

QUARTER CENTURY



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1874

Fort St. Presbyterian Church



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Fort Street Presbyterian
Church (Detroit, Mich.)
Records of the services
connected with the twenty-

RECORDS

— OF —

THE SERVICES

CONNECTED WITH THE

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

— OF THE —

ORGANIZATION

— OF THE —

Fort Street Presbyterian Church,

DETROIT, MICH.

COMPILED UNDER DIRECTION OF THE SESSION.

DETROIT,

O. S. GULLEY'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE 10 AND 12 LARNED STREET.

1874.



A Chapter of Preliminaries.

On the seventeenth day of December, 1873, the Elders and Deacons, of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church of Detroit, convened at the study of the pastor. Attention was called to the fact that the church was organized upon the third Wednesday of February, 1849, (February 21st,) and that, consequently, the third Wednesday of February, 1874, (February 18th,) would be an appropriate day to be observed as marking the completion of the first Quarter-Century of its history.

It was, accordingly, resolved to hold, upon that day, Anniversary Services. The pastor, the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, was requested to conduct the correspondence; and with the aid of George W. Hoffman, elder, and Douglas Payne, deacon, to act as a general *Committee of Arrangements*. Edward C. Walker, elder, was invited to act as *Historian and Necrologist*, George W. Hoffman, to report upon the *Financial and Benevolent Outlay* of the quarter-century, and Bradford Smith, deacon, upon the *Sabbath School and its Officers*.

It was further determined to invite the Rev. James B. Shaw, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y., to preach the Anniversary Sermon; and to set apart the evening of the Anniversary for the hearing of brief addresses from brethren of other churches, and for a collation and social gathering.

The Choir, consisting of Henry Meakin, Esq., Organist, Prof. F. Abel, Mr. A. Mensell, Miss Mary C. Brewster, Miss Frances L. Chaffin, were constituted a *Committee on Music*, and the following ladies, committees on *decoration* and *collation*:

Committee on Decoration :—MRS. EDWARD C. WALKER,

Miss Minnie Abbott, Mrs. R. A. Alger, Mrs. G. F. Bagley, Miss Anna Botsford, Mrs. Mary Buckley, Mrs. C. H. Buhl, Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain, Mrs. J. W. Dailey, Mrs. Anna M. Evans, Mrs. J. S. Jennings, Miss Lottie Ladue, Mrs. E. D. Lay, Mrs. M. F. Merrick, Miss Mary Orr, Mrs. G. H. Prentis, Mrs. Chas. Root, Miss Mary E. Sherrill, Mrs. S. P. Wilcox, Miss Alice Woodruff.

Committee on Collation :—MRS. FRANKLIN MOORE,

Mrs. F. Adams, Mrs. E. W. Bissell, Mrs. C. C. Blodgett, Mrs. F. Buhl, Mrs. C. C. Cadman, Mrs. A. P. Cameron, Mrs. S. Davis, Mrs. Geo. Foote, Mrs. R. W. Gillett, Mrs. J. D. Hayes, Mrs. William Hull, Mrs. W. M. Johnson, Mrs. J. F. Joy, Mrs. A. G. Lindsay, Mrs. J. W. Longyear, Miss Mary Penny, Mrs. Allan Shelden, Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mrs. S. W. Thompson, Mrs. Samuel Zug.

Beside special invitations issued to the previous pastors and stated supplies of the church, and to the families of such previous ministers as are now deceased, the following circular letter was printed and sent to those former members of the church now living, whose present residences were known, and to various clergymen and prominent laymen in the city, state, and country at large :

A quarter of a Century having passed since the organization of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church of Detroit, Wednesday, the eighteenth day of February inst., will be observed as the

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, a

Memorial Sermon

will be preached by the REV. JAMES B. SHAW, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a paper,

Historical and Necrological,

will be read by the Hon. EDWARD C. WALKER, followed by reports, covering the financial and benevolent outlay and christian work of the last twenty-five years.

At half-past seven o'clock in the evening, there will be a **SOCIAL REUNION AND COLLATION**, with brief addresses by various brethren, whose names are linked with the history of the church of Christ in our city and vicinity.

It is hoped, also, that the REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., of New York City, will take part in these Memorial Services.

We urge the presence of all friends, and especially **all former members** of the congregation.

IN BEHALF OF THE CHURCH:

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, PASTOR.
 GEORGE W. HOFFMAN, ELDER.
 DOUGLAS PAYNE, DEACON.

The Anniversary Day

Was one of rare beauty, with an atmosphere, at once balmy and bracing; the glorious sunshine from a cloudless sky, beaming upon our gathering, like the smile of God.

The interior of the church was elaborately and exquisitely decorated with evergreens, and flowers in tropical profusion and luxuriance. Upon the wall panels, to the left and right of the pulpit, appeared the significant dates: "1849" and "1874." The communion table bore a bank of living, blooming plants, artistically arranged in the form of a quadrangular pyramid, which almost hid the pulpit, whose balustrades were gracefully wreathed and festooned in evergreens, and whose chief balusters supported basket bouquets. The front of the choir gallery bore a silver shield with a group of callas at its center, and bouquets at its angles, while living vines of ivy wound about the carved openings and standards.

A large portion of the floral decoration was in memory of the dead. From the canopy above the pulpit, hung a colossal crown, fit tribute to those godly ministers who have received their immortal diadem, and whose names and memories are especially dear to the Presbyterians of Detroit, viz: the Revs. JOHN MONTEITH, GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D., ROBERT R. KELLOGG and JAMES MEANS.

In the window, on the left of the pulpit, seven superb crimson flowers represented the name ROWLAND, and a floral cross, on the right, commemorated MCFARREN, both deceased elders. From the opposing brackets supporting the roof-truss, were suspended crosses of evergreen, expanding at the base into quadrangular tablets, which bore, respectively, the names of KNIGHT and RAY, two other departed members of the session, who were also superintendents in the Sabbath School. A floral anchor, a widow's tribute to her husband, HENRY J. BUCKLEY, and a broken column rising from a mossy base, and bearing the initial "P," reared by a sister to the memory of SELDEN JONES PHILLIPS, completed the memorial decorations.

The following hymns, composed by the pastor, for the occasion, were printed on slips and distributed in the pews :

H Y M N S

FOR THE

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

“Happy is that people whose God is Jehovah.”

I.

Thou God of Love and Grace,
To Thee we bow !
O, let Thy radiant face
Beam on us now !
To every humble heart,
Thy life and love impart ;
Our hope and help Thou art,
And only Thou !

II.

Years fly on fleetest wing :
Thine may we be !
Then shall they only bring
Us nearer Thee !
O, be our guard and guide,
Walk ever at our side,
Till with Thee we abide,
Thy face to see !

III.

To Thee we gladly give
Our every power ;
In serving Thee, to live
Till life's last hour.
Help us the cross to bear ;
Thy throne and bliss to share,
Then give the crown to wear,
Joy's perfect dower.

“Hitherto Hath the Lord Helped Us.”

I.

Hear, thou God of gifts and graces,
While our prayers and praise we bring.
Gathered in these hallowed places,
Grateful songs to Thee we sing.
Thou, with gentle hand, hast led us,
In the midst of foes and fears ;
And, with lavish bounty fed us,
Through these five and twenty years.

II.

Thanks for ceaseless care and kindness,
Countless ministries of love ;
In our darkness and our blindness,
Light and guidance from above.
For the heirs of life immortal,
Saved by blood and sealed by grace.
And for those who, through the portal
Now have passed, and see Thy face.

III.

Spread Thine own pavillion near us,
Where our pilgrim tents delay ;
Let Thy Pillar guide and cheer us,
Through the yet untrodden way.
And when we, our journey ending,
Stand upon the golden shore ;
All our songs in chorus blending,
Will we bless Thee evermore.

“Household of God.”

I.

Thou, to whom all praise belongs,
Hear Thy children's thankful songs;
From Thy throne, where seraphs bow,
Pour Thy blessing on us now!

II.

Bearing Jesus' hallowed name,
Breathing His inspiring aim,
Be our freedom and our joy
Found, like His, in Thine employ!

III.

Here may heralds speak Thy word,
And with docile hearts be heard;
Many souls be saved by grace,
And prepared to see Thy face.

IV.

And when all Thy children meet,
Where the household is complete;
May we join that countless throng,
Praising Thee in perfect song!

The building was well filled both morning and afternoon, and crowded in the evening, with members of the Presbyterian churches of the city, and christians of every name.

The Morning Services

Opened at 11 o'clock with a "Te Deum." by the choir. The sixtieth chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah was then impressively read by the Rev. J. Ambrose Wight, of Bay City, and prayer offered by the pastor, in grateful recognition of the goodness of God, and with fervent entreaty for the continuance of His favor, and for increased consecration upon the part of His people. The first of the special hymns was sung, and the *Anniversary Sermon* was preached, with great earnestness and power, by the Rev. James B. Shaw, D. D., from Revelations VI.: 9, 10, 11. The theme was "THE MARTYR SPIRIT; *its necessity in order to the vitality and spirituality of the church.*" It was heard with the most absorbed attention and interest, as the venerable and beloved preacher proceeded to speak especially of the martyr-saints of Scotland, and the effect of their lives and deaths upon the church; imparting to his discourse all the enthusiasm kindled by a recent visit to that land. From the closing portion of this memorable sermon, we are permitted to publish the following personal address to the pastor and the church :

"We have been speaking of the martyr spirit as essential to the life and growth of the church :

"Dear brother, may I put your name on the illustrious roll of martyrs? Pause a moment. The question may have a deeper import than you suppose; it may involve more than at first sight you would be willing to believe. What if I should tell you, and I do tell you, that a man is a christian, only so far as he is a martyr—only so far as he yields an implicit obedience—makes Christ supreme? You have sometimes asked, no doubt, "Could I die as the martyrs did?" "Could I meet the lions, could I face the flames?" Brother, there are no lions to meet, no flames to face—that day has gone; and, as we devoutly hope, never to return. But can you meet the temptations peculiar to the times in which you live? Can you make the sacrifices which the Master is now calling for: Can you part with your luxuries? Can you forego your comforts? Can you renounce your earthly aspirations? Can you lay your pride in the dust? Can you walk in the Master's blessed footprints, no matter whither they may lead?

“O, remember, do remember, that a man is a christian, only so far as he is a martyr—only so far as he yields an implicit obedience to Christ. O, remember, do remember, that the martyr spirit, is the essential element of your spiritual life !

“My dear brother, the pastor of this people, this is an auspicious hour for you—the twenty-fifth anniversary of your church, the fifth anniversary of your pastorate, coming thus together, lend a peculiar interest to the present occasion. Two suns have combined their light and glory, to make this day. You know how I love you. You know that you are the same as a son to me. You know that I have a father’s interest in you. You know that I have scarcely any thing so much at heart, as that you should be a star, and a star of the first magnitude, in the right hand of Him, who standeth in the midst of the golden candlesticks. When I think of your rare gifts, your high position, your growing influence, your golden opportunities, I thank God that you are not so far along on the journey of life, as I am—I thank God that there is not a furrow in your face, nor a gray hair on your head, nor the slightest indication of declining strength—that your eye is not dim, nor your natural force abated. I must number my days, while you may number your years, and I thank God for it. Now, it is because you are so dear to me, that I feel constrained to remind you, that everything in your ministry, as well as everything in your individual life, depends on your having the martyr spirit. We are told that Calvin’s seal contained a burning heart, held by a steady hand—that, over the burning heart, were the words: “*I keep nothing for myself,*” and, under the burning heart, the words: “*I give all to Thee!*” Let that heart, all on fire, be your emblem. Keep nothing for yourself—give all to Christ !

“My dearly beloved brother, it is my heart’s desire and prayer, that your ministry among this people, may be an exceptionally long and successful one; and that *here* it may end! May your last sermon be preached in this pulpit. Heed no call, but such as took the prophet away—when the King sends the chariot, then, of course, His servant must go.

“And what is so true of the christian, is just as true of the church. A church can live and grow, only so long as the martyr spirit is kept alive. As the glory departed from Rome, when the last spark of that fire over which the vestal virgins watched, went

out, so the extinction of the martyr spirit in any church, is the signal for God to go; and when God goes, all sweet, and good, and gracious, and gentle, and hallowed, and vital influences go with Him. There is the holy and beautiful house which stood on Mount Zion. Can you discover anything amiss? Not a stone is gone, not an ornament is missing—the altar, the victim, the priest, the worshiper—they are all there. And there too is the Most Holy Place, and the thick darkness, and the mercy-seat, and the overshadowing cherubim, and the tables of the law, and the pot of manna, and the rod that budded. Do you discover anything amiss? Call, and see if any answer comes back, but the echo of your own voice! God has gone—the martyr spirit is extinct—and that holiest of all, and the thick darkness, linger only to testify against an ungrateful and degenerate people. So, beloved in the Lord, these walls may stand, and, as often as the door opens, crowds may flock to the place, and there may be every outward indication of prosperity; and other congregations may vainly wish, that it were as well with them, as it is with you; but if the martyr spirit is extinct, if God has gone, what can this strong, and rich, and intelligent, and influential church do, but die!”

After the sermon and this most affecting address, prayer was again offered by the pastor, who then proceeded to read, as his own contribution to the anniversary,

The Memorial Poem.

BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON:

Like birds that fly across the sky,
The heralds of the spring,
Or noiseless sweep along the deep,
On swift and silent wing;
With hopes and fears, with smiles and tears,
With sob, and song, and sigh,
With burdens borne and garlands worn,
The years go gliding by!
And so a score of years and more,
Their rapid course have run,

As planets trace their paths in space,
 Swift cycling round the sun,
 And move not back along their track,
 Howe'er our work is done !

Their solemn scroll, the years unroll—
 What record there appears !
 Success secured, with toil endured,
 And triumph reached through tears !
 The page here shines as though the lines
 Were writ by rays of light ;
 And there the mark of shadows dark
 Suggests the gloom of night.
 The changing hues, the varied views
 Which autumn scenes present,
 Or Western skies, when daylight dies,
 Beneath his gilded tent,
 Portray the strange and wondrous change
 'Mid which our life is spent.

We look along the lines of light,
 Which memory illumines,
 And trace these five-and-twenty years
 Back toward the twilight glooms.
 A little band of twenty-six
 Through distance dim, appear,
 Who, on the precious corner stone,
 A church of Christ uprear ;
 They seek another flock to form.
 Another fold enclose,
 Where shepherds shall keep watch for souls
 Against malignant foes ;
 Where, from the strife of struggling life,
 The weary may repose.

Where Christ's dear name, by loyal hearts,
 Shall as a badge be worn,
 And lambs be fed with tender care,
 On throbbing bosoms borne.
 Through paths of sacrifice they trod,
 By faith and not by sight,
 Like him who climbs the mountain slopes
 To reach the cloudless height ;
 But God has blessed and crowned their work
 With garlands of delight !

Most of that band have reached the land
 Where Eden builds her bowers ;
 Their work survives their fleeting lives,
 And wreathes their names in flowers !

The links of five-and-twenty years
 Join in one chain of gold,
 And bring this anniversary
 Which our glad eyes behold.
 We come with joyful, grateful voice,
 To swell the choral lay,
 And hail, with sacred festival,
 This "silver wedding day !"
 From distant homes or near at hand,
 We gather, young and old,
 A re-united family
 Within one common fold !
 With hands that clasp in love's strong grasp,
 Each other to behold.

A "nursing mother" is the church,
 God's precious gift of love;
 Next to the Word and Christ the Son,
 Best blessing from above !
 To-day we gather in response
 To this our Mother's call,
 To kiss the lips that taught our youth
 To love the God of all.
 As sweet her charms, as strong her arms,
 As warm her heart, to-day,
 As when she led our feet to tread
 In wisdom's narrow way,
 And shun the road which sinners trode,
 That leads from God astray !

Well may we love our mother church
 And bless the household bands,
 Which make in Christ one family,
 Uniting hearts and hands.
 With holy harmonies of praise,
 We lift our grateful song
 To Him who wove the golden strand
 Which has endured so long,
 And shall unite, in realms of light,
 A countless, spotless throng.

Thrice cordially we welcome all
Our brethren and our friends,
In faith, that where His children meet,
Our Lord, Himself, attends.

Time weaves his web with threads of change
How fast his shuttles shift !
Yet all shall show a plan divine
When God the veil shall lift ;
The faithful souls, who, years ago,
Within the vineyard bore
The heat and burden of the day,
Toil with us now no more.
This Mother watched their ebbing life
And closed their sightless eyes,
And bade the soul attain its goal,
And grasp the shining prize,
While earth in trust receives their dust,
Till Jesus bids them rise !

Yet others, with their life-work done,
Stand almost at the gate,
Within which victor's palms and crowns
The ransomed soul await.
And so to-day our future way,
Untried, untrodden lies,
Yet at God's word our loins we gird,
And upward lift our eyes.
What toilsome loads, o'er desert roads,
We shall be called to bear,
We cannot tell, but He knows well,
Whose love can sweeten care,
And Whose repose is shared by those,
Who learn His yoke to share !

One glance we cast along the Past,
Its five and twenty years,
And with a smile the hours beguile—
A smile that shines through tears !
'Twere sweet to stay upon our way ;
Here rest our moving tent ;
For heart from heart is loth to part,
By hallowed converse blent.
But Time is fleet ; with tripping feet
He speeds his onward course.

And we are drawn forever on
 By his resistless force,
 Till life shall end and being blend
 With being's wondrous Source !

God's onward word will soon be heard,
 That bids us fold our tents ;
 The Cloud shall rise before our eyes,
 And, moving, lead us hence,
 So glides away our festal day
 Into that realm so vast,
 Where clouds abide and memories hide—
 The dream-land of the Past.
 But ere we part, afresh to start
 For Life's uncertain goal,
 Be this our vow, recorded now,
 Our future to control ;
 That Duty's call shall never fall
 Unheeded on the soul !

What though our life be full of strife,
 Whose struggles never cease ;
 Though yoke be worn and burden borne
 Till dying brings release !
 God's ways invite to true delight ;
 And all His paths are peace.
 Let me rehearse, in simple verse,
 A myth of Eastern sages,
 Which, like a flower from Eden's bower,
 Has floated down the ages ;
 Beneath the veil of mystic tale,
 Its lesson still is plain:
 That those, who will God's law fulfil,
 The purest bliss obtain.

Duty and Delight.

A PARABLE IN A POEM.

I.

Somewhere in Oriental climes,
 Among the tales of olden times,
 And legendary lore,
 We read in weird and wondrous words,
 That when at first God made the birds,
 They had no power to soar.

II.

They had sweet voices and could sing,
 With gorgeous plumage, yet no wing,
 With which to mount and fly.
 In lowly meads the warblers sang,
 But no lark's notes in echoes rang
 Along the arching sky.

III.

Then at God's word the wings were wrought,
 And by angelic hands were brought,
 While to the birds He spake :
 "Go bear these burdens at my beck,
 And wear this yoke upon the neck,
 For God's and Duty's sake."

IV.

At first they seemed a heavy load,
 And, bowing with the weight, they trode
 Along the verdant fields;
 But he, who bears, increases strength,
 And so the heaviest yoke at length,
 Before his patience yields.

V.

Thus on their shoulders meekly borne,
 From morn to night, from night to morn,
 Upon each side a wing;
 The burdens, folded o'er the breast,
 Instead of weariness brought rest,
 And led the birds to sing.

VI.

And so, the legend says, at last
 The warblers found the wings were fast,
 Each to its socket grown !
 In form and fashion still the same,
 The burdens, pinions, now became,
 And each possessed his own.

VII.

Then, pouring from each golden throat,
 The silver streams of music float
 And mingle into one ;
 On pinions, which just now they bore,
 The songsters all together soar
 In triumph toward the sun.

VIII.

We are the birds—without the wings ;
 Our duties are the loads God brings
 And lays before our feet ;
 At first but burdens they appear,
 But, borne with faith and holy cheer,
 To wear the yoke seems sweet.

IX.

With daily growing strength to bear
 The weight of duty and of care,
 The load is daily less ;
 Easy the yoke of Jesus grows,
 His burden light, His work repose,
 When He shall deign to bless.

X.

At first we think our service hard,
 Perhaps like slaves we feel debarred
 From privilege and joy ;
 But by and by His servants learn
 Their highest freedom to discern,
 Alone in His employ.

XI.

Freedom to rise and reign with Him,
 Beneath the skies that never dim
 Their all unclouded light ;
 To him who bears his daily cross,
 And, for his Lord, counts gain as loss,
 Duty becomes delight.

XII.

So be it ours, while life shall last,
 Our cheerful lot with those to cast
 Who love to do his will,
 Then dark may be our future way,
 But out of darkness dawns the day,
 That knows no shade of ill !

After the reading of the poem, an offering was made to the cause of Presbyterian Church Extension in the city, to be expended by the Presbyterian Alliance of Detroit; the second of the special hymns was sung, and the assembly dismissed with the benediction by Dr. Shaw.

The Afternoon Exercises

Began promptly at 3 o'clock, with a "Jubilate" by the choir, and prayer was offered by the Rev. George D. Baker, of the First Presbyterian Church. The following paper, was then read, and, though occupying nearly two hours in delivery, was listened to with unflagging interest to its close:

Historical Address.

BY THE HON. EDWARD C. WALKER.

"On the 21st day of February, A. D., 1849, in the one-story brick session-room of the First Presbyterian Church, in Detroit, there assembled Revs. Geo. Duffield, D. D. and Robert R. Kellogg, and Elders E. P. Hastings and Thos. Rowland, a Committee of the Presbytery of Detroit, to organize a second church of our order, in the city. With them came twenty-six persons, sixteen from the First Church, who then and there entered into covenant relations with each other and their God, to walk together as a christian church.

This event, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, we have to-day met to commemorate. Twenty-five years seems a long period to anticipate. How short it seems to many of us as we look back over its fleeting hours.

That we may fully appreciate the bearings of this small beginning, that scarcely caused a ripple in our city life, let us glance, for a moment, at the surroundings of this event.

Gen. Zachary Taylor had just been elected President of the United States, Epaphroditus Ransom was the Governor of Michigan, and Charles Howard had just succeeded Frederick Buhl as Mayor of Detroit. The city had then only eight wards, and was bounded on the east by the Pontiac Rail Road, and on the west by the high board fence of the Woodbridge Farm. The State, three years before, had sold the Central Rail Road to Boston capitalists, under the lead of John W. Brooks (long an honored member of this congregation). In the spring of 1849 the road reached Lake Michigan, and the "T" rail took the place of the old

flat bar as far west as Jackson. The Pontiac Rail Road had its depot beside the Rail Road Hotel on the site of the present Opera House. Colin Campbell kept the Scotch Store in a low, two story building on Smart's corner, now the Merrill Block. The rest of that block, to Larned Street, was mostly covered with low, wooden tenements. The next block was nearly all occupied by the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. Copland's block on the next corner had just been built, and the old "Odd Fellow's Hall" (so long the India Rubber Store) loomed up all alone as the only building of any note on the opposite side. Woodward Avenue had hardly yet begun its triumphant rivalry over Jefferson. The old City Hall, the Capitol, the French Church and the two churches on Woodward Avenue, were the noticeable public buildings. The dwellings of Judge Sibley, (late the residence of Edmund Trowbridge,) of Robert Stuart, (now of Dr. Morse Stewart,) of E. P. Hastings, (now of Governor McClelland,) and of C. C. Trowbridge on Jefferson Avenue—of Albert Crane, (now of Mr. Grout,) and of Charles Howard, (now of Gen. Alger,) on Fort Street, were the admiration of our citizens. The present Jones mansion was not yet, but its predecessor was a low, white house, embowered in trees and shrubbery, on the River Road. It was to be yet five years before an architect located in Detroit. The population was just about 20,000, one-fifth of its present number. We then had nineteen churches; four Roman Catholic, two Presbyterian, one Congregational, four Episcopal, four Methodist, two Baptist, one Lutheran, one Swedenborgian. Now there are fifty-nine, three times as many; nine Roman Catholic, seven Presbyterian, two Congregational, seven Episcopal, nine Methodist, six Baptist, ten Lutheran, two Swedenborgian, two Christian, one Unitarian, two Synagogues, and two Christadelphians.

The Catholic churches were: St. Anne's, on Larned Street, claiming to be the religious home of 5,000 souls; the Cathedral, on Jefferson Avenue, which was dedicated in June, 1848, and under the care of Bishop LeFevre, was attended by most of the non-French-speaking people this side of the eighth ward. The temporary roof over the base of its tower, gave promise of a spire soon to come, a hope which the lapse of a quarter century has not turned to fruition. There was the German church on St. Antoine Street, in the "extreme north-eastern part of the city," as the

record says, and Trinity church, founded among the rapidly increasing population of the eighth ward. These churches represented probably one-half of our city population.

The Congregational church was five years old, and the earnest work and classic sermons of their new pastor, Rev. Mr. Kitchell, were soon to change their little church on Jefferson Avenue, with its unique Detroit architecture, (now Rolfe's Livery and Sale Stables,) into the elegant building just above us.

Bishop McCoskry, (long may he be spared!) was rector of St Paul's, which stood about where Wetmore's crockery store now is, soon to give place to business, and he succeeded by the ivy-covered sanctuary on Congress Street. He had also under his Episcopal care, Christ Church, with its slight wooden building on its beautiful lot on Jefferson Avenue; and the colored church on St. Antoine Street, of Father Monroe, whose shining black face and gold spectacles are a part of our city's history. The Mariners' Church was not dedicated till December, 1849.

The First Methodist Church, (now St. Andrew's Hall,) had been finished in 1848, and the record says that "great credit was due to John Owen, James Burns and Elisha Eldred for the building of the same." The Second Church, which afterwards united with it to form the Central, had a small, plain building on the corner of Congress and Randolph Streets. There were also a colored and German Methodist Church. The old Methodist church which stood so many years on the corner of Woodward Avenue and Congress Street, where Gunn's store now is, had been moved to the corner of Lafayette and Fourth Streets. It has just now given place to Mr. Tefft's new house, and its now enlarged congregation are finishing a new edifice on Howard Street.

The Baptist Church had its home on the corner of Fort and Griswold Streets, on the present site of Music Hall, and was then ably ministered to by Rev. (now Dr.) Haskell, of Ann Arbor. The Tabernacle Baptist Church was not organized by Rev. James Inglis, of fragrant memory, till September, 1849. The African Baptist, the Lutheran and Swedenborgian Churches completed the list, outside of our own denomination.

The First Protestant Society was the corporate name of the First Presbyterian Church, so called because it was the first protestant organization in Detroit, and for years embraced all denominations

in its fold. As the city grew, one by one the different sects withdrew, and the church which was organized on a very broad basis in 1816, was, on the 23d of January, A. D. 1825, forty-nine years ago, converted into a strictly Presbyterian Church. It was the largest and most influential church in the city. It had on its roll the names of many who have been efficient in moulding the history of the State and nation. During one term, not only the Governor, but nearly all his cabinet, were from its ranks. It has furnished at least three members of Congress, Stuart, Buel and Wm. A. Howard, and five United States Senators, Woodbridge, Porter, Cass, J. M. Howard and Chandler.

At this time, Dr. George Duffield had been for ten years its pastor, and was then in the full vigor and strength of his intellect, and of his influence, which was widespread and powerful. Nothing that pertained to humanity was foreign to him. His reputation in his own church was national. The eldership of that church had contained some remarkable men. Robert Stuart was one in a million in personal appearance, intellectual power and vigor of character. His manner and presence, as it impressed us boys, is ineffaceably photographed on our memory. We called him the "Apostle Paul," in honor of our conception of what a splendid man Paul must have been, rather than in accordance with the Apostle's own account of his "bodily presence." Converted late in life, he carried into his christianity the same stern purpose and indomitable will which had marked his worldly career, only softened by the new life within.

Major Frank Larned, U. S. A., was a most polished, courteous christian gentleman—loved and respected by all; his house, now the residence of Solomon Gardner, was for years the center of a large and christian hospitality.

Major Jonathan Kearsley, who left a leg at the sortie of Fort Erie, was a bluff, blunt old soldier, who made his mark upon our State's history, especially upon our educational institutions. The University owes much to him as its regent. His Perfect Latinity and his Ross' Latin Grammar were the terror of the boys upon examination day, who, in the Branch University, on the site of Farrand, Williams & Co's present store, were preparing for college, under the able instruction of Chaplain Fitch, now of Fort Wayne.

Eurotas P. Hastings is a name inseparably connected in this State, with the history of our denomination. It may almost be said that the church crystallized about him. As one of our earliest pioneers, his influential position for the first twenty years of his residence here, enabled him to exert a controlling influence in the formative period of the church. The precious memory of his earnest piety, and his christian fidelity to the last, has survived every member of his immediate family.

Equally conspicuous and noble at an early day, but less known to this generation, was Edward Bingham. The sterling honesty and unswerving devotion to duty of Alexander McFarren (for a time also an elder in this church) were worthy of his Scottish ancestry, and would have carried him to the stake if the cause had demanded. Of the old board of elders, Horace Hallock, whom we all know and love, alone remains.

The church at this time had 450 members. The congregation was so large that for some years there had been no desirable pews to rent in the church. This was located on the corner of Woodward Avenue and Larned Street, where Tunis now dispenses books and papers. The society owned one-half of the block up to the line of St. Paul's, where stores now rent for \$3,000 per annum. A brick-session room, surrounded with tomb-stones, was between the two churches. The following description of the church is from 'Welling's Directory,' of 1846: "It cost \$25,000. "It is deemed one of the best churches in the western States. "The beauty and finish of the building have been often noticed. "It is arched, and the arch is divided into four panels, enclosing "a quadrangle which overhangs the center of the floor. The quadrangle is ornamented by two elegant center-pieces. from each of "which is suspended a bronze chandelier."

With such a church, such a pastor and such an eldership, it is not strange that no movement was made for church extension. All clung with tenacity to the revered associations of the old church. There was no wealth in Detroit at the time, except in French farms. There was not a farthing of surplus capital. Our present wealthy men were just laying the foundations of their wealth, and such outlays as we are now making, were not only unthought of, but impossible. The large congregation of the First Church, had its famous "Dwight Debt" of \$2,500 hanging over

it, which never was paid till the burning of the church in 1854. The same church could raise and pay \$25,000 easier to-day, than the whole body of Detroit Presbyterians could then raise \$2,500.

In the summer of 1848, Rev. Robert R. Kellogg, a brother of Mrs. Edward Orr, who had just resigned a pastorate at Romeo, happened providentially to be in Detroit, and thought he saw an open door for a second church. He found very many who were earnest in saying that a second church was demanded, but only a handful who said, "we will join in such an enterprise." He appeared before the session of the First Church on the 7th of August, 1848, and asked their co-operation in his plan. The session appointed Thomas Rowland, Alexander McFarren, Samuel Zug, Sylvester Larned, T. W. Lockwood, Alanson Sheley and J. S. Farrand, a committee to aid Mr. Kellogg, and to raise a subscription of \$1,000 to defray the expenses of the first year. On August 31st the committee reported that they had raised only \$500, but that Mr. Kellogg was willing to commence his labors, and rely upon future subscriptions for his support.

Accordingly, having procured the use of the Capitol School building, he began his labors September 10th, 1848. A Sabbath School was commenced on that or the next Sabbath, and the enterprise, whose results we now see about us, was fairly launched. Mr. Kellogg was an indefatigable worker. He went from house to house. He hunted up every family in the city, who had their church letters from the east, (as some of you have yet,) stowed away in bureau drawers, and who made the fullness of the First Church an excuse for not showing their christian colors. He went into the streets, and "compelled them to come in." A respectable congregation was at once gathered. After five months of this preparatory work, on February 5th, 1849, an application was made to the Presbytery for leave to form a church, which was done on February 21st, 1849, three days short of a quarter of a century ago.

The names of the original twenty-six, were as follows: From the First Church—Samuel Zug and wife, Sylvester Larned and wife, S. P. Wilcox and wife, Thomas Rowland and wife, William Gilbert and wife, Mrs. John H. Harmon, Robert Beattie, Mrs. Charlotte Thompson, Miss Catherine A. Fisher (afterwards Mrs. William Walker), and Delia Mather (now Mrs. Edwin Jerome, Sen.)

From other churches—Mrs. Elizabeth Weir and two daughters, Mrs. R. R. Kellogg, William Haworth, Marion Rutherford, D. O. Penfield and wife, J. J. Briscoe and wife, and Mrs. William Stewart. Of these, only thirteen, just one-half, are living to-day, as far as we know. Only three remain in the church: Mr. and Mrs. Zug and S. P. Wilcox. Prior to the organization of the church, a request was presented to the First Church session, asking that elders Rowland, McFarren and Sheley might be dismissed, to constitute the Board of Elders of the new church. The session unanimously directed its clerk to grant letters to such of said elders, as should apply for them.

“Major Rowland alone asked for such letter. The others did not see their duty clear, or lacked faith in the enterprise. Major Rowland and Mr. Zug were elected the first elders, but Messrs. McFarren and Sheley for some time sat and counseled with the new Board, at the special request of Mr. Kellogg, and by appointment of their own session.

In March, 1849, the corporation of this society was organized, and the question of a church building was at once agitated. The financial ability of the little church was small, but it had pluck, courage and faith, especially in the person of its pastor. General Cass donated a lot on Lafayette Avenue, where R. W. Gillett now lives, but that was *so on one side, so out of town*, that it was not suitable for the site of a new church, and the Trustees bought of James A. Van Dyke, Esq., for \$1,500, the lot on the corner of Lafayette and Wayne Streets, and applied General Cass' lot towards the payment for the same, at \$700. Messrs. Zug and McFarren were appointed a building committee, and obtained plans and estimates for a church; but, on the 25th of July, 1849, the society put the whole matter into the hands of the pastor, with full power to raise the money and build the church, “provided that he should not run the corporation in debt.” Accordingly, Mr. Kellogg raised the subscription, collected the money, let the contracts in his own name, superintended the whole work, put in all the money he had received from the sale of his house in Romeo, and turned it over to the Trustees complete, on the 7th of April, A. D. 1850, when it was dedicated with rejoicing.

It cost \$4,364, of which Mr. Kellogg had raised and collected \$3,260, leaving him personally responsible for \$1,104. In the

light of the present day, that subscription paper is a study. The largest donor, after General Cass, was Samuel Zug, \$300, the next, Mrs. DeGarmo Jones, \$200, the third, Sylvester Larned, \$150, while Mrs. Zug (who has been doing just such good things ever since) is credited with \$400, the proceeds of a fair. She also collected all the money with which to furnish the church, from ladies, mostly of the First Church; and of all the sums donated, only two were as large as five dollars.

In November, A. D. 1849, a call was extended to Mr. Kellogg, at a salary of \$800, but as the Trustees, by S. P. Wilcox, their Treasurer, long an able and efficient officer, reported that it was impossible to raise but \$600, the pastor agreed to donate the deficiency for the first year. He was installed during the session of the General Assembly, May 21, 1850, and Drs. Riddle, of Pittsburgh, and Mason, of N. Y., took part in the services.

The salary, actually paid to Mr. Kellogg the first year, was \$329, and the second year, \$520, but these deficiencies were all eventually made up to him. The history of this first five years is one of intense financial struggle of a few determined men of feeble resources, left to sustain, alone, an enterprise too great for their strength.

But there is a bright side to this picture—a silver lining to this cloud. Hardly a communion occurred during the time without accessions to the church upon profession of faith. During that five years, 190 names were entered on the roll, 69 upon profession of their faith. A Mission School on Elizabeth Street was established, and a nice building erected in 1851, which lived and flourished under other hands, many years.

In 1853, Mr. Kellogg, seeing the complication that might arise, owing to the swarming of the old hive, and the contemplated erection of a new church on Fort Street, tendered his resignation, to take effect September 1st, of that year, thus leaving the way open for the Second Church to join the Fort Street movement, if desired.

Rev. Robert R. Kellogg was born at Hudson, N. Y., May 18th, 1813. He graduated at New York University, and studied his profession at Auburn Seminary, that noble School of the Prophets. He had preached at Gowanus, N. Y., and there erected a church, and in 1841, became pastor of the Congregational

Church at Romeo, where he was also principal of an academy. He was also at one time a Regent of our University. After leaving Detroit, he was settled at LeRoy and Lima, N. Y., and died suddenly, after a five years' pastorate at Milford, Pa., in September, 1866, aged 54 years. Rev. David M. Cooper, of Albion, son of Elder David Cooper, of the First Church, was converted under his ministry, while attending school at Romeo, and afterwards united with this church, and was only taken from us by his ordination vows. In a letter I have seen of Mr. Kellogg's, dated July 13th, 1841, he speaks of one John S. Newberry as "a boy of great promise," just about to unite with his church on profession.

No one can thoroughly search the records of the first five years of our church life, without being impressed with the devout earnestness and self-sacrificing spirit of its first pastor. His was a pure missionary work. He displayed the same untiring energy in leading sinners to Christ, that he manifested in building our first edifice, almost unaided and alone. Though only eight members, admitted under his ministry, Mr. and Mrs. Zug, Mr. Wilcox, Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Mair, Mrs. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Bloss remain among our active members, his memory and his work here should not be forgotten by us, and the record ever remaineth on high. Like the first pioneers in our western wilds, who clear up the forest and then leave the smooth meadows and fruitful orchards to be enjoyed by others—he labored, and we have entered into his labors.

His widow, in a letter written in view of this day, from Brooklyn, N. Y., thus sweetly tells of the last day of his life: "Not soon will be forgotten his last public service as his heart dilated upon a text so appropriate to the close of his ministry: 'The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patient waiting for Christ.' The abundance of his pulpit labors on that day was followed up by visiting the sick and dying, and conversing about the interest of Christ's kingdom, until evening came, when he returned to his home, only to lay himself down to die; and in the presence of his family, to breathe out his life before the morning's light, upon the bosom of that Saviour to whom all his energies had been consecrated.

“Servant of God, well done—
 “Rest from thy loved employ;
 “The battle fought, the victory won,
 “Enter the Master’s joy.”

After the organization of this society, the mother church proceeded in the even tenor of her way, prospering outwardly and spiritually. In January, 1851, it leased the seventy-five feet in front next to St. Paul’s, to Holmes and Sheley, for twenty years, at an annual ground rent of \$975. In November of the same year, a special meeting was called of that society, on the petition of E. P. Hastings, F. Wetmore, W. A. Bacon, W. A. Raymond, Cullen Brown, M. H. Webster and J. W. Tillman, to consider the propriety of selling some of their real estate, and building a third church in the *eastern* part of the city. On motion of Dr. Morse Stewart, it was voted to be inexpedient. This was only an index of a desire for church extension, which was afterwards more fully developed.

At the annual meeting of February 7th, 1853, Shubael Conant in the chair, after the election of Trustees, Wm. A. Howard, Esq. introduced a resolution, providing for the sale of all the Woodward Avenue property, and building, eventually, from the proceeds, three churches, one on Fort Street, one on Jefferson Avenue and one near the Grand Circus. It was, after discussion, referred to a committee of nine persons, viz: B. Wight, A. Sheley, T. W. Lockwood, W. A. Howard, F. Moore, J. Kearsley, J. S. Farrand, F. Buhl and F. Wetmore, to which the Elders were afterwards added. On the 10th instant the majority of the committee, by T. W. Lockwood, reported in favor of the project, a minority, by A. McFarren, against it. After long and heated discussions, and two other adjournments, on January 24th a preamble and four resolutions were introduced, and, upon a vote by ayes and noes, were adopted, by a vote of forty-seven to sixteen. They provided that the 160 feet in front on Woodward Avenue should at once be conveyed to James F. Joy, E. P. Hastings and J. S. Farrand in trust to sell the same within twenty months, but not to give possession of the church for two years; and, after paying all the debts of the First Protestant Society, to pay over to said society four-tenths of the residue, for the purpose of building a new church, either on Jefferson Avenue or in the 5th or 6th ward as it should

elect; 2d. to pay three-tenths to a church to be built on Fort Street, and three-tenths to a church in the locality which the First Protestant Society should not choose. They also provided that if the Second Church should accede to this plan and unite with the Fort Street project, that its property should be divided in the same way. It was understood that the decision as to the location of the First Church, was to be left to the pastor, who was at that time abroad; and that only two new churches should be built at once. This plan was carried out to the letter, except that the providential burning of the old First Church January 10th, 1854, permitted an immediate sale of the premises, and imposed the necessity under the selection made by the First Society, upon all three churches, of building at one time.

On the 3d of March, A. D. 1853, the parties, interested in building a church upon Fort Street, assembled in Judge Conant's famous office, in rear of the Michigan Insurance (now First National) Bank building, on Griswold Street, and resolved to organize temporarily for the purpose of building a church, under the name of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church Society. F. Moore was made President, Z. Chandler, Treasurer, and E. C. Walker, Secretary. A building committee was appointed, consisting of F. Moore, F. Buhl, Capt. A. Canfield, S. Conant, Z. Chandler, T. W. Lockwood, J. W. Brooks. After discussing the question of site, some advising the purchase of the corner of Cass Street, where Dr. T. A. McGraw's house now is, it was decided to buy this lot, which was purchased of Shadrach Gillett—100 feet front—for \$7,000, he moving off the house, which was one of the first built on the Cass Farm, and now is occupied by Marcus Stevens, Esq., corner of Second and Lafayette Streets.

The first subscription for church building was at once taken up, and twenty persons subscribed \$20,200. A supplementary subscription by the same parties brought up the amount to just \$30,000. Near the completion of the church, a third subscription was made by other and new parties, amounting to \$6,850—total, \$36,850—all of which was paid except \$1,000. The sum received from the First Church was about \$15,000. The cost of the church and lot was \$70,000. After selling the pews, there remained a permanent mortgage debt of \$15,000 on the building. Four of

the subscribers paid \$3,000 each, three paid \$2,000 each, and four paid \$1,500 each. The architect of the church was A. H. Jordan, late of San Francisco.

On the 13th of July, A. D. 1853, a committee of the society, Messrs. Moore and Lockwood, proposed to the Second Presbyterian Church to unite with its organization, and transfer the new church and society to the new building on Fort Street, when completed, the edifice on Lafayette Street to be sold and proceeds divided among the three churches. This overture was cordially accepted, and soon the families connected with the Fort Street enterprise took pews in the Second Church.

On the 12th of September, A. D. 1853, a committee was appointed to call a pastor; Messrs. Gibson and Bloss from the old members, Messrs. Moore and Walker from the new. The services of Rev. E. O. Haven, then a Professor in the University and afterwards its President, were secured, and he ministered to us most acceptably till a pastor was obtained. On the 4th of December thereafter, a call was extended to Rev. (now Dr.) Henry Neill, of Lennox, Mass., at a salary of \$1,500, to be increased to \$2,000 upon going into the new church. He entered upon his work on January 22d, 1854, but was not formally installed till October 15th, 1854, when Dr. R. W. Patterson, of Chicago preached the installation sermon. Mr. Neill preached almost two years, till November, 1855, in the old building. On the 8th of that month, the special Trustees of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church Society, conveyed the title and delivered the keys of this finished House of God to the corporation of this church. On the 18th of the same month it was dedicated with joy and thanksgiving. On the next day the pews were successfully sold at auction, Zachariah Chandler officiating as auctioneer. The building we left was sold to the United Presbyterians for \$6,000, and it is a great pleasure that such a congregation, with such a pastor, should have succeeded to the tenement we had outgrown.

The following is a list of those who took letters from the First Church during the first year of Mr. Neill's ministry: Mr. and Mrs. Angus McKay, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, T. W. Lockwood, wife, mother and sister, Mrs. Franklin Moore, Mrs. Chris. Reeve and daughter, Mrs. Solomon Davis, Mrs. F. Buhl, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Walker, Mrs. J. M. Welch, Shubael Conant, Alex. McFarlane,

Geo. B. Dickinson, George Foote, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hodgkin, Mrs. T. H. Hinchman, Mrs. Cornelius Wickware, Dr. E. M. Clark, Mrs. James Stephens, Mrs. DeGarmo Jones, Shadrach Gillett, wife and daughter, and Mrs. F. H. Steevens—twenty-nine persons in all—of whom twelve have gone from us in twenty years, forever, and only nine remain upon the rolls to-day, viz: Mrs. Buhl, Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Welch, Geo. Foote, Mrs. Hodgkin, Mrs. Wickware, and Shadrach Gillett.

Many heads of families then or soon after united with us, not represented on this list. Many did not present their letters till we entered the new church. Many joined our congregation from other churches. Among those were Cyrus W. Jackson, Col. Levi Cook, C. H. Buhl, J. W. Brooks, Geo. E. Hand, Capt. E. B. Ward, Cap. Eber Ward, T. F. Abbott, Edward Orr, David Thompson, Jas. F. Joy, Z. Chandler, J. P. Phillips, Geo. F. Bagley, B. B. and W. R. Noyes; Geo. W. Bissell, M. H. Webster, John Palmer, Elisha Eldred, John Q. Dudley, Charles Ducharme, John Stephens, James Williams, Allan Shelden, Jacob Beeson, F. J. B. Crane, J. G. Erwin, H. J. Buckley, Hovey K. Clarke, Catherine Hinchman, Jos. Law, Jr., Walter Chester, Philip Thurber, Bradford Smith and J. W. Smith, his brother, Duncan Stewart, Ransom Gardner, Wm. L. Woodbridge, C. G. Brownell, Waldo M. Johnson, S. G. Caskey, Alfred Russell, A. P. Cameron, R. Hosie, C. D. Farlin, J. V. Beane, W. P. Yerkes, Chas. Root, I. N. Swaine, Sarah Perkins, Jas. Menzies, Geo. McMillan, H. Morrison, and J. W. Ray.

On the 17th of June, A. D. 1857, Rev. Mr. Neill, after a pastorate of three and one-half years, tendered his resignation. During his ministry, ninety-four members were admitted to the church; thirteen upon profession of their faith. Mr. Neill was a man of decided but peculiar genius. Sometimes as an orator he rose to great heights of power, and carried his auditors with him by storm; but his efforts were unequal and irregular. His piety was true and earnest. His social qualities were most charming and delightful. So strong a hold had he upon the hearts of those who knew him best, that when, after leaving this church, he was invited to organize still another Presbyterian Church in Detroit, he drew from us by the power of his personal attraction, fifteen or twenty families of the congregation of the highest social and religious culture, whose departure was felt at the time as a heavy blow

to our new enterprise. Now, in view of the good work Westminster has done in the past, and what we know she will do in the future, when before long she shall stand with completed church on Woodward Avenue; and in view of the most cordial and happy relations that exist between us, we have no regrets to remember, but rather joy and pride, that such a daughter has gone from our household in the first quarter of a century of our church life.

From June 18th, 1857, we were without a pastor for sixteen months, but providentially were not as sheep without a shepherd. Rev. T. S. Byington, then a young man under commission from the American Board, now returned from the foreign field on account of health, and preaching at Newton, N. J., ministered to us with great acceptance and profit, for three months.

The Rev. James Means, of Andover, Mass., in feeble health, ventured to preach to us for a little while; but we held him for six months. Beyond any man I ever met, he seemed one after God's own heart. Winning souls to Christ was to him as spontaneous and natural as breathing. A blessed revival was given us under his labors, and many of the young whom he specially loved, were gathered into the church, as well as many of the older ones of the congregation, among them Franklin Moore and Elder F. Buhl. Forty-eight were added to the church in this interregnum; all but fourteen upon profession of faith. Mr. Means died as chaplain in the army during the war. If ever any christian soul will have a crown studded with stars, James Means will, I believe, be among the blessed number.

After him, we enjoyed for two months, the ministry of Dr. Edwin Hall, of Auburn Theological Seminary, and were then fortunate enough to procure the services of one you all know, Rev. W. A. McCorkle, till a new pastor arrived. During this time, a call had been extended to Dr. Walter Clarke, of Hartford, and declined.

At a meeting of the American Board in this city, in October, A. D. 1858, Rev. Azariah Eldridge was present. He was born upon Cape Cod, had graduated with high honor at Yale, where he was a college-mate of S. Larned, J. W. Waterman and myself, through whom his name was given to the church. He was converted in his senior year, and entered at once into the ministry. He was called to a church in New Bedford, to which he ministered successfully for several years; had then traveled several years in Europe, and

was just returned ready again for ministerial work. In 1853 the committee appointed to call a pastor, had heard Dr. Eldridge at New Bedford and were delighted with the ability and strength of his sermons, but he was then immovable. Now he was approached on the subject of the pastorate of this church. He intimated that if the debt was paid he would come. An effort was at once made in that direction, and the whole debt of \$19,000 was provided for in a week. He accepted our call at a salary of \$2,500, and was duly installed as pastor on the 2d of December, A. D. 1858. He was a man of thorough learning and high culture. His discourses were models of purity of diction, and power of expression. He faithfully and conscientiously ministered to this people for six and one-half years, to June, 1865, when he resigned on account of ill health. The proof of Dr. Eldridge's ministry is shown in the roll of the church, to which one hundred and sixty names were added during his term, seventy-three of them upon profession of faith. His name is specially loved by the poor and sick among his people, for whom his heart always went out in sympathy and benevolence.

It is right to speak of pastors' wives, after they are no longer with us. No church ever had better ones, than Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Neill and Mrs. Eldridge. Of the two latter best known to us, it is enough to say of Mrs. Neill, that she was a daughter of Dr. Heman Humphrey, and in every way worthy of her family and parentage. "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her." Mrs. Eldridge, without being specially demonstrative, won and held the love of every member of the congregation, by her thorough goodness, crowned by every grace of social and intellectual culture.

In 1859, by act of our Legislature, the name of the society was changed from the "Second," to the "Fort Street" Presbyterian Church.

After the resignation of Dr. Eldridge, Rev. W. H. Clark, nephew of Elder Farrand, filled the pulpit very happily for three months. The session then, in October, 1865, employed Rev. Samuel T. Clarke, of Buffalo, to supply the pulpit for a short time, during which the society extended a call to Rev. Dr. James Eells, of Brooklyn, N. Y., since of San Francisco and Cleveland and San Francisco again, which call was declined.

After the declination of Dr. Eells, in December, 1865, Mr. Clarke was engaged to preach for us for six months, at a salary of \$2,500 per annum. He was the son of Rev. Walter Clarke, D. D., and a licentiate, not yet ordained. He was a graduate of Hamilton College and Union Theological Seminary. Before the expiration of the six months, he had performed his duties with so much acceptance to the congregation, that he was called to the pastorate on the 14th of May, 1866, at the same salary, and was duly ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor on the first day of July thereafter. Dr. Walter Clarke, his father, preached on the occasion, a sermon of great power and ability.

Mr. Clarke continued in the pastorate till November, 1868, when he resigned. He filled the pulpit as pastor and supply, three years and one month, during which period sixty persons united with the church—thirty by letter, and a like number on profession. He is now the successful pastor of a church at Owego, N. Y.

We now enter upon what we may well call the "golden age" of the church—the last five years under the pastorate of Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. On the 14th of December, 1868, a committee to procure a pastor was appointed, consisting of J. F. Joy, F. Buhl, Duncan Stewart, J. D. Hayes, E. Y. Swift, Allan Shelden, and E. C. Walker. One of our committee, J. D. Hayes, who belongs not only to the "Blue Line" of rail roads, but the blue line of Presbyterianism, asked Dr. J. B. Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y., to recommend the right man for the vacant pulpit. He pointed at once to Rev. Mr. Pierson, of Waterford, N. Y., as the man for the place. Mr. Hayes, with the promptness and decision which belong to Michigan Central Rail Road officials, at once went to hear him. He reported, without any doubt or misgivings, that he was the "coming man." Mr. Pierson was induced to come and look at us, and I was appointed a committee of one to go and look at him and his antecedents. I shall not say a word of what I learned and saw—while mousing around among the archives of colleges and churches, and interviewing all sorts of people—*except* what most of you already know: that he is a native of New York City; age, uncertain; graduated at Hamilton College in 1857, in the same class with Dr. Herrick Johnson; studied theology at Union Seminary; preached a while in Connecticut;

was settled three years over a Congregational church at Binghamton, N. Y., and had enjoyed, for six years, a most happy and successful ministry at Waterford, near Troy, N. Y.

On the 8th of February, 1869, we gave him an unanimous call at a salary of \$3,000—since increased to \$4,000. He entered at once upon his work, and was installed May 5, 1869, Dr. Shaw very appropriately preaching the sermon. If our pastor is sorry that he ever enlisted and took this large congregation upon his shoulders, (and I think he is not) we emphatically sorrow not, but all the time—Sabbaths and week days—we bless God and are thankful that He in His providence, sent us such a man to preach the Gospel to us,

“To point to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

His earnest and faithful labors were crowned with success in the very first year of his ministry. God rejoiced his heart by the out-pouring of the Spirit upon the congregation—mostly upon the young people and Sabbath School. Some forty were converted in the revival. Twenty-seven united with the church at one time, on the 2d of March, 1870, a day long to be remembered by many.

Among the elements of progress and growth, and the events of this five years, we may mention the following:

The “Young People’s Union” began November 11th, 1869, and, continuing for two years, was a source of great good. It accomplished the object at which it was aimed, viz: by joint social and religious influence, to unify and bring into mutual knowledge and sympathy, all the young people of the society, and thus make them missionaries in drawing other young people into the church and congregation. The young element of our church had always been small to the great regret of former pastors and office-bearers of the church. This “Union” wrought a decided change for the better in this respect. Its influence still lives and breathes among us, after the organization itself, which fulfilled its destiny, has passed away.

The “Young People’s Prayer Meeting” was commenced January 30, 1870, Otto Kirchner leading the first meeting. It has ever since been held one-half hour before the Sunday evening service, and has been a source of life and strength, to many young souls.

In March, 1870, the congregation felt so happy, united and

prosperous, that they determined, at the suggestion of the pastor, to make a thorough renovation of the interior and basement of the church. When the original plans of the church were under consideration in 1854, the architect was instructed to cut down the cost to a certain amount. He did so, but in order to save his exterior design, of which he was justly proud, he made his reductions entirely on the interior finish of the church. The result was, the inside of the edifice was not at all in keeping with the beauty of the exterior. The basement was badly arranged, without areas, the earth lying against the walls, and was unventilated, damp and unhealthy. A committee of sixteen was appointed to raise the money and do the work. They began the repairs in March, 1870, and we re-entered this upper sanctuary, made new and beautiful, on January first, 1871. The basement and the very foundations of the building were overhauled, a thorough and elaborate system of drainage adopted, and the rooms made cheerful and pleasant, without dampness or mildew from that time forward. The old furnaces were taken out, and a satisfactory system of steam-heating introduced. The badly-laid roof was re-slatted; the organ was improved and enlarged; a gallery was added to the audience-room, increasing its capacity one-third; and the whole interior made over, as you see. The cost was \$34,000, which the committee raised and paid. They did their work so faithfully and so well, that their names should be recorded: Geo. E. Hand, Chairman, F. Moore, F. Buhl, J. F. Joy, C. H. Buhl, J. D. Hayes, Bradford Smith, S. G. Caskey, R. W. Gillett, A. G. Lindsay, Francis Adams, Allan Shelden, J. Huff Jones, George McMillan, Robert Hosie, and Emory Wendell. "*Si queris monumentum, circumspice.*" If you would know their labors, behold and see.

In 1871, the Annual Meeting of the congregation was established, which occurs about this time each year, wherein the work of the year is fully reviewed. The pastor, the session, the deacons, the trustees, the treasurer of the benevolent fund, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, all render an account of their stewardship, and report the history, in detail, of the year's work. After this, by the help of good things to eat and drink, served up on Mr. Hayes' beautiful crockery-gift from the church kitchen, an hour or two is passed in delightful social intercourse. The influence of such gatherings is most excellent, giving unity and

esprit du corps to the congregation, making strangers better known, and posting up the whole people in the work of the church.

The Pastor's Bible Class, interrupted necessarily for a while, and now again resumed, has been a new and interesting feature of the church. No one who has attended has failed to be interested and profited, and many have come in from other churches to hear and enjoy. When a whole congregation shall come together, as it should, to study God's Word, we may well think the approaching Millenium near at hand.

The Monthly Concert has been re-established. The first action taken by the little session in 1849, was to vote that the Monthly Concert should always be held. May that resolution never again be practically suspended!

The great increase in the benevolences and in the benevolent spirit of the congregation, and its more intelligent acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the work of our denomination, will be alluded to by another. Especially has the interest of the church, in the cause of Foreign Missions, been enlarged. Our ladies belong to and attend the Women's Board, composed of members of all our churches. We have a most successful Young Ladies' Missionary Society, organized by Mrs. Hoffman, whose annual festival has become an event among us, and which has just assumed the entire support of a female missionary in the capital of Persia. There has just been organized also, the "Rhea Mission Band," among the little girls under fifteen years of age.

A new and complete Manual of our church was made in 1871, containing, among other things, the name and address of every man, woman and child in the congregation. Though a work of great labor on the part of pastor and session, it has been, and is, most useful in all the work of the church.

In 1872, we had the pleasure of receiving beneath our roof-tree, the General Assembly of the United States. The opinion has gone abroad, as wide as the denomination, that it was the best managed and most delightful meeting of the Assembly, ever held. We think the opinion is justifiable and correct. This success was due to three things: 1st, To the organizing power, executive ability and excessive labor of the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, the pastor of this church. 2d, To the capital men and workers on the committee, who stood by him and held up his

hands all the time : Dr. Hogarth, Rev. Mr. Baker, Hovey K. Clarke, J. S. Farrand and Elisha Taylor*. 3d, To the unbounded hospitality and liberality of the citizens of Detroit, of every name and church. How few among us will live to see the General Assembly, in its cycle of thirty years, again in the City of the Straits.

To summarize the work of the five years : one hundred and eighty-five have been added to the church, ninety-one upon profession. Twenty-eight adults have been baptized, and fifty children. The number of paying pewholders in 1869, was eighty-two; now, one hundred and fifty-one. The income from pew rent for the year ending in March, 1869, was \$4,203—for the year ending March, 1873, \$8,214, nearly double. The number of members on the roll in spring, 1869, was 238—the number now, after a thorough sifting and striking off all lost members, is 359. The benevolent contributions reported to Presbytery, March, 1869, were \$1,927.64. Those reported March, 1873, were \$3,677.91. The past year will show a large increase upon that amount.

During these five years, some interesting facts have occurred, which concern our whole church in Detroit.

The severed Presbyterian Church has, by God's blessing, again become a unit. We that were two, have now become one band. This happy event was duly celebrated by a union meeting of all the churches, on the evening of December 5th, 1869, in the house of the First Church, the loved mother of us all.

During these five years, every other Presbyterian church has gained or lost a pastor. Rev. Mr. Baker has succeeded Dr. McCorkle; Dr. Aikman has followed Mr. McLaren; and Dr. Hogarth, the Nestor of the Detroit Pulpit, has left a great vacancy in Jefferson Avenue, not yet filled. May God be as kind to that church, in sending one to go in and out before her, as He has been to her sister churches, in this regard.

On the 20th of November, 1872, was formed the "Presbyterian Alliance, of Detroit." It is composed of all the ministers and elders of our denomination in the city. Its object is to promote co-operation and unity in city evangelization, and in extending our church work; to select sites for, and organize new mission

*The modesty of the speaker prevented his adding the name of one of the most efficient members of that committee. A. T. P.

schools; to determine when and where a new church shall be built, and then take hold and build it altogether. It bids fair to be a power in our Presbyterian Zion, and to illustrate in the church, what is so often seen in business and commerce—the result of combined capital and effort. Its first work was to take hold of Calvary Mission, the child of Westminster, pay its debts, put it on its feet, and make it a church. The amount to be raised, was \$1,500. It was divided among the four churches, and was at once forthcoming. Calvary Church, though just begun, is to-day a prosperous and growing church under the fostering care of Dr. Atterbury.

Officers of the Church.

The first elders were Samuel Zug and Thomas Rowland. The latter was one of Detroit's best citizens. He held many positions of honor, having been post-master of Detroit and Secretary of State under Governor Woodbridge. His piety was of the clearest type. Doing good and leading souls to the Saviour was the leading passion of his life. Leaving the old church, and casting in his lot with this little band of workers, was characteristic of the man. He died within six months of the organization of the church, and his wife followed him four years later. His homestead was the late residence of William J. Waterman, on Washington Avenue, now the rectory of St. Aloysius' Catholic Church.

In 1850, Jonathan R. Axtell was elected elder. He was a good man and a good elder, but in 1853 he removed to Howell, where he still lives.

Henry C. Knight was elder in 1851, and filled the post (most of you know how nobly and how well) sixteen years, till his death in 1867. What he was, and what he did and what a blessed memory he leaves behind, will be told you by another.

After the accession from the First Church, in March, 1854, Hovey K. Clarke and Edward C. Walker were elected elders. The former was already an experienced officer, coming from the Board of Elders of the Marshall Church, in this State; and he has since, in the great courts of the church, made his name most favorably known, as wide as American Presbyterianism itself. We lost him, and Westminster gained him in 1857.

In 1859, Alexander McFarren, an elder of the First Church, came to us and was soon after elected elder, and served the church

and his Master faithfully till he returned to the First Church, in 1866. About the same time elder Zug, who had for seventeen years been clerk of session, and the most laborious worker in it, withdrew from the duties of the eldership.

In 1867, the church, by an almost unanimous vote, adopted the rotary system of eldership, which so far has worked to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. In making this change, elders Knight and Walker, all that remained of the old Board, were elected for six years, and Frederick Buhl and Samuel P. Wilcox, for four years. In November, 1869, Joseph G. Ray was elected elder in place of Mr. Knight, and two additional ones were chosen—Philip Thurber and George E. Hand. In less than two years, in September, 1871, elder Ray followed him, whose place he was chosen to fill, to another and better world, to the great sorrow and grief of us all. He was the child of foreign missionaries, born at Islington, England, on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1832. He had one brother in the ministry. With such a training, and with great reverence for religion, he had never given his heart to God, till in the revival of 1865, he was struck under conviction one Sabbath evening under a sermon of Dr. Eldridge, (I well remember where he sat in the pew just before me,) and there and then, before the benediction was pronounced, he surrendered his whole being into the hands of his Heavenly Father. I never shall forget his beaming face as he told us the good news in the vestibule at the close of the service, or Dr. Eldridge's look of joy and almost of wonder that God should have blessed his sermon to the conversion of a man like Mr. Ray. He seemed to grow from that moment in all the graces of a christian character. It has never been my lot to witness so rapid a spiritual development. He was at once imbued with love for souls, and took hold manfully in every field of christian labor. In two years he was, by the vote of the church, made a deacon, and in two years an elder. As faithful to his business, as he was to the church, he died from overwork, in doing even more than duty demanded. His death was triumphant and glorious. How much these departed elders were loved by this people, these tablets of flowers are but a slight token.

In March, 1872, George W. Hoffman was elected elder in place of elder Ray, and in September last, our Board was increas-

ed to seven, by the election of Charles G. Brownell. So far no elder, once elected, has fallen off the wheel of rotation. If our pastor sometimes wishes, as I think he ought, that he had a more devoted Board of Elders, he cannot wish for one, more harmonious and united.

Deacons.

This church had no deacons till 1867. Elder Zug always did all the deacon's work, besides his work as an elder, clerk of session and trustee. Brother Ray was elected the first deacon in 1867.

In 1869, George B. Dickinson and Charles G. Brownell were elected deacons. In 1871, Lucien E. Smith was elected in place of Mr. Ray, made an elder. In 1872, Bradford Smith was elected in the place of George B. Dickinson, resigned; and in September last, Douglas Payne succeeded C. G. Brownell, transferred to the eldership, making an active Board of three persons to serve tables and care for the poor.

Music.

The end of the church, opposite the pulpit, deserves mention in a history like this. The organ was built by Stevens, of Cambridge, Mass., and with its enlargement and improvement made in 1870, has ever given most perfect satisfaction. L. C. Smith, now of Howell, presided at the keys at the beginning, with great acceptance, and was succeeded by Richard Yarnley, whose rising reputation as an organist, opened to him some more inviting field, and he left us, to be succeeded, happily, for a time, by Mrs. Ketchum, a daughter of Solomon Davis, who, after a few months, resigned, and was succeeded by George L. Whitney, whom all old citizens will remember. After he had served us a year, he was succeeded by Henry Meakin, our present organist, who, for twelve years, in heat and cold, in rain and shine, has faithfully and wisely not only fulfilled his duties, but won beside the lasting gratitude and good-will of pastor and people. Long may he serve us.

Those who, in the twenty-five years, have aided in the worship and service of song, have many of them left echoes of sweet sounds still ringing in our hearts. The church owes a special

debt of gratitude to those who, in an early day, without fee or reward, except the consciousness of duty done and the Master served, conducted so long that important part of our worship. Many of them are still with us—others we trust are singing the song of the redeemed in heaven.

The Trustees.

The prosperity and growth of a church depends mainly on the piety and earnestness of pastor and people; but there is a secular side to a church as there is a worldly side to man's life and nature. Without money, churches cannot be built, pastors cannot be supported, the ordinances of religion sustained, missionaries sent out, or the nations evangelized. A successful and prosperous church needs faithful and judicious trustees as well as a godly and able pastor, devoted elders and pious laymen. Moreover, it is of little importance how much wealth there is in a congregation, unless there is a heart to give, and that, liberally and cheerfully.

The financial exhibit of a quarter of a century will be made by another. It remains for me to express, to the individuals who have managed the temporalities of the congregation, the great debt of gratitude we owe to them, for their gratuitous and successful labors.

The following persons have been trustees of the society :

A. McFARREN,.....	2	years, from 1849 to 1851.
SAMUEL ZUG,.....	11	" " " " 1860.
D. O. PENFIELD,.....	7	" " " " 1856.
S. LARNED,.....	5	" " " " 1854.
J. J. BRISCOE,.....	6	" " " " 1855.
S. P. WILCOX,.....	3	" " 1851 " 1854.
HOVEY K. CLARKE,.....	2	" " 1854 " 1856.
E. C. WALKER,.....	1	" " " " 1855.
GEO. B. DICKINSON,.....	7	" " 1855 " 1862.
ELISIA ELDRED,.....	3	" " " " 1858.
F. MOORE,.....	6	" " 1856 " 1862.
Z. CHANDLER,.....	2	" " " " 1858.
C. H. BUHL,.....	9	" " 1858 " 1867.
GEO. E. HAND,.....	15	" " " " 1873.
J. HUFF JONES,.....	14	" " 1860 " 1874.
JOHN GIBSON,.....	5	" " 1862 " 1867.
DUNCAN STEWART,.....	5	" " " " 1867.
ROBERT HOSIE,.....	7	" " 1867 " 1874.

GEO. McMILLAN,.....	4	"	"	"	"	1871.
ALLAN SHELDEN,.....	3	"	"	"	"	1870.
J. D. HAYES,.....	4	"	"	1870	"	1874.
S. G. CASKEY,.....	3	"	"	1871	"	1874.
R. A. ALGER,.....	1	"	"	1873	"	1874.

No one without experience can estimate the amount of labor it has cost these twenty-three men to raise the amount of money, they have disbursed in twenty-five years.

As we look back for fifteen years over the term of Judge Hand, it looks, humanly speaking, as if the ship would have foundered without him—without his unflinching courage, his indomitable perseverance and his skill in collections. We do not believe it would have done so, for we have faith that, if necessary, God would have raised up some other man to take his place, as no man is indispensable in this world; yet, none the less, the Fort Street Church owes to Judge Hand a debt it can never pay, except by not forgetting the past, and generously holding up the hands of all the trustees who shall come after him. He closed his last annual report in March, 1873, as Chairman of the Board, when he refused to be re-elected, with these words, "The kindness of the Society to me during my long service is fully felt and appreciated; its liberality in subscriptions has been wonderful. The cordial and earnest co-operation of my associates receives my grateful and heartfelt acknowledgements."

Next to Judge Hand, we owe most to Sam'l Zug, at an early day, and to the clear head and able financial management of C. H. Buhl, for nine years; to J. Huff Jones, whose pains-taking devotion for fourteen years to the interests of pew-holders, we all appreciate and admire.

The Record of the Fort St. Church during the War.

This Church was ever forward during the war in contributing to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and Dr. Eldridge and one of the Elders (the speaker) each served at the front in the hospital work of the latter organization. That we were always true and faithful to the flag is no credit, when all were alike loyal. Our young men were few at that time. The following list, as far as I have learned, comprises all who left our congregation for the war.

JOHN GORING enlisted at the first call of his country in the 1st Michigan Infantry, (three months men,) under Col. Wilcox; was at the first battle of Bull Run. Re-enlisting, he was through all of McClelland's seven day's battles in the peninsula. He earned promotion by brave and faithful service, and was discharged as a 1st Lieutenant in October, 1862, from permanent disability, caused by a fall from his horse. He re-enlisted in the Veteran Reserve Corps as soon as it was formed, and remained till Jefferson Davis was captured by a Michigan regiment. He served with efficiency for a long time on the staff of Gen. O. B. Wilcox.

WILLIAM H. PERKINS, whose mother and sisters are with us, enlisted as a private in Col. Broadhead's 1st Mich. Cavalry, in July, 1861; was made lieutenant before leaving the State, and served as lieutenant and captain four years. He was for a while on the staffs of Gen's Stahl and Wilson, and two years on that of Gen. Kilpatrick, as ordinance officer of the 3rd Cavalry Division. He was actively engaged in the battles of Falling Waters and of Winchester, and in the latter battle had two horses shot under him. He made a brave, capable and active officer.

EMILE SHEPARD, whose mother and grand mother are among the very oldest members of the church, enlisted also in the 1st Mich. Infantry, (three month's men) in the company of the lamented Horace S. Roberts. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, and while hunting for a surgeon to save the life of his lieutenant (Mauch, who died soon after at Richmond) he was struck by a ball and lay three days unnoticed upon the field. He was at last cared for by the rebels, and his leg amputated. He was taken to Richmond, and was the first Michigan soldier exchanged in the war.

On his return, his elder brother must needs take the place that the wounded Emile could not fill, and ADOLPH SHEPARD enlisted in 1862, in the 24th Michigan—that historical regiment of Detroit. He was at Fredericksburg and several other battles. On the first day at Gettysburgh he was on detached service upon a regular battery when he was fatally shot by a minnie ball. He lived only long enough to say to his comrades: "Take my bible to sister Katie, and tell them at home I died doing my duty,"—words worthy of a soldier and an hero.

Still another brother, EDWARD SHEPARD, enlisted in the navy,

at the age of fifteen, and being discharged, from illness, re-enlisted in the 52d N. Y. Regiment and served to the end of the war.

HIRAM M. TOWNE, was a teacher in our Sunday School,—a nephew of Col. C. H. Towne, so well known as an officer of the 1st Michigan Cavalry. He enlisted as a private in Battery C, 1st Michigan Light Artillery; won his promotion by steady steps to a first-lieutenancy; and remained in active and faithful service to the end of the war.

CULBERT W. LAING, was for a while a lieutenant in Battery "B," of the same regiment; and was mustered out in April, 1863.

GEO. E. MAJEZ, now of Alpena, enlisted in the 4th Michigan Infantry; was made second lieutenant in 1862 and first lieutenant in 1864; and was badly wounded in the sanguinary battle of Cold Harbor; and was mustered out on account of his wound in June 1864. He was a most capable, efficient and praiseworthy officer.

GEO. W. HILL, enlisted as a private in the 5th Michigan Cavalry in August, 1862; was made a second lieutenant in the 7th Cavalry; and was with Custer in all his famous raids in 1863.

He was with Kilpatrick in his bold dash around Richmond; was in all the battles of the Wilderness till May 11th, when he was taken prisoner at the Yellow Tavern; was in Libby Prison, at Savannah and Charleston (under the fire of Federal guns); and was exchanged after ten months incarceration. He remained in the army and saw active service on the plains till 1866; and was mustered out a first lieutenant, with a capital record.

LANDON WARREN, son of Joseph Warren, once editor of the *Tribune*, now of Washington, D. C., enlisted as a private in August, 1862, in the 20th Michigan Infantry; was three years in service; was present at Fredricksburgh, and the Wilderness, and with the 9th Corps in front of Petersburg; and was commissioned a first lieutenant in 1864.

ROBERT SPEAR WARREN, his brother, entered the army as second lieutenant in the 1st Cavalry, in November, 1863. After being in active service for six months, was killed by a shell on the 12th of June, A. D. 1864, at Custer's disastrous battle of Trevillian Station, Va. He died in the arms of Capt. Joseph Bullock, now of this congregation. He was a noble lad; and many an eye was moist when the news of his sad death came.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS BUHL, of all those who perished from

this congregation in the war, was best known and best beloved. Of noble form and feature; of good intellect and of the most kind and loving ways, he was a favorite with all. As a member of my bible class for many years, I had every trust in his Christian character; and loved him almost as a son. He was in the University at Ann Arbor; and there seemed to be every possible tie of love, ambition and a happy home, to keep him from the service. But a conscientious sense of duty was stronger than all these silken bands. He offered himself to the government; and went out as second lieutenant, 24th Michigan Infantry, in July, 1862, and was promoted to first lieutenant in December after. He was in all the battles of the regiment till November, 1863. He had hair-breadth escapes at Fredericksburg; and was shot through the thigh at Gettysburgh. He then recruited a company and became captain in the 1st Michigan Cavalry in November, 1863. On the 25th of August, 1864, at Shepardstown, Va., he received a fatal wound while on a skirmish, from which he died in hospital at Annapolis, Md., on the 15th of September, thereafter, nursed by a mother's loving hand. He was a brave and noble soldier to the end. It is well with him,—those left behind can mourn only for themselves.

SELDEN JONES PHILLIPS, son of Capt. J. P. Phillips, and brother of Mrs. George F. Bagley, enlisted in the navy in 1863, receiving from Commodore Porter a commission as acting master's mate. He served as a brave and gallant officer on the Mississippi fleet, but mostly on Red River, till he was discharged in 1864, on account of illness, contracted from exposure and the climate, and which caused his death May 10th, 1865. He was in that famous retreat of the Red River Squadron, when, for three days, with cotton bales lashed to their sides, they ran the dreadful gauntlet of the rebel batteries. The Juliet, on which young Phillips belonged, was almost torn to pieces with shells, and being disabled, had to lash herself to another steamer. She was only saved from utter destruction, by the sudden advent of a Federal iron clad, from below. During his service, a bible put in his trunk by a loving mother, and read and re-read in hours of enforced idleness, first called his attention to religious truth. During his long and tedious illness, he turned still more to these blessed themes. He gave his heart to the Saviour, and died rejoicing in His love. I never shall forget the sweet and solemn scene, when, just before

his death, Dr. Eldridge and the session gathered around his bed to administer the communion and allow him to take upon himself those vows, which he could never enter the house of God to assume. His face seemed to shine as though he anticipated already the communion of the saints in heaven.

His brother, JOHN P. PHILLIPS, Jr., at the age of 18, in August, 1861, enlisted in Captain Howrigan's Company, of First Michigan Cavalry, and served his three years of enlistment, with courage and fidelity, as a soldier and non-commissioned officer.

ALEXANDER H. MCGRAW, son of Virgil W. McGraw, entered the service as quarter-master's sergeant, in the Fifth Michigan Infantry, and served assiduously and faithfully in that capacity for three years.

THOMAS S. MCGRAW, his brother, enlisted in the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry, (Colonel Stockton) in March, 1862. On the 2d of September, after, he was in the disastrous fight at Gaines' Mill, where sixty of his company (I) fell at a single volley. He was struck by a ball, which went clear through his chest. He lay on the field for six days, saved from death only by a flask of brandy given him by a rebel colonel. He was taken to Libby Prison, and after thirty-two days was exchanged to go north. In visiting him at Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., I took my first lesson in seeing how nobly northern soldiers could suffer and endure, as well as fight, for their country.

WILLIAM REID was in the Second Michigan Infantry, and was all through the seven days' battle under McClellan. The exposure almost deprived him of his eye-sight, and after the battle of Harrison's Landing, he was discharged for this disability. He is said to have been as brave in battle, as he is now, in another church, earnest and faithful in the work of his Master.

EDWARD WILSON was assistant librarian of our Sunday School, and enlisted in August, 1862, in the Twenty-Fourth Michigan Infantry, Company H, Captain Vinton, and after faithful service, died of disease contracted in the field, at Brook's Station, Va., in December, 1862.

NORMAN JOHNSON, of Bay City, enlisted in Captain Lum's Company A, First Michigan Infantry, May, 1861, at the first call, and was badly wounded in the chest and shoulder, in the first bat-

tle of Bull Run, and mustered out at the end of his service, with a high record for gallantry.

DAVID A. GRANGER was a leader of our choir. He recruited a company in the Fourth Michigan Infantry, in 1861, but his record is unknown.

Besides these who went from us to the war, may we not mention one or two who came from the war to us?

I well remember, after working for six weeks among the wounded at City Point, of spending the 5th of July, A. D. 1864, on the beautiful banks of James River, with Custer's corps, just resting after one of his daring raids. There first I met General (then Colonel) R. A. Alger, of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, whose record as a soldier, is surpassed by few of all the brave men which Michigan sent to the conflict. Now in the pursuit of peace, forgetful of sabre and trumpet, he fills well his part, as a man of business, and as a member and trustee of this church.

It may not be generally known that another officer of this church, Deacon Lucien E. Smith, won laurels in the army, before entering the ranks of trade. He enlisted as a private in the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Regiment, New York Volunteers, was promoted at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburgh, was then transferred to the west under General Hooker, was made first lieutenant at Lookout Mountain, and in command of his company, made, with Sherman, that whole glorious "March to the Sea." He will care for the poor none the less tenderly, that he has mingled nobly and well in so many scenes of carnage and suffering.

Captain F. C. Adamson also deserves mention as a most able and capable officer. He went out as second lieutenant, in 1861, in the Third Michigan Cavalry, was promoted to first lieutenant April, 1862, and to captain in October, 1862. He was seriously wounded and permanently disabled in August, 1864, at Duvall's Bluff, in Arkansas.

Record of Deceased Members.

We now come to those whose names have been transferred, as we trust, from the roll of the church on earth, to the roll of the redeemed in heaven. Opposite their names in the Lamb's Book of Life will never be written the date of their departure, for "there

is no death there." We approach this theme, not with sorrow and sadness, but rather with exultation and joy, that so many have gone from our number, in the hope of a blessed immortality, and are there awaiting us as, "one by one," we shall cross the river.

Of those who left us in the first five years of Mr. Kellogg's ministry, the present officers knew but little. The ranks of those gathered into a missionary church, as this was, are not stable and permanent. Many died away from the city, and the entry, "died" at such a date, opposite their names, is all we know of their spiritual life. Little more than a list can be furnished. Marked with a star, are the names of Chester Spaulding, Helen, Mary and Cherry Weir, (all sisters of Judge J. D. Weir) Sarah Burroughs, Hannah C. Smith, Mrs. John Gibson, John Cook, Albert G. Fuller, Martha Fielding, Elizabeth Schoonmaker, Elisha Wells, Mrs. Captain W. W. Allen, Mrs. William Stewart, Harriet Prentis, (a sister of George H. Prentis, now of this church) Mary Conner, Louisa Praigg, David W. Ellithorpe, and Mrs. William Walker.

The first death among those of us who joined the church in 1854, was that of one greatly regretted by us all, Mrs. Annis C. Moore, a woman of marked character, religiously and intellectually. A sister of Senator Chandler, she was a worthy specimen of a New England woman. She had ever dispensed a large hospitality, and left a void, not easily filled, in our social life.

The next year (1857) took from us two most estimable heads of families: Mrs. Christopher Reeve and Mrs. James Stephens.

In 1858, one name only is on the roll of the departed—Mrs. Phæbe Foote. She was a woman of great activity and energy, and without doubt one of the most earnest and efficient christian women in the city. The record of her work for the souls of others is on high.

In 1859, also one only,—Mary E. McGraw. She was converted in the revival of 1857. The day she gave her heart to God, is as fresh as yesterday in my recollection. Her death, in the very hey-day of her youth, was one of triumphant hope, peace and joy, the sight of which was enough to convince the most skeptical of the value of christian faith in a dying hour.

In 1860, one also—Mrs. A. H. Jordan—who died in Scotland, on a visit to her childhood's home.

In 1861, one also—John V. Beane—whom we all had reason

to love as a christian and to respect as the founder and teacher of the Detroit Female Seminary. Those who have had daughters under his wise care, or in the school he founded, owe much to him. The very next year there followed him his daughter, Mrs. Caroline G. Page. In 1864 another daughter of great promise, Emma L. Beane; and in 1873 his only son, John B. Beane—all rejoicing in the love of Christ, till now there is more of the family together in heaven than on earth.

In 1862 we lost away from us Mrs. Mary E. Perry, (sister of Henry N. Walker,) and Mrs. Helen M. Boardman, (sister of Philo Parsons.) The former died away from us. The glorious christian life and triumphant happy sickness and death of the latter, has few parallels in our history.

In 1863 the Angel of Death passed us by untouched; but in 1864, beside Mrs. Page, he took from us Mrs. Charity Southard, Mrs. James Henry, Mrs. Theodosia Snow, (the mother of Mrs. Heath. and Mrs. Knight,) an aged saint, and Mrs. Mathilde G. Moore. The last, a native of sunny France, with all the spirit and vivacity of her race, refined by culture and travel, with great capabilities of enjoyment and usefulness, was called away in her young motherhood; but not without a bright hope beyond. Two years before she had united with this church; and her examination before the Session will long be happily remembered by all present.

In 1865 the call came for Mrs. Henrietta Pond, Selden Jones Philips, of whom we have spoken, and Mrs. Levi Cook, the wife of one of our oldest and most worthy citizens. Thus death, that year, gathered his harvest equally from youth, middle and old age.

In 1866 the number increases, and six are on the list of the departed. Miss Eliza A. Rosebrook, almost a stranger among us, Mrs. William L. Woodbridge, Mrs. Julia L. Jenks, Mrs. Joseph Nicholson, Mrs. Theodore Romeyn, and Joseph C. Heath. Mrs. Woodbridge was a daughter of Dr. Ebenezer Hurd, and sister of Mrs. G. W. Hoffman. She was a devoted and loving christian mother, and, like Mrs. Nicholson, was taken from a group of little ones, left to be cared for by Him, who careth always for the orphan and the bereaved.

Mrs. Romeyn was long known in this city—a woman of mark and influence in every circle in which she moved, with

culture, position and abilities, fitting her for, and making her, a leader in society. Her whole life was consecrated by a pure and earnest piety.

Joseph C. Heath, a brother-in-law of Elder Knight, was a man of singular and simple piety, to whom devotion and religion seemed inborn, and prayer but the natural breathing of his life.

In 1867, five went before us: Mrs. Anna Bryant, (mother of Mrs. E. C. Walker) John Gibson and Shubael Conant—all aged—all having lived beyond their fellows, and left comparatively alone in life; and two others: Mrs. Lucia W. Smith and Mrs. Harriet N. Cameron, just in the ripeness of womanhood, each from a circle of dependent little ones, each with clear hope and confiding trust, called to go up higher.

John Gibson was one of those solid, reliable men, in whom every one believes, and whom every one trusted. His character as a christian and a man, was one any of us might covet without sin. For several years he was an efficient trustee and treasurer of this society.

Shubael Conant, at his death aged 84, had been a resident for sixty years of this city, and its history would not be complete without a record of his life. Beginning his career when Detroit was but a fur-traders' station, he had prospered with its growth. A merchant and a trader, his honesty was unimpeachable. No man in Detroit was ever so perfectly trusted by his fellow-citizens, or so often made an arbiter or trustee for the interests of others; with happy, pleasant ways, winning the love and respect of all; full of charity in word and deed; having no family of his own, the door of every family in Detroit was freely open to him. He was converted after he was fifty years of age, and even then God gave the life of an ordinary generation to illustrate the purity and sweetness of a well poised, harmonious christian character. When, from a peaceful and happy death-bed, he was gathered to his fathers, the Fort Street Presbyterian Church lost one of its best supporters and fastest friends.

Five names were also starred in 1869, of those in whose crowns above, we hope are many stars: Lyman Briggs, Mrs. Catherine H. Jones, Miss Mary L. Palmer, Mrs. Catherine Hinchman, and Mrs. Elmira Green.

Mrs. Hinchman had a motherly christian spirit, which not only

her death bed, but her life witnessed. She had ever been faithful to the work that God had imposed upon her widowed life. Two years later, we carried from the same house, to Elmwood, Joseph Law, Jr., the husband of her only daughter.

So, also, two years from the death of Mary Palmer, went up from the same household to meet her whom he so much loved, and on whom he so much leaned, her father, John Palmer. His history, like Judge Conant's, goes back to the early history of Detroit. His old homestead and the sweet garden about it on the present site of Moffat's building, are inseparable from the recollection of Detroit, as it has been for forty years. An honest merchant, a faithful agent, a consistent christian, his record, to our eyes, has no blemish.

Mrs. DeGarmo Jones came to this city as a bride on the first trip of the "Walk in the Water," in 1819, fifty-five years ago. They soon located in a charming spot on the brink of the river, then some ways below the city, on the front of the Jones Farm, where the Michigan Car Works have lately stood. Colonel Jones was a man of high character and position in the community, and she made his house always the center of a refined, delightful social life, full of all the hospitality for which Detroit was famous, and which we trust will never entirely leave us. Left a widow many years ago, the same social life remained, only modified by her new position. Left with wealth, she used it conscientiously and wisely. She was the third largest contributor to the building of our first edifice, when she was in no way connected with the congregation: and in the building of this church, she stood side by side with the very largest donors, in each successive demand for means and money. That christian is well along in the divine life, who has learned that he is only a steward of God's bounties, and who gives to His cause liberally and cheerfully.

Our number was diminished by four in 1870: Mrs. Harriet C. Boyd, Mrs. Mary Ward, Mrs. Abbey E. Stevens, widow of F. H. Stevens, a leading citizen of thirty years ago; and Anna S. Gillett, daughter of Shradrach Gillett. The last left behind a bright and shining record. For many months before her departure, she was brought face to face with death, and suffered pain beyond measure; but her faith and hope and spiritual joy deepened to the end. The close of her life seemed meant by God as

a long and pointed lesson to all around her, to teach them how a christian should suffer and should die. Again, after two years, her mother, a sweet and sainted character, followed her to the home above.

In 1871, there left us—beside Elder Ray, Joseph Law, Jr. and John Palmer, already alluded to—Mrs. William Champ and David Stewart.

In 1872, beside Mrs. Gillett, there left us one of the original twenty-six members of this church: Mrs. Louisa Wilcox. Somewhat retiring in her ways, a life-long invalid, those that knew her most, loved her best. Her long, last sickness, developed to her pastor, and all who stood by her bedside, an unexpected force of christian character and christian knowledge. She died in triumph at the last, and her memory is a rich legacy to her children.

In the year just drawn to a close, we have followed to the grave, one by one, all that was mortal of John B. Beane, Albert S. Knight, son of our beloved elder, Silas L. Fuller, suddenly cut down away from home, within one week from his reception into this church, and Mathilde Foex. The impression of their lives and deaths is too fresh in your minds to need one word from me.

Beside these, we have, within these years, lost from the congregation, several heads of families, whom we have greatly mourned, and many whose hearts were deeply interested in the success and upbuilding of this church. Among whom, we would not forget Captain Augustus Canfield, U. S. A., son-in-law of General Cass, who did us good service on the building committee of the church; Cyrus W. Jackson, alwas liberal in his benefactions to us; James Williams, steady, faithful and true in every relation of life; Colonel Levi Cook, the veteran merchant, ever kind and genial to all; David Thompson, the successful business man, only prevented, by an unwise statute, from making a noble gift out of his wealth, to the educational interests of our denomination; Charles Ducharme, a model of mercantile honor, trustworthiness and success, doing his share in every benevolent work; and, though educated in another communion, giving freely and generously to this church; Henry J. Buckley, cut off from wife and little ones, in the prime of his years, just as integrity and capacity in business, had earned distinguished success; and Henry W. Standart, the most devoted and loving of fathers

to sons and daughters, who returned his love with interest. Time would fail us to say all that might wisely be said of these men, and others, who have left us within the quarter-century now closed.

In conclusion, we have, as a church, great cause to "Thank God and take courage,"—thank God, because all we have done, and all we are to-day, comes from Him; "take courage," because He is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and will, if we serve Him, bless us in the future as He has in the past. We have no occasion for pride or vain glory. May every heart, amid the congratulations of this happy day, be enabled to say, from its deepest recesses, "Not unto us, O, Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory." Let us remember, that, with growth and prosperity, come enlarged duties and responsibilities. Our first need is a new baptism of the Holy Spirit, that all those who have in any way aided in building up this church and society, may themselves be living stones in God's Temple. Let us aim to be a living, working giving church, full of the missionary spirit of the Master, laboring, not for ourselves alone, but for Detroit for our country, for the world.

After the reading of Mr. Walker's address, Mr. George W. Hoffman presented the following financial exhibit of the pecuniary outlay of the quarter-century, for congregational and benevolent purposes :

The Finances and Benevolences.

It is sometimes said that the prayer meeting is an index to the spirituality of the church. May it not also be said with propriety, that the money contributed is an index to its benevolence and its prosperity.

With reference to the latter proposition, I think it will be fully shown by the statement I have to make of the expenditures by this congregation from its organization to the present time, that in proportion as it has bestowed liberally, so it has prospered.

It has increased in numbers and wealth, and has realized the

assurance given in God's Holy Word: "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over; for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The small beginnings of this church, may at this day, seem strange to us, and perhaps as much so to the few of its first members who are still with us.

The salary of its first pastor was fixed at eight hundred dollars a year.

A committee to whom was confided the then difficult task of raising that amount by subscription, after some days of dilligent effort, reported they had obtained pledges for about six hundred dollars, and that there might not be any failure in the result, the pastor himself had subscribed the other two hundred. Of this six hundred dollars, there was a considerable deficiency at the close of the year.

The benevolent contributions for the first year amounted to fifty-five dollars and fifty-two cents.

But it is not my province to go into the history of the church, that having been left to other hands. It seemed however not out of place to allude to these items as a starting point in a report of the benevolent collections and contingent expenses of this church and congregation, during the first twenty-five years of its existence.

Not to go too minutely into detail, I have thought it advisable and as fully covering the object of this report, to condense it into periods of five years, embracing, in brief, expenditures by the trustees as found upon the records, for contingent and current expenses; and collections by the session for missionary and other benevolent purposes, which have been as follows:

For Contingent Expenses, first five years, to 1854,	\$	3,293	68
" " second " " 1859,		26,311	80
" " third " " 1864,		27,635	81
" " fourth " " 1869,		32,746	58
" " fifth " " 1874,		46,616	40
Total of Contingent Expenses for twenty-five years,	\$	136,514	27

For benevolent purposes :

First period of five years, to 1854.....	\$	1,276	15
Second " " " 1859.....		3,846	99
Third " " " 1864.....		7,276	87
Fourth " " " 1869.....		8,509	78
Fifth " " " 1874, \$26,712 43, In addition to this last named sum, there has been given for various specific, benevolent and charitable purposes, \$10,426 55, making for the last period of five years,.....		37,138	98
Total for benevolence for twenty-five years,.....	\$	58,048	77

Thus it is shown, that the amount given for benevolent and charitable purposes within the last five years, has been nearly double the amount given during the previous twenty years.

The expenditure for church property, has been as follows :

For the lot on which the church stands.....	\$	7,000	00
Original cost of building.....		63,000	00
Remodeling and rebuilding in 1870.....		35,000	00
Organ.....		5,500	00
Total.....	\$	110,500	00

The gross sum expended for all purposes so far as can be ascertained from the books, has been.....\$305,063 04

Many contributions have been made in answer to appeals for aid, that do not appear on the records. Added to these, have been numerous donations from sympathising and loving hearts, "where the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth."*

The Ladies' Benevolent Society has, during the past winter, sent clothing and other useful articles to families of home missionaries in this State and Kansas, to the amount of \$391.08.

The Young Ladies' Society has provided for the continuance of two schools for girls in India, established last year, and are expending between three and four hundred dollars among the poor of the city.

I will also take the liberty of mentioning one other generous gift desirable and appropriate for social purposes, from one whose liberality is too well known to need mention at my hands.

*It is due both to justice and to generosity, to state, what really belongs to this history, that during the past five years, the present pastor of this church has been made the recipient of various sums of money from the members of his congregation, amounting in the aggregate, to nearly four thousand dollars, which he here gratefully acknowledges.

of some fifteen hundred pieces of china and glass, from which to dispense the good things always so cheerfully and bountifully provided by our ladies whenever called upon.

The method of benevolent collections in this church during past years (except the last four) was the same as practiced in most churches: by subscriptions, donations, and plate collections, on the Sabbath.

Four years ago cards were introduced on which was designated one of the objects of church benevolence for each month in the year, with a blank column in which the donors stated the amount they would give to each object named.

This system was found to be an improvement on the former method, but passing the plate was still necessary to collect the card-subscriptions, and to give those who did not adopt them, an opportunity to contribute.

Recently, former methods have been discontinued, and the envelope system (so called) adopted, which it is believed will prove much more agreeable and convenient, and will lead to a compliance with the scripture injunction: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," and by which all members of the congregation, old and young, may, as an act of worship, present their offerings unto the Lord.

To carry out this system, a small, tin rack has been placed in each pew, and in the rack a leather envelope, in which each person may deposit an offering (after the sermon, and before the final hymn) during morning service. After service the envelopes are collected and the amount, found therein, appropriated to the several objects of benevolence stated on a printed card which is also placed in the rack with the envelope.

Any persons wishing to designate the particular purpose or object to which their contribution shall be given, can do so by writing on a slip of paper and depositing it with the gift in the envelope.

This system was introduced on the first of January of this year, and has thus far proved much more successful than was anticipated, and it is believed will receive the hearty and cordial co-operation and approval of this entire congregation, and will

prove to be the most popular and efficient method ever practiced, to develop the beneficence of the church and people.

The Fort Street Presbyterian Church is now free from debt, save a small amount, and has money in its treasury to meet all current demands, and has adopted Paul's injunction to the Romans: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

This was followed by an address by Bradford Smith, Esq., on

The Sabbath School and its Officers.

For a long time before the organization of our church, the friends of "Mission Work" had not been idle in the vineyard of the Lord; but had been doing what they could to keep pace with the growth of the city. The old First Church was full of praying earnest and faithful men and women, who could not remain at ease within her walls and see the city extend East and West, without the Gospel of Peace. And, although the First Congregational Church had gone out from her and planted the Banner of the Cross of Christ in the eastern part of the city, they determined, early in the autumn of 1848, to plant another colony in the western portion of the city. Accordingly a few courageous and faithful ones went forth from the mother church, as Mr. Samuel Zug says, "burning their ships behind them." At once they organized a Sabbath School. Mr. Alanson Sheley was asked to take the superintendency of the new enterprise, as he had had experience in such matters as superintendent of the First Church Sabbath School, (in which place he has continued faithful until this day). Mr. Sheley refused, saying, wisely, "Let those, who have confidence in the thing, take charge of it." Consequently, Messrs. Sylvester Larned and Samuel Zug were elected joint superintendents of the school, the former being called the "Aaron," and the latter the "Moses" of the Exodus.

The first records of the school show that, on the twelfth of November, A. D. 1848, there were present, superintendents Sylvester Larned, Samuel Zug; also, Miss Delia Mather, Teacher of the infant class, Miss Isabella G. Duffield, (now Mrs. Dr. Morse Stewart,) Mrs. A. E. Mather, Miss Laura Brisco, Miss Harriet Bond, Miss Cherry Wier, Miss Roberts, Miss Norton, Mrs. Kellogg, Messrs. Alexander McFarren, John Stevens, William Hannorth, S. P. Wilcox, and seventy-six children. Of these, Mr. Samuel P.

Wilcox alone remains in the school; and of him it is not too much to say, he has ever been at his post of duty. He has so deported himself towards all the superintendents, as to make them regard him as their true friend.

Mr. Larned continued in the school only a short time, but on account of failing health, went south, leaving the superintendency entirely in the hands of Mr. Zug. He bore the burden and heat of the day, and the work prospered under his management. At the end of three years he resigned. The teachers urged upon him the importance of his remaining in office; he kindly but positively declined to serve them any longer in that capacity. He advised the election of Henry C. Knight, then a teacher in the school. His advice was accepted, and Mr. H. C. Knight became the superintendent. Mr. Zug took Mr. Knight's class, and continued as a faithful worker and teacher in the school many years. His sympathy and attention are now turned towards another mission field of labor, still farther west in our beloved city, north of Michigan Avenue.

Henry C. Knight was born in East Bethlehem Township, Washington County, Pa., September 3d, 1817. He was a loving and dutiful son, and early in life won the confidence and affection of his youthful companions, and was respected and trusted by all who knew him. He loved books and study, and so diligently did he devote himself to them, that in 1836 he graduated at Jefferson College. He studied law in Boston, Mass. one year; came to Detroit and was admitted to the bar in 1839, when but twenty-two years of age. He soon thereafter removed to Pontiac, where he practiced law until 1848, when he gave up the law for the ministry. In 1851, he removed to this city, having reluctantly given up the ministry on account of the failure of his voice. He again resumed the practice of law, and was ever the faithful advocate and friend of the poor and oppressed—without regard to recompense or reward. He *remembered* that He, in whom alone there is salvation, had said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Men soon learned to trust him, and his fellow-citizens called him to fill many places of trust and honor. He was Alderman, member of the Board of Education, Regent of the State University of Michigan, and, at the time of his death, Prosecuting Attorney for the County of

Wayne. He was the uncorrupted, and ever faithful public servant. When chosen superintendent of the Sabbath School, he entered upon the work with all his heart. Mr. Knight loved children, and they soon learned to love him. There is no power like love to win the young to a life of obedience to law and usefulness in the world. He continued in the good work as superintendent, for sixteen years, until his death, in the spring of 1867. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Joseph G. Ray was chosen, after the death of our beloved brother, Henry C. Knight, to fill the place thus made vacant. Mr. Ray was born of missionary parents, in Islington, near London, England, 1832. He came with his parents to this country, and settled in Rochester, N. Y., 1841; removed to Michigan and made his home in Detroit, about the year 1853. He was a good boy, and became an honest and upright man. He inherited from his godly mother, a remarkable sweetness of temper, amiability of disposition, and gentleness of manner, which, when permeated with the spirit of his Divine Master, made him a most faithful and efficient worker in the vineyard of the Lord. He won the esteem and love of us all, but on account of his nearness of sight, he resigned the superintendency in October, 1869, and took a class in the school. He was ever the faithful friend of his successor in office. Mr. Ray was a sun-beam in the school. Who does not remember how he came into the room singing, and as he would stop, saying, "I feel like singing all the time"? His work here and with us was soon ended. His Lord called him up higher. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way." Of our departed, sainted brother, it may truly be said: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

His friend, Bradford Smith, who succeeded him, did what he could during three years, to advance the permanent interests of the school.

In January, 1873, Mr. E. C. Walker was elected superintendent, and still continues to hold the office. The school is in a prosperous condition. Mr. Walker needs no one to write his history for him, for he has been compelled, in giving the history of the church, to be his own "*auto-biographer*," which has been faithfully done. I may add, however, he has been identified with the work of the school, for about twenty years.

The First Library of the School.

About a dozen little girls met at the house of Mrs. Zug in the winter of 1849, and organized themselves into a sewing society, to work for benevolent and religious causes. They determined first of all to raise money to buy a small library for the school. Accordingly, they went to work in earnest to make fancy articles for a fair. They made a complete success. Their generous friends, one of whom it is distinctly remembered was Captain E. B. Ward, attended their fair, and soon bought them all out. They raised, to their surprise and great gratification, one hundred dollars. Of this sum, they took twenty-five dollars and bought their longed-for library, and the remaining seventy-five dollars they appropriated to purchase materials for further benevolent enterprises, connected with the church and Sunday School.

During these twenty-five years, the school has increased from year to year, and numbered at one time between 400 and 500 teachers and scholars; our average has been about 250. Three "Missions" have been off-shoots from us; and many of their most faithful and devoted teachers were some of our own most self-sacrificing workers.

The Ninth Avenue "Mission," of which our Congregational brother, D. M. Richardson, is superintendent, and our Scotch Presbyterian friend, Mr. F. Lambie, is the bible class teacher, took off from us at one time about 200 children. We bade them "God speed" in their labors of love. Christ's kingdom is progressive and aggressive. His last command to His disciples, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," should be heeded. Let the churches of Jesus Christ plant "Missions," and nourish them, till they are fairly established in the community where they are located.

Fruits of the Work.

We find, from a careful examination of the imperfect records, that at least 120 children and youth have united with our own church on profession of faith, from the Sabbath School, while many others have joined sister churches in the city; and may we not hope that many more, if not all who have been with us so long in this most interesting relation, if not members of the visi-

ble church here, may become citizens of the heavenly kingdom. Some of the dear lambs of the flock have been taken from us by the Good Shepherd to His fold above. And while our hearts have been almost crushed by the blow of separation, still, when we realized that it was given by our Heavenly Father's hand, and that He has taken the little pets to His divine love and care, we have, as we hope, been able to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

When this changing life, with its cares, duties, trials, temptations, hopes, fears, joys and sorrows, is ended, may we have the unspeakable pleasure and eternal satisfaction of a glorious re-union with the dear ones we so loved, whose memory is so sacred, who have gone before and are now on the "shining shore," waiting, as we trust, to welcome us to the heavenly mansions which our blessed Saviour has gone to prepare for His faithful followers.

Present Officers and Teachers.

E. C. WALKER, Superintendent.

S. P. WILCOX, Assistant Superintendent.

ROBERT M. ZUG, Secretary and Treasurer.

ROBERT W. STANDART, Librarian.

BRADFORD SMITH, Teacher Bible Class.

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Teacher Bible Class.

MRS. H. C. KNIGHT, Teacher Infant Class.

MISS JENNIE WILSON, Teacher Infant Class.

MESSRS. GEORGE N. LADUE, CHARLES B. WOODRUFF, LUCIEN

E. SMITH, JAMES R. DUTTON, WALTER BUHL, OTTO KIRCHNER,

HENRY M. PARK, JOHN MCFARLANE.

MISS JULIA A. KNIGHT, MISS MARY PENNY, MISS JENNIE A. FOOTE, MISS SARAH H. STANDART, MISS MARY L. ORR, MISS MARY C. BREWSTER, MISS MATTIE JOY, MISS CORA WOODRUFF, MISS ANNA BOTSFORD.

MRS. A. G. LINDSAY, MRS. GEO. F. NEWLAND, MRS. S. P. WILCOX, MRS. H. M. PARK, MRS. MARGARET E. HODGKIN, MRS. M. F. MERICK, MRS. HENRY GRAHAM.

At the conclusion of these interesting historical papers, the hour was so late, that the exercises were at once concluded with the benediction by the Rev. John P. Scott, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, of this city.

The Evening Meeting

Was introduced by prayer, offered by the Rev. S. M. Freeland, of the Second Congregational Church, of this city.

The pastor, acting as chairman for the evening, then explained the absence of the Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York City, who was expected to have been present, and to have preached on the evening previous, but who was detained at home by the religious interest prevalent throughout the city, and by the consequent multiplied services in connection with his own church.

Letters of congratulation were then read from the widow of the Rev. R. R. Kellogg, first pastor of the church, from the Rev. Henry Neill, D. D., Rev. Azariah Eldridge, D. D., and Rev. Samuel Taylor Clarke, successive pastors; from the brother of Rev. James Means, who acted for a time in the same capacity, and from the Rev. S. D. Burchard, D. D., of New York City, under whose preaching and pastoral care, Mr. Pierson himself passed his youth. These letters, with others, will appear in their proper place, in subsequent pages.

Short congratulatory addresses were then delivered by various brethren, who were introduced with brief, appropriate remarks, by the chairman. Much that was said cannot be re-produced, and much, that might be preserved, naturally dies with the occasion, as the aroma of a flower ceases to exhale when the blossom fades. But so much was said which contributes to the history of the period commemorated on this day, and which evidences and exemplifies the unity of all true christians, and inspires enlarged effort and enterprise in the cause of Christ, that we have secured from each of the several speakers, an outline of his remarks, by which we are thus enabled to complete our otherwise imperfect record of this pleasurable and memorable anniversary.

Congratulatory Addresses.

The chairman said: "Our first speaker this evening, is our Detroit *bulwark of orthodoxy*, a beloved brother, the longest settled here of any of our city pastors, and who, for fifteen years, has demonstrated that the preaching of the pure and simple gospel does *not* 'dislodge a preacher,' nor wear out. He reminds me of

a home missionary in Kansas of whom it was said, that 'he kept telling men that they were sinners and needed a Saviour, *until they actually believed it!*' I take pleasure in introducing the Rev John P. Scott, of the United Presbyterian Church."

Mr. Scott responded: "From the depths of my heart I thank my good brother Pierson for the high honor conferred upon me in representing me as "the bulwark of orthodoxy in this city." He could scarcely have done me greater honor, and I do not know how I can better re-pay him, than to express to you my gratification at having such an able and efficient co-laborer in the maintenance of orthodox principles. I will not say anything about these other brethren, but will assume that they are not present, and say to you that any doxy that does not agree with *our* doxy, is not *ortho*-doxy. We were told this afternoon in that very interesting paper read by Mr. Walker, that this congregation worshipped at first in the church building in which the congregation to which I minister, now worships; perhaps that is what has caused this congregation to flourish so well; it had a good orthodox beginning. We have been watching you with a special interest to see whether you would remain steadfast to the faith, and are happy this evening to congratulate you on your theological, congregational and financial status; and as you have done so well for the quarter of a century that is past, I think you may be safely trusted in the future, especially so long as you have such an orthodox leader as my brother Pierson; and these orthodox men are not given to frequent change, either as to location or theological views; they stand on such a firm basis, that they stand very steady; they build long and they build strong.

"I thought this afternoon when listening to that very minute and interesting review of your history as a congregation for a quarter of a century, how full that same period had been of events of the highest importance to the church at large—to this nation and to all the nations of the earth.

"Within this period the foundations of our government have been tested as we did not expect; and severe as the test was, we have demonstrated to the hereditary rulers and crowned monarchists of the world, that there is a central power in republicanism that they had not dreamed of; and during the same period the church has made aggressions on the territory of the enemy great-

er, I believe, than during any previous quarter of a century since the days of Christ and His apostles. In proof of this, we need only to consider what has been done for the spread of the gospel in India, and China, and Egypt, and Spain, and Italy, and Turkey, and Mexico, and in other nations. In many of these countries, twenty-five years ago, it required not only a martyr spirit, but a martyr's head would have been the result of attempting to distribute the Bible or to preach the glad tidings of salvation; but during this period, barrier after barrier has been removed; tyrannical and wicked laws against the dissemination of christian truth, and the proclamation of the gospel, have been rescinded; prejudices removed; and treaties formed between nations; until now the missionaries of the cross from the two great christian nations of the world, can go, with the assurance of protection, and preach the gospel throughout the wide world. The way being now open, we may expect glorious results.

“ But the services of this occasion demand that we should consider specially the past and present religious condition of our own city; and what are the facts? Twenty-five years ago, with a population of twenty thousand, we had nineteen churches, nearly one church organization to each one thousand inhabitants. We have now one hundred thousand inhabitants and fifty nine churches—almost two thousand inhabitants to each church organization. Some of these churches are large and strong, but many of them are small and feeble; thus, while the population has increased five-fold, the churches have only increased three-fold; and, as to church accommodations, were all the population disposed to attend some place of public worship, there would not be church accommodations for more than one in five of the inhabitants.

“ Is this as it should be? Shall we remain indifferent and inactive in view of these facts? Does not the comparative increase in population over the increase in churches, and the large numbers of our population who do not attend any place of public worship, and who could not be accommodated if they did desire to attend, call for increased activity, and devotion, and zeal upon the part of the officers and members of the various churches in our city? Let us consecrate ourselves afresh to the work and service of our Master, in this city.”

Chairman: "In the year 1867, in the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati, I heard an elder deliver a long and elaborate speech, and I felt like the Scotchman, who joined the debating club because he '*wanted to contradict a wee!*' But I have since learned to sympathise with that brother and love him, as one of the most trustworthy of men, and to understand why the farmer called his team 'new school' and 'old school,' saying that 'one horse was *fast* and the other *safe*, but both together made a splendid span.' We will now hear from the Hon. Hovey K. Clarke."

Mr. Clarke, after some playful allusions to his impressions of Mr. Pierson in that same Assembly, proceeded to say: "I believe in anniversaries. They have their uses, and some of them are valuable. Even the sad ones have lessons in them which we cannot afford to lose. They have their abuses, too, sometimes most conspicuous in religious observances. When the Saints' days and Fast days of the year become more numerous than the Sabbaths, and are observed with more devotion, we may conclude that the anniversary business is overdone. But of all events which have their origin in associated action, I am sure that there are none more worthy of commemoration, than the founding of a church.

"The evil that men do,' says the great English poet, 'lives after them.' In an ever-widening circle, it extends and perpetuates itself. No fact can be more solemn than this. I would fain believe that some of the evil which some men do is obliterated in the blood of Christ; otherwise, it seems to me that there must be reflections, even in the world above, closely akin to remorse. 'The good is often interred with their bones:'—but not always; for the blessed dead are assured when they rest from their labors, that "their works do follow them." There may be some who now, from the spirit world, are permitted to mingle in the rejoicings of this occasion, and who were in that little company, gathered in the Senate Chamber of the old Capitol, on the fourth Sabbath in February, twenty-five years ago, to found this church! And are there not, among the experiences by which this church has been led to its present position, some to be most gratefully remembered, and which are the last that the brethren of that company—two of whom I see before me—Zug and Wilcox—would relinquish?

“But I am not permitted to extend these reflections. What is the lesson of the hour? is the question. This building is a power. This congregation—the men and women who compose it, and the means they command—is a power. This pastor is a power; and in all, there is an aggregate involving a great responsibility. It is in your hands—*what are you going to do with it!* The usefulness of a church is to be measured, not by what it does, or is capable of doing for its members; but by what *it stimulates its members to do for others.* COLONIZATION is the lesson which the facts before us this evening are teaching the Presbyterian Churches of Detroit. *Colonization*—Riverside, Grand Trunk Junction, Hamtramck—unless we see our duty to these localities, we shall miss the most striking and important lesson of this most interesting occasion.”

Chairman: “When our Congregational neighbors on Fort Street wanted to get a pastor, they took good care to choose one whose preaching *must be to edification!* All I have against this brother is that he is a *Congregationalist*, but he is so near a Presbyterian that we can hardly tell the difference; and I will only remind him that Congregationalism, like New Hampshire is a ‘*good State to go from!*’ Let us hear from the *edifying* pastor of the Fort Street Congregational Church, Rev. Zachary Eddy, D. D.”

Dr. Eddy spoke as follows: “I have been courteously introduced by the pastor, as a Congregationalist; but I would thank some friend to decide the question, whether I ought to be called a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian. My father was a Congregational minister, and the pastor of a Congregational church, but at the same time a member of Buffalo Presbytery. In my early youth I became a member of the same Congregational church, which was represented by delegates in the Presbytery, and once or twice furnished lay commissioners to the General Assembly. I was ordained in the Presbyterian church, was for several years a member of Presbytery; but was also, for some time, the pastor of a Congregational church, and the scribe of a Congregational Association. The truth is, in those days, many of us scarcely knew whether we were Congregationalists or Presbyterians; for it was in the time of the glorious old “*Plan of Union,*” whose memory is blessed.

“In those days I loved the Presbyterian church; but not more

than I love it now. When I was a raw, undisciplined youth, I was tenderly taken in hand by the noble Presbytery of Buffalo, trained, encouraged and started on my career as a minister, not without prayers and benedictions. Till my heart stops beating, I can never cease to love the great orthodox, learned, orderly and evangelical Body, under whose cherishing and genial nurture, I passed the earlier years of my ministry.

“This is not the time to boast of it, but I cannot help saying that, though our revered and beloved Dr. Shaw did not mention my name this morning as one of the “noble company” of Presbyterian martyrs. I had the honor to suffer in the cause of genuine ‘Constitutional’ Presbyterianism. In 1837, my head was taken off so neatly, by the Breckenridge guillotine, that I felt no pain. I was a member, at that time, of one of the four excised synods. For a considerable period after that event, I, with many of my brethren, stood aloof from both Assemblies, almost ready to say—‘A plague on both your houses!’ I must confess, that the excision quickened the love of the free Congregational Order, which my revered father had planted in my heart, but which had, for several years, been in a state of suspended animation. With a true, but not idolatrous love of that Order, I now recognize, with filial affection, in the re-united Presbyterian Church, the spiritual alma mater of my youth. God bless the Presbyterian Church in the United States!

“And God bless the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, of Detroit! Though I am a new comer among you—almost a stranger, indeed—I enter heartily into your joy, and offer my sincere congratulations on this twenty-fifth birth-day of your church. You will permit me to say, that I rejoice in your prosperity, not so much because yours is a *Presbyterian church*, as because it is, in my belief, a living and fruitful church of Jesus Christ. The value of a true church to such a city as this, cannot be told. Its purifying and beneficent influences can only be measured by the Omniscient One. For what is a christian church, considered with reference to the work which God has given it to do? A HOSPITAL for the cure of sick, death-smitten souls; a FOLD for the protection and safe-keeping of the weak and unwary; a SCHOOL for the nurture of christian disciples; a GYMNASIUM for the training of spiritual athletes, to wrestle with principalities and powers; a

FELLOWSHIP OF LOVE, satisfying the social cravings of rich and poor, of old and young, of rude and cultured; a FOUNTAIN OF RENOVATING VIRTUE, sending streams of moral purity and health through all the ramifications of society, cleansing and hallowing the household, the drawing-room, the workshop, the school, the court of justice, the ballot-box, the political caucus, the municipal assembly, and the legislative chamber. The church is a CAMP OF INSTRUCTION for drilling the soldiers of the sacramental host, in all the arts and exercises of glorious war, and sending them forth, armed in panoply divine, to conquer new provinces for King Immanuel. The church is to raise the fallen, succor the tempted, heal the broken-hearted, visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, care for the widow and the fatherless, point the heavy-laden sinner to the Lamb of God, and the dying saint to the open gates of 'Jerusalem, the golden.' Such is the work of the church—*your* work, my brethren. In the belief that you are, with a good degree of earnestness, doing this work, I wish you all joy, and bid you God speed! May your future be more prosperous and fruitful than your past! May floods of grace descend from the open windows of heaven, on this beloved church!"

Chairman: "There is another brother here whom we have all learned to respect and love, as filling out the Miltonian conception of a man, 'fitted to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war, in church and state.' He was prominently instrumental in bringing about the re-union of our beloved Presbyterian church; and if there be any man, whom I should like to have near my dying bed, and whose hand I should like to grasp in a dying hour, it is he, in whom we all recognize a *bulwark of integrity*, the Hon. Jacob S. Farrand."

Mr. Farrand then said: "Twenty-five years is not long in the life of a church. It is long in the life of an individual who has grown to manhood—twenty-five years ago Dr. Duffield was in the full strength of his manhood, wielding that intellectual and moral power, that has and will continue to make his name a strong tower, and a fragrant memory forever. Then, Rev. Dr. R. W. Patterson had been here on his return from his first trip east of the Alleghanies, and had preached in the old hive several weeks,

and had just commenced his life work in Chicago, which has given his church great renown, and made him illustrious; but the past has been so fully gone over to-day, that it may be well to look a moment at the future.

“When you celebrate your fiftieth anniversary, Detroit will contain a half-million of inhabitants, and we, as christians, can measure our responsibility by this statement.

“The gospel will then be preached in all the lands and languages of the earth.

“The christian religion will not only have broken down all obstacles in its spread. but will have established, through a congress of nations, a common currency; weights and measures, universally recognised and used by mankind; and the swiftly-moving shuttle of commerce, under its influence, will have woven a seamless robe for our race.

“I believe in the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal Brotherhood of man.”

Chairman: “The next speaker is one, in whose calm, clear judgment, large experience, varied learning, and theological soundness, we have all been accustomed implicitly to confide. We look upon him as a brother, while we look up to him as a father. You remember the good old Scotch woman who, in sending her sons into the wide world, said to them, ‘Lads, if ye can find a lassie, that can make *gude butter*, *sing auld hundred* and say *the catechism*, why lads, ye may bring her along!’ Some such mother must have had the training of the Rev. J. F. McLaren, D. D.”

Dr. McLaren said: “However many good deeds may have been done by others, there is, always, some good left for us to do. But, really, after the many good things said on this pleasant occasion to-day, there appears to be little left for the rest of us to say. So, at least, it seems from my point of view. But I am open to the contrary conviction, when the other brethren shall have spoken. Indeed, my conviction has been, already, somewhat shaken by those who have preceded me, this evening.

“This day has been called the silver wedding-day of the Fort Street Church. I reckon it to be, rather, a birth-day celebration. I like such memorial days in a church. They give special oppor-

tunity, not only for recounting the Lord's providential favors and the triumphs of His grace, but also for bringing to grateful remembrance those persons, sleeping in Christ, who have been, while living, His faithful and exemplary followers. We have many examples of such reminiscences in the Bible; as in the 105th and 106th Psalms, and in the 11th chapter of Hebrews.

"Dr. Shaw this morning told us about the noble army of martyrs. Let us remember that, in our churches, if we have not *martyrs*, we have *confessors*; and Fuller well says, '*a confessor is a martyr in bullion*, wanting only the stamp of a violent death to be impressed upon it.'

"How many cases of faith and love, shown in christian patience and christian activity, the Lord has given to His church. These should not fade away from our remembrance. There is much material of this kind, honoring to God and helpful to piety, which we leave unused in our common Sabbath discourses. English poets never tire of allusions to the lark of their country, rising from its lowly nest, singing as it ascends higher and higher, till its sweet notes reach the ear after the form is no longer visible to the eye. So, many a christian's song of faith and hope and joy, as they ascend to heaven, leaves its sweet tones echoing in our hearts, long after their persons have disappeared from our sight. Let them be remembered, to strengthen our trust in Christ, to brighten our hopes, to stimulate our activity.

"Twenty-five years old! That seems pretty old—not to me. I was a minister for twenty years, before this church was born. But a good deal has been done for Christ's cause in this city, during this quarter of a century. There are five times as many people here, as there were twenty-five years ago; and there are five times as many Presbyterian congregations, of our order: and these others, as good Presbyterians as ourselves, and still more who, though not so good Presbyterians, are as good christians. The multiplicity, or even the variety, of churches does not prove that we have different religions. Evangelical churches, holding essentially the same faith, have multiplied hopefully in these twenty-five years. So many churches, with faithful men in the oversight of them, are a blessing beyond computation, to this city. The ancient Patristic rule, still followed by some, was one overseer or bishop in one city. The more ancient, apostolic rule was,

to have as many as were needed to feed the flock over which the Holy Ghost had placed them. This rule, we and most of the Protestant churches, follow, as did the church of Ephesus, whose Presbyter bishops Paul met at Miletus, and as did also the church of Philippi, which he addressed, by letter, together with their bishops and deacons.

“While we rejoice with all the churches that honor Christ and His truth, we especially, heré and now, congratulate this congregation and its pastor, and the Presbyters associated with him in the oversight of the flock.”

Chairman: “I had expected next to introduce to you our beloved brother from the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Hon. Elisha Taylor; who would have probably entertained us with an account of his experiences as a *committee of supply* for that vacant pulpit. I have been told that, so numerous have been the letters received by him from aspiring candidates, that he meditates establishing a *paper manufactory*, to use up the waste material.

“Inasmuch as he is detained by illness, I have been asking whom I might best put in his place; and I think, were the matter put to vote, you would unanimously say that we must have a few words from our venerable and beloved friend, the Rev. James B. Shaw, D. D.”

Dr. Shaw: “First of all, let me help Dr. Eddy out of his dilemma. He said he hardly knew whether he was a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian, or whether he might not be both. Now the fact is, my good brother is too big—there is too much of him—for any one church to monopolize. We all own an interest in him. We all claim him as part of our spiritual patrimony.

“And now I feel constrained to say, that the pastor of this Fort Street Church has been a regular problem for me. I have been puzzled to know for what the Lord made and meant him. A few years since he delivered a poem in Rochester which met with great favor, and then I thought that the Lord meant him to be a poet. Not long after, I read some profound articles of his, on Aristotle, and then I thought that the Lord meant him for a philosopher. When I saw his Report on Music, which the General Assembly of 1867 was so glad to accept and publish, and knowing, at the same time, how skillfully he played and how sweetly

he sang, I was quite sure that the Lord sent him into the world to look after the service of song, and see that His church in this respect did not bring Him any more vain oblations. But, on looking the whole matter over, I have concluded that he was intended for something better than any or all these,—that he was intended to be just what he is, a preacher and pastor.

“ A brother, who gave us an excellent speech this evening, was introduced to the audience as the bulwark of orthodoxy in Detroit. He is the oldest pastor in the city, having been over the same church fifteen years. Now I do not set up any claim to being a bulwark of orthodoxy, but perhaps I may be allowed to say, that on the first Sabbath of last December, I celebrated my thirty-third anniversary. When I first went to the city of Rochester, I was then pale and broken in health. I had to put on an overcoat, to cast a respectable shadow. The church, up to my going, had never been able to retain a pastor any length of time. My immediate predecessor was one of the Beecher family, with his full share of the hereditary genius of that tribe in Israel, and he stayed less than two years. The wisest man in the city, a man regarded as an oracle, said that I would not stay a year. Everybody thought that I was installed over a capped volcano, and some, no doubt, were disappointed because the predicted eruption did not take place. More than once I have told my people, that, if they had known how long I meant to stay, they never would have given me such a unanimous call. They said to themselves, his health is so poor that if we should make a bad bargain, he will not trouble us long; and yet, I have entered on the thirty-fourth year of my ministry. My continuance there is a wonder unto many, and a still greater wonder to me. But, I can give you a key which will unlock the mystery. Immediately after my installation, overwhelmed with a sense of my utter insufficiency, I called the church together and besought them never to draw nigh unto God without remembering how poor and weak a man had been sent to serve them. In the closet, before the altar, in the house, at the place of prayer, and when the great congregation came together, I begged them with tears in my eyes, to remember me. I told them that they could make me just such a minister as they wanted me to be; that it would be their own fault if in any respect I came short of

their expectations; that if I were not right they could pray me right, and they took me at my word; they have remembered me. Scarcely a prayer is ever offered at any of our meetings, in which the pastor is not mentioned. Your hearts to-day, dear friends, are full of prophetic hopes, and you can more than make those hopes good. Never go to the Throne of the Heavenly Grace, without taking this dear brother with you. Remember *him* as my dear flock has remembered me. Whatever else you may deny your pastor, I beg you on my bended knees, I beg you, not to deny him a place in your prayers. A praying people, will make a permanent pastorate. The whole thing is in your own hands."

Chairman: "There are confessed disadvantages in the system of ministerial itineracy, as was exemplified in the little girl who, being asked where she was born, replied: '*I can't tell; my father was a Methodist minister, you know!*' But one compensating advantage of the system is, that each point in the periphery of the great wheel of rotation returns to its original place, eventually, and if a man only holds on to the wheel long enough, it will drop him where he lodged before. And so we can forgive Methodist rotation for having *removed*, since it has *returned* to our city, the Rev. L. R. Fiske, D. D., of the Central Methodist Church, whom I introduce as our next speaker."

Rev. Dr. Fiske: "Mr. Chairman—I am glad of the privilege of presenting my personal congratulations on this joyous and festive occasion; and also that I am able to assure you of the very kindly feelings of the body of christians with whom I am more intimately associated. The history, to which I have listened to-day, has greatly interested me. I see that you have had a feeble infancy, a troublous childhood, but a growing youth; and that now, at the age of twenty-five, in your greater maturity, you have become strong—strong financially, strong numerically, and I trust, strong spiritually. The future will certainly show brave, noble, and successful work for the Master.

"As I have attended your exercises during the day, and now unite with you in the festivities of the evening, I have said to myself that I am glad we are not thrown back fifty years in the history of the church. You would not then have invited me here; but if for any reason you had done so, I surely would have

hesitated a long time before accepting the invitation. Could a Calvinist and Arminian meet without breaking swords? To have had a Methodist with you, would have been decidedly out of character; and would he not have been committing sin by endorsing a Calvinistic gathering?

"I am not going to say we are better than our fathers. There were noble men in those days—strong, brave, of intense convictions of right—men who would risk everything in defense of right, as it appeared to them. But this led to war, for reciprocal distrust pervaded the different wings of the christian army, and sometimes they fought each other more than the common foe. This however I do say, that the gospel is preached more in love than it formerly was, and hence we get a purer and richer gospel. Denominationalism is being reduced to a minimum, and Christ, as the Head of our undivided church, is being exalted.

"But I must not forget that I am, after all, in a Presbyterian meeting this evening, and ought not to feel that I am standing strictly on a common platform. And yet somehow I have an impression that I have a right to be here, as much as some of you. I remember hearing the chairman of this meeting say that, when he was converted, he united with the Methodist church. You see he must have "*fallen from grace.*" for he subsequently joined the Presbyterians. Is not this case alone sufficient to establish the Methodist doctrine of falling from grace? I had a Presbyterian mother and hence did not 'fall from grace,' but have remained in the Methodist church all my life. Our venerable friend, Dr. Shaw, has discoursed to us eloquently to-day upon the martyr spirit. May I not put in a claim in this direction? With a Presbyterian mother, a Presbyterian brother, three Presbyterian sisters, *a Scotch Presbyterian wife—Presbyterian, until I proselyted her into the Methodist church,* a Presbyterian mother-in-law, Presbyterian brothers and sisters-in-law, Presbyterian grand-parents on both sides, and Presbyterian ancestry extending back to the time wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—to stem all this Presbyterian influence and remain a steadfast Methodist, must not a man display the martyr spirit; and does not such a case illustrate the doctrine of the "*perseverance of the saints?*"

"But, to speak soberly, the grand feature of this age is that with the minor differences among the sects, the churches are

becoming thoroughly joined in heart. Distrust is being scattered to the winds, and it thus seems to me that the millenium with its glories is hastening on.

“In behalf of the Methodist church—no, I take that back—in behalf of our common christianity which knows neither Methodist, nor Presbyterian, but only Jesus Christ and Him crucified, I bid this church God speed. May the next twenty-five years see thousands of penitents at this altar, and witness the rejoicing of thousands of converts saved through the blood of the Lamb. May many in heaven have it to say that just here is the one precious place on this earth, because it was here they were born into the family of God.”

Chairman: “I understand that, on the recent visit of an English prince to this land, Duncan Stewart, Esq., of this city, caused one of his vessels to bear aloft this beautiful motto: ‘*Welcome, laddie, for thy mither’s sake!*’ I am sure that, aside from his personal merits, and all other considerations, we should all welcome, *for his father’s sake*, the son of Rev. Dr. Duffield, whom this church still looks back to as its spiritual father. I introduce D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., of this city.”

“Mr. Duffield said: “Mr. Chairman—After all that has fallen on our ears to-day, there are none of us who do not feel that ‘the light of other days’ is about us. As we turn our vision back to the Detroit of twenty-five years ago, we behold, not the stately stores and well paved avenues of to-day, but the muddy streets and wooden shells of buildings that then were almost universally occupied for mercantile purposes; and as my mind’s eye looks back upon the edifice of the ‘Mother Church,’ of which we have heard so much to-day, I see it lifting itself in almost mountain-like proportions among the fragile and lowly tenements around it. It was an attractive building in the interior, and not without impressiveness in the exterior. Built by Alanson Sheley, Esq., in the days when material was abundant and labor cheap, and contractors honest and fair in their dealing, its entire cost did not exceed \$30,000; yet it was an admirable structure. I wish all our Presbyterian churches of to-day could boast of equally liberal aisles; equally ample galleries, with pannelled fronts running round all three sides of the building; as neat a pulpit; as fine an

organ; as sweet a choir; and above all, as grand a congregation. I look into it to-night as it first opened to my view, more than thirty years ago, and see its pastor, then but forty-five years of age, in his early prime, and with a congregation around him seldom equalled in any community. There were United States Senators, Members of Congress, the Governor of the State, the State Treasurer, Auditor General, and Secretary of State. There were United States, and Supreme, and Circuit Court Judges, and a large proportion of one of the most cultivated Bars that could be found west of Albany. There were Officers and Paymasters of the army; active merchants (some of whom have since become merchant princes), master mechanics, well represented by that sterling old giant of a man, Turner Stetson, (a giant in form, but graced as a christian, with the humility of a child), besides scores of other men representing the various avocations and industries of life. And in all that crowded congregation, there was scarcely one gray head to be seen; all were men in the prime of youth or the strength of middle life, and all, or nearly all, hailing from other States than the one in which they had staked their chances for the future.

"Its then bench of elders—now all gone save one (Mr. Hallock)—was a very imposing body of men. Many here present can recall with me the white cravat, and the stern, determined expression that frowned over it from the shaggy eye-brows of Robert Stuart; the bland and smiling countenance of Eurotas P. Hastings; the grim, 1812 look of Major Jonathan Kearsley; the solemn mien of David French; the gentle and sincere face of the ever reliable Edward Bingham; the honored face of the soldier Larned; the generally anxious look of Thomas J. Hulbert; the strong and earnest countenance of Horace Hallock, Superintendent of the Sunday School; and the rough but honest Scottish *brogue* of the large-hearted Alexander McFarren." (Here Mr. D. related an interesting incident showing the generous sympathy of Elder McFarren with young men, and his ready benevolence toward all who needed a helping hand.) "They were truly an extraordinary band of earnest, christian men, and the impress they have left on this community, will not soon die out.

"But the old church went down in the fire of January, 1854, and thereafter three churches sprang, Phœnix-like, from its ashes

—this one on Fort Street being one of the three. I said the old church was a noble one, and none before me will dispute the assertion, for by its fruits of to-day even the stranger may know what it must have been. Not only in the city, but throughout the State, was its influence felt, and to-night we look back upon it with reverence as the Common Mother of us all. God grant that the future of all her daughters may be more glorious, even than that of the mother!

“And on this pleasant anniversary of this prosperous church, we offer not only our congratulations over the past, but our best wishes for the future. The exercises of the day have been, I doubt not, inspiring to us all. The noble discourse of the morning, shedding down upon us as it were, the very fire from heaven, strengthened us, as in the afternoon, we listened to the roll-call of your beloved dead; and grouping the events of the entire day together, we seemed to be furnished with a fresh testimonial and a new argument for the reality and beauty of the christian faith. What, Mr. Chairman, means this elegant bank of flowers, dropped from milder climes into your winter anniversary, and piled with such tropical magnificence, to your pulpit’s very top? Think you, if Christianity was a mere myth, a rose-colored dream of the East, we could sit by the graves of our dead, as we have done to-day with hearts at peace while our eyes were full of tears? ‘If the dead rise not,’ we should not witness anniversaries such as this has been to-day. If the dreary grave is ‘the be all, and the end all of life,’ instead of being here crowned with flowers and singing the ever-enduring hymns of the christian church, we should have been seen sitting with dust and ashes upon our heads, mourning over the departure of those gone out never to return—the mother’s heart rent anew over her dead child; the wife’s over the absent husband; the father’s over the son fallen in battle, and all voices commingling in the sad chorus of a grief that is forever barren of hope—bemoaning life’s sorrows as the heathen bewail *their* dead; no wiser, no better off than they. But we know that ‘CHRIST HAS RISEN!’ and given not Himself only, but all His followers, an immortal life! And these lovely flowers lying in mass, are typical of that life in the land where there is no more death, and where sorrow and crying shall forever flee away. These are your tributes to those who have died in the Lord; these tall

and graceful lillies beautifully commemorating the names of the fair, christian women who have walked and labored among you, and the remainder, symbolizing the great multitude who have gone hence during the last twenty-five years, each one having his name and life thus brought fragrantly into memory.

"Says the German Poet Schiller, 'he who would reap a harvest of tears upon his grave, must sow the deeds of love'—and that is just what the christian does. The spirit of love to God in his heart, inspires him to deeds of love towards his fellow men. Such were the lives of your departed dead, and hence these tender tributes of christian love—These friends are not here, their dust sleeps in Elmwood, but *they* have risen! 'This day', (that is the language of Scripture,) the very day of death, they were with their Saviour, the risen Redeemer, in Paradise; and while we weep that here we see their faces no more, we rejoice that they have already become citizens of the Heavenly City, the new Jerusalem. And now the years below fly swiftly on. Another twenty-five years and this church will touch its Golden Anniversary. How many of those into whose faces we now look will be here to share in its joy? God grant that you all may so live, and when the summons comes, may so die, that when that golden day shall dawn, each departed member of this church may have blooming round these altars, his memorial flower, emblem of the immortal life which is the sole heritage of those who follow Christ."

Chairman: "There are two good things, at least, about our Baptist friends: first: they are sound in the faith. They do not tire of the pure gospel, although I did know a Baptist minister once who told me he had "*exhausted the Bible*" and was going to preach the "*Pilgrims Progress*," and I foresaw that both he and his people would get stuck in the *Slough of Despond*, and they did! However there is no danger of such a catastrophe under the preaching of the pastor of the Lafayette Ave. Baptist Church. He don't believe in exhausting the Bible. The second good thing about our Baptist brethren is they baptize a man *all over*, brain, heart, stomach "pocket",—all share the consecration. Let us hear from my personal friend Rev. Alfred Owen, D. D."

Dr. Owen replied:—"Circumstances forbade my presence at the afternoon session, and I have been able to be here this evening

only a few moments ago. I feel that I am not up to the spirit of the occasion and would gladly have escaped my brother's eye.

And yet I am glad to have the opportunity to give expression to my deep interest in this church, and my sincere affection for its pastor. The strength of this place is a common support to all who cherish the faith of the gospel, and I am sure that here the truth is uttered fearlessly and faithfully."

"I am glad to be able to congratulate my brethren here on the wonderful progress so quickly made, and the noble record of the church in its private and public labor.

"I recognize also the fact that I stand here in a representative position, to bear to you the fraternal regards and affection of the body which I have the honor to serve. I am sure no one can do this more heartily than I, for no one, not even among yourselves, can feel a greater admiration for the history which the Presbyterian body has been permitted to make, and no one is more ready to confess the inestimable value of its service to the world.

In the body of which I am a member and with which I am in fullest sympathy, perhaps the representative idea of all is *liberty*; by which we do not at all mean license, or anarchy, but simply the right of each soul, without interference or control from another, to do the thing which he believes the Lord requires. To interfere with a man's conscience is to do injury to him, and equally it harms him who interferes. The time has been when this idea needed all the prominence that could be given to it, nor is that time yet wholly gone by.

"At this moment Presbyterianism seems to me to represent more than anything else, *organization* in the church, compact, cogent. Perhaps circumstances have impressed upon me more than ever before the value of this. Your growth and power are wonderful. But in any case, we are all brethren of one household. Each in his own way doing his own work as the Lord has put it in his way and in each other's prosperity we will alike rejoice. There is no danger that too much will be done. All that all disciples can do, is too little for the world which yet sighs and suffers under its heavy burdens.

"I may be permitted to add a word in the way of exhortation. My brethren here have reached a very interesting point in their history and naturally pause to survey "the path already trod."

If this occasion shall lead you to count your work done, it will be a sorrowful day for you. It will be happy only if it shall be so gratefully remembered as to be an encouragement to new labors. One who climbs a mountain side, may pause on the way to gaze on the widening scene that opens to his vision. But he only stops to refresh himself and gather up his strength for new toils, ever to continue till the summit is gained. Much of your work, your greatest work, is yet before you. How much this great city needs the power of a divine life in the churches. Your day of refreshing should be truly a memorial of the past mercies of God, in whose recollection faith and devotion may be quickened for the toil which the future will surely bring upon you. In this hope I give you my sincere congratulations on your past history, and express the earnest hope that for generations to come this church may remain as now faithful to its calling and zealous in every good work.

Chairman: "On the western borders of our city, there stands a new Presbyterian church—an infant enterprise, few as yet in numbers, but strong in graces. When I think of them, I remember what one of the delegates at the Evangelical Alliance, Pastor Fisch, of Paris, said with regard to the small body of christians which he and his colleagues represented: '*Don't measure us, but weigh us.*' Such a church as Calvary *with such a pastor, weighs heavily*, however small in numbers. I need not introduce to a Detroit audience, the Rev. J. G. Atterbury, D. D."

Dr. Atterbury remarked: "You have called me on this platform as the pastor of Calvary, the youngest of the sisterhood of Presbyterian churches in this city. But, sir, my interest in this occasion has a far deeper and earlier root. I have a closer historical relation with this church, than you probably are aware, having preached the first sermon heard within any walls it could call its own.

"It was my privilege to know and love that brother of fragrant memory, by whose labors the stones were gathered and the foundations laid of the spiritual edifice which you now call the Fort Street Church. Mr. Kellogg was one of the Presbyters who passed upon my earliest trials and licensed me to preach the gospel as a candidate for the holy ministry. As his co-presbyter on the

ground for several years, I had opportunity to learn his simplicity and godly sincerity. Of his plans and hopes when entering on his work in this city, and of his subsequent discouragements as well as of his confidence of success in God's strength, he freely opened his heart to me. When at length, after much struggle, the completion of the first house of worship was reached, he invited me, with the concurrence of his session, to share with him and his people the joy of its occupancy, and to preach the sermon of dedication.

"Hence, of the earlier experiences of your history, so well traced in the discourse of this afternoon, I have perhaps a livelier sense than the most of those who now constitute the officers and members of this congregation.

"That historical discourse marshalled before the thought such a noble band of Presbyterian elders, as this land is rarely permitted to see. They might be recalled with interest and profit for further study on this occasion, did not the crowded condition of the hour forbid. These men are now but names to the mass of this audience, but they are living parts of my experience. Each one of them, with his salient characteristics, is associated with the birth and development of my own christian life. I should delight, were it permitted me, to render my grateful tribute to their memory, by adding some lines to the picture already drawn so graphically, but only too briefly, by Mr. Walker.

"In reviewing your early trials, and labors, and triumphs; in placing the *beginning* of your history by the side of your present consummation, I am not surprised at the exultation so manifest to-day; or should I not rather say *exaltation*—with the sense of the goodness and faithfulness of God, who has led you, all this way. But as I have sat here through this day, an earnest sympathiser in all your services, there has been vibrating through my mind a deeply serious thought which this church ought to accept even in the fullness of its jubilation. It is a thought of responsibility. It relates to those workings of power which lie in every true christian church, for the use of which an account must be given. 'No man liveth to himself;' and no church liveth for itself. God has given you the Word, the Holy Ghost, the Office of Prayer, the Sacred Ministry—the enginery and material of power, which in the great spiritual conflict are to conquer the kingdom

of darkness, and wrest the world from Satan. The twenty-five years commemorated by you, are twenty-five years of control of this divine artillery. How fully has it been used by you in the common assault on the gates of hell? It is not enough to be permitted to point to this elegant temple of worship, and to increased membership and wealth, and throngs of worshippers, with large social and moral influence; to call the roll of faithful men who have lived and died among you; and to report augmented contributions to christian benevolence. The lines of the great enemy crowd us closely all around. We are to be pressing them back; to strive to throw the light further and further into the realm of darkness.

“May the Lord dispose both pastor and people to accept the accomplishments of the past but as a preparation for a new departure in a more vigorous warfare for hastening the conquest of this city and the world to Christ.”

Chairman: “In the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, of New York City, thirty years ago, I knew and loved a lad, a little younger than I, who, like myself, now occupies one of the Presbyterian pulpits of this city. I cannot tell you how much I rejoice that the fellowship so happily begun, so long ago, grows dearer every day, now that we who were boys together, are, as pastors, working side by side. When I think of the purity and simplicity of that brother’s preaching, I remember what Landor answered, when asked where Dickens got his style: ‘*Why, from the New Testament, to be sure!*’ Let us hear from a New Testament preacher, Rev. George D. Baker, of the First Presbyterian Church.”

Mr. Baker responded: “It seems to me almost unfair to inflict another speech upon this patient audience at so late an hour. I am reminded of an incident which occurred in a certain Mission School, not long since. A collation was to close the evening’s entertainment, and the speaker commenced his address to the restless children, with the question, ‘And now what shall I say to you?’ Whereupon a curly-headed little fellow, from a remote corner, cried out, ‘Say *Amen!*’ I shall not, therefore, venture to interrogate you as to what you would have me say on this occasion—seeing the air is already redolent with savory odors—lest I

might be obliged to make a speedy exit; and this, I confess, I should dislike exceedingly to do, for there are some things in my heart which I should be sorry not to be able to express openly upon this festal day. My brother has referred to the manner in which his path and mine have blended from our very childhood, and without any fuller expression, I have only this to say to him personally, to-night: I am glad because *he* is glad—glad with him and for him.

“But I stand here to-night rather in behalf of others than for my own sake. I have the honor and privilege of conveying to you the congratulations of the Mother of the churches of this city, the First Protestant Society, to which so many kind allusions have been made to-day. I would that another were here to extend his hand in blessing upon you—one whose shoes’ latchet I truly feel I am not worthy to unloose, whose name more than that of any other, is identified with Presbyterianism in this City and State. But this may not be; and rather than that the kindly word should be left unsaid, I will venture to say it. Other children—God bless them every one—went out from beneath the roof of the old church in a somewhat irregular manner—ecclesiastically speaking—but you were the first who asked and obtained permission to set up house-keeping for yourselves. Regretfully, yet affectionately, she bade you go, and commissioned certain brethren to accompany and abide with you, until you should be fairly settled. Since that time you have no need that I tell you she has watched you with sincere interest. Over and over again, around the family altar, has she prayed for your welfare. In all your prosperity she has rejoiced, and sympathised with you in adversity. And to-day she stretches forth her hand and blesses you in the name of the Lord. Paul had no greater joy than to hear that his children ‘walked in truth,’ and your spiritual Mother to-night rejoices most of all that through all these eventful years, so full of excitement and temptation throughout our land, you have been right loyal to the truth as it is in Jesus! She congratulates you upon all your abundant outward prosperity, upon this beautiful sanctuary, whose attractions can scarcely be enhanced even by these rare flowers so exquisitely arranged; but most of all, we joy and rejoice with you all when ‘we behold your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.’

“In the name therefore, dear brethren, of your mother in the Lord, I say to-night, ‘Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions’ sake, I will now say, peace be within thee.’

“Suffer me another word. I have been thinking all day what a blessed gift *memory* is, and what a means of grace! And I am sure we do not sufficiently employ it as such. How often did the God of Israel remind that people of the past, in order to strengthen their faith in Him for the future. ‘Do you not remember?’ was the gentle rebuke of the Master to the disciples of wavering faith. Truly has it been said, ‘We must go into our yesterdays to find God.’ Men are poor indeed who permit the blessed memories of other days to slip away and be lost; for of the multiplied enjoyments of the christian life, one of the most blessed is to call up hallowed recollections of the past, to strengthen us for the duties of the present. If a child of God would have a rich experience, *let him cultivate memory.*

“But you cannot chronicle all the memories of these five and twenty years! When our brother was reading that wonderfully comprehensive history this afternoon, I said in my heart, ‘Well done; but you can’t give us all that is written in *God’s book*; you cannot tell us of all the prayers that have entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaoth; of all the tears that have fallen into God’s bottle; of all the longings after holiness; all the aspirations heavenward; all the sacrifices of broken hearts and contrite spirits which have here been offered!’

“Brethren, what a hallowed, never-to-be-forgotten place is this to many who throng these courts to-night; some seen, not a few unseen. In these pews battles have been fought, and crowns won. When, in the decline of life, the Duke of Wellington re-visited the scenes of his education and boyish sports, he exclaimed aloud, ‘It is here that Waterloo was won!’ So in this ‘gate of heaven,’ immortal souls have obtained eternal victory over sin and self, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and forevermore they will remember this sanctuary as the place *where heaven was won!* As it has been in the past, so may it be still more in the future, the birth-place of souls. May the Lord love these gates of Zion; and when He ‘shall count and write up the people,’ may it be said of multitudes, that they were here born into the Kingdom of God.”

Chairman: "I have told you about my early acquaintance and friendship with brother Baker, in the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, of New York City. Well, after he and I had settled here, and Westminster Church became vacant who should come out here to look after us and take a kind of pastoral and paternal oversight of us, but the *very man who*, after our day, *was the pastor of that old Spring Street Church?* I almost fear to call upon him, lest he may report something unfavorable. However, let me introduce to you the Rev. William Aikman, D. D., of Westminster Presbyterian Church."

Remarks of Dr. Aikman: "I will not say all the pleasant things that are in my heart; many have been worthily said, and I will not make a surfeit of sweetness. My brother Pierson knows that I love him; and this church can easily believe that I profoundly rejoice in all their good of to-day.

"I look around on this beautiful structure, I listen to the recital of your success, and I know the blessed results over which you rejoice; but while I mingle my congratulations with you, I see here more than the present. In these lofty and decorated walls and solid foundations, I see the material representation of immaterial but of very precious things. Here is the result of endeavor, of prayer, of toil, of tears, of anxieties through protracted years. I heard the statistics of expenditures this afternoon, but what a wealth of care and prayer those figures presented! I see one before me with ear bent to catch tones which perhaps are not full enough to reach him. I heard his name mentioned as for many years the president of the board of trustees (Judge Hand). He knows what I mean when I say that this edifice, as it rose from foundation to top-stone, as it passed from point to point to its completed beauty, at each stage has spoken of what men do not, have not seen—labor, wearing anxiety, and tearful cries to the Infinite Helper. The ministry has been a power here, and other forces have been in view, but much of that which has made you what you are, lies out of sight, like those great foundation stones, all unseen, covered up under ground, but holding all above them.

"I listened too, to the necrological list. For a little while it seemed to me dry and uninteresting. To me, a stranger, those names carried no associations and awakened no memories. But I soon bethought me, that to many who listened, that list was the most

touching part of all the history. The name came in its order, the name of some one loved and away—father, or sister, or mother, or brother, husband or wife, and with the word straightway your look became dreamy, and you saw the familiar forms again as they sat in yonder pew. You lost the other names as memory summoned them to your side. The long list was not wearisome to you. The living and the sainted dead seemed to mingle in the congratulations of these hours.

“And then how I rejoiced that you have put on record the roll of your sons that you sent to the war. I wondered, as name succeeded name, that you had sent so many forth. They are your glory—those soldier boys who fought so well and won the priceless boon of salvation for our fatherland. They are not all here to-day. Some of them lie sleeping in far-off graves, perhaps with ‘unknown’ written over them; but they are not unknown here! Memory and affection hold them in everlasting honor. Kossuth, a score of years and more ago, spoke in his own majestic and impassioned way of the heroes who fought and died for Hungary in her great struggle: ‘And so they fell,’ cried he, ‘those unnamed demi-gods!’ So we, to-night, think of our heroes living and dead. Living, they walk among us clad in the garments of peace, these veterans of a hundred fights! I meet them, and would fain bare my head in their honored presence! They saved what was dearer than all beside to me, what had in it the well-being of all that was dearest—my country! Ah, you did well to record their names, and make them a part of your joy to-day!

“We may take this mention of soldier life, and have it give direction to our thoughts at this hour. It has been said here to-night, and it has been said well, that the church is a home for the weary and the sad, a sweet resting place for tired pilgrims. It is all that. It is the place where the sorrowing and the sin-weary may find repose; it is the home all blessed, where the family of God are gathered, where there are songs and sweet communings. Around it gather a thousand hallowed associations; there center our joys, there are found our hopes—

‘There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There G. d, my Saviour reigns!’

But this is not all. This does not fill and cover all the idea of the Church. The New Testament thought is different. In many a

varying phrase, this life of the believer is a race and christians run eagerly after a prize ; it is warfare and they fight the good fight of faith ; they are warriors, and each day is a battle, a tramping onward to victory and to glory !

“ So we, as we look each other in the face at this anniversary hour, may send along the line a shout of encouragement, and make it a call to rush forward to the conquest of earth for our Lord ! There never was a time in all the history of this world, when the encouragements were so great and the inducements so strong to work for the Master. We shall lose all the blessed fruits of this anniversary, if we gather no strength for the future. You stand on this eminence with the sunlight of God’s favor upon you, with the voices of the twenty-five by-gone years calling to you. Go forward now with a new consecration. The voices are full of joy, of favor ; they speak of blessings untold, and your hearts echo back answering calls of joy and gratitude. Then step forward bravely, boldly as never before in the work that lies in front of you. The rejoicings of to-day will then be not all empty gladness, but have in them all promise of greater good and more glorious success.”

Chairman : “ I think it was Sidney Smith who said that in preaching, ‘ The sin against the Holy Ghost, is *dullness*.’ Now, I know that with all their sound scriptural learning, Scotch preachers have been charged with dullness. But whatever sins he may have been guilty of, *this one* will not be laid to the account of my friend and brother, the pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, of Detroit, the Rev. George M. Milligan, A. M.”

Response of Mr. Milligan : “ Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends—The fraternal feelings and acts manifested, in our day, among the different branches of the christian church, furnish a cheering contrast to the polemic and exclusive spirit of former times.

“ We most cordially rejoiced in listening to-night to the kindly greetings extended to you, Mr. Chairman, and your people. I am sure that these congratulations are not only pleasing to you because you happen to be their recipient ; but because they also express your abstract belief respecting the relation that ought to subsist between the various denominations of christians. In this

regard, permit me to say that my opinion is in exact accord with your own.

“Care, however, is needed lest the virtue of catholicity degenerate into an evil. Effective religious work, and true brotherliness of spirit among christians of different ecclesiastical names, demand well-defined ideas of the *genesis* of a vital, christian catholicity. Let us offer a few words that may be helpful to the formation of such ideas.

“We should, at this time, like to have spoken concerning the structure and function of the religious aggregate—a christian congregation. It was our purpose to have noticed the dependence of the phenomena and factors of this aggregate upon the elements and structure of its units. We must, however, forbear, at this late hour carrying out this purpose, and content ourselves with presenting a few suggestions upon the point above indicated.

“He is possessed of a false spirit of christian brotherhood who alleges that he has a general love for all churches, but has no special attachment for, or allegiance to, any individual denomination or congregation.

“All real attachments towards the universal must be individual in their beginnings. First, that which is special, and then, that which is general, expresses the law of intellectual, social and religious life and progress.

“He looks upon the events and surroundings of his daily life with an intelligent eye, who has his *special* seasons of devotion to mental culture. He bears a loving heart to his race, whose tendril affections have been reared upon the stay of parental love and service, and whose maturer attachments have been blessed with the gift of loyal, personal friends. Is not misanthropy often the dark outcome of the frequent betrayal of misplaced friendship? He who has never found a friend has not learned to love his kind. Special friends are the alphabet of which the literature of philanthropy is composed. Charity must begin at home, although it should not remain there. We need *one* holy day in the week, that all the other days may have clearly and distinctly written upon them—“holiness unto the Lord.” The patient, accurate factualist is the parent of the wise and comprehensive theorist. We never love children so well in general, until we have had sons and daughters of our own. We repeat, therefore, the declaration we

have made above: First, that which is special, and then that which is general, expresses the law of intellectual, social and religious life and progress. The bearing of this pleading upon the origin and growth of a genuine catholicity of spirit and action among christians of every denomination is, we trust, now sufficiently obvious.

“Pastor and people owe their first and choicest love and service to their own congregation, because they mutually determine each other’s character and efficiency as christian workers in an exceptional degree.

“The power of the pulpit is largely dependent upon the regular and attentive presence of the members and adherents of the congregation upon *all* the services of the sanctuary. That congregation is in a truly prosperous state whose people hear no preacher so acceptable to them as their own, and who recognize as of special obligation upon them all claims he may present to their liberality and prayers.

“We have spoken, in very general terms, of the duties requiring to be fulfilled by the people to insure congregational success. Did time permit, we should have indicated the pastoral requirements necessary to the achievement of the same end. The adage: “Rolling stones gather no moss,” is true of pastor as well as people. It is our belief that “a settled ministry” conduces to the best developments of pastoral and pulpit work. It enables a man to infuse, more thoroughly than he could otherwise do, his excellencies of head and heart into the thoughts and affections of his people. The valuable minister is he who has the qualifications and desire to sustain a lengthened pastorate.

“We rejoice to think that these mutual conditions of congregational success exist among you.

“My dear brother: after a five years’ pastorate in this charge, you have proven yourself “a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.” You give evidence of but beginning your work, at a time when a merely “starring” preacher would be planning a change of field as he “gins to pale his uneffectual fire.”

“May this occasion mark a new departure in your labours. This event may be regarded as the celebration of your wooden-wedding in connection with your present charge. May God, at this time, present you with a wood-gift, in that “instead of the

thorn, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle tree."

"To you, the christian friends of this congregation, we extend our sincere and cordial congratulations on this important and happy occasion. May you, while gathering inspiration and wisdom from the past, to impart strength and improvement to the thoughts and actions of the future, keep clearly before you the end for which God has given you those sweet and noble lives, the revival of whose memories is sought in the exercises of to-day. May you, by this event receive, in multiplied degree, the glow of the heavenly fire which animated your earth-departed, spiritual fathers and acquaintances, so that you may bring to a worthy development the desires of their hearts and the labors of their hands. May the material beauty of your edifice and of your anniversary decorations be emblematic of a beauty forming here, excelling that which eye can see—a beauty which will survive "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Chairman: "You will see that our next speaker, though *"last,"* is not *"least."* I was lately playfully reminding my mother that some fault for which she censured me might be *attributed to my descent,* when Dr. C. S. Robinson, of New York, who was present, observed that sometimes the *descent is very rapid.* Looking at the stature of this brother, and remembering his father, I am sure we cannot say the *'descent has been rapid.'* Let me introduce, as the last to address you, my tall brother, Rev. George Duffield, D. D., whose *'head towers higher'* even than his famous and eminent father's."

Dr. Duffield: "My very dear brother: After meeting you so often at different places in the State, at Young Mens' Christian Associations, and Christian and Sabbath-School Conventions, it gives me no little pleasure to greet you on such an interesting anniversary as this in your own church. I have never heard that they complained of your labors of love elsewhere, and, certainly I do not think that they are any the worse for your thus "looking on the things of others."

"It has more than once occurred to me to ask who was your model in your abundant labors; but never until to-day was I aware that it was Dr. Shaw, of Rochester. That sermon of his

this morning was a rich means of grace to us all—it struck precisely the right chord; and that which vibrated the deepest in every Christian heart—and if you and all the rest of us are not the better for it in a new consecration of heart and life, it will be our fault and not his. O, for a return of the “Martyr Spirit” in deed and in truth!

“At first, on receiving your invitation, I confess that I looked at the word “Presbyterian” with some suspicion, lest there might be too much of the denominational and too little of the Christian; but then I remembered your truly Catholic spirit, and how recently we had been together on that high mountain, where we had breathed so pure an atmosphere—and came so near to Christ and to one another—with the dear brethren of the Alliance, and I felt certain that I could trust *you*, if I could trust any one.

“Presbyterianism hitherto in the City of Detroit, and in the State of Michigan, has been but of one kind—evangelical and co-operative, rather than sectarian. To this present moment the style and title in law of the “Old First,” which has been so cordially remembered this day as the “mother of us all,” is “The First *Protestant* Society of Detroit.” Not the first *Presbyterian*, but the first *Protestant* church; and in that very title we perceive at once that the original spirit with which they were animated was to magnify the things in which they agreed, rather than those in which they differed, according to the admirable rule of the apostle: “Whereto we have attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing, and if in anything we be otherwise minded. God shall shew even this unto us.”

“Of the same noble spirit were the brethren who formed the Synod of Michigan in 1834: earnest, evangelic, missionary and reform—loving Christian men—“Plan of Union” men—among whom Dr. Eddy would have found himself perfectly at home.

“Twenty-five years after, when celebrating the first quarter-century of their ecclesiastical existence, the one characteristic in which they seemed to rejoice more than any other was their catholicity. They had made common cause with their brethren of other churches against a common foe, and had stood for others’ rights as well as their own.

“This has been the very spirit exemplified here this evening, and in all the exercises throughout the day. From first to last we

have been under the outstretched wings of the Holy Dove, and so delightful is the aroma of Christian union that even the odor that comes up to us from the lecture room seems for the time being greatly wanting in its usual attraction. It has been so "good for us to be here," that it is no wonder we have taken so little notice of the passing hours, and are so unwilling to separate.

"When on my way for the first time to Detroit, I noticed something on the part of the pilot which I did not quite understand. He stood with his back to the wheel, and for ten minutes or more kept his eye steadily fixed on the light-house of the port he had just left. What could it mean? He told me "he was taking his departure," and from that, as his base line, he could make his angles from one light and headland to another, until the dangers of the lake were passed. This whole scene comes before me in a new form this evening, my dear brother, as applicable to you and your people. You have done well to observe such a day as this, and you have good precedents for it, to "remember all the way that the Lord thy God hath led thee." In the history of the last twenty-five years, as so admirably brought out this afternoon, you have a most magnificent "departure," in view of which "to thank God and take courage." Henceforth in your Christian experience and your Christian labors may your silver be turned into gold; and when the great golden wedding shall have arrived, when so many of us shall have gone over "to the great majority," may it be your still higher honor here to stand in your lot at the end of days, and receive congratulations even warmer and more numerous than those of to-day.

"The beautiful crown that hangs suspended over the pulpit is but a corruptible one; it soon will fade and vanish away. But let it remind you of that other crown, high and far above this or any other earthly crown, which belongs to the faithful minister of Christ—when your people, who are truly the people of Christ, shall be your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

Stepping forward, then, to Mr. Pierson, and grasping him warmly by the hand, Mr. D. said in conclusion: "In the name of those whom you have asked me to represent on this occasion, I once more extend to you the hand of Christian fellowship, and pray not only for a blessing on you and your beloved people, but that you and they, in your mutual harmony and co-operation, may

long continue to be a blessing on all around you in this city and commonwealth. God bless you. Amen."

At the conclusion of this brilliant series of fraternal congratulations, which, with marvellous pithiness, terseness and brevity, had been condensed within the space of two hours, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Maltby Gelston, and the audience, or as many as could remain, adjourned to the basement, where ample and varied refreshments were bountifully served to hundreds of friends. And so the Anniversary Day was brought to its close, amid a not unfitting participation in God's bounties around a common board. Who of us shall live to enjoy such another day of holy festivity, over which fell not a single shadow! Let us hope that at our Father's table, in His Kingdom, we shall together eat and drink, and be filled with all the fullness of God!

Congratulatory Letters

Were received from all sources in response to the invitations, sent out by the committee. Among them were the communications which are, wholly or in part, incorporated herewith as a necessary addition to our little Memorial. The first four of the following letters, together with those of Dr. Burchard and Dr. Edwin Hall, were read at the opening of the evening meeting. The rest, for want of time, received only a grateful mention—or, failing to arrive in time, were not read on the anniversary day, but will be perused with interest as they appear in these pages.

The first letter is from the widow of the REV. R. R. KELLOGG, the founder and father and first pastor of the church.

No. 64 KOSCIUSKO ST., BROOKLYN, February 13th, 1874.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON :

DEAR SIR :—On receiving your letter, and the card of invitation for myself and daughter, to your approaching anniversary, we felt you had exceedingly honored us, and I assure you it would be “especially agreeable” to us to be present on that occasion ; but, as this is impossible, permit us most sincerely to send you our hearty greetings.

The Lord be with you, and verify His promise to “bless his people with peace.” Could I be present, I imagine I should feel as Paul did when he met the brethren at Appii Forum. I should “thank God and take courage”—thank Him that He ever put into the heart of my dear husband to be His instrument in planting this vine, and thank Him that He has caused it to take root not only, but *abundantly* to grow. Work for the Master ever brings with it its own reward, and I shall ever be cheered, the short remaining period of separation from my dear husband, as I realize more and more that his works are following him to glory. “To save a soul from death,” he thought worth every other achievement—this animated him amid all the discouragements attending upon (what was twenty-five years ago) a *new* enterprise. And I doubt not his harp is often strung anew with praise to the Master, as one after another greet him in the upper sanctuary, who were brought, through his instrumentality, to accept the great salvation. And may we not believe (I love to think) that his pure and holy soul may be among the “great cloud of witnesses” at your joyous gathering?

He has not forgotten the church in Detroit, and for aught we know, may be among the “ministering spirits” in their heavenward progress.

May you long be spared to the people of your charge, and continually blessed in your labors among the flock, and *unitedly*, may Jesus not only be

with you, but in you by His blessed spirit, endowing you more and more plentifully with His grace, for "the promise is unto you and to your children, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call."

As I have already sent, at the request of my niece, Miss Lizzie Orr, a short account of Mr. Kellogg's life and labors, answering for her some inquiries of Mr. E. C. Walker, I will not detain you longer with this letter.

In christian bonds, your friend,

MARY E. M. KELLOGG.

The second letter is from the Rev. Henry Neill, D. D., who succeeded Mr. Kellogg in the pastorate.

PHILADELPHIA, February 14th, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR SIR :—Your letter of the 9th of February has just reached me To its fraternal invitation and to its object, I am not insensible.

To trace the way of the Past, and to learn its lessons, is strengthening even to an individual overlooking his own life How full of instruction and of encouragement may it not be to a church.

Twenty-five years of history have enough in them to stir many a fountain of gratitude, and to make apparent gates of usefulness yet unopened, and to plant impulses never to be rooted out, and approved of God. And is it not a blessed thought that as on the fields of rural labor the good seed live, whilst the defective ones are also made to be useful in their way, so on the wider and more enduring plains of moral life, right aims take root, whilst the evil is overruled for good? How patient and long-suffering is our God! Surely His mercy endureth for ever.

I well remember the early days of the Fort Street Church: the convocations in the brick building on Lafayette street; the first communions; the names and forms of those who there professed their faith in Christ, some of whom are now sleeping in Jesus. Nor can I forget the ardor of the young, the generosity of the middle aged, and the fidelity and affection of large numbers whose names, if not now recorded in the books of the church, may yet shine in the Lamb's Book of Life. I hear of your growth. Faith and love, once sown, never die. "Tho' thy beginning was small, thy latter end shall greatly increase," is the promise. And now that which was "sown in weakness is raised in power." So it will ever be. I hear that the building, always a model of architectural beauty, is made still more commodious, and that the banner of the Ancient Covenant is still a glory in your midst.

With best wishes for all who worship with you, I may be permitted to quote the words of Haggai: "Be strong, O, Zerubbabel, and be strong, O, Joshua, son of Josedech, the high priest; and be strong all ye people, according to the word that I covenanted with you; so my spirit remaineth among you; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Though unable to be present, yet, affectionately yours,

HENRY NEILL.

The Rev. Arthur T. Pierson.

The third letter is from Rev. Azariah Eldridge, D. D., the third pastor of the Fort Street Church.

NICE, January 28th, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON!

DEAR BROTHER:—Your kind letter of January 5th, has just reached me, and I hasten to thank you and the dear people of your charge for the kind invitation which it contains. It will, of course, not be possible for me to attend the quarter-century anniversary in contemplation, but I hope this response may arrive in season for that pleasant occasion, and that you will duly emphasize the expressions thus conveyed of my strong interest in all that relates to the prosperity of the Fort Street Church at Detroit.

From these borders of the old Mediterranean sea, I send greetings to all the members of my former charge, without exception, to-day, and not to them only, but to all those, even, who, through God's blessing on your successful ministry, have been drawn to worship and labor there with them in the Lord. May He continue to bless them as a church and a congregation, and as a special grace, may He keep alive in the very midst of their gratitude and thanksgivings a strong sense of responsibility for that which He so lavishly bestows. Tell your noble hearted people, dear brother, as from me now afresh, that distance from what they enjoy, and the absence of those mercies which flood them is needful in order for one most clearly to see and feel how God is distinguishing them. And it is by such contrast with the wants of others and the destitutions of the world, that we can ever best perceive the Master's will concerning those to whom much has been given. For at no time in history, and in no place on earth, are the faithful so called upon to let their light shine, that the Father may be glorified, as are they there where you are standing this day. That church is set on a hill. All the churches of our land, especially those of the West towards which emigration looks, and more especially those of commanding power and position, are there at the center of world-wide observation, and should be the source of boundless influence for good; for is not this the day, already come, and this the promised hour at which God is working all abroad with foreordained energy and signal success to prepare the way of the Lord? Has He not girdled the Upas tree at Rome, rooted up many oppressive despotisms, and is He not planting far and wide those institutions, civil and religious, which spring from the New Testament? Let American churches hold forth the true light, let American influence, chastened by christian charity and justice, be fully high advanced and steadily extended for one quarter of a century more, and may we not hope that the worst will have been passed; the darkest time be over and gone; the great organized systems of evil overthrown and demolished; these gigantic obstacles to human progress swept out of the way, for the gospel to run and be glorified! That day, as a return of this happy festival, some of us may be permitted to behold in the flesh; but whether then to be present or absent, let us live in the faith of Christ and prepare to die, when the time comes, in the hope of meeting again where the sweet relations of this life will be recalled, and where the memories of those

who have loved and labored together for the same good cause, may prove a source of endless enjoyment.

Farewell, dear brethren and friends. That God may continue to bless you, and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you and give you peace like a river, will ever be the prayer of

Your former pastor and constant friend,

A. ELDRIDGE,

Hotel et Pension Suisse, Nice, France.

The fourth communication is from the Rev. Samuel T. Clarke, the fourth pastor, and immediate predecessor of Mr. Pierson in the pastoral office.

OWEGO, N. Y., February 16th, 1874.

DEAR MR. PIERSON:—Many thanks for your kind remembrance of me upon the occasion of the "Silver Wedding" of your parish. It was a very happy thought, upon your part, to invest the day with such bright memories. Silver is rare now, save on the heads of the aged. But "Fort Street" is by no means venerable. May its future, under your devoted care, be not only silvery but golden.

May the Lord give to you the pleasure of gathering many whom I knew as infants, about the holy table of communion, as one by one they arrive at maturity, and are accepted in the Beloved.

With kindest regard,

SAMUEL TAYLOR CLARKE.

To Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, Detroit.

The six letters immediately following are from, or concerning, brethren, who for a longer or shorter time served the church as its ministers, but were not inducted into its pastorate. The first of these—fifth in the order of publication—is from the Rev. T. L. Byington, already referred to in the pages of Mr. Walker's historical address:

NEWTON, N. J., February 17th, 1874.

MY DEAR BROTHER PIERSON:—Your kind invitation was duly received. It would give me great pleasure to be present at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Fort Street Church.

Although my connection with that church was of short duration, it was of a very pleasant nature. It was my maiden effort to minister stately to any church. I entered upon my brief work there with many misgivings, but the uniform kindness and the very generous treatment I experienced were very encouraging to a young man.

I have ever regarded the few months I spent in Detroit as among the most pleasant of my life.

I rejoice to learn of the prosperity of the church under your labors. May the Lord make that church a tower of strength; may its influence for Christ

be perpetuated with ever increasing power, and the blessing of God rest upon both pastor and people

Thanking you again for your kind remembrance,

I remain yours in the gospel,

T. L. BYINGTON.

The next two letters are from the widow and the brother of Rev. James Means, another who temporarily supplied this pulpit, and whose memory is blessed among us.

ANDOVER, MASS., April 1st, 1874.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON :

MY DEAR SIR :—Your kind note of March 23d, I received the last week. I send you a copy of the address delivered by Prof. Park at the funeral of my husband, not, of course, because it would be fitting and proper to use more than a small part of it, but because the analysis of his character, drawn by one who had known him long and intimately, was so much better than anything which I could prepare.

The few months which Mr. Means spent in Detroit were always remembered with much pleasure, and the warm affection of the members of the Fort Street Church was most heartily reciprocated. He often expressed a wish to visit the place where he had received, what seemed to him, such unaccountable kindness.

May I ask you to give my regards to those friends who were so kind as to extend their interest in my husband, to his family also ?

With much regard yours,

ELIZABETH P. MEANS.

BOSTON, February 16th, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am only this morning in receipt of your note covering invitations to my sister and family, and to myself, to be present at the Memorial services of the "Fort Street Church," too late to make any response in time for the meeting of the 18th. I, myself, know but little of my brother's ministry in Detroit, only remembering that he was greatly interested in his work there and the people of his charge, among whom he found several friends of his youth who had attained to merited honor and distinction in their chosen home. I do not remember the year of my brother's stay in Detroit; and cannot therefore speak intelligently of his former or his subsequent life, but enclose to you a letter written by Rev. Horace James who succeeded him in the office of Superintendent of Blacks (this was before the Freedman's Bureau was established), upon the occasion of his death.

Thanking you for your invitations and remembrance of my brother,

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

WM. G. MEANS.

To Rev. Arthur T. Pierson,

Pastor of Fort Street Presbyterian Church, Detroit

The letter referred to above will be of so much interest to those who knew and loved Mr. Means that we publish it in full.

CHAPLAIN JAMES MEANS.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., April 17th, 1863.

Before this can reach the eye of the reader it will be generally known at the North that our dear brother, Rev. James Means, hospital chaplain at Newbern, and more lately "Superintendent of Blacks" in this department, is no more. He fell a victim of typhoid fever, on the 6th inst., at the age of 50 years. Knowing and loving him most tenderly, it falls upon me as a personal affliction, for many a time have we taken sweet counsel together, and felt our spirits refreshed thereby in this far country of our banishment. Often were the great questions of morals, government, liberty and humanity which underlie the national struggle now pending, themes of earnest discussion with us, while the events of the war slowly unfolded the history of the last summer's campaign. It was by reason of an uncommon interest in these questions that he was led to leave his home and engage in army work. Entering the department in the month of July, 1862, he was immediately assigned to the general hospital known in Newbern as the "Academy Green Hospital," the capacity of which is sufficient for only 70 or 80 patients, and which on its first occupancy was nearly filled with wounded men from the battle of Newbern. Up to the period of Mr. Means' appointment it shared only such spiritual attentions as could be devoted to it by the regimental chaplains stationed at the post. Some of the most touching incidents of hospital life that ever fell under my notice were in this place and at this time. When about to enter upon the duty assigned him, it is pleasant now to recollect with what earnestness and Christian simplicity our brother inquired how he could gain access to the patients, and possess himself of our experience, who had been some months upon the ground. But he needed not our aid. He brought to the work such ripeness of Christian character and attainments, together with such a winning and graceful address as opened his way at once to the hearts of the soldiers, and made him the valued and beloved friend of every patient.

He was also well fitted for this work by the training of the sick room, and by years of struggling dyspeptic weakness. He had learned sympathy, like the Carthaginian queen, in the school of adversity, and could say with her: "*Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*" It was not in vain that he had personally suffered, for a beautiful patience, and a chastened tenderness breathed through his life.

Having mastered the details of his duty in the hospital, and still finding himself with time to spare, and few books at hand, or congenial friends, he turned his attention toward the contrabands in this department, and wished to do something for their good. He taught a little school at his room, of evenings. He entered their church, and preached the gospel to them. "Wonderful man!" some of them exclaimed. "He told us right smart of things; all about Jerusalem, and the temple, and every other place. We were greatly lifted up." His subject was Christ weeping over Jerusalem as expressive of his divine

compassion. And he improved his personal knowledge of those interesting localities obtained in travel, to illustrate divine truth to their eager minds. They always loved to hear him preach. Subsequently, on the 1st day of January, and after he had assumed the special oversight of them by appointment of Gen. Foster, and a commission from Gov. Stanley, he gathered them together in their churches, and read to them the President's proclamation, and plainly instructed them respecting their new relations to society, and their new duties and obligations as free citizens.

Another object dear to him at this period of his chaplaincy was the support of a regular service in the Presbyterian church on Sabbath mornings. In March and April, 1862, while the 25th Mass. Regiment were doing provost guard duty in town, it was regularly maintained by the chaplain of that regiment. Subsequently, and through the summer, Chaplain Clark, of the 23d Mass. preached there. But after this regiment had given place to the 17th Mass., who then had no chaplain, Mr. Means volunteered to uphold the service. Most acceptably did he do it, until he had gathered a congregation larger than had worshipped there for many months before.

One sermon delivered there by Bro. Means was from this text: "*Thy gentleness hath made me great.*" It illustrated his own taste, and as the discourse fell with sweet and delicate intonations from his lips, enriched with valuable thought, clothed in a chaste and scholarly garb, one could scarcely refrain from saying that he was himself an eminent example of his theme.

When appointed Superintendent of Blacks he had serious doubts, as did also his friends, whether his delicate organization would be sufficient for the endurance of its arduous cares and labors. But his warm interest in those oppressed people, and desire to benefit them, led him to hazard the undertaking, at the risk, as it now appears, of his precious life. "I will just take the weight upon my shoulders," said he to a friend "give it a brief trial, and resign the load if it be too heavy for me." He assumed it hopefully and lovingly, and for two or three months to all appearance, endured well. He organized the work, superintended the camps of contrabands, systematized the labor department, carried on large correspondence, and in general, very ably and acceptably discharged the duties of his important trust. How much it had cost him in expenditure of mental and physical energy, did not appear till he was suddenly prostrated with nervous fever early in March, from which he had scarcely recovered when the more severe typhoid seized upon his exhausted frame, and hurried him to the grave.

It was the method by God ordained in which to take his servant home. It was given him to be a pioneer in new and hallowed labors, to lay foundations upon which others, and yet others, shall build, until in the next ages the work should be complete. His life is another costly sacrifice, cheerfully laid upon the altar of patriotism and religion.

Mr. Means was born in Amherst, N. H., graduated at Bowdoin College in 1833, entered the Christian ministry and became pastor of the church in Concord, January, 1840, subsequently assumed charge of the Lawrence Academy, at Groton spent two years abroad, traveling in Egypt and Palestine, as well as

European lands, returning, engaged in teaching a ladies' school in Auburndale, which position he had left but a few months prior to his going to Newbern

His illness was of that distressing character which clouds the reason, and deprives attending friends of the poor satisfaction of listening to last messages and dying words. He had lucid intervals, however, in which he recognized the friends that stood beside him, and inquired tenderly for others. After some days of extreme prostration, during which the tide of life was imperceptibly ebbing away, he sweetly breathed his last a little after 9 o'clock in the evening, just as the band of the 45th, that had been serenading Dr. Upham, (to the regret of all, about to leave the department) were playing the last strains of "Home, sweet Home." What more angelic symphonies were just then engaging his ear, as he was waf'ed toward "the Christian's home in glory," who of us can tell? The stillness of his chamber was undisturbed, except by the soft rustling of wings from the spirit land, the voice of the Master saying to his faithful servant, "Come up higher." He was eminently fit to go. The grace of God had made him a pillar, the Holy Spirit a temple. As we remember him, his speaking countenance was radiant with benevolence; how resplendent it now must be with the glory of God and the Lamb!

H. J.

Mr. Means, though only a temporary supply in the pulpit of the Fort Street Church, left so deep an impress on the hearts of those that knew him, that we are constrained to add somewhat lengthy extracts from the address of Prof. Park, upon his character as preacher and teacher.

EXTRACTS FROM PROF. PARK'S ADDRESS DELIVERED IN
ANDOVER, APRIL, 1863.

"Mr. Means preached the simple gospel, and in an earnest and honest way. His tones of voice bore witness that he believed what he said, and felt what he believed. He was so graceful in his manners, and so sincere in his words, that he commended himself at once as a pastor, especially to the sick and the troubled. * * * * *

"As Principal of Lawrence Academy, he will be long remembered for the bounties which he distributed among his indigent pupils, as he was the active and the happy almoner of the charities coming to these pupils from his kinsman and friend, the late Amos Lawrence, a prominent benefactor of the academy. * * * * *

"He moved with ease among all classes of men, from the most affluent to the most indigent. All classes felt an interest in him, because his heart was so sensitive and sympathetic. There was a courtesy in his manners, corresponding with the delicacy of his sentiments. The suavity of his address and the tenderness of his sensibilities, made him a favorite with refined circles, who might have been otherwise repelled by his decision of thought and aim. For, although he was characterized by a shrinking modesty, he was noted as well for his positive opinions and firm purposes. His personal attachments were not

stronger than were his convictions of duty. With all his nicety of taste, he combined such an inflexible adherence to what he deemed right, that men were often surprised at the boldness of sentiment which he uttered in such bland and gentle accents. He could say what few other men would dare to say. He gained friends where others, as strenuous as he, would have made enemies. His decision of character was manifest in his self-denials for the welfare of his race. Wherever he lived he labored in the service of the community. * *

"His pecuniary charities transcended the proportion of his pecuniary resources. He was whole-souled in every good scheme to which his mind was called, and he often sacrificed his comfort and his health to a philanthropic enterprise which had no more claim upon him than upon those who lived at ease around him.

"His enterprising spirit had the peculiar tincture of the Gospel. It was commonly exhibited in behalf of the poor. He became the friend of those who had no other friend. In order to enlist his sympathies in any work, it was only needful to assure him that the work was *hard* as well as useful, and if *he would not*, no one *would* take hold of it. He never labored for a cause that was popular, so successfully, as for a cause that was unpopular, when he was fully convinced that the cause was right and good. He seemed to have a kind of instinct, as well as a Biblical faith, that "truth, though crushed to earth, would rise again," and that the structure of the world, as well as the promises of grace, would in the end secure the triumph of christian love. *Ten years ago* I heard him foretell the methods in which the down-trodden and the oppressed of our land would gain their freedom at the last. I did not believe in his predictions. He was no prophet. *Still, what he foretold has come to pass.* In that kind of intuition which is lighted up by sympathy, he anticipated the very scenes which our journalists are now recording. And when the terrible calamities which he then predicted, if he did not then foreknow, did come upon his afflicted country, he gave himself as a free-will offering. He did not love political strife, but whenever he mingled in it, he espoused the interests of the poor. He was like his Master, who came from heaven to earth for the sake of those who had no other helper. * * * *

"As Superintendent of Blacks, he had the direct guardianship of 2,500, and had the indirect control of about 12,000 liberated slaves. Many of them were miserably clothed; he provided raiment for them. Many of them were incapable of procuring their daily food; he fed them. Many of them were diseased; he sent them medical aid. Many of them complained of wrong treatment from their fellow-men; he inquired into their grievances, and obtained redress for their injuries. All of them were ignorant; he gave them bread for their famishing minds. All of them needed religious counsel; he was a spiritual father to them as well as a temporal friend. He was their legal defender and also their civil judge, the Provost Marshall committing these offices to him. Occasionally he would hold a court in his rooms, and at this court the negroes would appear before him and plead their own cause, and he would pronounce the decision in his gentle, loving tones. He would never allow any one to sneer at the negroes, in his presence, and would always allege in their behalf

the various reasons for a mild estimate of their character. We know how scrupulously neat he was in his own person ; yet, he would walk among the crowd of degraded negroes, giving his right hand to those on one side of him, and his left hand to those on the other side of him, not shrinking from contact with those for whom he came to lay down his life, as his Blessed Lord had come to die for publicans and sinners. His opinion of the negroes he often expressed in his wanted style of clear decision. In a letter dated only a month ago, he writes. "All questions of the capacity and intelligence of the blacks are impertinent. It is the white man who troubles the negro, the government, the world and its Ruler. The black man is brave, and sensible, and patient, and willing and obedient. We call him a coward, and refuse to allow him to prove his courage. We call him vicious, and deny him all opportunity to demonstrate his virtue. We oppress and depress him, and then complain that he is not equal to the free white man. Oh ! pray for the poor blacks ; they are the Lord's uncomplaining poor. He will avenge them."

"On the 16th of January he wrote : "The negroes are capable enough in the main. I have never had reason to change a single opinion about them. Indeed, the elements of a judgment are very simple. Thus : they are rational beings, with all the faculties ; they are moral beings, with all the rights, privileges and responsibilities ; therefore, the axiom, 'what man has done, man may do,' applies to them as to all colors. The conclusion is modified only by the circumstances of successive generations of barbarizing servitude. The solution of all questions about them is sure in time to be wrought out."

"On the 27th of last December, he wrote : "My contrabands ! my contrabands ! Not for money, not for silver and gold, would I labor in their cause. My soul is sustained by a steady purpose and desire to do them good. How have I desired the high, the noble privilege of working for them, of shaping their condition, of organizing their infant society, of regulating their nascent institutions ? It seems a dream to me, but so it appears : God has accounted me worthy of the opportunity. At present my cares are almost purely secular, relating to their day's work, their wages, their clothing, their food, their lodging, their protection. But soon I shall emerge from this and expatiate in efforts for their elevation as intellectual and moral beings. I am making a little progress in winning their confidence, and causing them to feel that I mean to be kind and good to them. * * * * *

"On March 17th, shortly before his death, he wrote one of his familiar and characteristic letters : "The Lord is always so much better to me than I deserve, that I can't help thinking He has a 'favor to me.' At any rate I mean to try and be much better than ever before, out of gratitude for past favors. What a sweet christian theory it is, that 'whom the Lord loves, He chastens !' He don't neglect His favorites, but keeps after them, and blesses them, and scourges them, and smiles on them, and uses all acts to make them worthy at last, to be brought home with honor. It will be a wonderful talk we will have together in the Paradise of God, over all the checkered experiences of this life. I very often give you my thoughts and prayers ; I hope you don't forget me. If you do not keep a sharp look out, I shall slip in before you, and one of these days

go up. Let us turn our regards more than ever, more and more, towards the future recompense of reward. We can win it by our faith, never by our works. It is all purchased and promised. When we get it, we can't be proud of it, for it will be stained by no merits of ours. But it is all the more sure to us if we love Jesus, the meritorious sacrifice and High Priest. He gives it; we must accept it. That is the whole of salvation. He gives, we take; He suffers; we enjoy." * * * * *

"Three of the hymns which he reiterated often during his last illness were singularly pertinent to his condition. He had left his wife and children, separate from each other as well as from himself; so he uttered the verses:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee."

"He was wearied out and worn down with the tale which was daily brought to him, of man's inhumanity to man; so he soothed himself with the stanza:

"Well, the delightful day will come." &c.

"The city in which he was lingering out his last hours had been threatened with an attack from the rebel army. It was alive with troops ready to defend it, but the women and children had been ordered to retire into the suburbs for safety. He had heard the roar of cannon; so he whispered forth the words:

"No more fatigue, no more distress."

* * * * *

"No rude alarms of raging foes,"

"Just before he became too weak to converse, he slightly raised his head and said: "All is so clear, so bright, so beautiful."

"The last syllables he uttered aloud were evidently those of a prayer, for his hands were clasped and his lips moved as if in devotion, and he whispered forth the two words: "Heavenly Father," And these were a fitting close of his child-like life. * * * * *

"A friend who was present, wrote the following description of the funeral scene on April 8th: "When I, with several friends, drew near the church, we saw a crowd of blacks in waiting for the doors to be opened. The large galleries were crowded with negroes. Their presence had all the effect of a heavy drapery of mourning. As I entered the church, this was very impressive, this *living* sable curtain. * * * * *

"Dr. Stone, of Park Street Church, Boston, offered the prayer. He gave God *thanks* for the boon to friends, and to the world, of such a lovely, gentle, able, faithful servant of the Most High. In his pastoral work; as teacher; in all the sweet relations of life; for all the graces, *divinely* bestowed, he returned thanks to the Great Giver. For his labors as chaplain, and his later efforts for the uplifting of men oppressed and degraded, he blessed the Lord. Most fervently he prayed that He would raise up for *them* another who should receive the mantle of him who had gone up higher. At this stage of the prayer, it was affecting indeed to notice the suppressed "amens" and groans of the negroes, who are wont to be demonstrative in their worship. They evidently felt that

here they must not give way to their emotions ; but from every portion of the house the subdued responses could be heard. * * * *

"I noticed that as the procession moved along, both officers and soldiers who were passing on the sidewalks, stopped respectfully and removed their caps, every sentinel presented arms, the patrol guard of the city stopped and presented arms ; in short, every token of respect which it was possible to show to any high official, was voluntarily offered to the remains of him who was so universally beloved, so much respected. But I have omitted the most prominent feature of the procession, viz: the motly crowd of blacks of all ages and conditions. Some walked in the street, behind the procession, but they mostly followed on the sidewalks, in no order ; many, however, were in the street on each side of the hearse and procession. I noticed aged men and women, white-headed, tottering along, groaning aloud. I could fancy that they were saying in their hearts, "We thought it had been *he* who would redeem our Israel." All felt that they had lost a friend. Everybody had a kind word to speak of the departed, and a hope to express that the "poor lady at home should not take it hard ; God bless her." * * * *

"When we stand at the bar of Him who came to save the poor and down-trodden, we shall be astonished at the welcome to us: "Well done, good and faithful servants," for the grace of God will be always amazing to those who receive it. Still, there does seem to be more of a fitness in the words of the Judge to our friend, who died in the service of the poor, than to the great majority of us who hope to hear these wondrous words: "I was an hungered, and thou gavest me meat ; I was thirsty, and thou gavest me drink ; I was sick, and thou didst *visit* me ; I was in prison, and thou didst *come* unto me." * * * *

"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, *thou hast done it unto me.*"

The eighth letter is from Rev. Edwin Hall, D. D., of Auburn Theological Seminary. It was read on anniversary evening.

AUBURN, N. Y., February 9th, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON :

DEAR SIR:—It would give me great pleasure to be present at the commemoration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the organization of the Fort Street Church, were it not that my duties in the seminary, and my ill-health, render it impracticable. I remember with much interest the two pleasant months which I spent with the people of that church while supplying their pulpit during our seminary vacation of 1858. I have great reason to remember the great generosity of the ladies of the congregation, who, after hearing of the great need of our seminary, sent to us, after my return, a box of bedquilts and comfortables, the largest and most valuable, I think, that ever came to the seminary, and which have ever since, as often as I have visited student's rooms, reminded me of the pleasant and liberal donors. With such helpers, and with the common blessing of the Lord upon those who love to do good, the Fort Street Church may well be expected to flourish. I should love to meet with

many of the people with whom I became acquainted there, and should rejoice to be present at the proposed anniversary, but it is quite beyond my power

Yours with much esteem,

EDWIN HALL.

Mr. Walker's address mentions, with grateful recognition, the services of Rev. W. A. McCorkle, (now D. D.), from whom this ninth letter comes.

PRINCETON, April 2d, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON :

MY DEAR BROTHER :—My remembrance of the Fort Street Church goes back as far as the year 1858. I knew something of it before, but not until then had I any intimate acquaintance with its people and its affairs. During July of that year I made my entry into Michigan as a citizen. Arriving in Detroit with my family, I took up a temporary residence there until a suitable field of labor should open to me. The Fort Street Church had, for some time, been without a pastor; they had opened a correspondence with Dr. Eldridge, and were then waiting, until he could visit them, with the expectation of calling him. As he was just returning from Europe considerable time would necessarily pass away before the question would be finally settled. I was, therefore, called upon by one of the Elders: first, to supply for a sabbath or two; and then to continue during my convenience, or until Dr. Eldridge could arrive on the ground. Thus, I became a temporary supply for the Fort Street Church, and for four months ministered to its congregation. It was the gateway by which I entered into the State and Synod of Michigan. My first friends in the State, with a few exceptions, were made in it, and, so far as I know, they are all friends to this day.

The Eldership, if I remember rightly, was composed of Messrs. Walker, Knight and Zug. Of these, the first and last remain to this present: brother Knight is not, for the Lord has taken him.

I accepted a call to the church in Marshall a few weeks before Dr. Eldridge took charge of the Fort Street Church, and thus terminated my connection with it as a supply.

I have only pleasant remembrances of my service in connection with the people. They were kind to me then; they have been kind ever since. After years brought me in contact with the church under different circumstances. When illness laid me aside from my work in Marshall, I found a temporary residence again in Detroit, and a home among the people of the Fort Street Church. As a hearer, I sat with them in their house of worship, until a kind Providence restored my health. And when Detroit was no longer a temporary, but a permanent home, and when I was pastor of the First Church, and they were destitute of a pastor, it was very pleasant to have them turn to me for such offices as they needed, and I could render.

You will remember, my dear brother, that it was my pleasure to welcome you upon your arrival in Detroit, and, at your installation, to deliver to you the charge which still rests upon you, and with which, by Divine grace, I believe it is your earnest endeavor faithfully to comply.

The church has, through many vicissitudes and not a few discouragements, made its way, under Divine guidance, from a state of feebleness to a condition of strength. Since your pastorate began, much has been done, and now the church stands among the strong ones in the central part of our country.

I congratulate you, my brethren, upon having reached so desirable a position; upon the memorial services you have so lately held upon your Twenty-fifth Anniversary; and upon the bright future which lies before you. May the present pastorate be long continued, and may abundant blessings rest upon pastor and people.

Sincerely yours,

WM. A. McCORKLE.

The tenth letter is from the Rev. Edwin B. Raffensperger, who preached for some weeks immediately previous to Mr. Pierson's call and settlement. It arrived too late for reading on Anniversary Day.

CUMBERLAND, MD., February 16th, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Were it possible for me to come down just now from my mountain parish into the plains of Detroit, I would like to join you in celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church. Your beautiful card of invitation brings to mind the few Sabbaths I spent with your dear people when they were waiting for the man whom they had selected as their pastor. Great expectations had been raised in their minds concerning you, and I am happy to know that all these have been realized; that the great Head of the church has signally blessed your ministry in Detroit, and that through your instrumentality such great praise has been conferred on your congregation. Long may you live to fill the distinguished position that you now occupy.

The Fort Street Church is celebrated throughout the nation for its princely hospitality. The Lord grant it, in coming years, a corresponding celebrity for the effusions of His grace, is the prayer of

Your fellow worker,

EDWIN B. RAFFENSPERGER.

The eleventh letter was read in connection with the anniversary exercises, from the personal connection of the writer with the present pastor, as will appear from the letter itself.

NEW YORK, February 11th, 1874.

MY DEAR BROTHER PIERSON:—I have just received an invitation to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, of which you are the esteemed pastor. It would afford me real pleasure to be present, and to take part in the exercises of an occasion so interesting to your people and to yourself, calling up to memory so many changes, so many joys and so many sorrows; so much culture, so much toiling, sowing, and yet so much fruit, such a harvest of blessings! You may all, on such an occasion, raise your

Ebenezer, and with unite I voice say: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In your personal success as a minister I greatly rejoice, and pray that the past may be the earnest, the pledge of yet larger blessings in reserve. The twenty-five years to come are pregnant with mighty events—untold blessings to the church of our God. Blessed is the man that can live and labor for the Master during these eventful years, and be in the conflict, and witness the coming triumphs of His kingdom. This, my dear brother, will be your privilege. Gladly would I tarry and toil on, that I might rejoice with the sowers and the reapers in the great harvest of the world. But my work is almost done. Still I desire to be out in the field doing my allotted and remaining work, until the shadows of life's evening fall, and the voice of the dear Master is heard through all the vineyard saying: "Call the laborers and give them their hire." There is even now a voice continually sounding in my ears urging me to "Work whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." Of the brevity of our season of spiritual toil I am deeply conscious. Of all the Presbyterian pastors laboring in this city when I was ordained to the work of the ministry, not one now abides at his post, and only three, out of more than twenty, survive, so that I am the oldest in the pastorate, of all the Presbyterian minister of the city, and yet I do not feel old. My eye is still undimmed and my natural force unabated. Still I know that my time draweth near. But I rejoice that I shall live in my *sens, natural and spiritual*—those "that I have begotten in the gospel." Thou art my Timothy, and I charge thee, "Preach the Word"—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophesy, and with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrines, continue in them, for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

Wishing you all joy in the Lord, and the fellowship of His spirit, and many years of labor and fruition,

I am yours affectionately in the gospel,

S. D. BURCHARD.

The following words of cheer, from one who, as a co-laborer, occupied the pulpit of the Jefferson avenue Presbyterian Church during more than half of the years which measure the life of our own church, would have been read at the anniversary but for the fact that they, through some mistake, made their appearance not until several days after; their herald on the day of our festival being a beautifully directed envelope containing a *blank envelope* which had been accidentally enclosed instead of the *letter*.

GENEVA, N. Y., February 16th, 1874.

MY DEAR PIERSON:—I have looked at that programme and that beautiful card of invitation very often within the last ten days, and until to-day have hoped I might "turn up" and become a "magna pars" to a stirring speech." One thing I could do with success, I am sure, *i. e.* give attention to the matters that will *go off*—not *come off*—in the parlors of your church on Wed-

nesday evening. The fame of the entertainments given by your good people cannot exceed the fact. You have faith in eating and drinking, and "show your faith by your works," and I am sorry that I cannot be with you.

But pray tell me why you are celebrating this Twenty-fifth Anniversary? Is it because you have lived so long? have grown to such a stature? Why, my dear brother, that church is good for a century. Or, are you keeping a holiday because you are so old, yet feel so young? The whole affair seems to me as hilarious as the pranks of a frisky boy. I trow the church is well cared for, and in the tide of prosperity; has good substantial provender every Sabbath, or they would be gaunt and spiritless.

Sincerely do I rejoice in your festival, and in the occasion for it. If I may depute some one to speak for me on that occasion, I will depute *you* to give my congratulations and compliments to old friends assembled with you. May the Fort Street Presbyterian Church stand for another twenty-five years, and throw abroad an increasing light, in the city and in the State; be a church of genuine revivals and signalized by the rich gifts of God's grace. May its entire membership be devout, loyal to truth, and a strong support of their much loved pastor, who is loved by none more than by his

Affectionate brother,

W. HOGARTH.

The next letter deserves a place here, if only for the long connection of the writer with the evangelical work of the State.

BIG RAPIDS. February 14th, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON:

DEAR BROTHER:—I received from my wife, a day or two since, a letter, saying that an invitation had come to me to attend the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the organization of the Fort Street Church. As I am the oldest working minister in the Synod, and have long been acquainted with many of the members of the church, and my wife was for a time a member of your church, I am gratified to receive the invitation, though my appointments are such that I shall not be able to accept. I have written my wife, requesting her to attend, and hope she will be with you on that interesting occasion. I am glad your church celebrate that event. It is right that they should recount the day of small things; it is right that they should talk over the past and praise the Great Head of the church for what He has done.

I wish to say that I was well acquainted with the first pastor of your church, Rev. R. R. Kellogg. My acquaintance was formed in a revival at Romeo. I labored with him in scenes of deep interest among his own people, when the Spirit of God was present in power. I was with him, also, in a time of deep distress, when his heart was wrung with anguish, at the time of his dismissal from that church. I knew him to be a man of culture, an excellent spirit and an earnest christian. I also read with deep emotion the account of the close of his ministry and his useful life, as he passed from earth to his rest and reward in heaven.

I was also acquainted with Major Rowland, one of the first elders of your

church, a noble-minded, large-hearted christian gentleman, and his amiable, godly wife. I had shared their hospitality some days, with my wife. I loved him, and trust he received an abundant entrance into the presence of his Saviour and God.

H. K. Knight, Esq., another Elder of your church, was a man of a choice spirit, and in many respects a man of rare qualifications to do good. As a sabbath school superintendent he had few equals. He loved children; he loved the church; he loved to work for the building up of the church. He died in the midst of life with the harness on. His memory is fragrant and his influence will long live.

I trust your anniversary will do much good. The reminiscences of the past wake up the tenderest emotions in our hearts. I trust the good Spirit of our God may be with you all and showers of blessings descend on your church and congregation.

Yours sincerely and truly,

CALVIN CLARK.

For a similar reason, we publish the following brief note of congratulation:

1831.
Organized.

July 10, 1844.
Present Pastor Installed.
1 Tim. 6:20

1874.
Nearing the city.
Rev. 21:23.

RICHLAND, MICH., February 16th, 1874.

REV. A. T. PIERSON:

DEAR BROTHER,—The oldest pastor, Presbyterian, in Michigan, sendeth greeting to the Rev. bishop of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church of Detroit, Mich. Thank you for the invitation to be present at your Anniversary Services of the 18th instant. Distance, time and work will not permit. May the blessing of our Lord rest upon you, "All that are with me salute thee. Greet them that love us in the faith. Grace be with you all. Amen."

Yours fraternally,

MILTON BRADLEY.

As has already been explained, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York city, was expected to take part in the Anniversary. The subjoined communication explains his absence.

30 WEST 18TH STREET, N. Y., February 3d, 1874

DEAR SIR,—Doctor Hall has gone by the night train to Philadelphia, and has begged of me to write to you and express how very much he regrets not being able to go to Detroit at all this season. He is overrun with work; the pressure is so great that I sometimes dread, notwithstanding his iron frame, that he will be broken down.

There are at present public services held all over this city, and the anxiety is very great that a special blessing will follow and attend them. He says he cannot be absent. He is really quite grieved at being obliged to write to you to this effect. Trusting, dear Sir, that the Lord will direct you to some one whose words and preaching he will greatly bless,

I am yours very sincerely,

EMILY HALL.

The Rev. A. T. Pierson.

Beside these letters, which have been embodied here, fully or by extract, it should be mentioned that very courteous responses came to us, among many others, from the following Reverend gentlemen :

Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., L. L.D., Henry Kendall, D. D., Henry M. Field, D. D., C. S. Robinson, D. D., of New York city ; Robert W. Patterson, D. D., Arthur Mitchell, F. L. Patton, D. D., of Chicago, Illinois ; Henry A. Nelson, D. D., E. D. Morris, D. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio ; Wm. Speer, D. D., of Philadelphia ; F. A. Noble, D. D., of Pittsburgh ; R. A. Sawyer, D. D., of Irvington, N. Y. ; T. Ralston Smith, D. D., of Yonkers, N. Y. ; Wm. C. Dickinson, of Lafayette, Ind. ; A. D. Moore, of Northumberland, Pa. ; M. W. Jacobus, D. D., of Allegheny, Pa. ; John Scott, of London, Ont. ; Robert Norton, of St. Catherines, Ont.

Also, from the following clergymen in our State :

The Revs. J. Morgan Smith, of Grand Rapids ; G. L. Foster, of Howell ; Job Pierson, of Ionia ; J. M. Allis, of Lansing ; D. M. Cooper, of Albion ; E. J. Boyd, of Monroe, and J. W. Brown and George Worthington, of Detroit.

We may mention, also, the following, as among the persons whose letters we would be glad to publish, did space permit :

Hon. D. B. Greene, of Ypsilanti, Mich. ; J. A. Peck, Esq., of Kalamazoo, Mich. ; D. M. Stiger, Esq., of Jersey City, N. Y. ; E. P. Woods, Esq., of Lowell, Mass. ; John Gray, Esq., of New York City ; S. H. Wheeler, Esq., of Newark, N. J. ; William K. Muir, Esq., of Hamilton, Ont., and Hon. J. V. Campbell, and Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, of Detroit.

In closing this volume, to which nothing remains to be added but the lists of members of the church and congregation, the compiler has only to add a personal expression of gratitude to all whose cheerful co-operation has helped to make his burden lighter ; and, with the devout hope that all, who in any way contributed to this delightful commemoration, may join in the celebration of that Love which alone made the existence of the Christian Church possible, which alone has preserved it amid the convulsions of human history, and which alone shall crown its militant experience with its triumphant estate, we close these records of our

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Historical Lists

Of members of the church from the beginning, and of the present congregation, are added, to make this history complete to the date of the issue of this pamphlet. In the list of members the following marks are used:

*Withdrawn by Letter.

†Dropped from the Roll, because non-attendant or present residence unknown.

‡Deceased.

‖Suspended.

§Now in the Ministry.

1849.

Samuel Zug,	*Rebecca Abernethy,
Anne S. Zug,	*Albert G. Fuller,
*Sylvester Larned,	*Eunice Fuller,
*Helen L. Larned,	‡Chester Spaulding,
*Sarah L. Harmon,	†Fanny Spaulding,
†William Gilbert,	‖Eunice Mitchell,
†Elizabeth Gilbert,	Nancy Hoxie,
*Robert Beatty,	*Lydia E. Pond,
*Charlotte Thompson,	†Margaret Mattison,
*Helen Weir,	*Maria Hoag,
Samuel P. Wilcox,	‡John Cook.
†Louisa Wilcox,	*Delia E. Norton,
‡Catharine A. Fisher,	*Fanny B. Reed,
*Delia Mather,	*Jane Van Allen,
‡Thomas Rowland,	*Washington E. Moore,
‡Catharine Rowland,	*Rachel Moore,
*Mary E. Kellogg,	§David M. Cooper,
*William Haworth,	*John Romeyn,
†Marion Rutherford,	*Joseph G. Selden,
*David O. Penfield,	Catharine Shepard,
*Sarah Penfield,	Margaret Mair,
*Elizabeth Weir,	*James Elder,
†Mary J. Weir,	*Letitia Elder,
*John J. Briscoe,	*Esther Elder,
*Mary Briscoe,	*Jonathan R. Axtell,
†Margaret Stewart,	*Mary Axtell,
*Eliza S. Elder,	‡Hannah C. Smith,
*Harriet L. Bond,	†Mary A. Schoonmaker,
†Harriet Prentis,	†Elizabeth Schoonmaker,
†Cherry Weir,	*Mary A. Coburn.

1850.

‡Sarah Allen,
 †Lucinda Allen,
 *Ann McGraw,
 †Mary Conner,
 *Mary Bodine,
 †Mary Grout,
 Mary A. Shaw,
 Emily C. McMichael,
 †Sarah Burroughs,
 *John Robinson,
 *James A. Hinchman,
 Benjamin F. Bush,
 †Louisa Praigg,
 *James Rankin,
 *Margaret Rankin,
 *David B. Reeve,
 *Ellen J. Reeve,
 †Martha Fielding,
 *Diana E. Parker,
 *Mariah Guild,
 *Simon Guild,

†James Guild,
 *Cornelia Guild,
 *Jane Wood,
 †Mary Rowe,
 *Francis C. Clark,
 William N. Evans,
 *Margaret C. Sprague,
 *Laura A. Briscoe,
 *Delia Sprague,
 *Eliza Beaty,
 *Mary A. Beaty,
 *Margaret Beaty,
 †Mary Connelly,
 *Martha E. Gully,
 Edwin S. Benedict
 Caroline Y. D. Benedict,
 †Henry C. Knight,
 Frances A. Knight,
 †Harriet E. Gibson,
 *Michael Henderson,
 †James Weir.

1851.

*Hubbard Trowbridge,
 *Edna I. Trowbridge,
 *Henry P. Hoag,
 †Sarah Ferguson,
 *Julia Collins,
 *Dewitt Putty,
 †William Gunning,
 †Charles Brooke,
 †Albert G. Fuller,
 *Eunice Fuller,
 *Anna D. Collins,
 *Mary J. Kellogg,
 *Jane A. Jack,
 *Agnes Robertson,
 Selumiel Champ,
 Anna A. Dickson,
 *Albert Hoag,

*George Eden,
 †James Delgarno,
 *William Candler,
 *Albert N. Reynolds,
 *Sophia L. Orr,
 *William Briscoe,
 *Ann Hammond,
 *Louisa B. Cromwell,
 †David W. Ellithorpe,
 †Sophia L. Ellithorpe,
 *Henry McMullen,
 *Sarah McMullen,
 *Jane Ramsey,
 Sophia Roe,
 †Augustus Walker,
 †Elisha Wells.

1852.

*Nathan P. Simonds,
 †Emeline Simonds,

*Douglass H. Donovan,
 George A. Bancroft,

†Elmira Green,
 †John Gibson,
 *Charles H. Axtell,
 *Julia Rodgers,
 †Jesse Page,
 *Susan Champ,
 *Mary A. Peters,

*Margaret Sutherland,
 *Cecelia Van Every,
 *Frederick Watson,
 *Lucinda Simmons,
 *Abraham S. Myrach,
 *Eliza S. Myrach,
 *Lucy Pratt,

1853.

*Thomas R. Spence,
 *Emma Spence,
 *Ellen Wray,

*John G. Beckman,
 Joseph B. Bloss,
 Caroline A. Bloss,

1854.

Edward C. Walker,
 Lucy B. Walker,
 *Angus McKay,
 *Margaret McKay,
 *John Brown,
 *Emma Brown,
 *Mary N. Lockwood,
 *Mary W. Lockwood,
 †Annis C. Moore
 †Marion H. Reeve,
 †Sarah E. Reeve,
 Elvira Davis,
 Matilda Buhl,
 Lydia S. Welch,
 †Shubael Conant,
 *Alexander McFarlane,
 *George B. Dickinson,
 George Foote,
 †Phoebe Foote,
 *Ann Warren,
 *Hovey K. Clarke,
 *Hannah C. Clarke,
 *Thomas W. Lockwood,

*Albertine Lockwood,
 †John W. Hodgkin,
 Margaret E. Hodgkin,
 *James Menzies,
 *Harriet M. Chester,
 *Elisha Eldred,
 *Mary Eldred,
 *Fidelia Drury,
 *Philip Thurber,
 *Frances E. Thurber,
 *Eleanor S. Candler,
 *Louisa Hinchman,
 *Jane Short,
 *Joseph W. Smith,
 *Elizabeth T. Smith,
 Augusta C. Wickware,
 *Eliphalet M. Clark,
 *Fanny B. Clark,
 *Lucy Neill,
 *Janette McFarlane,
 †Caroline Stephens,
 †Catharine H. Jones.

1855.

Shadrach Gillett,
 †Macy Gillett,
 †Frances Gillett,
 †Abbey E. Steevens,
 †Theodosia Snow,
 *Edward Bliss,

*Helen M. Dudley,
 *Fanny Shipman,
 *Allison Menzies,
 *Eliza Wray,
 *Matilda Wray,
 Mary Thompson,

Bradford Smith,
 †Lucia W. Smith,
 *Edward A. Drury,
 *Martha J. Maltby,
 *Sophia C. Johns,
 †Mary A. Woodbridge,
 *Elizabeth W. Dickinson,
 *John Q. Dudley,

*Turner Stetson,
 *Sarah Stetson,
 *M. Howard Webster,
 *Martha J. Webster,
 *Alice V. A. Frasier,
 †Henrietta Pond,
 *Patience Leach,
 *Catharine Newberry.

1856.

†Eliza Cook,
 *Orpha J. Bingham,
 Samuel G. Caskey,
 Aurelia C. Caskey,
 *Henry M. Cheever,
 *Sarah Cheever,
 Olive Williams,
 Eliza Williams,
 *Albert Pixley,

*Harriet N. Pixley,
 *Miriam Dwight,
 Agnes Morris,
 *James McMillan,
 *E. Willard Smith,
 *Charlotte M. Smith,
 †David Stewart,
 *Anna S. Kibbee,
 *John L. Strong.

1857.

Jane Morrison,
 *Susan Swift,
 *William E. Cheever,
 *Catharine Stuart,

Adaline A. Phillips,
 *Isabella M. Warren,
 George E. Hand,
 Margaret McDonald.

1858.

†Mary Ward,
 *William H. Osgodby,
 *Electa L. Osgodby,
 *Alfred Russell,
 *Ellen P. Russell,
 W. Leverett Woodbridge,
 Franklin Moore,
 Frederick Buhl,
 *Sallie E. Yerkes,
 Emily Shackleton,
 *Mary A. Cromwell,
 *Sarah L. Cromwell,
 Sarah L. Coddington,
 †Annie S. Gillett,
 †Mary R. Roberts,
 †Elizabeth Roberts,
 †Mary E. McGraw,
 Mary E. Morrison,
 *Sarah C. Short,

*Charles G. Brownell,
 *Mary Brownell,
 Sarah A. Perkins,
 †Anna Kidd,
 †Charity Southard,
 *Mary E. McFarland,
 Mary A. Slocum,
 *Marietta Stoddard,
 Stewart McDonald,
 *Henry L. Leach,
 *Richard Shipman,
 *Norman Johnson,
 William H. Perkins,
 George L. Maltz,
 *Alexander Hosie,
 Alexander H. McGraw,
 John Harvey,
 *Julia F. Swift,
 Elizabeth Hosie,

‡ Mary E. Walker,
 * Alvah H. Walker,
 * Minerva Walker,
 * Mary A. Walker,
 * Olivia A. Gardner,

Jane Stewart,
 Margaret McMillan,
 Mary E. Stevens,
 Susannah Perkins.

1859.

‡ John Palmer,
 Jane M. Palmer,
 † Catharine Hinchman,
 † Joseph C. Heath,
 * Mary S. Heath,
 † Lyman Briggs,
 * Ann Mary S. Briggs,
 * Ellen Mary Briggs,
 † Fanny Champ,
 Kate Wing,
 * Henry M. Warren,
 * Alexander McFarren,
 * Elizabeth McFarren,
 Charles D. Farlin,
 Sarah M. Farlin,

Elmira R. Fowler,
 Mary Jane Fraser,
 Flora L. Ray,
 Sarah L. Wilcox,
 Eliza J. Roe,
 John Goring,
 † William Allen,
 * Albert H. Jordan,
 † Jane Jordan,
 * Hiram M. Towne,
 Jane E. Johnson,
 * William Reed,
 George W. T. Hill,
 * William Allen,
 * Catharine Allen.

1860.

‡ John V. Beane,
 Caroline Beane,
 * Ellen C. Beane,
 Ellen Eldridge,
 Adaliza French,
 * Eliza A. Bush,
 † Harriet N. Cameron,
 Eliza Thomas,
 † Caroline G. Page,
 * Ann E. Carter,
 * Caroline C. Spencer,
 * George Parsons,
 * Emily B. Parsons,

* George B. Boardman,
 † Helen M. Boardman,
 * Eliza C. Spencer,
 * Theodore C. White,
 * Ann Monroe,
 * Stephen A. Peck,
 * Susan H. R. Peck,
 † Adaline Brooks,
 * Cuthbert Laing,
 Martha F. Stewart,
 Maria Dickson,
 Ellen L. Foote.

1861.

Archibald G. Lindsay,
 Katharine D. Sheldon,
 * Angelina Squire,
 * Jacob Beeson,
 * Elizabeth Beeson,
 * Maria Beeson,
 † Ann W. M. Romeyn,
 * Susan V. Romeyn,

Ruth E. Maginnity,
 James F. Joy,
 Mary B. Joy,
 James R. Dutton,
 Deborah Dutton,
 Georgianna E. W. Spence,
 † Margaret Henry,
 Frances A. Adams.

1862.

Elleanor J. Swain,
 *Emma Beeson,
 Morris B. Tooker,
 Caroline Tooker,
 *Susan L. Merritt,
 †Mathilde G. Moore,
 †Emma L. Beane,

Sarah Joy,
 *Mary Eldred,
 †Anna Bryant,
 Charles Root,
 Alice Root,
 Anna M. Evans.

1863.

*Joshua Windoes,
 *Carrie R. Windoes,
 Emory Wendell,
 Jennie E. Wendell,
 William Findlater,
 Elizabeth Findlater,
 †Mary S. Palmer,
 Sarah H. Palmer,
 George McMillan,
 Isabella G. McMillan.
 Mary Buckley,
 Frances Hitchcock,
 *Jacob V. Haan,
 *Mary Seymour,

Eliza Bridge,
 Julia A. Knight,
 *John M. Tupper,
 *Sarah Tupper,
 Betsey Coit,
 *Sarah Whiting,
 *Mary Otis,
 Alice K. Jones,
 Susannah Stewart,
 †Mary G. Zug,
 Lillie Walker,
 Jane Lindsay,
 Robert Hosie, Jr.
 *Alfred Howard.

1864.

Alexander McGaw,
 Ann F. McGaw,
 Catharine Woodworth,
 Angeline Quigley,
 Margaret Cuddy,
 Eliza Ramsey,
 William Morris,
 Nettie Ames,
 Katie Shepard,
 *Joseph A. Tibbetts,
 *Elvira Tibbetts,

*Hattie Rosebrook,
 †Eliza M. Rosebrook,
 Edward W. Jenks,
 †Julia L. Jenks,
 Jane M. Jenks,
 Phœbe Seeley,
 Charles McNeil,
 *Cornelia Frasier,
 *Perlinah Van Vleit,
 †Julia Van Vleit,
 Angelina Ames.

1865.

Isabella G. Beane,
 Joseph Nicholson,
 †Henrietta L. Nicholson,
 †Joseph G. Ray,
 *Jennie B. Frazier,
 *Caroline F. Bloss,
 Mary W. Thomas,
 *Euphemia Murray,

Kate Dupont,
 Letitia G. Chandler,
 Mary Douglass Chandler,
 Hattie A. Wilcox,
 *Camilla Richardson,
 Jane B. McGaw,
 *Anna E. Eastman,
 Jane Lindsay,

Frank H. Buhl,
George S. Davis,
James E. Davis,
‡John B. Beane,
Mary E. Balch.

‡Jones Phillips,
George S. Adams,
Emma T. Beatty,
*Lizzie J. Carter,
Sarah H. Standart.

1866.

Frances Shepard,
*Elia Shepard,
F. J. B. Crane,
‡Edward Warren,
William Wilson,
Esther Wilson,
Isabella T. Hosie,
Margaret Conway,
*Julia Stephens,
Sarah J. McQueen,
*Fannie Stephens,
John S. Dickson,

Stephen S. Bather,
*Virginia M. Balsley,
John B. Hughes,
Philip Thurber,
Frances E. Thurber,
*Dewitt C. Smith,
*Mary Lepper,
*Mary B. Stephens,
*Helen E. Foote,
George Leckie,
Isabella Leckie.

1867.

*Mary Taylor,
*Mary S. Lamson,
Frederick C. Adamson,
Cassie Adamson,
Mary B. Dudley,
Lucien A. Smith,
Maria B. Garrison,
Russell A. Alger,
Annette H. Alger,
*Neil McDougal,
*Catharine E. McDougal,

Martha Joy,
*Caroline W. Morse,
Mary F. Thompson,
William S. King,
Alice King,
Emilie A. King,
*Jennie C. Morse,
Cecelia Van Every,
Catharine Graham,
Emma Kennedy,
Otto Kirchner.

1868.

Mary R. Brown,
Mary E. Park,
Henry M. Park,
Walter Buhl,
Charlotte M. Gillett,
Angelina Quigley,
Eliza Purdue,

Anna E. Hentig,
Sarah M. Herrington,
Rebecca W. Smith,
Sybil C. Alger,
Anna Botsford,
*Hugh Wilson.

1869.

Albert Pixley,
Henrietta N. Pixley,
Sophia L. Orr,
Elizabeth H. Abbott,

Sally A. Pierson,
Flora Goodfellow,
*John Goodfellow,
Electa W. Holbrook,

Mary Penny,
 Elizabeth Nicholson,
 Charles G. Brownell,
 Mary E. Brownell,
 Sarah F. B. Pierson,
 Helen M. Moore,
 Adelaide D. Morrison,
 Mary L. Orr,
 Margaret E. Wickware,

Frederica Buhl,
 Catharine L. Law,
 *Mary H. Lepper,
 John Wilson,
 Marion Wilson,
 Margaret Lindsay,
 §Maxwell Lepper,
 Elizabeth Marshall,

1870.

Walter E. Adams,
 Jane M. Adams,
 George S. Moir,
 Theresa Moir,
 Mary Botsford,
 Elizabeth M. McKelvie,
 *Sarah A. Snyder,
 Julia A. Smith,
 †Joseph Law, Jr.,
 Frances A. Pine,
 Eliza J. Agnew,
 *Harriet Snyder,
 Martha J. Marshall,
 Henry E. Chamberlain,
 Jennie L. Wilson,
 Sarah A. Stewart,
 Mary D. Foote,
 Carrie S. Foote,
 *Ella G. Childs,
 Robert M. Zug,
 Phcebe D. Perkins,
 †Albert S. Knight,
 Kate McLaw,
 Bryant Walker,
 Jessie R. Walker,
 *Warner W. Dickinson,

Mina E. Botsford,
 Minerva A. Curtis,
 *Elizabeth C. Richardson,
 Abner W. Smith,
 Elizabeth K. Orr,
 Henry O. Walker,
 Annie M. Adams,
 Alexander Cuddy,
 Jared A. Smith,
 †Harriet C. H. Boyd,
 Maria S. Ballard,
 Anson Young,
 Jennie Young,
 George H. Snover,
 Marcella M. L. Snover,
 Charles P. Woodruff,
 Mariette Woodruff,
 Alice Woodruff,
 Cora Woodruff,
 Eva Woodruff,
 Charles B. Woodruff,
 John Swift,
 Maggie McIlwain,
 Sarah McIlwain,
 Jennie McIlwain,
 *Ruth Walker.

1871.

Annie E. Fleischman,
 Mary Lewis,
 Floretta Stupinsky,
 Ettie Stupinsky,
 Ellen M. Lowe,
 *Ellen Johnson,
 Janet A. Stewart,

Maria J. Tate.
 Douglass Payne,
 Elizabeth Payne,
 Mary Hale Abbott,
 George B. Ayers,
 Mary R. Ayers,
 Mary Ladue,

Thomas Sharp,
Catharine J. Atterbury,
*James A. Dubnar,
John F. Fenerty,
Margaret Fenerty,
Margaret McLean,
Margaret Howe,
Mary I. Michelsen,
Camilla Richardson,
Martha Ann Lamb,
Chauncy C. Sharp,

Charlotte Ladue,
Mary A. J. Conway,
Ella Courtney,
*Mary A. Chappell,
Ebenezer Ward,
Olive A. Gardner,
Antoinette M. Yerkes,
George W. Hoffman,
*Elizabeth R. Hoffman,
Caroline A. Hoffman,
Charlotte W. Hoffman.

1872.

Elizabeth Robertson,
Irene B. Swift,
Julia Hull,
Mary Collins,
Rachel Clark,
Emma L. Fowler,
John E. Chaffin,
Laura A. Chaffin,
Thomas Y. Taylor,
Mary E. Taylor,
Fanny A. Smith,
E. William Cobb,
Robert Morton,
Marion K. Morton,
Thomas Watson,
Mary Watson,
Julia M. Wallace,
Fannie C. Perley.

William Manson,
Marion Manson,
Helen E. Gibson,
Hortense Foex,
Henry Graham,
Eliza C. Bissell,
Emily C. Cameron,
Jennie A. Foote,
Kittie Miller,
Charlotte Burr,
Neil McDougall,
Catharine McDougall,
Frankie A. Hunt,
John A. Freeman,
Mary A. Freeman,
Helen C. Blodgett,
Frank Whitney,
Elizabeth N. Hinchman.

1873.

*Sarah A. Snyder,
Harriet M. Longyear,
Sarah Jennings,
Anna M. Goldsmith,
George N. Ladue,
Mary W. Lathrop,
Mary B. Davis,
†Mathilde Foex,
Albert C. Lanyon,
James W. Green,
Frances M. Stone,
Kezia Francis,

Elizabeth C. Dailey,
Harriet Newcomb,
M. S. D. Story,
John McFarland,
James Clark,
Agnes Clark,
Elizabeth Clark,
Josiah Reaume,
*Angelina Lincoln,
Amanda M. Rice,
Sarah M. Stone,
Lovina C. Prentis,

Harriet Pratt
Mary E. Newland,
Martha Harris,

George F. Newland,
‡Silas L. Fuller,
Ella P. Fuller,

1871.

Lucretia N. Dean,
Edmund Sloan,
Catherine A. Sloan,
Mary E. Ives,
Louisa P. M. Foex;
Edwin W. Morris,
Stanley H. Cline,
James C. Hill,

Emma R. Green,
Margaret M. Chambers,
Mary W. Merrick,
Clayton J. Perley,
Fremont Woodruff,
Susan M. A. Cameron,
Mary S. Cameron,
Mary A. Chaffin.

The Present Congregation.

In the following list of Pew-Holders and Attendants, families are represented by the name of the *head or the oldest member of the household*. This roll represents the congregation at the date of the publication of this memorial volume :

Thomas F. Abbott,
Francis Adams,
George S. Adams,
Walter E. Adams,

E. S. Adams,
F. C. Adamson,
Russell A. Alger,
E. S. Alford,

Mrs. Mary Backus,
George F. Bagley,
George W. Balch,
O. L. Ballard,
C. B. Barnes,
Mrs. Rebecca Bates,
James A. Bates,
Mrs. Caroline Beane.
Philo G. Belknap,
Eben C. Beach,
Edward W. Bissell,
George W. Bissell,
James S. Blair,
Charles C. Blodgett,
Joseph B. Bloss,

James W. Blue,
Anna Botsford,
H. W. D. Brewster,
David Bridge,
Charles G. Brownell,
Alden S. Brown,
Mrs. Caroline E. Brooks,
Mrs. Mary Buckley,
Christian H. Buhl,
Frederick Buhl,
Theodore D. Buhl,
Joseph H. Bullock,
Harvey W. Burr,
C. H. Burnham,

Charles C. Cadman,
William Cahoon,
Allen P. Cameron,
J. W. Carson,
Samuel G. Caskey,
A. B. Case,
Homer Case,
John E. Chaffin,
Ernest Chamberlin,
Zachariah Chandler,
Douglass J. Chase,
Charles A. Chamberlain.

F. W. H. Chambers,
Francis L. Childs,
Dr. H. A. Cleland,
James Clark,
E. William Cobb,
N. P. Collins,
Olney B. Cook,
John C. Corning,
Mrs. Mary A. J. Courtney,
Rachael Clark,
Alexander Cuddy,

Joseph Dailey,
James E. Davis,
Solomon Davis,
I. N. Dean,
William J. Deering,
Lawrence Depew.

H. A. Dickerson,
David Dickson,
Mrs. Elsie E. Ducharme,
William Dupont,
James R. Dutton,

Mrs. Anna M. Evans,

Charles D. Farlin,
John F. Fenerty,
M. S. Fitzsimons,
Anna Fleischman,
Mrs. Hortense Foex,

Solomon Gardner,
Charles M. Garrison,
John J. Garrison,
James Gibson,
Rufus W. Gillett,

George E. Hand,
John Harvey,
Frederick W. Hayes,
Josiah D. Hayes,
Andrew M. Hastings,
Mrs. Anna E. Hentig,
Willard H. Herrington,
George W. Hill,
James C. Hill,
Mrs. Elizabeth N. Hinchman,

Richard Inglis, M. D.,

Edward W. Jenks, M. D.,
Jarvis S. Jennings,
Mrs. Maria E. Jennings,

David Kennedy,
Otto Kirchner,

John T. Ladue,
Mrs. Mary Ladue,
George N. Ladue,
F. Lambie,
George C. Langdon,
James W. Langdon,
Henry K. Lathrop,
Joseph Lathrop,
Mrs. Catharine S. Law.

Stewart McDonald,
Neil McDougal,
John McFarland,
Andrew McFarland,

George Foote,
James H. Ford,
Robert S. Forbes,
Mrs. Ella P. Fuller,

Shadrach Gillett,
James H. Goldsmith,
James S. Goodrich,
Henry Graham,
James W. Green,

F. D. C. Hinchman,
Henry C. Hodges,
Mrs. Margaret E. Hodgkin,
F. H. Holmes,
George W. Hoffman,
John C. Holmes,
Robert Hosie,
Mrs. Elizabeth Hosie;
Mrs. Margaret Howe,
William Hull,

Butler Ives,

Waldo M. Johnson,
J. Huff Jones,
James F. Joy,

George E. King,
Mrs. Frances A. Knight,

William F. Lay,
Albert C. Lanyon,
George Leckie,
Archibald G. Lindsay,
Mrs. Jane Lindsay,
John W. Longyear,
O. M. Locke,
Ellen McGregor Lowe,
Eugene S. Lowe,

Alexander McGaw,
John W. McGrath,
Miller W. McGraw,
Andrew McIlwaine,

Mrs. Margaret McKay,
 Mrs. Jane McLott,
 George McMillan,
 John McMillen,
 Mrs. Barbara McNeil,
 T. C. Manchester,
 William Manson,
 Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall,
 Herman Markham,
 Henry Meakin,

Walter Newcomb,
 George F. Newland,
 Henry Newland,

Edward Orr,

Mrs. Jane M. Palmer,
 Henry M. Park,
 J. F. Patton,
 Douglas Payne,
 Frank Peavey,
 Henry C. Penny,
 Mrs. Sarah A. Perkins,
 Jonas H. Perley,

John Quigley,

Mrs. Flora L. Ray,
 Josiah Reaume,
 John Robertson,

William N. Sandford,
 John J. Scanlan,
 Mrs. Phoebe Seeley,
 Richard Shackelton,
 Allan Shelden,
 Mrs. Catherine Shepherd,
 Prof. J. M. B. Sill,
 Dr. A. G. Sinclair,
 Edmund Sloan,
 Benjamin F. Smith,
 Mrs. J. E. Seymour
 A. P. Sherrill,
 Bradford Smith,
 Lucien A. Smith,
 George W. Snover,
 Robert W. Standart,

Melzer F. Merrick,
 Kittie Miller,
 Barrett B. Mitchell
 Franklin Moore,
 Stephen Moore,
 William Morris,
 Hamilton Morrison,
 Robert Morton,
 William D. Morton,

Joseph Nicholson,
 Charles Noble,

John P. Phillips,
 Arthur T. Pierson,
 Jonathan P. Pine,
 Albert Pixley,
 A. Pardee Platt,
 Samuel L. Potter,
 George H. Prentis,
 James Purdue,

Mrs. Amanda M. Rice,
 Charles Roe,
 Charles Root,

Bliss Standish,
 Albert M. Steele,
 Sears Stevens,
 Miss Elizabeth Steevens,
 John Sterling,
 Duncan Stewart,
 Robert Stewart,
 Mrs. Susannah Stewart,
 F. M. Stone,
 John Stupinsky,
 Mrs. M. S. D. Story,
 Isaac N. Swaine,
 William P. Sumner,
 Edward V. Swift,
 Marcus G. W. Swift,

Thomas J. Taylor,
Philip Thurber,

Mrs. Mary Thompson,

Mrs. Cecilia Van Every,

Eber B. Ward,
George S. Wales,
Emily Ward,
Edward C. Walker,
Henry O. Walker,
Isaac Wallace,
Thomas Watson,
James M. Welch,
Emory Wendell,
Eben S. Wheeler,
Frank H. Whitney,
Joseph P. Whittemore.

John J. Whittlesey,
Cornelius Wickware,
Samuel P. Wilcox,
Edward C. Wilcox,
Julia A. Wilson,
Mrs. Olive Williams,
John Wilson,
Charles P. Woodruff,
C. D. Wood,
Peleg Wood,
William L. Woodbridge,

Lyman A. Yerkes,

Anson Young,

Samuel Zug.





