the growth of the First Church of Philadelphia. The keynote of this period was education. Both men were recognized as intellectual leaders in the community in which they stood, and if in the period of establishment Andrews and Cross used the pulpit of this church for the making of a definite and real American Presbyterianism in this city, Alison and Ewing, in the period which succeeded, used this church to

link Presbyterianism in that bond of union where she has ever since stood, and where she may ever stand—union with education, the pulpit and the chair, one and inseparable, as it is illustrated in the intellectual power of this pulpit by the vice provost and provost of the university.

Now our rapid sketch has brought us to the beginning of this century, and we approach what I may, without disparagement of that which has gone before, describe as the period of renown; for Dr. Wilson and Mr. Barnes gave to this pulpit a national and even international reputation. By a singular coincidence, as both of their predecessors were educators, so both of these men had been originally designed for the bar. By a singular coincidence also both of them had been in early life prone to skepticism, and only by a process of distinct rational conviction had they been led to the faith; and by a singular coincidence in both cases the conversion of the man had been the moment of his dedication to the Christian ministry. Dr. James P. Wilson came to the ministry of this church after having practiced for fourteen years, with distinguished success, the profession of the law in the state of Delaware. Graduating from the University of Pennsylvania with the highest honors in 1788, he had returned to his native state and there entered upon his profession. The integrity of his character gave weight to his eminent abilities as a lawyer. He is said to have been the only man at the Delaware bar of that day whom the elder Bayard feared to face. In fact, he became Chancellor of the state. He was in the midst of worldly success, which promised him enormous reputation and vast accumulations of wealth, but all the while the evidences of Christianity had been coming home with greater and greater force upon his mind, and a series of sorrowful circumstances in his own family had turned his thoughts to higher things; and so suddenly, in the midst of his success, the distinguished lawyer confessed his Saviour, and forthwith dedicated his trained mind to the service of his divine Lord.

When therefore, after a few years of ministry in Delaware, Dr. Wilson, at the suggestion of his old friend, Benjamin Rush, was

invited to this church, he brought to it an established reputation and most distinguished abilities. By some means Dr. Wilson had managed to make himself a most learned theologian, as he had been a learned lawyer. How he ever managed it I do not know. What course of training he put himself through I do not know. But the fact remains that he no sooner appears in the pulpit than he appears as a man of profound erudition, and that, too, along lines where we would not have expected it. He is said to have been one of the few American churchmen of that day who had read all the Greek and Latin fathers through, and it is said also that he was accustomed to commend their perusal to his congregation. He was equally familiar with the great writers of the reformed theology. I have in my possession Dr. Wilson's private copy of the Essay on the Probation of Fallen Man, and it has been of great interest to read the notes in his own handwriting which he has appended to his own book, and from those notes it appears that he was skilled in the exposition of Scripture in the original languages, and was possessed of an originality of mind and independence of thought which was truly remarkable. In theology Dr. Wilson was a Calvinist, but he had reacted against the hyper-Calvinism of certain New England schools, and he objected to certain current phraseology of the Calvinistic theology. He was also noted for his sympathy with all other branches of Christians. In the days in which he lived he would, I suppose, have been called a liberal. When judged by the standards by which we judge, he was conservative enough, but he was an independent thinker. He was a man who knew what he believed and why he believed it. He was a scholar and a theologian and a philosopher. He was a prince among the preachers of his day, and he was ready to maintain his beliefs against all antagonists. Dr. Wilson was in his glory in the pulpit. As a writer he was never popular, but as a preacher he commanded the attention of his audience. Conversational in style, speaking with but little gesture, for many years of his life sitting in a high chair in this pulpit, he talked to his people as a father would to his family, while at the same time he summed

up his conclusions with the authority of a judge, and certainly, my brethren, it was learned preaching. Dr. Wilson would delve into a text of Scripture; he would draw the finest distinctions of grammar; he would cite authority against authority, and then he would draw his own independent conclusions. Or he would lead his audience to the finer points of dogmatic theology. He would draw the finest distinctions between contending views, and then he would in order set before them the reasons which led to his own conclusion. He would cite his divine statute book like a lawyer, he would argue with the precision of a logician, and he would sum it up like a judge. It was the movement of a giant mind, and yet it was all done with such clearness of statement and such simplicity of manner that his intelligent hearers were able and were glad to follow him. Mr. Barnes relates that on the only occasion on which he ever heard Dr. Wilson preach he said, "I never was so absorbed in the subject which a public speaker was discoursing upon as I was upon that occasion, and what seemed true of me seemed to be true of the entire audience as well." Verily, there were giants in those days. There must have been giants in the pews, as there was a giant in the pulpit. The discourse was one which compelled thought. Men were used to thinking about theology in those days. They believed theology was a thing to think about, and not a mere thing to feel about. Therefore they were willing to think, and Dr. Wilson made them think; and there was nothing that Dr. Wilson had to say that was of use to them unless they thought. It is true that Dr. Wilson did not always discuss problems of theology. He had his message for the common duties of common life as well, but in the pulpit he was distinctively a man of intellect, and this church never exerted a stronger influence than when that Nestor was at her head.

This brings me, last of all, to the man whose name is associated in the minds of most of us with this pulpit, the man whose new memorial adorns this church, as it ought, and of whom I may speak to-night as a son of his spiritual father. It is not necessary for me to describe the external relations of Albert Barnes

to this people and to this church, even to the extent to which I have described those of his predecessor. Enough to say that he graduated from Hamilton College and from Princeton Seminary. After a five years ministry at Morristown, New Jersey, he was called in 1830 to the pastorate of this church. The first years of his ministry were years of sharp controversy, with which his own name was intimately connected and his own person the object of attack, and through which he passed not only with firm confidence in his own convictions, but with a gentleness and mildness of spirit which was truly beautiful. That controversy has long since died and been buried, and even to allude to it seems like taking up ancient history. Nevertheless we should not fail to remember that to it Mr. Barnes was indebted in very large measure for the notoriety with which he first blazed upon the church of America. Not that he was a controversial preacher at any time. He was as gentle as he was firm. He was as large-hearted as he was positive, and in those days of fierce storm, when the Presbyterian Church was broken into two halves, Albert Barnes never used the pulpit to pillory his opponents. Neither need I dwell, nor can I dwell to-night, upon his wondrous literary activity. He was, as you know, a great maker of books. He was the most popular commentator on the Scripture of his day. He saw the opportunity which was before him, and he improved it, of supplying a series of biblical hand-books which should meet the needs of the growing number of Sunday-school teachers throughout the world, and his book attained a usefulness and circulation which had been equalled by nothing of the kind ever before. To that he added other books on the atonement and the evidences of Christianity, and spread his fame not only in this land, but in other lands, and even into heathen lands as well; and so under him the press was allied with the pulpit, as under Ewing and Alison the school had been allied with this pulpit. It was known throughout the world as the great commentator's pulpit, and strangers came to Philadelphia that they might hear him preach. The same thing has been seen frequently in more recent times, but Albert Barnes was I suppose the first

to ally the power of the pen with that of the living voice. Nor can I venture to trust myself to delay to-night to describe his personal character. Would that I were able to frame a fitting tribute to express the love and veneration that we feel! He was the embodiment of conscience. He never swerved from the path of duty, if he knew it. He was as simple and unaffected as a child. He had the gentleness of a woman and the courage of a knight. He was utterly without pretensions. He was singularly distrustful of himself, so that he was surprised both at his own fame and at the success of his books. His piety was of the serene kind, like a southern sky. His convictions were as deep as the deep sea currents. To hundreds of homes in Philadelphia he was the representative of all that was holy and strong. We reverenced him, we admired him, we loved him.

But I am not to speak of these things, but of the pulpit, for that is my theme; and yet, when one comes to consider wherein lay the secret of the pulpit power of Albert Barnes, there is need for most careful thought. He was, both in his manner and in his method, a singularly plain and direct speaker. He was no orator. He lacked in imagination. He had no powers of rhetorical description. He did not make use of illustrations to any large degree. He did not use any of the outward or external helps which most men employ to make their delivery emphatic. His power must have lain in what he said, and in that alone, and if I may be bold enough in this presence to-night to endeavor to analyze wherein lay the power of the pulpit of Albert Barnes, I think I would make it to lie in the following features. First of all, that it definitely and positively represented to the community certain ideas for which he was known to stand, to emphasize, and which his pulpit was the exponent of. Albert Barnes, largely perhaps through the controversy, and through the need of the emphasis, I do not hesitate to say, which was then required to be placed upon these things, emphasized the freedom of the gospel, the responsibilities of the individual man, and the universal sweep and power of the redemption of the crucified. It may seem strange to us that such things should have made a

pulpit conspicuous or distinctive, but we live in a different atmosphere altogether. Men came to this church expecting to hear that side of truth emphasized, and they heard it. Men came to this church expecting to hear ringing protestations of gospel freedom, human responsibility, and the everlasting and universal offering of the cross, and they heard it; and there can be no doubt, first of all, that it was the association in men's minds of Albert Barnes with that distinctive emphasis on truth which he gave it, which made him in the first place the power of his pulpit. Then, next to that, his pulpit was conspicuous as a rational pulpit. You listened to him as to a man who had thought out a system of Christianity from premise to conclusion. He never seemed to want to drive or to excite you, but always to persuade you. This was conspicuously the type of his mind. He had a logical mind. His favorite argument was the argument from analogy. He had been much influenced by Thomas Chalmers. Especially, however, in his own personal experience the cause of this lay. He had first been skeptical, and he continued, I may fairly say, to have the skeptical habit to the end of his life. He always felt the power of doubt. He always felt the power of opposing arguments. Unless a thing rationally commended itself to his understanding, rationally commended itself to his comprehension, he would not accept of it. Christianity must seem to him rational, or he could not preach it. This was the second source of his power. There are not many men who like long to listen to mere dogmatism. There are not many men who like long to be fed with the nebulous diet which comes from the hands of the mystic. Neither of those classes were the men that were attracted to Albert Barnes. But the fundamental characteristic of his method of preaching was that it was an appeal to the reason of men, and he believed from his very soul, what some men in our day are foolishly denying, that although Christianity is supernatural absolutely and wholly, yet that it can justify itself at the bar of the human mind.

Then, in the third place, the power of Albert Barnes' preaching lay in the fact that it was expository. This was the result

doubtless of his own commentaries and their influence upon himself. It is one thing to be biblical; it is another thing to be expository. He loved to go through the Bible book by book, or through a book in order, as he did in his own exposition of them. That was the day when this was not common. Dogmatical controversy was to the front, and the consequence of his method of continuous biblical exposition was that his people came to drink, Sunday after Sunday, of the fresh, clear waters of salvation, and of course they came again and again to drink.

But again we add to that, that the power of the pulpit of Albert Barnes lay in the fact that he always emphasized the application of the teachings of Scripture to current social and even political questions. As I have said, his interest was practical and not speculative, through and through, and he had the courage of his convictions. He lived in an age of controversy. It was in 1833, when he had just come to this church and when the storms of theological controversy were upon him, that he preached a brief sermon on the Christian's conformity to the world, in which he levelled his shafts against doubtful amusements and social vices. Then his pulpit stood for aggressive religion and against aggressive iniquity. He lived at a time when the Sunday-school was first coming into being, and, as I have said, his "Notes" were intended to advance that movement. Missions, in the next place, were to the front. The church was just beginning to realize that the gospel was to be preached to the world, and into the missionary movement Albert Barnes threw himself with his old enthusiasm. Next came the temperance question. He lived at a time when men's minds were just beginning to be awakened to the awful degradation of Christendom through drink, and it is noteworthy that he not only throughout his life declared himself on the side of total abstinence against an overwhelming sentiment, but that he had the satisfaction, when in Morristown and a young man, of knowing that through his labors the drink traffic had nearly been driven out of that community. Then came the threatening storm of civil strife. The slavery question was uppermost. Men spoke of it with

bated breath. They expressed their opinions at the risk of friendship and reputation. Homes were divided. Friendships were broken. Mr. Barnes uttered his emphatic protest against the peculiar institution as a preacher of righteousness, declaring that it was unholy in the sight of God, not as an agitator would, but with the calmness and dignity and profound conviction of a man of God, and people listened to those calm, brief words as they would to a martyr who was ready to die for his faith. In fact, the most pathetic thing about Mr. Barnes' pulpit was the interest which he took in life. He longed to live; he longed that he might be spared to see the onward movement of progress. His intelligent interest was the keenest in the things which were taking place about him; and what gives a pulpit more power, my hearers, than a man whose soul is filled with the truth which has come from God, and at the same time whose life is in the closest touch with the struggles, doubts and questionings of the men and women about him, and who brings that truth and that struggling humanity together? That is what Mr. Barnes did. There lay one great secret of his power. I should not fail to add that he was eminently a hopeful preacher. He was a convinced optimist. He seems to me to have anticipated Browning's words, "God is in his heaven. All is right with the world." Not that but Mr. Barnes, or Browning either, failed to see the shame, the guilt of life, but that he believed in redemption, that he believed in the onward, conquering march of the Christ, and he believed that the world was ever getting better under the influence of Christianity, and therefore he came to his people with this cheering, hearty, hopeful, steadfast faith, which was ever sure to bring peace and joy to their hearts. Such seems to me to have been the secret, humanly speaking, of the power of the pulpit of Albert Barnes.

Many of us remember that Sunday morning when the news sped from home to home that he was gone. Like Enoch, he had walked with God, and like Enoch, he was not found, for God had taken him. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, without a struggle and without a pain, and perhaps just because of the

swiftness of his translation, does his life stand before us in its unbroken, massive strength, and he, being dead, yet speaketh.

So I bring to a close, my hearers, my hasty sketch of the pulpit of this church. To sum it up, let me say that from the beginning it has been an intellectual pulpit, dealing with men by the power of great truths, never descending to the trivial or the sentimental; fundamentally believing that thought is the master of the man, and that ideas are the moving power of the human heart. It has been a theological pulpit, never hesitating to explain the articles of the Christian creed, and believing that Christian life can be best fed by specific and articulate doctrine. It has been a human pulpit, in touch with life, sensitive to the needs and struggles of those about it. And, to crown all, it has been from the beginning on, as it is this day, an evangelical pulpit. It has proclaimed man's lost state. It has proclaimed redemption by the crucified alone. It has proclaimed the saving power of the blood of Calvary. Behind these men who have stood in the pulpit of the First Church there has ever been the cross, unseen and yet not unseen; for, with streaming eyes and trembling lips and beating hearts, they have been calling the generations, one after another, to come beneath its shadow, and they have proclaimed that there is no salvation save in him who hung thereon, and therefore in this church thousands have found the way of life. Here children have sung the praises of their Redeemer. Here young men and women have made their confession. Here strong men have bowed and submitted their lives to Christ, and a great host, some of them in glory and some of them still upon the field of battle, are what they are to-day, under God, because of the ministry of this dear old church. Yet we cannot merely honor our fathers. We rather thank God that he gave them unto us. Then we take courage for the future, and we swear as by the altars of our sires that we, too, will proclaim the truth as they proclaimed it, and that we, too, will do it fearlessly and fully as they did it; that we will meet the questions of our day as they met the questions of their day, and that, above all, like our fathers, we will uphold the

cross of Calvary, let men say what they will, and proclaim that atonement for human sin which it has been the glory of this pulpit to proclaim. We will summon the twentieth century to come to the service of their Redeemer as our fathers did the two centuries that are gone. If we have had a great history, may God give us a great future.

HYMN 521.

BENEDICTION.

TUESDAY EVENING,

NOVEMBER 15, 1898.

GREETINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

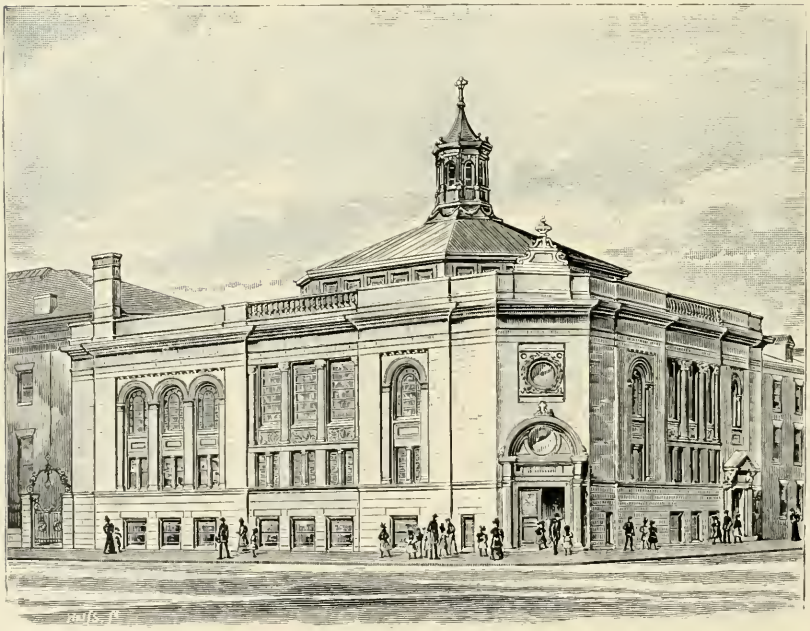
ANTHEM.—"How Amiable are Thy Dwellings."—*Barnby.*

PRAYER.—Rev. William H. Roberts, D.D., LL.D.,
Stated Clerk of the General Assembly.

Oh, Thou who art the King immortal and eternal, lift upon us, as we stand within this sanctuary, the light of Thy presence. Shed abroad within our hearts, by the Holy Spirit, the influences of the faith and the hope which are in Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour. As we gather together this evening hour may it be true of each one of us that he can say, with Thy ancient servant, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." We praise Thee, O God, for Thine unnumbered mercies unto us, Thy people. We thank Thee alike for the gifts of Thy providence and the riches of Thy saving grace. We bless Thee, above all, for Thy gift unspeakable unto us, Thy Son, Jesus Christ, the great head of Thy Church, the Catholic. We bless Thee in this hour for the Church, which is His body, for that portion of it which is found within this Zion, for the history of this particular church of Jesus Christ, for the faithful servants of the Lord who here have endeavored to do their duty unto Him from generation to generation. We thank Thee likewise, O God, for the history of that larger branch of Thy Church of which we are all members. We praise Thee for the Presbyterian

Church in these United States of America. We thank Thee that in all its history it has been faithful to the word of Thy truth, to the doctrines of the cross, and to the headship of the Lord Jesus. We bless Thee that, knowing the truth, it has proclaimed that truth, and that through that truth this great nation, of which we are a part, is in truth free with the freedom with which Christ enfranchises immortal souls. We thank Thee for Thy rich blessing as ministered to our church, for the missionary spirit which for several generations has stirred within her, for the triumphs of the gospel as achieved, under Thy blessing, through her instrumentality. We bless, Thee, Father, for our beloved country. We thank Thee that in her borders Christ is honored and served, and we pray Thee that, more and more through her in every troublous time, Thou wouldst vindicate the wisdom of Thy guidance, and wouldst glorify in our history Thy Son, Jesus Christ. More and more give us as a people to walk in His footsteps and to be true to His gospel, which is to be preached unto every creature, and is to bring life and liberty and joy, both for this life and the life which is to come. Unite all Americans, we pray Thee, and bless them for Thy Church universal. We thank Thee for that Church which is Thine house, O God, the pillar and the ground of the truth, as found in every land, and we pray Thee more and more purify her unto Thyself, sanctify her by Thy spirit, and make her to be in truth a glorious Church. And now, abide with us, we pray Thee, throughout this service. As Thou hast shed abroad here within this house and throughout the borders of Thy Zion Thy presence in days past, lift upon us the light of Thy favor this evening and the succeeding evenings of this anniversary occasion, and bless, we beseech Thee, all of us, with all the interests which we represent as we bow in Thy presence. May Thy rich blessings rest upon this congregation, upon the pastor who here abides in strength, upon all who are associated with him in the work of the Lord, upon the Presbyterian Church in these United States, and the people of Christ in every land. May it be, O God, clearly made manifest in the days that are close at hand that

THE MARKET STREET CHURCH OF 1794.



THE ALBERT BARNES MEMORIAL, CORNER OF SEVENTH AND SPRUCE STREETS.
ERECTED 1896.

Thou art in the midst of Thy people, causing prosperity to be made manifest in her palaces and peace to dwell within her borders. Glorify Thy Son through the unity of Thy people in their faith in Jesus Christ, their hope of salvation to Him, and their labors for the spread of His kingdom; and unto Thy name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be all the praise. Amen.

HYMN 307.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D., LL.D.

It is not often that an audience is favored with the presence of three Moderators in the pulpit or on the platform. It is more rare that each of these three Moderators should be down for a speech, and it is more rare still that these Moderators should represent such august bodies as the Presbytery of Philadelphia, the Synod of Pennsylvania, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. It is my business to moderate these Moderators to-night; but their moderation being known and read of all men already, they will need no moderating; and so I will call upon Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, D.D., Bishop at Washington, and Moderator of the Assembly of the United States that met at Wenonah last May, to give us the first address.

ADDRESS.—Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D.D.,

Moderator of the General Assembly.

Brethren of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, I am sure if formal voice could be given I would be authorized to bring to you in your thanksgiving the hearty congratulations of the whole Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. This is no local interest. It has been no temporary achievement. Your name and your influence reaches beyond the confines of the Presbyterian Church, and all good people rejoice with you, and congratulate you upon the memories of the past, the joys and

inspirations of this hour. There is no need to-night to heed the apostolic admonition to forget the things that are behind, and I apprehend no dread of any saline judgment, nor any need of admonition to remember Lot's wife. We will look back; for we do not look back upon any sin or Sodom, but upon that which carries in it joy, help, high achievement and rare and precious hope. Many things are emphasized in the history and work of this church. I think every one will recognize that among these the first—not the first thing perhaps in importance, but the first that I will mention—is that you have emphasized the authority of the sermon. The pulpit has been the central thing in the worship of this church. It has been the commanding thing in the history and influence of this church. It needs emphasis in our day. We have sometimes the suggestion that the sermon must be abbreviated, that there must be somehow an intrusion of other things that shall give it a subordinate place. Nay, there are those who will see it entirely out of its honored place in church services, as they vainly imagine that in the day of culture and spiritual achievement the sermon has lost its power and place. There was a definition in one of the old books on homiletics which said that the sermon was a brief essay upon some religious subject, to be read after service. I do not suppose that this church ever accepted that definition of the sermon. You have magnified your pulpit. You have demanded the consecrated brain, and therefore from this church have gone out the streams that have made glad the city of our God. The message of the church is a proclamation of truth, of special truth for special purposes. Its business is to announce truth, that human souls may be redeemed and built up into the likeness of Jesus Christ. Its business is to proclaim not economy, not sociology, and certainly not the transient interests of passing politics, but transcendently, supremely always, the truth which is to liberate man from sin and bring him into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Truth is in order to goodness. Truth is necessary to goodness. No goodness without the knowledge of the truth. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion. If man is to be disenthralled, if society is to be

uplifted, if the world is to be redeemed, it will be supremely by the power of the written and preached word. It will be a bad day for the world when the church is too busy to preach. The church that preaches is the church that conquers, not immediately, not in a day or a year; but the church that brings to man the truth out of which the true and accepted life will arise, is the church that one day will comprehend in its influence and in its glory humanity. Nothing else will make men. You may have a Christmas tree, beautiful to look upon, full of toys, brilliant with lights, but you cannot have an oak unless it has the roots grounded in the soil, and the Tree of Life arises from the roots of the true doctrine; and this church has emphasized, and does to-day in its history emphasize, in the second place, the vitality of Presbyterian doctrine. We are told sometimes that Presbyterianism has passed its growth, that Calvinism is about dead. It is the fashion to look at us who believe in it as rather old fogies, and again and again we have had the announcement that it is doomed, if not dead. Calvinism is old, old as Calvin, old as Augustine, old as Paul, old as David and Moses, but it is as new as the nineteenth century, and it is as applicable to men's lives, to the problems of society, to the interests of legislation, to the happiness of the world, as in its first announcement. Calvinism carries in itself not only the essential characteristics of human salvation, but the power specifically and supremely that makes for righteousness. Calvinism is distinctly and distinctively evangelistic. We are taught sometimes, you know, that we are a good, staid, sober people; but if you want communities aroused, if you want the evident outpouring of the Spirit, if you want enthusiasm and numbers and speedy achievement, you must try some other "ism." Presbyterianism is good in its place, but we want something more noisy and more direct; and yet has it ever occurred to you that Calvinism is the one great revival doctrine? It is under Calvinism that the great revivals of the Church have occurred. Go right down the history of the mighty movements of the Spirit of God, not here and there in little communities, not in some village church, not as following the footsteps of some one man,

but moving down the years and bringing to men the power that grips communities and nations, that lifts men and communities and nations up from darkness into the larger light and liberty, that has given to humanity the new view of Christ and the larger sense and power of the eternal things, and from the beginning until now you will find that it is by the modification and reiteration of that doctrine which we call Calvinism, and of those truths which we find embodied in the word of God. Read the book of the Acts, "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," and out of that the revival of the thousands of converts, and down through the years the truth that was mighty is the truth which you and I understand as Calvinism. And so it comes to pass that when the Presbyterian doctrine takes hold of a church or of a community, it lives. This church lives, and it is the testimony to this nation of the vitalizing power of the vitality that lies in the truth this pulpit preached. It comes to pass, you know, that we are in the habit of saying that you cannot kill a Presbyterian church. The funeral is often appointed, but the corpse is not ready. Often and often Presbyterianism has had its funeral appointed, but we have had no services. I can remember a little church that very nearly died—a Presbyterian church of colored people. They lost their pastor, they lost all their elders but one, they lost their sexton, they lost all their people apparently, and the shutters hung, and the paint became discolored, and the fires went out, and things seemed to be in dissolution, but the one remaining elder became sexton. He could not preach, he could not teach the Sabbath-school, but every Sunday night he unlocked that church, and built a fire, and by himself held prayer meeting. All the winter long the prayer meeting of one, or, as he was in the habit of saying—dear old Hiram Fry, of blessed memory—"A prayer meeting of four, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost and me," and right out of that prayer meeting came finally, at the end of that winter, quickening thoughtfulness, the gathering of one and another to the prayer meeting, until now

they have their pastor, their beautiful church, their crowded pews, and quite as good and quite as live a church in its Presbyterian work and worship as any other church in the state of Pennsylvania.

This church has emphasized again the grace of spiritual hospitality. You have welcomed new ways of stating things. You got yourselves into trouble some time ago by it, but at the same time, it is a good thing. The maiden is the same, though she appear in muslin or in silken robes—just as beautiful, just as fair, and just as winning. Truth must not always wear upon itself the black robe. We have a right to expect new garments, new statements, new announcements, new formulas, and he is wise who, knowing the spirit of the times, takes the truth that is old and gives it the new garment that makes it winning and acceptable to the common man. You have been hospitable further, in that you have welcomed new ways of doing things. Some churches do things by going away from them; they move out, but there were things to be done in this community. The gospel was still to be preached. It required grit and grace to stand in your lot, to accept your responsibilities, and to here fulfill the work of your anointing. It is the great problem of to-day. We have not yet conquered the cities. The gospel of Christ is blocked in its approach and hindered in our great cities as nowhere else, and through the gospel of Christ, and by the activity of the church, the nation is to come to its larger life and better liberty as the gospel, through the church, solves the problem of the large cities. You are meeting your responsibilities. That trouble, I believe, is to be met not by more churches, but by large ones. It is to be met along the line that the Westminster divines taught us, as they taught in their day—the multiplicity of helpers, the doctor and the pastor, the multitude of helpers which shall seize the opportunities, which shall go down the varied and multiplying channels of religious activity, and make a large church a mighty factor, a fountain of influence from which shall go out the multiplied streams of beneficence to their communities. And so, out of this all, dear brethren, I congrat-

ulate you that these and all other things but emphasize in your life and in your hopes the sure presence of the Divine Spirit. All honor to the men who in the years past have consecrated talent and service here. All honor to the men and women who by their faith and prayers have magnified here the grace of our God. All honor to the history of the years, for this is but honoring the present grace and magnifying the name of the present Christ. This history had been impossible save as Christ was fulfilling to you, as he has through all of the years, "Lo, I am with you always," day by day and every day unto the end of the world. May the benediction continue, that the years to come shall reveal still in the larger faith, in the better patience, in the more radiant hope, in the nobler achievement, the spirit of Him who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D, LL.D.

It has been the blessed custom of this great anniversary week to have an offering made at each service in behalf of the endowment fund of this church, and in the full belief of one of the doctrines that have been eulogized to-night and commended every night from this platform, in the full belief of the perseverance of the saints, we mean to continue this custom to the close of the week, and an offering is to be made to-night in behalf of the endowment fund of this church. May I be pardoned if I refer to the historical fact that this endowment fund originated, not through any purpose of my own, but incidentally, while I was pastor of this church. Many of us felt that this church ought to move to another part of the city and continue its work there as one of the great historical churches of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. A subscription was started for the purpose. It reached something like $40,000, but there were some so reluctant to move from the old spot, and so many entered their protest, that the movement was finally abandoned. I thank God for that this evening. I believe, though I did not believe at the time, that it was a wise decision. Many of the subscribers

to that fund for the removal of the church determined to let their contributions stand as contributions to an endowment fund that should perpetuate the existence of this church for all time in this locality, and who can doubt but that that was a wise decision? God has put before this First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia a door open, and there is a great and wide and blessed work for this church to do in the future. It needs this endowment fund. You all know that wealth in large part has moved away from this locality, and the congregation cannot be depended upon for all the vast expense which is involved in connection with the prosecution of such work as is being done by this church at this time, and hence it is proposed to advance the endowment fund during this anniversary week. Something like $100,000 has already been secured. It ought to have $200,000. Brethren, as the Lord has prospered you, give to-night, that you may put a stone in this building that shall perpetuate the Presbyterian influence and the gospel of the blessed God. There are cards in the pews for the use of those who may not be provided with the requisite funds, and the offering will now be made.

OFFERTORY.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Dr. George W. Chalfant, our Bishop at Pittsburg, and Moderator of the Synod of Pennsylvania, will be the next speaker. He brings to the mother church of this city the greetings of the Synod of Pennsylvania.

ADDRESS.—Rev. George W. Chalfant, D.D.

In the arrangement of this program the order of official dignity has perhaps been in view—the General Assembly, the Synod and the Presbytery. The historical order, you know, would be just the opposite, and in either case, above all, we put in the place of honor the church out of which they sprang, one

following the other. In the country—a great country, the most populous as it is the oldest in the world—in which it was my privilege to spend this year from March to October, antiquity is honored as it is nowhere else. Among the old things that we saw there was the great wall, fifteen hundred and fifty miles long, forty feet thick at the bottom and twenty-five at the top, and thirty-five feet high, that for twenty-three hundred years has stood between China proper and the roving bands of the far North. One Sabbath we spent in an old temple called the "Temple of the Horn Mountain," just at the base of the wall where it surmounts the loftiest peak of the mountains separating China proper from Manchuria. We knew that the temple was about the same age as the wall itself, and was closely associated in thought and in the estimation of the people with it. We asked the priest who presided up there what this temple had to do with the wall. "Why," he said, "don't you know, by the temple the wall stands?" Now, outwardly it appeared to us that the temple was defended by the wall, because it was on the safe side, the Chinese side of that great bulwark; but, on further reflection, we saw that perhaps the priest had represented the matter more according to the truth, for the temple was supposed to represent that invisible power by which all outward things subsist. And so it seems to me, if yonder Independence Hall represents the bulwark of that in this land which we all prize and value—our social and political structure; and then, if this old church represents, as it does represent, the service and worship rendered to the Supreme Spiritual Power, we can stand here to-night and say, "By the temple the wall stands."

But a social custom prevails in that old country, to which I intended principally to refer when I introduced this illustration, a social rule which we saw exemplified on more than one occasion. Many generations dwell in the same house, and where there is a grandfather and a father and a son, or even another generation—four generations or five generations in the household—it is the universal law all over that land that when the grandfather sits down to his meal, or to the feast of honor, all his descendants stand and wait.

Never would one of them, though he were the emperor himself, dare to sit down with the aged parent at the same feast. The younger only look on and try to take in and contribute to the honor and joy of the elders; and so we come to serve you to-night. But we are reminded that the antiquity of China is largely an effete, lifeless thing, yields no fruit, develops no fresh interest, accomplishes nothing for the present generation and promises nothing for the future. This, we rejoice to know, is not true of the antiquity of this church. That antiquity is the antiquity of the brook, that goes on forever; of the living, fruit-bearing tree, that gathers in strength and gathers in the blessed return that it affords to those who may enjoy it from year to year and from age to age. What we rejoice in, above all other things, looking back over these two hundred years, is that the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, from the beginning until now, has stood for an aggressive, earnest evangelism, has meant going out to seek and to save the lost. Pardon me if I illustrate and enforce this single observation by an incident that is somewhat personal. My own ancestors came to Philadelphia with that good old man whom you all honor, William Penn, before this church was built, but my grandfather removed beyond the mountains. There my father was born and lived and died, and there I was born and reared and had my education until I was ready to enter the ministry. My first call was to this side of the mountains, to the neighborhood of Harrisburg, where I became the first pastor of a little church that had been organized only a little while before. In that church there was, among others, an elder, a physician of very large practice, of very exemplary life, and active in all the Lord's work, highly respected and beloved by all in that community. That physician was a wonderful lover and admirer of Dr. Albert Barnes. When he was a medical student in this city, he attended this church, and if I am not mistaken, made a profession of religion in this church, and he never could talk enough about his reminiscences of what he had heard and what he had experienced in this blessed place, which at that time I had never seen. He gave me a little book

of Albert Barnes', and I have it yet. Among other things, he told me a little story. I give it to you just as he gave it to me. He said that one time a young man, just out of the seminary, was called upon to occupy this pulpit for Dr. Barnes. Being very much exercised about it, and desirous of meeting public expectation, he came to Dr. Barnes to consult about what he should preach, and he brought several sermons with him. He had prepared a number of elaborate sermons in the way of exposition or defence of the peculiar doctrines that were exciting a good deal of controversy at that period, which gathered around the venerable pastor of this church, as you all know. He thought it would be eminently proper for him to bring the fruits of his fresh study to the defence of this great and good man; so he went over these several sermons, and, after he had presented them all, the doctor said: "My young brother, keep those great doctrinal sermons for the country church out where you reside. People out there will be able to understand and appreciate them. Bring to us, in this sinful city, the simple gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." That little story, whether true or false, has remained in my mind. It influenced my whole ministry, and has given me my conception of the great and good man who served you so long—a man I never saw, whom I never had the honor of personally knowing; but I feel sure that it represents not only the controlling spirit of that great man, but also of the church which he served, which others have so nobly served before him and after him, and which is here to-night to call to mind these precious things of the ancient times.

Allow me, brethren, to emphasize, if possible, this single thought in another way, before I sit down, by reciting a simple allegory which I framed many years ago for some little children. In Arabia there were two young men, one we will call Mahmoud, and the other Ali, who had noticed with concern how much the caravans suffered in crossing the great desert; how they sometimes perished from thirst, and sometimes were overwhelmed by the mighty sand storms. Mahmoud was rich, but Ali was poor. One day Mahmoud said to Ali, "I know what I will do. I will

take the wealth that Allah has bestowed upon me, and I will have great stones carried out into the midst of the desert, and will build a caravansary, high and strong, and I will have an endowed train of camels that will bring supplies across the desert, and there I will keep abundance of water and food for man and for beasts." So he built this mighty structure, and upon the topmost stone had his own name engraved, that posterity might know how much Mahmoud had done for the glory of God and for the welfare of humanity. Ali said, "I am poor. I am not able to build a great caravansary like Mahmoud has built, yet God has given me something. He has given me patience, he has given me physical strength, and a measure of skill." So Ali went out in the desert and began to delve with his hands, and throw out the sand, day after day, in the hot, burning sun, until he had made a great pit, and there in the bottom there began to appear moisture. Then he went once, and again and again, away across the desert, and bore upon his shoulders loads of earth, and he brought little seeds and little sprouts of plants and trees. He mixed the earth with the moist sand, put in the seeds and the little sprouts; he attended them with the utmost care; they grew and flourished, and as they began to shed their shade over the opening, lo! the water increased and rose and rose inch by inch, until, as years went by, and the plants attended by his care grew to trees, lo! the water began to flow. Still he kept planting his seeds, and placing his little germs along its banks. It swelled to a wide stream, flowed out into the desert, and greenness and beauty began to spring up all around it. The ages rolled on. The sands of the desert piled higher and higher against the stout walls of Mahmoud's caravansary, until they leaped over them; they filled all the space, and there was nothing in the place of that mighty and beneficent structure but a great mountain of barren sand. But Ali's oasis is green and inviting still. There to-day the caravans delight to rest and refresh themselves as they pass over the weary desert. So it seems to me, brethren, the laborers of the past, the dead and the living, have sought to open up and maintain here a blessed oasis for the

refreshment of man and for the glory of God, and by his blessing it abides, and by that continued blessing it will abide until there is ushered in the reign, the glorious reign, of the thousand years.

HYMN 298.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D., LL.D

Dr. Dana needs no introduction to a Philadelphia audience. He represents for us to-night the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and brings the greetings of the brethren of the city.

ADDRESS.—Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D.D.,

Moderator of the Presbytery of Philadelphia.

I esteem it a privilege and an honor to extend the greetings and the congratulations of the Philadelphia Presbytery on this happy occasion.

I rejoice, first of all, that this old mother church is still alive—that after its two hundred years of history it is so strong and vigorous and without a wrinkle upon its brow.

When Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese prime minister, was visiting this country, his first question after an introduction was, "How old are you?" The papers made fun of it, and the ladies did not always relish it, considering it somewhat impertinent. It was intended, however, as a compliment. When Jacob came to Egypt, the first question of Pharaoh was, "How old art thou?" Old age was considered a crown of glory, an evidence of accumulated wisdom. An honored old age is still so considered by us.

There is something very impressive in the continuous life of a nation or a church. Generations come and go. The leaders and the led rise, do their work and pass away, but the old flag still waves, and the old church still stands. This church has had an honored pastorate, a distinguished eldership and membership—a vast host in these successive years, who have "fought

the good fight, finished their course" and received their crown. But others have come, who have entered into their heritage, perpetuated their work and influence, and will transmit it to their successors.

I rejoice, not only that you are alive, but that you still remain on this old historic spot, in the midst of a teeming population who need the gospel, whether welcoming it or not.

I recall the agitation of twenty-five years ago or more concerning the sale of this old church for the purpose of uniting with another and moving to Broad Street. The argument for taking such a step was that this church could not remain self-sustaining with so many of its families and best supporters moving from it. Then began the effort to endow the church. A goodly sum, thirty or forty thousand dollars, was then raised, and in these later years, through heroic efforts, the endowment of a hundred thousand dollars gives this church an opportunity for enlarged usefulness just at a place where it is greatly needed. You have found that "giving does not impoverish." There has been a continuous outgoing from the life of this church to enrich others. Yet, on that account, the heart of this mother church has been enlarged and her own life lifted to a higher plane.

Those were days of small things, two hundred years ago, when Jedediah Andrews, a graduate of Harvard, came from Massachusetts to preach to that little company in the Barbadoes Store or warehouse, and organized the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. The little company of Presbyterians to whom he ministered had Scotch, Welsh, Swedish and New England elements in it. The new congregation was far from homogeneous, and gave little promise of success. "The Presbyterians," says the Episcopal missionary Talbot, "have come a great way to lay hands on one another; but, after all, I think they had as good stay at home, for all the good they do."

The prospect was but little better in 1703. "They have here," says Keith, "a Presbyterian meeting and minister, one called Andrews; but they are not like to increase here." (Gillett, 1, 211.)

The first century of Presbyterianism in Philadelphia was not one of marked and gratifying increase. The bitter dissensions and controversies had been one cause of weakness, and the intense patriotism of our people during the Revolution had subjected them to such persecution that many Presbyterian families had fled the city, never more to return. In addition to this, French infidelity had exerted its deadening, demoralizing influence upon the religious and irreligious alike, and the close of the eighteenth century found the churches of all denominations inert and languishing. At the beginning of this century, ninety-eight years ago, there were but three Presbyterian churches in this city and less than five hundred communicants in a population of 69,408. The fourth church was organized, I believe, a year or two after this. There are more communicants in this one church alone than were in the three Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia a hundred years ago. This century has been marked by great advance in evangelical Christianity, to which the Presbyterian Church has contributed its share.

Turning our eyes away from our own country and from the vast mission fields beyond the sea, for which this church has done so much, I congratulate this people on what they and theirs have done for church extension within our own city. A hundred years ago there were three Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, with five hundred communicants. Now there are seventy-three churches in the Presbytery of Philadelphia alone, and within the city limits there are ninety-eight churches belonging to our branch of the Presbyterian Church, with 41,013 communicants and 46,532 in the Sunday-schools. In 1800 there was one Presbyterian church to 23,136 of the population. Now there is one church to 12,244. In 1800 there was one Presbyterian communicant to every 138 of the population; in 1898 one Presbyterian communicant to twenty-nine and a quarter of the population.

In this steady advance this old church has had no small share. I shall not attempt a full history of church extension, but shall single out a few of the notable instances in which this church

has borne a noble part. In 1808, Mr. Hamilton, who lived in the old mansion which still stands in Woodlands Cemetery, and after whom that suburb of the city was at one time called Hamiltonville, gave a plot of ground to different denominations in that village on condition that a church should be built upon it within twenty years. In 1828, the last year of grace, members of this church gave two thousand dollars to put up a simple edifice on the lot given to the Presbyterians, in which twelve years after, in 1840, was organized what is now known as the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, unto which I have had the joy and privilege of ministering for over thirty years. The Walnut Street Church, in turn, in addition to all the other good it has done in its nearly sixty years of existence, has been chiefly instrumental in starting three other churches—the Patterson Memorial, the Emmanuel and the Greenway. The Clinton Street Church, once such a tower of strength in this city, was formed by a colony of choice spirits who went from this First Church at the call of duty. In the same way Calvary was started, which, in turn, became the mother of churches under the leadership of such men as Matthew Baldwin and John A. Brown. Olivet, Tabor, Hope, and Hermon in Frankford, are the children of Calvary, while North Broad Street and Oxford were greatly aided at first by Mr. Baldwin and others once members of this First Church. The children are rising up to-day to call the mother blessed. In all that aggressive period of church extension, Albert Barnes was the leading spirit. For forty years Albert Barnes held his place as the pastor of this foremost Presbyterian church of Philadelphia. I consider it an honor to have enjoyed, not only the acquaintance, but, as I believe, the friendship of Albert Barnes. It was my privilege to know him as he neared the setting sun in the calmness and beauty of a serene old age. I heard much of Mr. Barnes, while a student in Union Seminary, from the lips of his old friend, Dr. Skinner, who was our teacher of homiletics. Dr. Skinner frequently held up Albert Barnes to us as a model pastor, preacher and Bible student. I met him personally for the first

time thirty-one years ago last spring, when I came to Philadelphia from my parish in Belvidere, New Jersey, to receive ordination from the Fourth Presbytery, to which Mr. Barnes and this church belonged. His old friend and former elder in this church, Dr. J. Marshall Paul, was my friend and elder in Belvidere, and through him we were introduced. You can hardly imagine my surprise when, at the first interview, he asked me to lecture for him the following Wednesday night. Much as I shrank from attempting to say anything in the pulpit of such a man, he would not take no for an answer; and hence my first sermon in Philadelphia was preached in the lecture room of this church in the spring of 1867. He was kind enough to go to Belvidere at my installation and deliver the charge to the pastor. When I came to Philadelphia, thirty years ago, he had just resigned his pastorate, and I, as the young Moderator of the Fourth Presbytery, presided at the installation of his successor, Dr. Herrick Johnson, and propounded the constitutional questions. On that occasion, Dr. Z. M. Humphrey, who had just been installed pastor of the Calvary Church, preached the sermon, Albert Barnes gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. Shepard the charge to the people.

After Mr. Barnes' retirement from the pastorate, when he made West Philadelphia his permanent home, he and his family attended the Walnut Street Church, and during the two remaining years of his life he won the confidence and affection of our whole people. For many years we have had a memorial window in our church, as a tribute of our affection to this man, placed near the pew where he was accustomed to sit.

When I consider what Albert Barnes did for this First Church, for Presbyterianism in Philadelphia and in our country, as well as the influence of his writings so widely felt, I rejoice that this people have erected an Albert Barnes Memorial Building, which will help to keep his name fresh in the minds of the generations that follow him.

I close as I began, by extending to this people the heartiest congratulations of the Presbytery of Philadelphia in that this

old mother church still retains such a vigorous life and has within it such possibilities of large and increasing influence. We rejoice that under the wise leadership of your beloved pastor, Dr. Baker, you have addressed yourselves to the new and changing conditions which surround you. The past of this noble church is inspiring. It stirs one's blood to recall what the fathers have wrought. But, thank God, your eyes are toward the future. Laurels quickly fade. Yesterday, with its work and reward, is soon gone; to-day is here, and to-morrow is beckoning. The problems of the hour are serious and urgent. In the solving of them, we count upon this historic church to do its full share. As you move into the twentieth century, it ought to be with a quickened pulse and with a stronger faith, assured that larger, better things are still in store for you. After another century shall pass, when you and I shall be known no more among men, God grant that this dear old church shall stand and continue to stand as a witness for the truth to generations now unborn.

Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D., read by request a minute adopted by the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Philadelphia, conveying to the church hearty congratulations upon its past history and its present prosperity.

PRAYER.—Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D.D.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art the Master whose we are and whom we serve. We thank Thee for that great multitude here, who, serving Thee, now rest from their labors and their works do follow them. We rejoice in the gladness of the past. Thou, who dwellest in the pillar of cloud and fire, still lead here Thy servants unto other service and higher achievement. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth. Day by day lead them, and in the end crown them and all their work with Thy love and Thy glory, to the praise of Thy grace. Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

WEDNESDAY EVENING,

NOVEMBER 16, 1898.

PRAYER BY THE PASTOR.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee for Thy presence and Thy blessing during this hour of praise. May everything be begun and continued and ended in Thy fear, and may all the words of our mouths and all the meditation of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

ANTHEM.—"How Lovely are Thy Dwellings."

PRAYER.—Rev. Edward B. Hodge, D.D.,
Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church.

O Lord God Almighty, who art, and wast, and art to come, our fathers' God and our God, who are we that we should approach to Thee and take Thy name upon our lips? We are not worthy of the least of all the goodness and truth which Thou hast manifested to Thy servants from the beginning even unto this hour. Thou hast made us to draw near to Thee. Thou hast given us a place in Thine house. Oh, grant unto us a blessing as we now come with our song of grateful love and our expression of gratitude for our privileges. Who are we that we should build a house to Thy name? Who are we that we should be permitted to offer the incense of prayer and praise so near to our God? O Lord, we thank Thee, and praise and bless Thee for all that Thou hast accomplished also by our unworthy instrumentality. Thus it pleaseth Thee by the foolishness of preaching to save

them that believe, and for all that has been wrought for Thy name in this place we bless Thee again and again; for Thy servants who have ministered here in the days that are gone, for all those who through their work have obtained like precious faith with us. We ask that, generation after generation, if it please Thee, Thy name may still be great in this place. Oh, help us, on this anniversary occasion, to obtain for ourselves and for the city where we dwell, for the people around about this church of Christ, a blessing, rich and full and free; a blessing for our nation, and a blessing for the world. Lord, Thou has granted to us the privilege of the possession. Write in Thy book the prayers we offer to-night. Grant to Thy servant who in the succession of the ministry is now in charge of this church of Christ Thy special blessing. May the Spirit of the Lord God be upon him. Anoint him to preach good tidings to the meek, bind up the broken-hearted, give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Make his ministry abundantly fruitful. Bless all the organized charities of the church. Bless its Sabbath-school, and grant that the young may be trained here for the service of the Saviour. We thank Thee for those who have been reared up in this church already as heralds of the Cross of Christ, to preach in this and in foreign lands the story of revealed love. Oh, multiply the number who shall go forth in Christ's name, with Christ's message from this place, and grant that our land, by reason of the gospel preached in this church and similar churches of Christ throughout our borders, may be kept true and loyal to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. May Christian religion and Christian morality characterize our national existence. Prepare us for what our destiny may be in Thy providence, and grant that all the world may soon know of Christ and the story of His cross. We pray Thee that Thou will hasten the coming of Him whom we love, and grant that our feeble labors may be instrumental in hastening the day when it shall be said that the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ. This, our hearty thanksgiving for unspeakable blessings in the past; this,

our earnest intercession concerning the time that is to come, most devoutly and earnestly we make in His name who died for us and rose again; to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, we ascribe, as is most justly due, all honor and might and majesty and dominion, world without end. Amen.

HYMN 225.

THE PASTOR.

Vice is not the only thing in this world that seeks company, thank God. Joy seeks company, and the house joy filled is, I believe, the most anxious for companionship. When the woman had found her lost coin, she called in her friends and her neighbors to rejoice with her. This is a time of rejoicing for this old church. Our hearts are brimful of gladness as we recount the way over which the Lord our God has led us all these years, and it is the most natural thing in the world for us to say to our friends and to our neighbors, to our sister churches: "Come, come to our altars and rejoice with us, for God has been gracious unto us." We yield claim of priority to one church in this city of ours. Before the Presbyterian Church was organized, two hundred years ago, Christ Episcopal Church was in full operation of Christian worship and service. So it is eminently fitting that from the Protestant Episcopal Church, first of all, we should have greetings, as we ask our sister churches to come to us and rejoice with us. We are honored to-night with the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop Whitaker, and I take unfeigned pleasure in presenting him to you.

ADDRESS.—"Greetings of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

The Right Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D.D., LL.D.,
Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

You are celebrating, dear brethren, the anniversary of a very old church, and I take pleasure in being here with you to share

in your rejoicing and your thanksgiving. But the term "old," as applied to a church or anything else, is a relative one. When I began my ministry in the mining town of Gold Hill, in Nevada, in 1863, before the end of the second year we had built a pretty brick church, and it was spoken of as the new church, but for at least fifteen years past that has been spoken of in that community as the old brick church. When I was at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, England, a year ago last summer, I went around the walls of that building with the Bishop of St. Albans, and I said, "This is indeed a very old cathedral." He said, "Part of it is, and part of it is new. The first church on this site was erected probably in the fourth century, and a part of this which you now see was probably erected in the sixth century, but a great deal of it has been built within the last five hundred years." Old and new are relative terms, but certainly a church that goes back two hundred years in this new country of ours may properly be called old, for the thought of its beginning carries us back to the time when Pennsylvania began to be, and when Philadelphia was coming into existence, and it may not be uninteresting or unprofitable if we recall a little of those beginnings.

It was, I think, in 1617 that some Swedes and Finns settled near Cape Henlopen, and gradually extended up the river, until by 1637 they had taken up farms close up to the junction of the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Others joined them, and they extended further north and west, until they met the tide of the Dutch that was flowing over from New Amsterdam since 1609, and there Swedes and Dutch contended in a friendly manner with each other for the occupation of the soil. But the English soon came in, and in 1655 the Dutch had so outnumbered the Swedes that they submitted to the Dutch; but in 1664 the English were so in the ascendency that the Dutch submitted to the English, and this became English land. It was, as you know, in 1682 that William Penn came, and with him a great host of Quakers, and then this became a Quaker community. So far as I have been able to determine, in 1682 there were only seventeen hundred people occupying what is now the city of Philadelphia and a great part

of those were Quakers, and in 1684, although ships were continually coming over, bringing their loads of immigrants, the population of Philadelphia was only twenty-five hundred.

But those people, Swedes and Dutch and English and Quakers, were not unmindful of a superintending Providence. They were not forgetful of the worship in which they had been educated, and so early as 1627 there was a building erected for public worship at Tinicum, and that continued to be used, with various alterations and modifications, until 1700. In 1677 there was a Swedish house of worship, out of which has come Gloria Dei on Swanson Street. There were Quakers in Philadelphia and the neighborhood before Penn came, and I read that there was a Quaker Meeting House in Kensington in 1681, and that another was built in 1682, and another in 1683, and another in 1684, and another in 1685; so that there were six Quaker houses of worship before there was built Christ Church, or before this sprang into being. Christ Church was built, the first church, in 1695, but there are many churches which compete for priority in the few years which followed. Certainly there was a congregation gathered at St. John's, Concord, which used the prayer book in its service in 1698. There was another, St. David's, in Radnor, in which the same form of worship was used. There was yet another at Oxford, nine miles then from Philadelphia, but now within the limits of the city. Certainly within a very few years of that time, and probably before 1700, there was a congregation worshipping in what is now known as Lower Providence or Evansburg, and it was not long after, certainly, that there was a congregation gathered for public worship according to the forms of the Church of England near Lancaster. So that there were, out of the Welshmen, and out of the Englishmen, and out of the courtesy of the Quakers—for I like to mention, as I have recently on another occasion, that the congregation of Episcopalians at Oxford received its first place of worship as a gift from the Quakers—it was out of these small beginnings that the several churches and congregations were gathered together.

I do not know the antecedents of the gathering of this congre-

gation which two hundred years ago first came together for the worship of Almighty God, but I rejoice to believe that in this church from the very beginning there has been a continual preaching of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I rejoice to believe that the successive preachers of this church might have taken for their motto the first line of the noble hymn which we have just sung, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." I rejoice to believe that the pulpit of this church for two hundred years has given forth no uncertain sound in declaring the great central truth of our religion, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, and therefore it is that I cherish most kindly feelings towards this church, and that I count it one of my privileges to number among my friends your pastor. It was a courtesy, and an act of Christian kindness for which I shall always be grateful, that when I came to this city, twelve years ago, one of your clergy invited me to his house, where I found assembled about twenty of the Presbyterian clergy of Philadelphia, and that there we spent a couple of hours in social, Christian, friendly converse. It was an act of genuine Christian hospitality, and it touched deeply my heart, for I have always felt and acted upon the principle declared by St. Paul when he said, "Grace be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." There is a bond which links curiously together Christ Church and this First Presbyterian Church. Benjamin Franklin, who was a pew-holder in this church and who attended here frequently, was also an attendant at Christ Church, and was for five years one of its vestrymen. Bishop Stevens and Dr. Albert Barnes were close and intimate friends while they exercised their ministry here side by side, Dr. Barnes in this church, and Bishop Stevens, then Dr. Stevens, rector of St. Andrews, on Eighth Street. There has been, I am told, during the past two or three years, an increased demand for Dr. Barnes' Commentaries, and I count it as a significant sign of the times that the minds of men are turning back to such a style of commentary and such a view of the Scriptures as they find set forth in those various editions of his commentaries upon the different books of

the Bible, some of which I have read with great interest, and especially what I think was his last book, "The Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century." I believe that the great hindrance to the progress of the gospel of Christ amongst men is owing mainly to two causes, the first of which is the unhappy division that exists among Christians; and the second, the failure on the part of so many Christians to walk answerable to their high calling in Christ Jesus; and as I think what might be if all who hold the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ were of one mind and one heart, and if all who profess to call themselves Christians were striving to make their lives a reflection in spirit and in character of the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ, what a transformation would be witnessed in the world around us!

When Macaulay came back from India he said that he was struck, more than by anything else in the religious life which he witnessed there, by the nearness of men of different ecclesiastical organizations to each other when they were confronted with that immense mass of heathenism with which they had to deal, and he said that in a country where men worshipped cows the distinctions which separate Christians from each other in civilized lands count for very little. We do not live in a community or in a civilization where men worship cows, but are there not changes as threatening, difficulties as great to be overcome in the unbelief, the denial of Christ, that is all around us; in the perversion of doctrine; in the degrading of Christ from his mediatorial office; in the failure to present as St. Paul presented the great offering which he made for the sins of the whole world, which should call for a union in heart and spirit of all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? When I think of the unhappy divisions amongst Christians who all have to bear the burdens and anxieties of a common life, I am reminded of those words of Bishop Horne, when he said, "As I view the separation amongst those who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and their lack of sympathy one with another, I often think of those beautiful and affecting words which Milton puts into the mouth of Adam when he

addresses Eve: 'Rise! let us no more contend, or blame each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive in offices of love how we may lighten each other's burden in a share of woe.'" Enough has been done for the arts of controversy. Let something be done for piety and holy living. When we are united in these, then our vision may be clearer to be united in all things. God will reveal even that to us when we are prepared to receive it, and it will be revealed to us. It may not be in this life, but it will surely be in that world of light where the peacemakers shall receive the fullness of their beatitude, and where all who pray that they may be one in spirit shall indeed be one with each other and with our Lord in the unity of his eternal and glorious kingdom. Amen.

THE PASTOR.

It is the righteously proud, and at the same time thankful boast of this First Presbyterian Church, that it has had something to do with the building of the great University of Pennsylvania, whose fame now is world-wide. I told you on Monday evening that when at one time in its history this church was houseless, the University very courteously offered the use of its hall for the worship of the congregation. In course of time this church was permitted to serve the University in the persons of two of its pastors, one of whom was the vice-provost and the other provost of the University. Provost Harrison, knowing how the life of this church has touched the life of the University, has most kindly consented to come here to-night and say a word to us, and I am exceedingly happy to present him to you.

ADDRESS.—"GREETINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA."

CHARLES C. HARRISON, LL.D.,
Provost of the University.

It gives me great pleasure to represent the University of Pennsylvania on this occasion; for, apart from the fact that this church and the University may be classed as among the old

institutions of our city, and for more than one hundred years were very near neighbors in point of locality, there have been strong personal ties to unite them in a certain kind of fellowship which ought not to be forgotten. You are probably all aware that the University had several stages in its evolution to the present institution. It was first the "Charity School of Philadelphia"; then, when Franklin took up the work, the "Academy and Charitable Schools"; very soon the "College, Academy and Charitable School"; then "The University of the State of Pennsylvania," co-existent with the preceding, and finally, by a union of the two latter, "The University of Pennsylvania." Just at the point in this development when the institution reached academic grade, in 1752, we find the pastor of this church called upon to fill the responsible chair of the Greek and Latin Languages. As soon as its charter as a college was attained, he was, in addition, charged with the executive duties of vice-provost, and in 1756 he was advanced, with advancing courses of study, to the chair of Higher Classics and Metaphysics, which he retained until his death, in 1779. That the Rev. Francis Alison worthily maintained the traditions of the Presbyterian Church in favor of a learned ministry is evident from the character and scope of the work assigned to him during these twenty-seven years of service, under the critical eyes of a Board of Trustees including the most intellectual men of the province, and in such subjects as the classics and metaphysics. Like Samuel's, his sons walked among you to his honor. In these days, when so many Philadelphians persist in sending their sons away from home for a college training, it is pleasant to look back on the records and find three stalwart sons taking their degrees in their father's college, and then going forth to the active service of their country in the War of the Revolution. Benjamin and Francis Alison both served as surgeons in the Continental Army. Of their cousins, Hector received one of our first honorary degrees, and was chaplain of one of the Pennsylvania troops; Robert was a lieutenant-colonel of the First Pennsylvania Battalion, and Patrick was one of the chaplains of the

Continental Congress. They were of sturdy stock, these Alisons, and I think that the church on Market Street and the college at Fourth and Arch were the stronger for them, and spiritually and intellectually helped to strengthen them.

By no means as a matter of course, but purely on account of fitness, the relations of this church to the University were cemented when, in 1758, the Rev. John Ewing, a year before becoming your pastor, was elected *pro tempore* professor of ethics; in 1762, professor of natural philosophy, and in 1780, provost—the first to hold that title as of the University. It has been said of Dr. Ewing that in mathematics and astronomy, in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in metaphysics and moral philosophy, he was probably the most accomplished man in the United States. The University of Edinburgh gave him the degree of "D.D."; and there is a good story told of his visit to England at that time and of his interview with the celebrated Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson was exceedingly rude and bitter in his remarks about the colonists, saying, at length, "Sir, what do you know in America? You never read. You have no books there." "Pardon me, sir," said Dr. Ewing; "we have read the "'Rambler.'" The soft answer of your pastor turned the wrath of the irascible Johnson into the most cordial civility for the rest of the visit. Until his death, in 1802, the church and University shared in the happy possession of this gifted man, and for a part of that time he was also, as your pastor, *ex-officio* a trustee of the University. His four sons also grew up among you, were graduated with us, and, in after life, filled honorable and useful places in their native city.

Others of your pastors were known and honored by the University. Dr. Ewing was succeeded by the Rev. John Blair Linn, whom death removed so soon from among you; but during his brief pastorate he received from us the doctorate of divinity. His successor, the Rev. James Patrick Wilson, was an alumnus of 1788, and so esteemed as an under-graduate that he was at once, on graduation, offered the post of assistant professor of mathematics, which he declined. His son, of the same name,

was graduated with us in 1826, while his father was still your pastor, and followed in his father's steps to high honor in the ministry, both of the Wilsons receiving the degree of doctor of divinity from their alma mater.

Your some-time ruling elder, Charles Thomson, was a tutor in our college at its beginning. He became secretary of the Continental Congress, and in 1784 the trustees gave him the doctorate of laws, which, the year before, they had given to George Washington, and for the same grateful and patriotic reason. And I think that another of your elders in Revolutionary days, Dr. Benjamin Williamson, was a student in our young medical department.

I would not have time nor space to enumerate the personal bonds between the two bodies, found in the faculty and students in their relations for nearly one hundred and sixty years, but will dwell for a moment on one of more recent times. In 1834 the Rev. Albert Barnes was elected a trustee of the University, and for thirty-six years was a most honored and useful member of that body. I think that his trusteeship was almost coeval with his pastorate, and that he was equally esteemed and influential in either position. He was a vigorous opponent of Episcopacy, but in the service of the University he was the cordial friend of and co-worker with Bishops Potter and Stevens, and it was the latter who pronounced at his death a most eloquent and affectionate tribute to his virtues and his labors.

Some of our lay trustees were active in the affairs of this church in its earlier years. Franklin belonged to no denomination, but averred it to be his duty to help all so far as he could, and for some years was a pew-holder here. Chief Justice and Governor Thomas McKean, Chief Justice Shippen and Governor William Allen, all active in the church, were conspicuous trustees in the University, and it would be tedious to enumerate the many individuals whose spiritual life was fostered here, while their intellectual life was upbuilding at the University.

I have recalled these historical matters with a two-fold purpose: First, to show that the University is not out of place in

this celebration, but that it has had all along such strong personal ties to unite it to this congregation as fully to justify a cordial greeting and warm congratulations. And my second purpose is, to plead for a continuance of these friendly relations. The University has never had, and we hope will never have, a theological department. It is the University's function to minister to the intellectual and moral part of man, but not to invade that spiritual province which has been divinely committed to the Church. The spheres are not antagonistic, but mutually helpful. The Presbyterian Church has insisted always on the highest standards of clerical and popular education. The universities have found among its ministers and members many of their staunchest advocates and most munificent supporters. And to-night, as a University officer, and in the name of the University, I extend hearty and fraternal congratulations to this corporation which so honorably completes its second century, and our sincere prayers for the divine blessing on the third, now opening so auspiciously before it. And I ask that the pastors and people of this church may always count the University of Pennsylvania as in a certain *ex-officio* and *ex-relatione* way its friend; that for all time they may mutually share in felicitations on each other's prosperity.

THE PASTOR.

It has been thought that it would not be amiss, but on the other hand entirely appropriate, that at these gatherings throughout the week an opportunity should be given to those who were present to give offerings for the enlargement of our endowment fund. In order that this church, and churches similarly situated, may go on and do their God-appointed work in the years to come, with the changing conditions in which they are placed, an endowment fund, and a liberal one, is imperatively required; and so to-night we will ask for an offering, not wishing to be importunate, but simply feeling that in the good providence of God there may be

those who shall be prompted of Him to help us in this work in which we are engaged. The offering will now be made.

ANTHEM.—"The Magnificat."

THE PASTOR.

Several months ago I asked Bishop Foss if he would honor us with his presence to-night, and convey to us the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He promised to do so, and fully intended to do so, but a short time ago a demand was made upon him to go out of the city to perform a certain duty, and he felt that he ought to do so. Consequently we have not the pleasure of having Bishop Foss with us to-night. He bade me, however, convey to you his personal greeting, and to say how much he regretted that he must be absent, and then he further bade me ask Dr. MacMullen to take his place and give the greetings of his church. I am sure that we are all glad to-night for this privilege of hearing Dr. MacMullen. I cannot introduce him to you to-night as Bishop MacMullen. Perhaps that may come later. At any rate he is welcome within our gates, and he knows full well that the church of which he is an honored pastor has the highest respect and the truest love always of the Presbyterian Church.

ADDRESS.—"Greetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Rev. Wallace MacMullen, D.D.,

Pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia.

I certainly feel grateful to Bishop Foss for his suggestion to Dr. Baker, for I count it a high honor to be allowed to stand on this historic, consecrated spot on this most notable occasion, as the representative of my church. I feel that in bringing you our greetings I ought to speak our word of gratitude for certain things that we feel indebted to the Presbyterian Church for, and, first of all, to acknowledge the indebtedness of contact. When

Thomas Coke, a man almost as abundant in missionary labors as the Apostle Paul, was in his early manhood in Oxford, he was tainted with the prevailing skepticism of his day, and he had created within him a great longing for a spiritual life by reading the work of your Dr. Witherspoon on "Regeneration;" so that great man of yours, who was so prominent in helping mould our national destiny in its beginning, and was influential in giving final ecclesiastical form to your Presbyterian body in this country, left his vital touch upon our first bishop—a man who brought to a consummation the organization of our church.

Then I want to acknowledge also the indebtedness of antagonism. We Methodists and you Presbyterians had some very exhilarating debates in the good old years that have given place to these better years of blessed brotherhood. Friction is one of the processes for the generation of heat, and while it is quite true that heat may be dissipated and so not be available for practical uses, nevertheless I think the heat that was generated in this exceedingly warm controversy has been at least partly transformed into enduring forms of energy. I think, in the first place, some of our good old Methodist fathers got a little more intellectual muscle because of the battle they were compelled to do for the truth as it appealed to them. Brave, crippled old Epictetus said that God sometimes matched men with rough circumstances as wrestlers with them, that by means of the wrestle they might become conquerors. God in his providence matched some of our Methodist fathers with some Presbyterian giants, and I think there came a good deal of additional intellectual fibre to those who begun the work of our church in this land and elsewhere, and that it was partly by reason of that that they were mightily able to extend the borders of the common God and win souls into his flesh. Moreover, I am sure this is true: that by reason of that intellectual, bloodless warfare, that by very reason of it and not in spite of it, we were able a little better to cherish the truth that seemed specially dear to us. That very bit of truth for which we stood, not as monopolists of it at all, but as champions of it for a time—the democracy of the human soul in

the republic of God, the freedom of men—I think that our historical emphasis upon it was simply in keeping with the spirit of the age in which we had our birth. Liberty was the impulse that was moving human hearts everywhere, here in our American colonies, over there in England and in France, where the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau and their predecessors had done much to open men's eyes to the evils of despotism; the liberty that had its initial impulse in Martin Luther when he wielded his Thor's hammer in nailing that thesis of his against the Wittenberg church door. Now, I am perfectly sure that by reason of the battle we offered in behalf of that bit of God's total truth, we were enabled to get it into a little clearer view and get a firmer grip upon it; for it is certainly true in the measure that we do battle for things dear to us that we are enabled to separate them from other surrounding and associated truths, isolate them, as it were, so we are better able to tell their size and appreciate their preciousness, and I am perfectly certain of this: that in the theological antagonism of those years we were enriched, as all the world has been, by your splendid emphasis upon that truth of the sovereignty of God—perfectly sure of it. It is not easy to hear sweet songs when we are in the darkness of black night. It is not easy to sing the praises of God with one's feet in the stocks, as Paul did. It is not easy to see the flowers of Beulah and the towers of the Celestial City when one is in prison. Bunyan did. It is not easy to hang outstretched upon the cross and see the open arms of the dear God waiting to receive the failing spirit. Jesus did. It is not easy to look back through our human history, and think of the wars that have cursed it, and of the rumors of wars with which still it is full; it is not easy to look upon those things and still keep steady and peaceful, and the way to be able to do it is to have a tremendous grip upon this truth of the supremacy of the God of love. I thank the Presbyterian Church for its tremendous, splendid emphasis upon that blessed, comforting truth of the sovereignty of God. And now I bring unto you our hearty congratulations upon the termination of these generations of church life. How much that life

has meant to multitudes of souls! Carlyle said that one of the enduring symbols of men, for which they are glad to do battle, is the Church. When one had a church, he said, what one could really call a church, then, though he were in the conflux of the immensities and the centre of the eternities, he could stand manlike towards God and man. The vague, formless universe became for him a firm city and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in those words, well spoken, I believe, "Well might men praise their credo and raise for it stateliest temples and reverent hierarchs, and give them the tithing of their substance. It was something worth living for and worth dying for."

When I think of the unnumbered souls that have been kept steady in their faith through these two hundred years by the life and ministry of this church, the steadiness that it has helped to give the community in which it was put, I thank God anew for the church. What have been the elements that have helped on your perpetuity, the duration of your church life? I have not any doubt that one element—and you will not think it strange that it impresses me very much—has been lengthened leadership. It is not strange that I, with my knowledge of limited pastorates, should be impressed by the fact that you only had seven pastors between 1702 and 1870. I am glad that you have been wise enough to allow a congregation to grow up by the natural laws of growth around the leadership of consecrated personalities. I profoundly wish I could put that in among the causes of our thanksgiving as Methodists to you Presbyterians. I cannot just now. I believe if we live long enough I shall have that thing to be thankful for, that the time is coming when, along with the virtues of our system—and they are not few, by any means—that, instead of appointment from year to year, we shall have possible the indefinite continuance of that sort of arrangement that shall not be interrupted by the almanac, which many times is simply mechanical and therefore an impertinent interference with vital processes, and that we shall allow those things to be decided by the fitness of things in the providence of God. I think it is coming, and I have not any doubt that is one of the elements

that have contributed to your strength in these centuries. I know another one was your energy, and if we may be allowed to judge the past by the evidence of the present, it has been an energy that has been adaptive. You have learned that

> "New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward
> Who would keep abreast of truth.
> Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires;
> We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
> Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
> Through the desperate, wintry sea;
> Nor attempt the Future's portals
> With the Past's blood-rusted key."

You have not attempted it. You have had energy that was adaptive. You have been emptied from vessel to vessel, from sanctuary to sanctuary; so you have been saved from that temptation to which Moab yielded, of settling upon your lees. The wine of your church life has been made purer, sweeter and richer by reason of the changes that have been forced upon you by changing conditions. You have comparatively recently decided you would not run away from a neighborhood that needed you, and you have adopted this necessary plan to provide financially against the dangers of fluctuating populations.

I say that an adaptive energy has been one of the reasons for your success and your lengthened life, and I am quite sure that another element—and I think that is more important—has been feeling. You have heard one of your speakers talk about your pulpit during these two centuries. You have not had anybody talk about the pew. Those are things that elude investigation, that could not be tabulated—the forces that have been residing in these pews and the pews of the sanctuaries that preceded this one. You could not put those things into speech or print, and yet churches to-day, and in all days, need winning pulpits no more than they need winning and holding pews. The men and women of heart, out through whose finger-tips there steals some of the

energy of the great God, out through whose eyes there flashes some of the light gained at the altar of God, in the home and in the church—I am perfectly certain that you have that sort of winning feeling in these pews of yours. You never could have lived so long without it. It is not true that intellectual brilliancy in the pulpit and business sagacity in the pew are the most important things making up the equipment of a church. It is not that. It is rather heart in both places that has a premium in the markets of the world to-day. It is that which wins men's allegiance, hooks them to us by hooks of steel, speaks God through us and unites them to Him. That is the spiritually needed thing. The worldlings may not admit it, those whose standards of manhood are all false, those who prefer to deal more with the glitter of life than with its gold, but there are noble souls everywhere who infallibly feel the presence of soul, and yield to its magnetism as certainly as the heavenly bodies attract one another, and they are drawn in precise measure with the measurement of the soul that comes near; and one thing that has been spiritually useful, I have no doubt, in both pulpit and pew has been feeling given over to the service of God.

May God bless you in the new century into which you go, and give you still larger life. I think that to the Church, just as certainly as to single souls, we may say in Holmes' words:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll.
> Leave thy low-vaulted past;
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

God gave you work as a church to help in this nation in those formative, colonial days, and he gave you work to do in those strenuous birth-throes of the Revolution in those times, and he is a helping God, and surely with the vigor of this new and mightiest of the nations on the face of the earth, this Colossus of

the West, your work is not done yet. In the city—which is indeed the storm centre and nerve centre, too, of our population in our modern civilized life—he gives you work to do. I cannot withhold my own personal tribute to your pastor, Dr. Baker, and to your superintendent, Mr. George Griffiths, the one for his able presidency and the other for the origin of the Christian League, which has been so useful in curing one of the worst plague spots of our city, and putting upon a firm basis Christian work among the Chinese in our midst. The Lord bless your pastor and prosper that work exceedingly. You have more work to do, and God will give you grace and strength to do it. Depending upon him, not disposed to be plethoric with the wealth that has come in the past years, not disposed to say to your corporate soul, "Soul, eat, drink and be merry; thou hast much religious and ecclesiastical goods laid up for many years"—not that sort of thing at all, but just because God has been so good to you as a people, to put at his disposal all the energy which he begun and has fostered, to do still better service for him and men—not to rest upon what your fathers did. "It is as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves of the legendary virtues carved upon our fathers' graves. They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts, unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtues have passed. But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free; hoarding it in moulding apartments, while our tender spirits flee the rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the sea."

You will not do that. You will remember "new occasions teach new duties." You will find in some new cause God's new message offering you the bloom or blight, and you will choose the one and work well for him. May the blessing of the Almighty, which makes rich and adds no sorrow, be upon you in abundant measure forever! Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

THURSDAY EVENING,

NOVEMBER 17, 1898.

THE PASTOR.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, grant to us, we beseech Thee, in this service, Thy blessing. We are gathered here in the name of Jesus Christ, and we pray Thee that we may have in our hearts the assurance that we are truly worshipping Thee in spirit and in truth. And unto Thy name, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, shall be the praise. Amen.

ANTHEM.—"O Lord, Our Governor."—*Gadsby.*

PRAYER.—Rev. J. Sparhawk Jones, D.D.,
Pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

Almighty and ever-living God, Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and Thou art our confidence, and hast been the confidence of the fathers who have laid the foundation to that upon which we build, and who have prepared the way for us who now enter into their labors. O God, we bless Thee for the way in which Thou hast led the world. Thou leadest Joseph like a flock. Thou art the Father of the spirits of all flesh. Thou hast always had a people in the world to serve Thee, those who have not bowed to Baal. We bless Thy great name that Thou hast set eternity in man's heart, that Thou hast given him a vast capacity for reverence, for faith, for joy, for hope, for thanksgiving, and that he has gone forth to build temples and found worship in Thy name, and that always Thou hast had a

people to serve Thee, a church in the wilderness, a church in Israel, a church in the New Testament, a church that has come down from age to age, and which Thou art prospering, and against which Thou hast said the gates of Hades shall not prevail. We bless Thee, O God, for Thy great promises, for Thy great work, for all Thou hast done for the world that lies in wickedness, and we pray Thee that Thy work may prosper, that Thy word may be mighty and may prevail. Do Thou bow the heavens and come down. Do Thou baptize the nations. Do Thou hasten that day, Almighty God, when He who sits upon the white horse, whose name is Faithful and True, whose vesture is dipped in blood, upon whose head are many crowns and in whose hand is a sword, may go forth, conquering and to conquer. Accomplish the number of Thine elect, hasten Thy kingdom, O God, which was foreseen and has been foreseen in vision and dream and in prescience by holy men of old who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and grant that Thy kingdom may come and that Thy will may be done in earth as it is in heaven. We bless Thee for this particular society. We bless Thee for the founding of this church. We bless Thee for the long line of able ministers of the New Testament who have expounded the gospel of eternal life in this place. We bless Thee for all that has been attempted and accomplished in Thy name, and we pray Thee that this church may still remain as a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Do Thou grant that all Thy servants who are here concerned in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God may be abundantly blessed and prospered. Let their shoes be of iron and brass, and as their day, so let their strength be. We pray Thee that this church may in the future, as in times past, cast out a wholesome, healing and comforting ray in this dark world, bringing in the lost, perishing, forlorn and miserable, and leading men to the gospel and cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hear us, O God. Bless our gathering together at this time. Pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh. Hear our prayer. Pardon all our unprofitableness. Accept our service. And to Thy name shall be praise. Amen.

HYMN 139.

THE PASTOR.

As those of you who heard the historical sketch on Monday evening may remember, this church owes a very decided debt to the Congregational Church. From the Congregational Church this church obtained its first pastor, who served them so long and so faithfully, who had so much to do with the moulding of the life of the church at the beginning. Then again, when this church built really its first church edifice, going out of the Barbadoes Store into a church of its own, it received very valuable help from the Congregational Church of Boston. Mr. Andrews says that the church would not have been built otherwise, if the friends in Boston had not generously contributed, and through all its history this church has had peculiarly friendly relations with the Congregational Church. We esteem it, therefore, a privilege to welcome to-night Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, who is able to represent, and will represent fully, the Congregational body. He has come over here, I know, at the cost of some personal sacrifice. I regret that the weather is so unpropitious that these seats are not all filled, but I can assure him that those who are here will be most appreciative listeners, and we will be glad now to hear him.

ADDRESS.—"GREETINGS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH."

REV. A. J. F. BEHRENDS, D.D.,

Pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to assure you, Christian friends, at the very outset, that no personal sacrifice has been involved in my accepting the very courteous and cordial invitation of your pastor to be present here to-night, to join with you in these congratulatory services. I am more than glad to be here. I judge that Dr. Baker is very much better acquainted with Presbyterian polity than he is with Congregational polity. There is such a thing as a Presbyterian

Church, there is such a thing as an Episcopal Church, there is such a thing as a Methodist Church; but if there be such a thing as a Congregational Church or a Baptist Church, I should like to have Dr. Baker point it out to me. You said "church" most of the time and "body" only once. I have been a Baptist about sixteen years and a Congregationalist about twenty-four years, and I have been on the watch for that thing during forty years, and I have not found it yet. We speak of Congregational churches just as we speak of Baptist churches, because that is one of the points upon which we differ from Presbyterians or Methodists or Episcopalians. The peculiar feature of our ecclesiastical organization is that there is no body higher than the local church itself, no appeal to Presbytery, no appeal to Conference, no appeal to Synod, no appeal to General Assembly; and so I beg you to remember at the outset that I do not represent anybody but myself, and I do not speak for anybody but myself. I am very glad I am not alone. There is a team of us here to-night. Dr. Tupper does not represent anybody except himself. It does not even follow that he represents the church of which he is the pastor. If the people of his church are like the people of my church, they believe a good many things I do not, and I believe a good many things they do not, and I generally try my very best to get the best of them. That is the minister's business.

I am very sure, however, that I have an easy place to-night so far as this matter of bringing to you greetings from your Congregational brethren, because while we are separate in ecclesiastical organization, and separate in regard to many specific functions of church life, there is a very broad and deep common foundation in the faith and the practice which distinguish both Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and for that matter Baptists too. That hymn which we have just been singing seems to me to have been and to be peculiarly adapted as a point of departure for the services of this evening. We have been lifted up on its wings into the heaven of heavens. Under its inspiration we have the bright vision of a world conquest by the gospel, and by it, as by

a strong flood tide, when the heart enters into it, so that we sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, all barriers of ecclesiastical and of theological separation are swept away. There is a good deal of the polemic in my make-up. I like a good square fight, but I always break my lances and I throw the severed parts away whenever the cross of Jesus Christ appears in view. There is no fight left. I have been asking myself while you were singing, Where am I to-night? You say, "That is easy enough to answer; you are in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church." No, I am not. That is only part of the truth. I am not merely in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, made famous by forty years of pastoral service by that great and good man, Albert Barnes; I am on a platform which for two centuries has been true and steadfast to Jesus Christ and to his gospel, and therefore I do not feel a bit out of place. I ask myself, Who am I? I look at your program and find my name there, and probably a good many of you wonder what those three initials mean, and when you try to pronounce the last name I venture to say there will not two of you pronounce it alike. I do not know any two men that ever did pronounce it alike. That is not my name. That was given to me before I knew anything consciously of my existence. It is a name that in a very few years will perish with me, obliterated upon the headstone where my body shall be laid away. It is not the name I am going to carry into eternity. My earthly father gave it to me, but I am another's son by the grace of adoption, and somewhere in my New Testament I have read this: that a white stone is given to every believer, and upon that stone a name written which no one knows except he who gives it and he who receives it. By the pierced palms of the Lord Jesus Christ that name has been written on this heart of mine, as it is written on your heart, and on yours, and by and by from out of that heart it shall come in flashes upon the brow. That is my name. A child of God, not by any inherited right or personal merit, but by the free grace of adoption which centres in him who is the eternal Son of God, and in whom alone your sonship

and mine is. Then I have asked myself another question, "What am I?" That perplexes me a good deal sometimes. When I look back upon my religious history, I wonder how I ever survived the changes through which I have passed. I was baptized in the old Dutch Reformed Church, and that on good Holland soil, for I was born across the ocean. Then I was very diligently trained in the theology of the Lutheran Church, confirmed when I was only a lad of fourteen, became a communicant of that body of Christians, an unconverted lad, knowing nothing in personal experience of the saving power of Jesus Christ and the ministry of his Holy Spirit in the conscience and in the affections. Four years passed away, and one of those old-fashioned circuit riders in the forests of southern Ohio who murdered the king's English, had never read one page of Murray's grammar, or any other, but who knew his Bible, and who knew what salvation by Jesus Christ was—those simple, blunt words of his fell into soil that was prepared, and the deep springs within were broken up, and there was a strong grip upon the conscience, and I was converted in the old-fashioned Methodist way until I shouted "Glory, hallelujah!" Yes, I did then. I have not done it often since. Sometimes my blood boils in me to do it. Then I became a Presbyterian, and got thoroughly straightened out on theology. Then the Baptists put me under water. Then I went to a Baptist college and was graduated there. Then I had the Baptist theology crammed into me at Rochester, New York. Then I was ordained by a Baptist Council, and for ten years I performed the duties of a Baptist minister; eight years in Yonkers, New York, and two years and a half in Cleveland, Ohio. Then I jumped over the fence and became a Congregationalist. I have been there twenty-three years now, seven in Providence, Rhode Island, and the last sixteen years in Brooklyn. You call that evolution. I call it revolution. There is only one more step I have got to make: to go back into the church of my fathers, the old Dutch Church, famous for many things; most famous for the Synod of Dort, whose Calvinism is just a little steeper than that of

the Westminister Confession of Faith. I see you have got one Dutchman there.

Well, that is rather introductory. I am not a collector of curiosities, I am not an antiquarian, but among the few literary treasures in my library are these four things: a sermon plan in the handwriting of Mr. Charles Spurgeon; a manuscript sermon by Nathaniel Emmons, preached in 1802; a manuscript sermon by George B. Cheever, preached in 1846 and repeated in 1851 (he gave himself away when he wrote that second date on the margin), and a manuscript sermon by Albert Barnes, preached in the pulpit of this church on the sixth of December, 1846. It is accompanied with an autograph letter, dated July 14th, 1858, when it was published for the first time. Here is the old hymn book. You do not use it now, but I can give you the hymns that were sung that Sunday morning. Hymn No. 403, which was the first hymn, "A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify." The second was hymn No. 145, "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow." The last hymn, concluding the service, was 128; a hymn, by the way, written by an Arminian and sung by a Calvinistic congregation, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." It has been a very interesting task for me to compare these four sermon samples. They yield very interesting disclosures. Spurgeon's outline is for sore and wounded hearts. I heard the sermon, of which I have only the plan. Its theme was the furnace which God prepares for every believing soul. He never duplicates his furnace, Spurgeon says. He has one furnace for each man whom he wants to save, and when its work is done he breaks it to pieces, and, strangely enough, the general theme which he drew from his text was the relation of election to trial by fire. I remember one point that he made that I never forgot. He said, "The fire changes you, but it does not change God's purpose on behalf of you." So this sermon is a message of comfort. Emmons' sermon is just like him, fully written out, two general divisions, seven subdivisions, eight improvements added for full measure—seventeen in all, written

on small, unlined note paper, with every line just as straight as if the ruler had been drawn across it, a solid, merciless, theological treatise from beginning to end, of which you could not drop out a word, setting forth the terrible doom of the sinner. Dr. Cheever's sermon is a tender and impassioned plea that Christians engage in the service of God for the conversion of men; and Albert Barnes, writing on large, green-colored, gilt-edged, broad-margin sermon paper, with a chirography almost as fine and exact as steel engraving, puts his whole soul into a simple, ardent commendation of the Christian ministry to young men of earnest minds. His text was Acts 16:1 to 3, and the theme was an appeal to young men on the subject of the ministry.

Each one of these four sermons was a revelation of the man. Spurgeon, in love with the ministry of comfort; Emmons hammering the steel links of a theological system; Cheever aflame with the passion for souls; Barnes throwing his whole heart into the ennobling of young life by pen and by speech; for that is the meaning of his voluminous notes on the Bible. I should not dare to tell you what my theological teacher said about Albert Barnes' notes. I see that Prof. Johnson yonder, in the rear of the room, has had the audacity to print it in his autobiography of that revered theological teacher. I will not tell you what it was. You will not know unless you hunt it up. But I want to say this, that Albert Barnes never wrote his notes for theological students. He never designed his notes for those who are competent to act as critics upon the original. He wrote his notes for Sunday-school teachers, and with them they have had a remarkable influence. The training of young men was, from the beginning to the end of his ministry, one of the four things in which he toiled with unabated enthusiasm. The other three were these: temperance, the abolition of slavery and unlimited atonement.

I would like to talk for about an hour and a half to-night on this subject of Albert Barnes and Presbyterianism. I tell you there is a lot for a Congregationalist to do when he gets on that topic. It is very inviting. President Patton has spoken to you

on Presbyterian doctrine, and I presume that when his speech is published there will not be an Arminian left in the city of Philadelphia. I see that Dr. Herrick Johnson has unfolded to you the beauty and the beneficence of the Presbyterian Form of Government, and I presume that when that speech is printed the Baptists and the Congregationalists will be piling pellmell over each other to see who shall get the Presbyterian government first. Now, speaking of President Patton, I was in this house once before. I do not believe one of you remembers my coming in or going out. I was not in the pulpit. I had a seat down in one of these pews twenty years ago, on Sunday morning, damp and misty, just about as it is to-night. There was a very slim congregation present. We had an excellent sermon, though, from Prof. Patton. What impressed me more than the sermon even was this: that he should be standing in the place made famous by Albert Barnes, and evidently, if I have read your program aright, you are not a bit afraid of Princeton College or of Princeton theology; because, if you had been afraid, you would not have selected President Patton as the expounder of Presbyterian doctrine. Throughout the entire painful period of disruption, from 1837 to 1870, Albert Barnes was in the thick of the fight. It pleased God to spare him, and in his own city, in May, 1870, to be a personal witness, if not an active participant, in the great reunion. Seven months afterward he entered into the eternal peace; and eight years afterward he was followed by Charles Hodge. These two men clasped hands before they died; and in heaven, as Melancthon said on his deathbed, theologians even never quarrel. The Lord grant you, my brethren, favor, that there may never be a second disruption. Let us be patient and wait, so long as loyalty to Jesus Christ and to the Scriptures of his endorsement remain supreme. It seems to me that those are the two pillars of our faith, the two great piers over which is sprung the mighty arch of salvation, crossing the turbid, the wide, the roaring waters of sin and of death. The incarnation of God in Christ, and the inspired authority of the Bible, these must stand. I say the

incarnation of God in Christ; not a Pantheistic immanence, which, creeping up from the sponges of the sea and the shellfish comes to its flower in man and to its full fruit in Jesus Christ—not that; not a Pantheistic immanence of God in Christ, nor merely a mystical union of God with him by the Spirit, but a conscious personal identification of Jesus Christ with the eternal Godhead—that has been the note of triumphant conviction and of amazing courage through martyr fires and through dungeons, from the hour that Peter made it until the present time. The inspired authority of the Bible,—not a hard and fast theory of inspiration, whether mechanical or dynamic, whether verbal or noematic, whether plenary or partial, not that; not the claim of absolute inerrancy in dates and genealogical tables and quotations from the Old Testament and minor details, but these two things: the historicity of the record, and the authority of the doctrine. By these we stand and by these we fall. For these we intelligently, deliberately, incessantly do fight, and will fight to the very end. Brethren, I hope you have had enough of trials for heresy. One bite of that sort of thing is enough to gorge a man for a lifetime. I do not mean to say that sometimes they are not necessary. They are. So are amputations, but you do not want one every week in a family, and one trial for heresy is enough for a century. After all, they do not settle much of anything. The open fight is the best. Let men say what they have to say, and let their speech be searched to the inmost core. Search the Scriptures; test what is taught. In the open fight over the Bible down to this moment tradition holds the vantage ground. I may be a very poor observer, but if I am right in my observation, Willhausen has one foot in the grave already where Baur is buried, and there was more genius and learning in Baur's single head than there is in the whole Willhausen school of the present day. The truth is that substantially the battle has been fought, and the victory has been won. It only remains to send the cavalry after the stragglers. It has been fought and won, not by ecclesiastical censures, but by the weight of Christian scholarship. I was going to say I hope every one of you will get the

polychrome Bible. The polychrome Bible is its own hangman. The new Hebrew dictionary, that is being got out laboriously in parts on the other side of the Atlantic and this, is going to be dead before it is finished. When I saw the advertisement in the papers of the Expositors' Bible, which was to take the place of Dean Alford's Commentary, which I have had on the shelves on my revolving desk for these twenty-five years and more, you can imagine how eager I was to buy it. My Alford is all to pieces, leaves and binding and all. I said, "Oh, here is a great find!" Well, I read it. It is doomed to failure. I have no further use for the volumes that are going to succeed. You and I may just as well stick to the old Bible, the Bible that our fathers read and the Bible that our mothers thumbed, and for me at least there is not a better commentary to be found anywhere than the commentary of John Calvin. I do not know of any better. The old way is still the best. That is very strange sort of talk for a Congregationalist, is it not? Because many of you good folks who do not know us think that we are a rope of sand, think there is not anybody among us who has any personal convictions that are strong enough to die for. You think of us as a creedless church. Well, we have very little ecclesiastical machinery, and there are no authoritative creeds among us; but I tell you what we have got. We have a history, and facts often speak louder than words. We have a history on both sides of the Atlantic of which any sect may well be proud, a history that is not distinguished by mere petty controversies upon ecclesiastical forms or procedure, a history which shows you a constituency steeped in the ardent love for the Bible, a history which shows you a constituency that has always stood firm as a rock for the preaching and the divinity of that gospel which was once for all delivered unto the saints. We have a great history. It is a long while ago, but still it is part of our history, and it has become part of yours as Presbyterians, that the finest mind which the United States has ever produced, the greatest of all American philosophers and of all American theologians, belongs more to us than he does to you, though he died with you—Jonathan

Edwards, who passed from his exile at Northampton to become president of Princeton College; and I say, brethren, what God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Congregationalists do not believe everything that Edwards believed or taught or wrote, and you do not either. You are just as badly off as we are. Mark Hopkins was an Edwardsean in his ethics; Dr. McCosh was not; and Dr. McCosh, with Mark Hopkins, did not find any difficulty in laying down full length on the grass together on the hill slopes of Williamstown, and they loved each other as brothers. We have our history; and that history burns and glows with ardent, enthusiastic loyalty to Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, made flesh, dying for us sinners and for our salvation, and with a burning enthusiasm for the inspired authority of the word of God. Brethren, we have our domestic infelicity, and so have you, and I look around and I find everybody has them. I look back and see that they had them 100 years ago, 500 years ago, 1800 years ago, 4000 years ago. It has always been so. It will be so to the end of the world. I do not take a great deal of stock in all this namby-pamby talk that we are living in a peculiar age. Men are men, and human nature is human nature. Forms of conflict may differ. At heart it is always the same—the old fight between darkness and light, between truth and falsehood, between sin and righteousness, between God and the devil—always the same outside of the Church and in the Church, always the same fight. Yes, we have our troubles and we have had our troubles, and so have you all; but the old faith stands, and the old faith holds the fort with us, with you, with all, and it is going to sweep with its victorious column all the continents and all the isles of the sea. Nothing else can do it. The old gospel preached on the day of Pentecost, by the preaching of which, begun by Paul, the old Roman Empire was converted, and the eagles bent before the Nazarene—that is going to do it. The old gospel—this is my greeting to you to-night. You have stood fast. We have stood fast. You are standing fast. We are standing fast. Stand fast for the days that are to come. Put on the whole armor of God. With the helmet of salvation

upon the head, with the breast-plate of righteousness covering the vitals, with the left arm glued to the shield of faith, quenching the fiery darts of the wicked, and with the right hand seizing the two-edge blade of the Spirit, which is the word of God, stand for the future as you have stood for these two hundred years, and as you are standing now, and, if I may venture to say it, we can stand with you, shoulder to shoulder. Swarming all around us, in eager haste, will come the great, gospel-loving crowd of Baptists, from whom no pool of water and no fenced table shall ever be able to separate us.

THE PASTOR.

I very much regret to say that Justice Williams is not with us to-night, and we shall not have the great pleasure of hearing an address from him, representing the laity of the church; but the state of his health is such and the pressure of his duties upon him at this time so great, that he did not deem it expedient to come, and we did not deem it expedient to urge his coming. We know what he would have said to us, at least we know the spirit of it, for we have heard his voice more than once in our own church meeting. He begged me to assure those who might be present of his most hearty interest in this celebration, and of his willingness to do all that might be in him to do in the way of personal service when he shall come back to worship with us during the winter. So the only remaining address is the address to be given by our brother, Dr. Tupper, of the First Baptist Church of this city, whose voice we have before heard within these walls a little time ago. There were peculiarly intimate relations between the Baptists and Presbyterians—you see I say nothing about the church—in the early days. They met together in that old Barbadoes Store, and I have no doubt they had some royal meetings. In course of time they thought best to separate, to go each his own way, but it was in all friendliness and through conscientious conviction, and so after these two hundred years we meet again. We meet under peculiarly happy

circumstances, and next month I believe the Baptists are to celebrate their bi-centennial, and we will get the start of all others by offering them to-night our heartfelt congratulations and greetings.

ADDRESS.—"Greetings of the Baptist Church."

Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.,
Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Like my very distinguished, evolved and revolved Baptist-Congregational brother, Dr. Behrends, I am very happy indeed to be with you on this inspiring anniversary occasion. Especially do I feel it a source of pleasure and gratification to have the privilege and honor to-night of bearing at this your bi-centennial the greetings and congratulations of the Baptists of this city, and particularly the members of my own church. At a meeting of that church last night the following resolution was offered and heartily and unanimously carried: "The First Baptist Church in Philadelphia sends most cordial Christian greeting to their beloved brethren of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. In 1695, when both of us were few and feeble, we met in joint worship in the storehouse on the Barbadoes lot. You profited by our minister, John Watts, on alternate Sundays, and we by your occasional supplies. On December 11, 1698, nine persons coalesced into the Baptist Church, whose bi-centennial we shall celebrate next month. With true Presbyterian push you organized into a church nearly a month earlier than we, just as in 1815 the Second Presbyterian Church stole a march upon us by founding the first Sunday-school in Philadelphia, less than a month before we did. We have been trying to keep up with you in good works ever since then, but we find it taxes all of our ingenuity and our strength. As stated by good old Morgan—I give his own words—you in a manner drove the Baptists away two centuries ago. We have long since forgiven you, and welcomed you into our hearts, and know no rivalry other than in

love for our common Lord and Master and in service for our fellow man."

This resolution, Dr. Baker, I hand you to keep as an expression of our sympathy, our love, and our congratulation. The nearly five million of people whom I represent to-night have the profoundest admiration for the great Presbyterian body, for its heroic history, for its splendid culture, for its missionary enthusiasm and achievements, for its consecrated devotion to a pure, unemasculated, evangelical Christianity. I think that we in nothing rejoice so much as in this: that you have with such fearlessness and such firmness and such fidelity always stood true to the great, cardinal, fundamental, vital principles of the gospel of Christ. With us, you are true to the inspiration of the New, and, Dr. Behrends, the Old Testament also, which Dr. Behrends has so faithfully defended, through the last two years particularly, to the divine nature and atoning death of Jesus Christ, to the personality and deity of the Holy Spirit, to the depravity of man and the need of a divine renewal from above, to the spiritual character of church membership, and to the inalienable and glorious right of private judgment and of private interpretation—all of these things because God's word reveals these things, and we together believe that what God's word reveals man should accept, and what God's word enjoins man should seek to obey; that in all matters of the soul you have heard no voice but divinity, claimed no master but Christ, and held no creed but the Holy Scriptures. Together I think you and I have on this simple, eternal, immovable principle always stood, heroically and fearlessly, trammelled by no machinery, tied down by no set form of worship, and fettered by no tradition, but free to come and go, to preach and plan and labor just as we pleased, if only we are true to the infallible word of the eternal God. We thank God and take courage when we think of your history in that direction. Let me say to-night, I believe the glory of any Christian denomination can be expressed in one sentence, and that sentence is this: to maintain among themselves and to propagate among others absolute loyalty to God's word in belief and

in life, to win the world to Christ, to develop the Church of God, and to advance humanity in the highest principles of the glorious civilization, on the basis and through the instrumentality of that word as the final and sufficient revelation of God's will and God's way to men, that one divine aim comprehending all things, even as the narrow tubes of the telescope comprehend the farthest fields of visional space that the human eye can take in. The Baptist rejoices with you in this: that you have always been so true to the glorious gospel of the Son of God, and let me say as a Baptist, that I rejoice so much to-night as I look over the program, to see that the various branches of the great Church of Christ have been represented in these bi-centennial services. There are only two churches in the world, the church universal and the church local, the church organic and the church organized, the church divisible and the church indivisible, the church mortal and the church immortal, the church born of God and the church constructed of men; and to every man that has his heart in the matter, and whose heart has been touched by the Spirit of God, the church universal is always more than the church local, and the church indivisible more than the church divisible, and the church organic more than the church organized, and the church born of God more than the church constructed of men. As a Baptist I love to sing with the Methodist Wesley, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul, Let me to Thy Bosom Fly," and then with the Episcopalian Toplady, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me, Let me Hide Myself in Thee," and then with the Congregationalist Palmer, "My Faith Looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary," and then with the Presbyterian Bonar, "Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to God the Spirit, Great Divine Three in One," and then with the Reformer Luther, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God, a Bulwark Never Failing," and then with the Catholic Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light, Amidst the Encircling Gloom, Lead Thou me On," and then with the Unitarian Behring—would to God all Unitarians would sing as he sang!—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory, Towering O'er the Wrecks of Time; All the Light of Sacred Story

Gathers Round its Head Sublime," and then with the Baptist Faucett, "Blest be the Tie that Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love; The Fellowship of Kindred Minds is Like to that Above." Then I love to hear all these voices blending together in one great song of union, "Like a Mighty Army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are Treading where the Saints have Trod; We are not Divided; All One Body We, One in Hope and Doctrine, One in Charity." I believe that more and more we are seeing that in the Church of Christ there is room for all graces and all gifts, Episcopal æstheticism, Congregational scholarship, Presbyterian theology, Methodist activity, Quaker passivity, and Baptist independence, if it does not run into anarchy. There is room for all these, that we may be the perfect Church of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. So I take great pleasure to-night in bearing greetings and congratulations of the Baptists, not only of this city, but of our nation and of the world, to this old church on this occasion.

So much for the greetings. What message have I for you to-night? Like my ancient Baptist brother, John Bunyan, and like my recent Baptist brother, Dr. Behrends, I have been somewhat tumbled up in my mind to decide what to talk to you about in the twenty minutes that I have left; but I have settled on this, "Some marks of progress in the world since this church was founded." I want to go home to-night believing that God is reigning, and that our world grows better from generation to generation because God reigns supreme from century to century. In a peculiarly fascinating address by perhaps the most gifted and accomplished of all nineteenth century statesmen—I believe it was the last public address that was ever made by that grand and good man whose ashes Westminster Abbey has recently received—there was uttered in England, before an enthusiastic and sympathetic audience, this ringing, royal sentence, "Let us believe that Christianity and humanity are advancing all the time; that, whether we can see it or not, there is a constant and developing progress in human life and in the affairs of God; that though iniquity may prevail for a season and men's hearts fail

with fear, still both onward and upward goes our race in God-guided and irresistible movement." Now, as you begin to stand on the very threshold of your third hundred years, I want more than ever you should believe that our world grows better, that you should look around you and see, as encouragement and inspiration, with a really optimistic soul, that there is improvement everywhere and in all directions, in material conditions, in social relations, in philanthropic endeavor, in educational movements, in moral elevation, and in Christian growth and attainment, the whole race moving forward, through frightful crises, to what Mazzini calls the cultivative progress of human destiny. Human history is not a descending, a downward spiral, but an upward, an ascending spiral, growing by a sure evolutionary process from the less to the greater, from the good to the better, and all the world under God improving because God lives, or, as Whittier puts it so well, "All the good the past have had remains to make our own time glad." Fortunately I am an optimist because I am a Christian, an optimist not so much from a genial disposition as from faith in God Almighty, because, as Dr. Behrends has so well said to-night, truth is stronger than falsehood, right is stronger than wrong, and God is stronger than the devil. Above all the din and roar of our day I love to quote those two lines from the popular song, "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

I know there are many conditions of our day that make us tremble. Take our own country, for instance. There is the vast increase in our population. There is the nature of much of our immigration, so ignorant and thriftless. There is the naturalization among us of communism and anarchy, nihilism and socialism. There is the rapid development of our urban life, beyond the power sometimes it would seem of the gospel to reach it. There is the non-attendance of thousands and thousands upon Christian worship, and their indifference to the sanctuaries of Christian faith, and all these things throw a deep, dark, distressing shadow over the disk of our civilization; and yet the man that will stop and consider our world—contrast our world

to-day with the world of two hundred years ago—will take courage, thank God, and have inspiration to be better and to do better in the rest of his life. Let me give you a few illustrations to-night in the realm moral first, and then in the realm spiritual. At the great World's Exposition, in 1893, there might have been seen in the Massachusetts building, in Chicago, lottery tickets issued by Harvard College in 1794. Those tickets sold for five dollars each. They were offered in the legislative rooms in Boston. All the proceeds of those tickets went to build a library for Harvard College. Is such a thing possible to-day, after the development of civilization and of Christianity for the last two hundred years? You may have been surprised at that. Go to the very next building and you will find there lottery tickets issued by the state of Massachusetts and by the government of our United States in the year 1794, as a means of raising money for the expenses of the government. Now, after Christian operation in our country, we find that this very government of ours is not allowing even the advertisement of a lottery to pass through the mails of the United States. That may have astonished you; but there is something more than that. I have here in my pocket a copy of a lottery ticket issued by a Christian church when this church was one hundred years old. The original is held by one of the citizens of Philadelphia. It reads thus, "Protestant Episcopal Lottery, No. 6696"—which shows how many had been taken up to that time. "This ticket entitles the possessor to such profits as may be drawn against its number, if demanded within six months. By order of the General Association of Rhode Island. (Signed), William H. Larned, Moderator. November 17, 1797." When this church was ninety-nine years old, it was nothing uncommon for colleges and churches and states and the United States of America to use lottery tickets, something to-day unthinkable, owing to the development of our civilization.

Look at another aspect of this moral development. When this church was one hundred years old liquor was used in families, was used at funerals, was used at the ordination of ministers,

and used at the dedication of Christian churches. If you will go to Beverly, Massachusetts, and take up the church record in the year 1785, you will find these words, "And the church shall lay by thirty-five pounds for the ordination of our pastor, Reverend Thomas McKane, eighteen pounds of which shall be for rum and for wine." In the end of the seventeenth century you remember what in England the usual sign was, as you went through the streets, on every tavern, "Come in and drink for a penny. For two pennies get dead drunk. No cost for straw." That was the usual sign. To-day, you and I, because of the impact of Christianity on our civilization, place screens so that we cannot see these spectacles of death in these houses of hell. At the very close of the eighteenth century, as Sydney tells us in his life of Sir Richard Hall, the usual invitation to dinner from one gentleman of high order to another gentleman read thus, "Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B., and requests the honor of his company to dinner and to get drunk." Now, contrast our day with that, and you will have faith in the Lord God Almighty, who is ruling and overturning these things for the glory of his name and for the uplifting of our civilization. To-day we demand that sobriety shall be part of the life of every man who ministers to the higher necessity of humanity. The great mountain peaks of intellectual life have already been touched by the sunrise of reform, and that radiance is creeping down into the valleys of ignorance and of vice, just as the morning brightness first tints Mont Blanc, and then bathes sweet Chamounix in its refreshing light. I think you and I, as we consider these things, will thank God that with the development of the Church there has been this uplifting of civilization in so many directions.

Now come for a few moments into the Christian realm and see what vast improvement has been made in Christian work, in the development of Christian enterprise, since this church was founded. In 1809 there were only five church members among all the students of Yale. There were four infidel clubs, and there were many students who went by the name of French and

English skeptics. Last year Yale graduated two hundred and seven men, and out of the two hundred and seven men one hundred and sixty-four were members of evangelical churches. That speaks for the power of God in the civilization of America. In the first eight years of Bowdoin College there was only one Christian. In the first five years of Williams College there was only one church member. How is it to-day? Only a few months ago 1362 students of Michigan University gave their religious impressions and their religious conditions, and out of the 1362, 697 were found members of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, or Baptist churches—more than one-half. There are to-day in our United States colleges 70,700 students, and out of that number 39,400 are members of some evangelical church—the power of God in the hearts of the young men. More and more our youth, because of the growing power of Christianity, are beginning to take this old book up and to say, "It is the oracle of my faith. It is the manual of my education. It is the inspiration of my life. It is the charter of my liberty." More and more these young men are falling down at the feet of Jesus Christ, and saying there as they fall, "My Lord and my God." If you and I will only stop and think, we can thank God that during the history of this church there have been such marvellous developments in Christian civilization. Now, taking the matter of numbers—and I want to dwell on this because there are so many pessimistic declarations to-day—let me give you some figures that will encourage you as you go into the new century. In 1800, less than one hundred years ago, we find there was only one Christian church to every 1750 people. In 1850 we find one church to every 500, in round numbers. In 1870, one church to every 450. In 1890, one church to every 436. In 1895, one church to every 344 people. Think you, in the last one hundred years from one church to 1750 people to one church to 344 people! Does not that speak wonders for the development of the gospel in America? You and I think our population has increased wonderfully. From 1800 to 1850 our population increased ninefold, our church membership twenty-eight

fold. From 1850 to 1890 our population gained 152 per cent., our church membership gained 243 per cent. When this church was one hundred years old we had only 1400 ministers in America. To-day we have 110,000 instead of 1400. Then we had only 2000 churches. Now we have 147,000 churches. Then we had only 200,000 communicants. To-day we have 20,167,000. Whenever I get to be a little pessimistic, I like to take up Dr. Carroll's last report and read it over, and though there may not be much in it as the figures express, yet they do give encouragement and inspiration to the heart of a man who believes in God and looks for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. What are those figures? You may remember them. Ministers in America, 110,000. Churches in America, 142,000. Organizations in America, Christian, 167,000. Communicants in Christian churches in America, 20,100,000. Sermons preached last year—would you not like to have heard them all?—10,000,000. Services held in Christian churches last year 10,000,000—independently of all the Bible school sessions—and to-day $675,000,000 invested in church property, with a Protestant population of 47,000,000 and a Catholic population of 8,700,000, and we are now about to close a century during which more missionary boards have been established, more missionaries have been sent out, more converts have been made from papal and pagan and Moslem communities, more Bibles have been circulated and distributed, more rich and rare trophies brought to the mediatorial cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, than ever before in all the one thousand years of the past; so much so that men are beginning to accept the statement of Schliermacher when he says: "To abolish Christianity is to pluck up by the root all that is noblest and best and wisest in the world's civilization." As you, the First Presbyterian Church here, and my people in the First Baptist Church, step upon the threshold of their third hundred years, I want their notes to be these: never so much love and loyalty to Jesus Christ as to-day; never so many followers of the humble Nazarene as to-day; never so much earnestness in understanding Jesus as the way, the truth and the life as to-day; never such an

intelligent appreciation of God's Church and the application of that spirit to the great and mighty problems of the world as to-day. The great heart of the Church, pulsating with unusual velocity, the pure fires of evangelism burning with unwonted brilliancy on unnumbered altars, and the evidence everywhere that God has a living Church, an immortal body of his Church, and that living Church is the strength, the power, the inspiration, to the celestial life of all the churches named after Jesus Christ. The Atlantic Monthly and Professor Shodde and Professor Shopenhauer and other men may talk to me as I enter the third hundred years of my church's life, about the darkness, about the fog, about the shipwreck, but under God's own light I can stand and say:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care;
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

For "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

The motto I shall give to my people on December 11 will be found in the words of Whittier, which I want all my people to learn and to commit and to repeat during the next year; and the words are these:

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times or holier shore;
God's love and blessing then and there
Are now and here and everywhere."

God give us this optimistic spirit as we enter the third hundred years of our two organizations.

HYMN 390.

THE PASTOR.

Our bi-centennial celebration will come to its close to-morrow evening with a reception and reunion of the present and former members of this church, of Presbyterians generally in the city, and of all such friends as may choose to come and spend the evening with us. This Church will be opened and the Memorial Building will be opened. There will be room for all who may come, and I hope many will come.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.