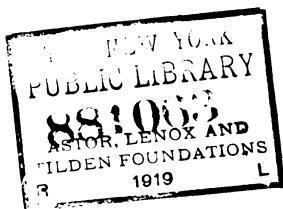


**HOLLOND MEMORIAL CHURCH**

A HISTORY  
OF THE  
HARRIET HOLLOND  
MEMORIAL  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
OF  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
BY  
HARRY PRINGLE FORD

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1899



BLESSED BE THE GOD AND FATHER OF OUR LORD  
JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH BLESSED US WITH ALL  
SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

—EPHESIANS 1: 3.



**MISS ELLEN A. ESTABROOK**

## THE NEW LIFE

The Rev. Heber H. Beadle, now, and for the past thirty-three years, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Bridgeton, N. J., has prepared the following paper on a very interesting and important period in the history of the school—the period immediately following that described by Dr. Lowrie in the preceding chapter:

“It was my good fortune to be connected with the Hollond Memorial field in days long past; it was my misfortune that it was only for a very short service. After a lapse of more than thirty years my recollections of it are somewhat indefinite and unsatisfactory.

“In the fall of 1865, after the church had been for some time disbanded and the school had been abandoned, when the work in that field seemed almost hopeless to all except a faithful few—like Miss Estabrook and Miss Lydia S. Penrose—I was asked by them to look over the field and see whether, in my opinion, something could not yet be done to restore life to what seemed to be most utterly dead.

“They talked the matter over with Mr. H. W. Pitkin, the former superintendent, and my-

self, and with such persistence and enthusiasm that we were made to believe that it was worth while, at least, to try to see what could be done—there might be a spark of life somewhere, which, by judicious nursing, would come to something.

“ Being for the moment an idler in the market place, I was glad of an opportunity to work for Christ, even in so unpromising a field.

“ One Sabbath in October we met in the school room with a few of the teachers of the old school and the matter was again talked over most earnestly and most prayerfully. It was finally determined that, if we could gain permission from the proper authorities in the mother church, we would re-open the school and see if a determined purpose, along with the help of God, would not bring the success which we coveted; and that the dead should be made to rise and walk.

“ We did not wish to make an experiment—that had been done already—we wanted to *do* the thing. Notice was given at once, through the teachers and a few scholars who had come in to see what was to be done, that there would be school in that place the next Sunday and every Sunday thereafter; and that everybody was invited to come, and to bring others with them. In the meanwhile, Miss Estabrook, Miss Penrose and myself were to see the au-



**MISS LYDIA S. PENROSE**

thorities and win them over to let us have the building. Knowing well the good men who had the matter in charge, we did not anticipate any real difficulty.

“With two such brave, faithful, self-forgetting souls as these back of the enterprise, to suggest, to insist, to have heart and courage enough for all that had little or none, difficulties vanished and hope was born where there had been only despair before.

“We were allowed to try the ‘experiment,’ as it was called, but those who gave the permission gave it without the least faith in the world that any more would come of it than had already come—that is, absolute and pitiable failure. But we had other ideas, and were the more determined to make not failure but success of the trial, if God would help, and of that we had not the least doubt.

“The place was not a pleasant and cheerful one to which to invite children. An abandoned room is rarely a bright one. The benches were old, cut, and carved, broken and repaired by home talent; the walls were not very clean; the windows were almost as useful for ventilation as for light, and for the first we had no need whatever—the cracked and shrunken doors gave enough of that. During the week we went to a tailor’s and bought a basket of list, and a large and heavy basket it was to

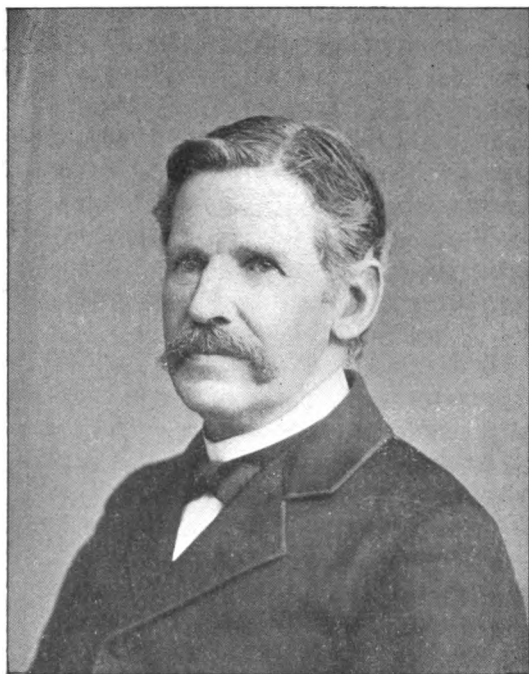


carry, I remember. Borrowing a hammer and buying tacks, we went out to the school and spent the day in caulking up the rents and holes that let in too much of the winter air; and doing this and many other like things that much needed to be done, we succeeded in making the place warmer and more presentable for the children.

“Some of the teachers who had been faithful in the old school in spite of many discouragements, who stood ready again for still harder work, and who lived near by, agreed to have the room washed and cleaned for the next Sabbath. So much was done to the building.

“The neighborhood was visited, every child seen upon the street was smiled upon and asked to come to the school, and from the outset it was work, work, work, and pray, pray, pray, until to the amazement of all—save those whose hearts had been in the service—the school was set upon its feet, and began to grow strong in a way to delight those of us who had undertaken the work against the judgment of many much wiser than ourselves, and almost against our own most cherished hopes at the beginning.

“In the spring of 1866 I was called to take charge of the church where I am at present, and very reluctantly was compelled to give up the superintendency of the school that was



**REV. HEBER H. BEADLE**

now growing so prosperous, into better hands to carry on to new successes.

“Miss Estabrook and Miss Penrose were still, as at first, the moving spirits that, under God, furthered the work to its wonderful ultimate growth. In the present unbarring of the doors of the past to let in light by which to see the faces of those who toiled so patiently, so faithfully, and did so much, when there was no promise for reward save in the promises of God, and it was hoping against hope to remain in that field, the names of these two faithful servants of God should not be overlooked; for they were the very life of the effort. Others took hold and toiled too, and with all their hearts—most noble helpers they were, and without them success would have been impossible or much delayed—but about the earnest, insistent, unwearied efforts of these two did everything turn at the beginning, and their names ought to be written upon a tablet of bronze and set upon the walls of the church—for without them it would not have been, humanly speaking.”

[Miss Estabrook is now (1899) living in Barre, Mass. The devotion of Miss Penrose to the work has continued through the years and she is still one of the most valued teachers of the school.]