

LEAVES FROM A CENTURY PLANT.

REPORT

OF THE

Centennial Celebration

OF

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH,

(THIRD PRESBYTERIAN,)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MAY 29, 1868.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

