

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
PLANTING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, OF MOUNTPLEASANT,
PENNSYLVANIA. OCTOBER 9th A.D.
1874.

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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF

THE PLANTING

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Of Mountpleasant, Penna.,

October 9th, A. D. 1874:

TOGETHER WITH THE

ADDRESSES OF REV. JAMES I. BROWNSON, D. D., REV.
JOHN M. BARNETT, REV. JOHN M'MILLAN, D. D.,

AND THE

PROCEEDINGS AND EXERCISES
CONNECTED THEREWITH.

GREENSBURG:
TRIBUNE AND HERALD JOB OFFICE.
1875.

INTRODUCTION.

On the 9th of October, 1874, the Presbyterian church of Mountpleasant, held a Centennial Celebration commemorative of the first Presbyterian preaching in the church and neighborhood. The adjoining congregations of Pleasant Unity and the Re-union Memorial church—both daughters of Mountpleasant church,—were present by invitation, and participated in the celebration. The United Presbyterian church of Mountpleasant was also invited and cordially took part in the services. The other sister denominations near by accepting the general invitation, were largely represented, and the presence of their people and the interest they manifested, contributed much every way to the pleasure and interest of the occasion.

The object of the pastor and people of the congregation in this celebration, was to collect and arrange for preservation the scattered fragments of its history,—trace in them the evidences of Divine direction and favor as shown towards the church; and, while keeping alive in our own minds the sacred memories of the past; transmit to posterity an historic and grateful tribute to those who have secured to us by their devotion to the cause, their toils and sufferings, so rich a heritage.

In making preparations for this memorable occasion, the undersigned acknowledges the willing and cheerful co-operation of the various committees and the prompt and cordial action of the people of the congregation. Especially do the ladies deserve credit for the excellent dinner they prepared and placed on the tables in the grove.

6-30-45 Bending - spec.

The decorating committee, composed of young ladies and gentlemen selected from the three Presbyterian churches and the United Presbyterian church, discharged their duty in such a manner as to reflect the highest credit upon their skill and taste. The chandeliers were handsomely festooned, vases of beautiful flowers were placed on the pulpit, and a cross of snowy-white flowers, tastefully arranged, was placed on the table in front of the pulpit. Upon the wall in its rear, in large gilt letters, and fringed with evergreen, appeared directly in the centre above, the word—"WELCOME," and on either side and lower down the significant dates—"1774" and "1874."

The Rev. John M'Millan, D. D., late of this, but now pastor of the Re-union Memorial church of Mountpleasant, rendered material aid and in various ways helped to perfect the arrangements. Rev. A. F. Boyd, of Pleasant Unity, also lent his cordial support and sympathy in preparing for the delightful occasion.

A large assembly convened on Friday at 11 o'clock to hear the historical addresses. Samuel Warden, esq., presided. The Rev. W. P. Moore, of Allegheny city, led the audience in the opening prayer. The Rev. James I. Brownson, D. D., of Washington, Pa., was then introduced, and delivered an historical sketch of the church from its beginning up to, and through his own pastorate. Then followed in their order of time the addresses of Rev. John M. Barnett, of Connellsville, Pa., and Rev. John M'Millan, D. D., of Mountpleasant, Pa.

All the pastors now living, both of the Old and New School branches, were invited to be present and take part in the celebration. But we are obliged to express our sincere regret that neither Rev. D. H. Barron of the Old, nor Revs. S. Montgomery, A. Porter, and J. Cochran of the New School, could be present. Owing to the likelihood of their absence, and with the hope of recovering much valuable history, the letters found in these pages were solicited, and a number of them obtained and read to the audience.

After the collation in the grove, the audience re-assembled and was

entertained by appropriate remarks from Rev. S. J. Wilson, D. D., Rev. W. W. Moorhead, Rev. A. F. Boyd, Mr. William Giffen, Mr. Robert Jamison, and others.

The Rev. S. J. Wilson, D. D., Professor of the Theological Seminary of Allegheny city, delivered his celebrated lecture on JOHN KNOX, in the evening to a large, attentive, and highly pleased audience. This brought the happy occasion to a close.

And now, we humbly trust that the perusal of these pages will afford pleasure and profit, both to the natural and spiritual children of this church, and all others into whose hands this pamphlet may chance to fall. The lives and labors recorded here, testify to the power of the faith once delivered to the Saints. The church in general, may in common with us rejoice in the celebration of this event. Looking back along the line of this history we learn much to encourage us. The impressions of Divine truth may seem to the world, scarcely to survive the breath that utters them. The minister's homily, however eloquent, may seem but to be heard and as soon forgotten. His expostulation, however earnest, may seem to pass away with the heart-throb it excites. But looking back over the history of this church, and "remembering the days of old," we are reminded of the promise that the Word of the Lord shall not return unto him void. Looking forward to the near future, and scanning the wide field now ripe for the sickle, let us be stimulated to action by the illustrious examples of departed wisdom and piety. Let us imitate the lives of lofty piety and inflexible virtue, with which our forefathers have adorned the doctrines of our common Master, and, impelled with a like spirit, labor on in the interest of, and ever "pray for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem."

WILLIAM F. EWING,
Chairman Committee of Publication.

DR. BROWNSON'S ADDRESS.

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE VENERABLE CHURCH OF MOUNT-
PLEASANT—

Repeated refusal, on account of the want of adequate facilities, has not availed to cast off the duty pressed upon me by the kind brethren in charge of this occasion, of prefacing the memories of my own pleasant pastorate, with some grouping of antecedent events in the history of this church. But surely, if reasons of such force might not warrant my release, they may be relied upon to cover my shortcomings with forbearance, whilst I give expression to the general regret that so much material for so rich a record has gone down to the graves of the sainted dead.

This is holy ground. This is a great day in Israel. We have come from far and near, to gather the doings of a century, and lay them upon the Lord's altar. At this distance down the stream of history—ever widening and deepening in its channel—we would not forget the little fountains opened in the wilderness of Pennsylvania one hundred years ago. Nay, like the generations past, we ourselves are witnesses of the divine goodness which, along with every other form of blessing, has repeated here, as in every other place of gospel influence, the planting, the growth, the conflicts, and the unspeakable blessings of the church of God. Keen indeed is the regret, that the religious faith and zeal of the early fathers, so signally blessed on this soil—so deeply written in descending pious influences and so surely kept in the books of heaven—had their counterpart in neglect, if not even contempt, of official and historic memorials. But infinitely superior to this regret is our clear and joyful recognition of the good hand of our God upon the succession of a consecrated ministry and membership, who, bearing forward the Ark of the Covenant in the appointed conquest, have

grown from the feeblest band into a mighty host, to hold great states and territories for Christ. Faithful servants of the Lord "labored" amidst matchless privations and perils, and we, along with countless multitudes, have, as reapers of the spiritual harvest, "entered into their labors."

The contrast is marvellous between our circumstances and those of 1774, when the venerable James Power, of blessed memory, then a young minister of twenty-nine years, "crossed the Alleghany Mountains, and spent three months in itinerant labors, preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ in what are now Westmoreland, Allegheny, Washington, Fayette and Greene counties, Pennsylvania." From that visit, which, however, was two years in advance of his actual and permanent settlement, dates the century we now celebrate. Its historic surroundings give it both interpretation and significance. That visit was only twenty-two years after the first white settlement was made in this whole region, under the Ohio company by Christopher Gist, upon the site long known, even until now, as Mount Braddock. It was nineteen years subsequent to General Braddock's famous defeat in 1755, followed as that event was by disaster and panic, which extended to the settlements east of the mountains. It was sixteen years after General Forbes had "cut the first army road through the forests of Westmoreland" to find Fort Duquesne abandoned by the French, and to establish an English military fort in its stead, which long afterwards rejoiced in the honored name of Pitt, and then yielded it to the great city of our pride. The same visit also followed by eleven years only the discomfiture of the savages at Brush Creek, near the present site of Harrison City in this county, under Colonel Boquet, who, at the breaking out of Pontiac's bloody Indian war, was sent to protect the few terrified settlers on the frontier, and to relieve the beleaguered fort with provisions. It occurred, too, the very year of Lord Dunmore's Indian war which, following a brief interval of peace and of rapid settlement, raged mainly on the north-western banks of the Ohio, though attended with frequent and alarming incursions into this region. It is a further interesting association, that this visit of Dr. Power followed by only one year the organization by the provincial Legislature of Westmoreland county, "the mother county of the west," which from its seat of justice at Hanna's-town swayed undisputed jurisdiction over all the settled territory on this side of the Alleghanies, until Washington county was established in 1781, and Allegheny in 1788,—Greensburg having meanwhile been laid out, shortly after the burning of Hanna's-

town, in 1782, to take its place. The notable visit whereof we speak was also two years in advance of the nation's birth, and was followed up by Mr. Power's actual and permanent settlement in this western country, the very summer when Independence was declared, and the old State House bell at Philadelphia sounded out "Liberty to all the land and the inhabitants thereof,"—yet liberty, as the event proved, to be won by eight years of fearful strife and blood. At such a time, and amidst such associations it was, that this man of God came, under solitary commission, to face self-denials, hardships and dangers seldom surpassed, whilst he should lift the standard of the cross above the conflicts and alarms of frontier life in these western wilds. He came, and the Lord came with him to establish the work of his hands. For his coming and for all that followed it, we thank God to-day.

It was in 1776, as we have said, or two years subsequent to the date we have been considering, that Dr. Power removed with his family to Western Pennsylvania. He came by Braddock's route, and, at first, established his residence at Dunlap's Creek, near the present town of Brownsville. He occupied himself chiefly with missionary labors among the sparse settlements, and organized a number of churches, one of which doubtless was Mountpleasant. The extent and variety of his labors may be inferred from one incident connected with the history of the church of Cross Creek, in the north-western part of Washington county, the scene afterwards of the abundant and successful labors of Smith and Marquis, and now, for almost half a century, of the no less honored Stockton. James Power preached the first gospel sermon ever heard on that hallowed ground, under an oak tree just outside the gate of Vance's fort, on the 14th September, 1778, in the presence of a military company about to go forth on an expedition against the Indians. After the sermon, he baptized twenty-one children, one of whom was the eldest child of Mr. Marquis, who was afterwards called to a ministry of holy baptism in the same place. This child lived to become the wife of Rev. Joseph Stevenson, and mother of Dr. John M. Stevenson, now an honored secretary of the American Tract Society. A few Presbyterian ministers such as Charles Beatty, Mr. Duffield, Dr. Francis Allison and some others, had preceded Dr. Power in visits to the "western country" and preached the gospel, but these visits and labors were transient and wholly connected with military expeditions, in the character of chaplains. The Rev. James Finley also made one or more visits about the same time, and afterwards, in 1783, transferred his residence here, and received a call

from the churches of Rehoboth and Round Hill, the following year. But it is justly claimed for Dr. Power that he was the first of all the ministry to come hither for the single purpose of laboring in the gospel, and certainly he was "the first ordained minister," of any denomination, "that ever settled with his family in Western Pennsylvania." The first to become an actual pastor was indeed his distinguished associate in labor, Dr. John M'Millan, who having visited the country in like manner in 1775, or one year after Dr. Power, and again in 1776, accepted a call in the latter year from the united churches of Chartiers and Pigeon Creek in what is now Washington county, but did not bring his family until 1778.

It was probably "not until 1779" that Dr. Power became the actual and regular pastor of Mountpleasant and Sewickley congregations, though, no doubt, all the while before, exercising over them a shepherd's care. Indeed it is a question whether any of the pioneer pastors were settled at all by formal installation. It was rather by consent, that the gathered congregations were taken under charge of such of the evangelists who gathered them, as were ready to accept the choice of the people, with the approval of their brethren. The settlement of the Rev. Thaddeus Dodd at Ten Mile, in 1779, and of the Rev. Joseph Smith at Upper Buffalo and Cross Creek, in 1780, prepared the way for the organization of a Presbytery. That first Presbytery of the west, taking the local name of "Redstone," now so venerable in its associations, was organized at Pigeon Creek, September 19th, 1781, under appointment of the old Synod of New York and Philadelphia. Power, M'Millan, Dodd, and Smith, ministers, all of them sons of the College of New Jersey—the last named, however, being providentially absent at that first meeting—and John Neel, Demas Lindley, and Patrick Scott, ruling elders, are the names never to be forgotten, which come down in honor from that beginning, upon the roll of a Presbytery, known since in all the land as a mother of ministers and churches, of Presbyteries, and Synods, not to speak of her influential part in 1789, in the organization of the General Assembly.

Let it not be forgotten now, that this Presbytery was formed, and that these pastorates had their origin, amidst the terrible struggles of the Revolutionary war. And let it be noticed in addition, also, that through most of these very years, a local contest, often threatening violence and bloodshed, prevailed between the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia on the questions of boundary and jurisdiction, which involved many interests, even land titles, in a large part of the terri-

tory covered by the Presbytery,—a contest never settled, until the authoritative extension of Mason's and Dixon's line in 1784 between the several states bounded by it. And yet once more were the foundations of society turned up, by a rash and inglorious conflict with the United States government, on the question, not of temperance directly, but of popular rights as represented in the famous "Whiskey Insurrection." How those rights seemed to be affected by a tax upon the chief, if not only, product of the country which would bear transportation and could be converted into money, will appear in the fact, that then a farm without a distillery was an exception to the general rule. But the march of national troops in 1794, under the general command of "the father of his country" had the double effect of restoring submission and of largely introducing men, money and enterprise into the country, and opening roads and establishing commerce and business of every sort. Under this new and quickened life, even the interests of religion did not fail greatly to prosper. Amidst all strifes and discouragements, the churches expanded and multiplied, and the work of the Lord was advanced. The baptism of revival also fell upon a number of the congregations, at various periods in the years 1781-98, culminating in the great pentecostal outpouring, which filled them all with the divine glory in 1802, and onward for several years. Then indeed the kingdom of God came with power, and "believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both men and women." This was the real baptismal consecration of the infant western church for a work, which, in its vastness and power, only Divine purpose could have assigned, and the execution of which could have come only by the bountiful gift of the Holy Ghost.

When Dr. Power first came west, he was simply a licentiate of two years' standing. In the spring of 1776, however, just prior to his permanent removal, he was ordained as an evangelist by the Presbytery of New Castle, which had licensed him, at Upper Octorara, in his native county of Chester, Pennsylvania. His only and honored pastorate extended from the spring of 1779, when he took formal charge of the united congregations of Mountpleasant and Sewickley, down to 1817, a period of thirty-six years. He resigned Sewickley in 1787, which, six years later, united with Long Run in calling the Rev. William Swan, one of the four ministers, who found their wives in Dr. Power's family,—a pastoral relation which lasted for just a quarter of a century. Dr. Power surrendered the Mountpleasant church in 1817, after he had passed the boundary of "threescore years and ten;" but

he lingered in feebleness, profoundly revered among his own descendants and the people of his charge, until August 5th, 1830, when in his eighty-fifth year, his released spirit joined the redeemed company of his fellow-laborers, and his body was quietly laid down among the sainted sleepers in the home of silence upon which the daily shadow of this temple of worship still falls. By his side, as gently and safely sleeps all that was mortal of the wife of his youth, Mrs. Mary Power, a model, it is said, of domestic management, as well as piety, prudence and fidelity to the obligations of a pastor's wife. She went to the heavenly rest ten years before him, in holy peace through Christ, obeying the Master's call, July 28th, 1820, in her seventy-ninth year. Her unofficial service for Christ enters silently but largely into all the history, we now record.

The best authorities report Dr. Power as "an excellent man and a useful minister, of a remarkably mild disposition and uniform deportment," and also as a "graceful speaker and polished gentleman, neat and exact in his dress and habits, and courteous in his manners." In his presence, with or without words of rebuke, both vice and vulgarity were uniformly put to shame, and never failed to cower into inglorious retreat. He is said to have had "a remarkable faculty for retaining the knowledge of names and faces." His recognized scholarship may be inferred, in part, from the fact that, in 1808, he was one of the first two persons ever to receive the honorary title of D. D. from the Trustees of Jefferson College. The testimony of Colonel James Smith, so well known for heroic adventure in border life, as also for his captivity under the Indians, and no less for his earnest and devoted piety afterwards, brings down a tribute to his ministerial character, of which no descendants need be ashamed. In a letter of September 8th, 1785, he says: "We have half of Mr. Power's time here. I think he is a faithful and able minister of the gospel, especially for reclaiming backsliders, and for encouraging believers to continue steadfast in the christian race. I have reason to bless God that he has ever been sent among us."

Perhaps we have in the discrimination of this last witness, a key of temperament to the distinction, in labor and success, between Dr. Power and his brethren of the original Presbytery. If he was even less calm than the quiet and scholarly Dodd; and behind M'Millan in rugged and irresistible force; and not to be compared with Smith in the fiery eloquence which carried "the terrors of the Lord" into the secret souls of men, he yet fulfilled a mission as clear and accepted

as theirs. His ministry, though instructive and useful, was not indeed marked with the baptism of power to the same extent as those of his two associates last named. Nor, except in the great awakening of 1802, was he blessed with as large ingatherings as those which crowned the work of Patterson, Marquis, and M'Curdy, who came later into the field. But he had a seal from heaven in "the edifying of the body of Christ" and in gradual and steady accessions to the company of believers. He is said to have been especially faithful in pastoral visitation and other general ministerial service. It is true, that under the feebler ministrations of his advanced years, and still more, in the interval between his resignation and the settlement of his successor, the membership of the church was greatly reduced. But this decrease was largely due to the spirit of emigration, inspired by the offer of lands further west, which were both cheaper and of easier cultivation. But here still stands this Mount Zion, glorious in the service and blessings of a century, to bear witness of the Lord's acceptance of the faith and work of his servant. Nor can we doubt that, even now, most of those whom, here and elsewhere, as the chosen instrument, he led to the Saviour's feet,—a large and blood-washed company—are above perils and temptations, singing with him the redemption song among the glorified host. His work and name on earth, belong not to you alone, but are a sacred inheritance of the whole Presbyterian church, yea of the whole church of God. In the largest sense, he was a servant of Christ.

The congregations of Mountpleasant and Sewickley were again united in the pastorate of the Rev. Andrew Oliphant Patterson, the successor of Dr. Power. He was ordained and installed April 18th, 1821, and released October 8th, 1834, thus performing a service of almost fourteen years. The greater part of the intervening period, until the organization of a family of his own, was happily spent as an inmate of the home of the late General Joseph Markle, in the congregation of Sewickley. He was married, November 11th, 1823, to Miss Maria, daughter of the venerable Rev. William Speer, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Greensburg. Then his home was established in Mountpleasant, and so continued to the end of his pastoral relation. At that home, his honored father-in-law, Mr. Speer, departed this life and entered into glory, April 26th, 1829, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and here too, not far from the grave of Dr. Power, his body awaits the resurrection. The connexion of the young pastor and his family with the people of his charge was affectionate, and never failed,

through the remnant of his life, to be recalled with the warmest expressions of feeling. The widowed wife of his youth now, at the venerable age of seventy-four years, a resident of Oxford, Ohio, and also her children still cherish these memories, giving them a chief place in their hearts. His pastoral service here, ever remembered as the happiest of his life, was ably and zealously done, and, by a divine blessing upon it, this congregation, like that associated with it, was raised from a very depressed to a very prosperous condition. The joint membership of both, as given in the first statistics of the General Assembly, in the Minutes of 1829, had risen to about three hundred. It exceeded four hundred, in 1834, the year of his resignation.

Mr. Patterson was a native of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, though the parental home was early transferred to Brooke county, (West) Virginia. After a regular course of study, he received graduation in Washington College, as a member of the class of 1814, under the presidency of Dr. Matthew Brown. His theological studies, begun under Drs. M'Millan and Brown, were completed in the Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, and he was licensed to preach, January 5th, 1820, by the Presbytery of Washington, although most of his previous trials for licensure had been approved by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, to whose care he had been transferred, for his own convenience. His Alma Mater fitly recognized his subsequent attainments, reputation and influence, in 1844, by conferring upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity. "His character," says Dr. Charles C. Beatty, a most competent witness, "was of the most decided, consistent and reliable kind." He was, undoubtedly, a solid scholar and an excellent preacher, after the type of his generation,—clear, logical, scriptural, and solemn. He was not less a vigilant, prudent and laborious pastor. He had special influence over the youth of his charge. In addition, also, his recognized wisdom and firmness joined with unusual skill in ecclesiastical affairs, gave him very considerable power in the courts of the church. Both of his congregations prospered under his administration, and there is the best reason to believe that, through his public and private messages, many souls were gathered into the kingdom. By means of the erection of houses of worship in both the towns of Mountpleasant and Pleasant Unity, following the re-building of the "Middle church," and also of a thorough organization of the congregation into districts in charge of the several elders, the sphere of the church was so enlarged and its strength so developed, that it was quite enough to furnish the support and to engage the labors of a pastor.

The same was true of Sewickley, as the event proved. One of my own sources of encouragement, in assuming my charge as one of his successors, seven years after his retirement, was the unanimous respect of the people for him, and their grateful remembrance of his profitable service. He resigned his position reluctantly, at the earnest call of the Board of Domestic Missions, seconded by the advice of his Presbytery, to engage in an agency among the churches in behalf of that great interest,—a work for which he had unusual fitness. Much of his subsequent life was spent, in whole or in part, in such labor. He fulfilled a pastorate of three years at Beaver, Pennsylvania, and another, of some twelve years, at New Lisbon, Ohio. During the latter, one revival of religion brought sixty-two converts into the church. He acted as stated supply, also for six years, beginning in 1858, of the church of West Newton, Pennsylvania, one of the churches of his "first love." To the end, he delighted to "preach the word" and to work for the church as opportunity and strength permitted. He was ever a decided friend of liberal education, and besides general encouragement and help to many candidates for the ministry, he gave professional instruction to some who have since done him great credit. He departed to his reward in serene faith, at his home in Oxford, Ohio, December 14th, 1868, in his seventy-fifth year. His memory is still a sweet savor in this church, whilst all of the venerable elders and most of the members of his first charge, and many gathered since, are in holy fellowship with him beyond the flood.

Let us not, however, linger too long among these hallowed memories. These pastors and people have passed away, and with them alas! to a large extent, the materials for producing a tribute worthy of their work for Christ, the church, their country, and their race. They have however an imperishable record above the skies. It requires but a slight stretch of imagination to suppose that their faces, though invisible to our sight, are even now looking in upon this scene, to gather fresh tokens of the same grace, which led them through this wilderness up to the heavenly home. At least, is it not our privilege amidst the fellowship of such a communion as this, to write their witness anew upon ^{our} their hearts, and to resolve over again, that, by the Spirit's help, we will ever be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises?"

"Surely, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth. 'Tis but a little space,

The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
 'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside ;
 Yes, these are all that us of earth divide,
 From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
 The land of which we dream !"

But it is time to come down from this general review, demanded of me as the oldest of the former pastors, likely to be present on this occasion. If I have spoken for those who are voiceless in this congratulation, there are living brethren to recount what the Lord did for themselves and this people, in the years of their respective service. We may not, however, forget upon the threshold, that our recital has brought us to the verge of the great conflict and rupture of the Presbyterian church, consummated in the General Assembly of 1838, and repeated here in 1840, on a smaller scale. That lamentable event is only now to be recalled, as an index to subsequent history. But in the light of it, we may also trace the marvellous divine mercy, which, after the lapse of a generation, not only healed the divisions of our great Zion, but likewise, on this sacred mountain of a century, blended into unity the same Ephraim and Judah, which, in former days of conflict, may have unduly "vexed" each other. A river yielding to obstruction has sometimes divided its waters for a time, and yet, downward in its flow, has left behind an island of separation, on both sides, it may be, green and fruitful, whilst joining again its diverse currents with more than the former volume into one channel, it has flowed on peacefully to the ocean. So we may well believe, that these separate "branches" have been all the while watched and guided for this brotherly reunion, in order, perhaps, that even the experiences of alienation may give perpetual instruction and stimulus to the church of the future, and that the fellowship and baptism of the early days may be more than surpassed. Happy, at least, are the first fruits of this blending, which has demanded no confession except, on all hands, that which is common to our frail nature, and leaves no room for provocation save "unto love and good works." Let me rejoice with you that three vigorous pastoral charges already occupy the field of the old mother church in her palmiest days. And even she, during most of that history could sustain a pastor only for one-half of his time. If such already be the first sheaves, what shall the harvest be? "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee !"

The story of my own pastorate can be briefly told. It was calm and without special incident, but it was likewise pleasant, affectionate and abiding in its impressions. My connexion with this people dates from the early days of March, 1841, nearly a year after the rupture already noted. I was in my twenty-fourth year, and had been licensed less than five months by the Presbytery of Carlisle. An interval of waiting at the home of my widowed mother, was followed by a journey alone on horseback across the mountains, "not knowing whither I went." The same interval had produced *nine* carefully written sermons, but they had drawn so fearfully upon my resources as to excite great apprehension for the sermons of the future. During a brief visit on my route, at the parental home of my classmate and friend, the Rev. George Hill, D. D., in Ligonier Valley, I learned that an invitation had been lately addressed to me, to visit the Old School churches of Mountpleasant and Greensburg, then united in one charge, with a view to my becoming their pastor. My friend's prompt report of my movements, brought a renewed invitation, with directions to report myself at the house of Mr. John Giffen, senior, ready to preach on the following Sabbath in the "Middle church," on this very site. Reaching my destination in the darkness of a stormy night, after much wasted travel over roads destitute of any plan which I could discover, I soon forgot in a hearty welcome, a warm supper and a comfortable bed, the great tribulations of the way. The small congregation on the Sabbath would probably have finished the experiment, but for the pleading voices and faces of a people, whose discouragements affected my heart. As if for a like trial of faith at Greensburg, the next Sabbath was also a day of storm, and the way to the old church, on what is now the Cemetery hill, was covered with snowdrifts. Empty pews and dingy walls added also their frowns upon the hope of success, leaving inspiration to come, if at all, only through the wishes and prayers of a disorganized few. The two brighter sabbaths which followed, and the intervening weeks of social and religious intercourse, greatly cleared the skies of my spirit, and, together with the urgency of surrounding ministers, prepared me to hear the Master's call in the unanimous desire of both congregations that I should remain among them. By my own suggestion, an invitation, as stated supply for six months, was substituted for a permanent call as pastor, in order that mutual adaptation might be fairly tested. At the end of the trial, the "call" came with a like unanimity, and although another invitation more flattering in some respects had been received, I could not find it in my heart to

break away from a people, surrounding me with such affection, and among whom my first labors in the gospel had received some tokens of divine blessing. Accordingly, my relation as a licentiate having been transferred to the Presbytery of Redstone, I was solemnly ordained to the gospel ministry, and installed as pastor *just here*, on the fourth Thursday of November, 1841. On that occasion, the Rev. Joel Stone-road preached the sermon, the Rev. N. H. Gillet delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. Samuel Wilson (now Dr. Wilson, of Illinois), charged the people, whilst the prayer of ordination was offered by the Rev. Joseph B. M'Kee. It was the most solemn day of my life, and the services were both to the people and myself deeply impressive. On the following day, I was installed at Greensburg by a committee of Presbytery, consisting of Messrs. Wilson, Gillet, and Alexander M'Candless. And thus commenced my pastoral life and work. Words cannot express my deep sense of unworthiness and responsibility at that crisis; but I strove to go forward in the one blessed name. The relation then formed continued without an occasion of disturbed harmony until near the close of December, 1848, when I unexpectedly received a call from the Presbyterian church of Washington, Pennsylvania, to which I still minister, asking me to become its pastor. The acceptance of that call cost me three weeks of painful and prayerful anxiety, in which regrets on the one hand, and fears on the other, held me in fearful suspense, until, at last, the will of the Lord seemed to be made plain. Subsequent events have, I trust, confirmed the rectitude of my decision.

The Rev. Samuel Montgomery had been pastor of the old Mount-pleasant church, some four years when the division of 1840 occurred. A majority of the people followed him into the branch of the church, commonly called "New School." The members of session except three, together with sixty communicants, adhered to the Presbytery of Redstone and the "Old School" branch. One of the three referred to, Mr. John Leasure, continued to adhere to Mr. Montgomery. The other two, Messrs. Nathaniel Hurst and William Todd Niccolls, judging truly that here, however it might be elsewhere, the parties were arrayed far more upon personal than doctrinal differences, strove to avert the rupture, and when it came, hoped by going with the majority to restrain them from extreme measures, and to wield an effectual influence over them for speedy reunion. But finding the excitement beyond control, they returned to their seats in the old session just previous to my installation as pastor, and were ever afterwards among

my warmest friends. A vigorous session was organized in the other branch, through which the succession of pastors carried forward earnestly the work of the gospel and the administration of the church. To myself, as much as to any other person, will the history of that work be agreeable to-day.

I cannot speak in terms too affectionate of the members of session who took me in my youth to their hearts, and taught me to rely upon their fatherly love and counsel. They were all men of age, wisdom, candor and piety. They "stood fast in one spirit with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel." I never received one wounding act or word from any one of them; nor did I ever know any thing but brotherly love and concord among themselves. Two of them I followed to the grave, as a son follows a father. The first was John Vance, a native of Ireland, but from the age of nineteen years a resident of this neighborhood, and for *thirty-seven* years a ruling elder of this church. He died in the peace of Christ, April 15th, 1845, in the seventy-third year of his age, leaving behind him the inheritance of a "good name" both as a citizen and a christian. William T. Niccolls, beloved alike for his character, deeds and prayers, followed April 14th, 1847, aged about fifty-three years, when, laying his body gently down into its narrow house, we at once wept and praised God. His honored son, Samuel J. Niccolls, D. D., pastor of the second Presbyterian church of St. Louis, and Moderator of the General Assembly in 1872, is now fulfilling the paternal vow which dedicated him to God for the ministry, in advance of his birth. The associates of these men have since gone down to the grave, each "like as a shock of corn cometh in its season." John Giffen who was born October 17th, 1774, just a century ago lacking one week, carried beneath the surface of a stern manner a warm heart, joined with honest devotion to truth. He filled the ruling office for half a century prior to his death in Christ, October 6th, 1854, on the borders of fourscore years. He succeeded his own father of the same name, one of the original elders of this church, and his mantle of office along with his blessing, fell in turn upon his son of the same name also, four years before his own death and in preparation for it. That excellent son wore it for seventeen years, and then followed him to the triumphant church. One of the most quiet, consistent and steadfast of these godly men was John Hunter, who, with the undivided confidence of the church, exercised this office for about twenty-four years, and then, April 17th, 1855, laid it down, at the age of seventy-eight years, at

the Saviour's feet, to take up the new song of glory for ever. Nathaniel Hurst, a son-in-law of the first pastor, sealed a peaceful life of eighty-two years—fifty-five of which were spent in official church administration—by falling asleep in Jesus November 16th, 1861, and then he bequeathed to his children and this generation the abiding record of a wise, amiable, virtuous and Christ-like life. Hugh Wilson was called to rest, April 30th, 1869, at the same age with Mr. Hurst, having exceeded him by two years in the term of his eldership,—a man of intelligence and probity, who exercised a wise discrimination coupled with a warm interest, in regard to all the affairs of the church. Samuel Neel the only one of the whole body who received ordination at my hands, was unsurpassed by any of his brethren in discreetness and zeal. His report for the like constancy, through his sixteen years of official service, is without a spot, until God took him October 18th, 1862, at the age of seventy-seven years. Himself a son of one of the original elders of this church, who was also a member of the Presbytery of Redstone at its organization, he in turn gave a son to the ministry, in the person of John Jack Neel, an Alumnus of Washington College of the class of 1846, and of the Allegheny Seminary in 1849, who was called to the glorious church, February 10th, 1852, just as at thirty-three years of age, he was about to become a pastor at Ligonier. Not less than four of these venerable elders have been or are now represented by sons in the sessions of the three churches united here to-day,—one of them has given three sons to the same office. Happy is it for the churches, if all their successors in authority walk humbly with God in the footsteps of these witnesses for Christ. Happy too, if the generation of believers now before us are worthy descendents of the fathers and mothers, we have known in other years. If the disciples must pass away, thanks be to God that the Master "ever liveth" and that the succession of the church is perpetual.

The presence of three active pastors upon the territory of the mother church, is in striking contrast with the period when one-half of my labors had to be divided between these very centres. The sermons of sabbath morning were uniformly delivered in the Middle church, the other branch occupying the house at Pleasant Unity at the same time. Under that arrangement, it was not possible for me to give more than one sabbath evening in a month to each of the towns at the extremes of the congregation, with occasional services on week evenings. The consequent disadvantages, in the way of increase, can easily be seen. Other pastoral duty must also be performed from my base of opera-

tions at Greensburg, where, by common consent, it was important that I should have my home. Yet notwithstanding all this, the church did, in those seven or eight years, not only rise above the peril of extinction into assured life, but increase more than one-third in actual membership, over losses by death and removal. I look at this moment into the faces of some of your elders, and still more of your members, whom I helped to find the Saviour, though more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since I left you. Others are here, not a few, whose infancy I baptized upon the arms of parental faith. Of both classes, some are far away, and others sleep. All of those names remain written upon my pastoral record, lest memory should ever let them slip. My own failures were quite enough to keep me humble whilst, for the seals of grace put upon my ministry, I shall never cease to be thankful to God. The opportunities of *outward* increase were greater at Greensburg, and the growth of the *congregation* was more rapid there. The appliances of the Sabbath-school, prayer-meetings, and other like agencies could be kept up with a force and constancy there, which were impossible here, owing to the scattered condition of the people. The proportionate increase of membership, however, was greater here. We cannot forget, at least, how we loved each other and the Lord was with us. We were mutual helpers.

Another contrast with the present times appears in *the amount and payment of salaries*. The announcement may produce a smile, that my whole annual stipend was five hundred dollars, one-half of which was paid by each congregation. Yet relatively, after all, it was but little if any below your present scale. It is certain, at least, that in this respect, I was abreast of the foremost pastors in the Presbytery. I was then, with a smaller family, it is true, able to enjoy the luxury of a horse and carriage,—an indulgence beyond the reach of many pastors now, who receive four or five times that amount. The explanation is partly in the difficulty, of transporting the excessive produce of this abundant region, when as yet there were no railroads across the mountains, and still more in the commercial depression which followed the overthrow of the banking system of the country, and the consequent general suspension of 1837, which required several years for adequate relief. The dollars we saw then, were for the most part of gold coin. but if they were in no other respect angelic, they were at least, “few and far between.” Prices were reduced to the lowest point. Exchanges were made far more in trade than money. And cash in hand would purchase an amount of supplies more than three times the

average of the present quantity. Indeed, a true report of expenses then demands the best credit of witnesses to secure belief, in these times of enlargement. As an illustration, I may state that, for the two years preceding the organization of a family of my own, I never paid more than \$1.50 per week for boarding, at the county seat, including a furnished room and every accommodation needed for comfort. The keeping of my horse, with all attentions to him, cost me the same amount. A part of this time was spent at one of the best hotels. It may be amusing to hear, that the elder with whom I, at first, boarded, *made me an apology for charging me so much!* When housekeeping commenced, prices were still in the like proportion. The kindness of the people also expressed itself in many ways, outside of their stipulated engagements. I could name houses in your bounds, in returning from which, I learned by experience to search my buggy or sleigh for proofs of delicate generosity. One friend, as liberal as he was facetious, suggested to me, on one occasion, that a pastor should never visit among his people, at least on horse-back, *without the preparation of a pair of saddle-bags!* Such were the times, and such were the people, some thirty years ago. But if the salary was small, it was promptly paid. This congregation was never delinquent, during my connexion with it. There were two communion seasons in each year. At the conclusion of Monday's service, it was the uniform custom of Elder John Hunter, who acted as treasurer, to take his seat in a corner of the church, where every subscriber to the pastor's salary was expected to resort to him and make payment without failure. An invitation to the treasurer's house, that day, for dinner, was invariable, nor did I ever leave it, on such an occasion, without carrying with me every dollar of the previous half-year's dues. Few indeed were the words spoken in the transaction, but the salary was sure.

One of the most distinct impressions of my early pastorate, is connected with the cause of *Temperance*. About the time of my settlement, the "Washingtonian Reformation," so called, originated at Baltimore, in the resolution of a company of drunkards, to reform both themselves and others. The movement spread over the whole country with electric speed and power. Its primary instrumentality consisted in the related experience of *drunkards*, for the purposes of warning and persuasion. There was, of course, at times, much of extravagance as well as of folly, in the stories of some of these men, most of whom were illiterate. But often, these simple and touching recitals of temptation, degradation, poverty, wretchedness and shame,

fell with thrilling effect upon all hearts. The old friends of the cause, both ministers of the gospel and others, were contented to fall into the ranks behind these new reformers, so as to impart wisdom and permanency to the movement. Some of us travelled largely over Westmoreland county, delivering lectures and taking part in conventions, in this behalf. I was also one of a committee of three, at the county seat, who by appointment addressed a series of articles through the newspapers to the people at large. The fruits were not indeed all permanent, but the general effect was, for the time, greatly to advance the cause of sobriety. Impulses were also given to the cause, some of which are felt to this day. The opposition was often very pronounced, but the friends of reformation went into battle in solid columns, and not in vain. Mountpleasant and its vicinity were not indeed more given to the *use* of intoxicating liquors than other places, but the *manufacturing* interest had fearful ascendancy. Happy has been the subsequent change, whether moral or financial, which has brought even this into subjection, turning large establishments into the supply of bread instead of fiery ruin, or leaving them to stand solitary and unused. Happy too, are the communities, here and elsewhere, whose *laws* and their *administration* in the interest of truth, virtue and right, vindicate the public conscience and not the depraved passions of men. And most happy are these three churches in the uniform history which records them as enemies, in the name of God and humanity, of this soul-destroying vice.

I have ever borne witness, that the congregation of Mountpleasant, when under my care, was the most homogeneous, I have ever known. Church trouble may have previously expended those warlike tendencies of human nature, which are the sad birthright of the fall. But there was a closer blending with fewer rivalries, I am sure, than belong to the average even of good people. Votes in the session and the congregation alike, seldom failed to be unanimous, and never failed to be in brotherly charity. Debates were very few and very gentle. Neither pastor nor people may have come up to their full measure of zeal, yet the spirit of kind co-operation was never wanting. There was no opportunity for even a moral victory over any attempt to get up a quarrel. If ever transient misconception arose, a word of explanation, if not silence itself, was enough. We were all satisfied to doom ugly things to the pains of *natural* death. Next to spiritual union in Christ, there was *one* bond which closely united us. In subordination to the Bible, we loved the shorter catechism, at least, after the tribulation of

committing it to memory was over. One fragment of history will illustrate this. The hour of service in winter—possibly a law of mere custom, rather than of traditional reverence for the old-fashioned Sabbath morning nap,—was exactly at high noon. As the families were too scattered to allow a general sabbath-school for the whole church, I conceived the plan of a catechetical class, to be held for an hour before church service. In the announcement, all persons expecting to answer questions were invited to occupy the central blocks of pews, whilst mere listeners were invited to sit in the side pews. My scheme was to examine thoroughly two or three of the questions in order, each day, using “Willison” as a general guide, but taxing my own resources, as occasion might require. The plan was exceedingly successful. To my surprise not the young only but three-fourths of the congregation, of all ages and classes, met me as answerers, with a goodly number of spectators beside, and as surprisingly maintained the like interest for three consecutive winters. I was enabled to triumph bravely over the trepidation of questioning venerable fathers and mothers in Israel and even gray-haired elders, who had, at least more practical wisdom, though, it may be, joined with less education, than myself. Of course, as elucidation of the truth was my object, many questions were asked, only to raise points, without expectation of answers, except from myself. This will explain the rather dubious compliment, passed at the close of one day’s proceedings, in presence of some of the people, by a waggish gentleman, who happened to be present, during a visit to his friends. With an air of emphatic commendation,—the undertone of which, of course, could not be mistaken,—he exclaimed: “Well, I must say, Mr. Brownson *answers* questions pretty well!” It would hardly be expected that a young pastor would, in such circumstances, venture beyond at least his own ability. To myself the whole experiment was very profitable, in extending and making practical my own biblical and theological knowledge. Nor did the actions of the people, any more than their words, fail to attest their interest in it. My appreciation of the most perfect of all human embodiments of divine truth, had indeed an older date. But that study and exposition of it greatly matured a zeal, still ready, even in this liberal age, to express itself in the language of one of the oldest Moderators of the General Assembly: “God bless every body who loves the shorter Catechism!”

But I must not prolong this tame recital. The call to another field of labor, came upon me with surprise, and produced an overwhelming sense of responsibility. What was the voice of the Lord? This must

be heard above the tumult of contending feelings. Promptly and frankly the whole case was stated to the sessions and then to the people of both congregations. With profounder solicitude still, it was laid open before the mercy seat. I tried to walk in a path chosen for me, and still believe that I was not mistaken. We parted under deep trial of heart, but so far as I ever knew, without the slightest loss of mutual confidence, or one reproachful word on either side. Memory sacredly retains the past, and as much as I love the people of my present charge, I find myself at times even yet, after an interval of a quarter of a century, looking up for a blessing upon my first charge, as if it were still my own. Now and ever, let me say from the heart: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

What lesson now do these changes of a century teach? With a brief answer, I yield to other brethren beloved, who will bring down the history to the present time. What a wonderful transition! How has the wilderness been transformed into the highest culture of civilization! The war-whoop of the savage has died away in the praises of a thousand christian sanctuaries. Log cabins have given place to elegant homes, and the rude usages of border life have yielded to refined comfort. Churches of the highest convenience and taste stand in the places of rough tents or structures of unhewn timber. Wholesome laws and a right public sentiment, as pressing as the atmosphere, are now the human guaranties of our "freedom to worship God." And in the luxury of cushioned seats, we have forgotten the days, when, without fire as a mitigation of the blasts of winter, and under the guardianship of rifles, the saints of the Lord sang and prayed and devoutly heard sermons of several hours in length, only thankful that neither storms nor savage butchery could keep from them the true bread and water of life. Here in this very place, religious intelligence and opportunity, joined with social refinement, have kept pace with the physical progress, which has given rare development to one of the richest and most beautiful regions upon which sunlight or mountain shadows ever fall. What too would Power and his venerable associates of the first Presbytery say, if they could come back, at this consummation of a century, to see upon the very soil of their oversight some three hundred Presbyterian ministers, four hundred churches, and fifty thousand communicants, not to speak of a representation about as large in the states of the west, or of three

generations of believers safely gathered into the upper sanctuary? If such an intermingling were possible, would not these sainted fathers, with one voice, call upon the hosts of the pilgrimage and the white robed worshippers of glory to join together in the rapturous doxology:

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow:
 Praise Him, all creatures here below:
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

Brethren, such an inheritance carries with it a high responsibility. Echoes yet linger here of the thrilling messages of the cross, which broke the stillness of primeval forests, calling us and our children to higher faith and holier consecration. A great trust for coming generations has fallen into our hands from those of the toil-worn, battle-scarred and now glorified soldiers, who bore aloft the standard amidst perils and “fights of affliction,” known to us only in *their* history. In unbroken ranks, let us follow the same Ark of the Covenant, as it shall ever be borne forward to conquest and victory. Spirits of just men made perfect, look down upon our struggles to give witness of the sovereign grace by which we, like themselves, are “kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.” Power and Patterson, M’Clain and Sparks, who have “spoken the word of God” here, and the whole company of saints who have believed their testimony, seem to beckon to us from behind the veil, whilst the same Spirit which was in them is calling us to “follow their faith, considering the end of their conversation; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!”

“Grace be with you all. Amen!”

REV. BARNETT'S ADDRESS.

My connection with what was the Old School portion of this congregation, as supply and pastor, for nearly eight years, accounts for my part in the exercises of to-day.

On the 22d of December, 1861, my first sermon was preached in this house, now so beautifully and tastefully renovated, and the second, at night, in Mountpleasant village, in the old log church, which once had done duty for the Baptists: then was torn down and rebuilt at the west end of town: had been lathed and plastered outside, but was much the worse of the wear. Happily it is now like the division between Old and New school, among the things that were.

On the next Sabbath, December 29th, I preached at Pleasant Unity, morning and evening—for the congregations gathered alternately at these points for worship.

After two Sabbaths spent in Clarion county, I returned, and continued, as supply and pastor, until October, 1869.

The pastorate began April 1st, 1862, but I was not installed until November.

The delay was caused by the disorganization of the Presbytery of Lake Superior, through the death of one of its members. It was not till the Synod of St. Paul attached the remnant to the Presbytery of St. Paul, that I could obtain a dismission to connect with the Presbytery of Redstone. An adjourned meeting of Presbytery was held here November 4th, 1862, and I was received and installed. Rev. Alexander M'Gaughey, now of the Presbytery of Allegheny, preached the sermon; Rev. J. B. M'Kee, now gone home at the Master's call, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. R. Hughes, now pastor of the Dayton Memorial church, Presbytery of Dayton, gave the charge to the people.

This pastorate was dissolved by the Presbytery at its meeting in this church, October 6th, 1869.

I came to this people a stranger, and yet, not a stranger. Here was a dear mother in Israel, in whose home elsewhere, I had spent many a youthful hour—Mrs. Rebecca Hunter—whose cheerful, happy spirit was freed from its clay tabernacle, December 10th, 1864.

Here was also the school-mate of my father's boyhood, now grown gray—Edward Braden—but not long spared to counsel and cheer the son of his friend, for he was taken from this world of toil and burden, February 8th, 1863.

Here were the children of godly men, with whom a sainted grandfather had held many an hour of sweet christian converse, had enjoyed many a communion season, and of whom he had spoken till their names were familiar as household words. I was not received as a stranger, but was welcomed to the homes and hearts of all, and through all the years of my pastorate, was treated with unvarying kindness and respect, and my faults and failings borne with patiently and kindly.

My labors were several times interrupted by visits to the army and to my first field of labor at Superior. But the longest interruption occurred in 1863-4. July 29th, 1863, when coming with my family to abide amongst my people, I was thrown from my buggy near Latrobe, and so severely injured, that for hours, life was uncertain, and for a whole year I was not able to preach at all; and not till three months later—October 2d—did I preach regularly.

In the spring of 1867, health failed again, and by the advice of physicians, I gave up all pulpit labor for one year.

I did not resign my pastoral charge when first laid aside, because physicians and friends thought I would soon be able to resume labor. And when laid aside the second time, the people were unwilling to entertain the thought of resignation, and most generously took on themselves the supply of the pulpit, while they continued to the disabled pastor the larger part of his salary.

MEMBERSHIP.—When the pastorate began the membership was 121; received during the pastorate on profession of faith, 53, and by letter, 39. And during that time 63 were dismissed, and 20 called away by death.

THE SESSION, at my coming, consisted of Hugh Wilson, Samuel Neel, John Giffen, Jr., James Power Hurst, and Robert C. M'Clain.

Only a little before—November 16th, 1861—had Nathaniel Hurst, of blessed memory, fallen asleep, in the eighty-third year of his age, having been for more than fifty-two years an active elder.

Hugh Wilson was the oldest, having been born in 1788, and when

about twenty-two years of age, confessed Christ, and in 1821, during the pastorate of Dr. Patterson, was elected and ordained as ruling elder of this church. This office he held until his death, April 30th, 1869, only a few months before my pastorate closed. He alone continued after all the others, who had welcomed me so cordially, and counselled so kindly, were called to come up higher. His term of office connected the present with the past, and covered the pastorates of Barron, Moore, M'Clain, Brownson, Montgomery, and most of Dr. Patterson's. He was witness of the stormy times of the division, and was spared to see the promise of re-union, near its fulfillment. A former pastor says, "he was wise in counsel and prudent in action, an estimable man."

Samuel Neel, son of John Neel, one of the first elders, was ordained and installed February 21st, 1846. Mild and gentle in manner, he was not afraid to speak for Christ, and was ever firm and faithful in carrying out his convictions of duty. Much as he seemed to be needed here, he was not long spared to guide by his wise counsel the inexperienced pastor—for he was called to rest from his labors, October 28th, 1862, in his seventy-seventh year. A godly man, was the decision of all who knew him.

John Giffen, son of John, and grand-son of John, one of the first elders, was, therefore, the third in the succession. He, with James Power Hurst, was clothed with the mantle of office March 30th, 1850. He was an intelligent christian, well versed in the Scriptures, not only reading, but studying them prayerfully. He was well informed as to the work of the church in all her benevolent operations. He was a man of prayer and had a special fondness for children. Laid aside for a time from active labor, death claimed him. The band of five brothers and three sisters in this congregation was broken, his own home broken up, and the name of John Giffen wanting for the first time on the roll of the session of Mountpleasant church. He died July 5th, 1867, aged fifty-six.

James Power Hurst, son of Nathaniel, and grand-son of Dr. Power, filled the duties of his office wisely and devotedly until the fall of 1863, when, feeling, that providence called him elsewhere, greatly to the regret of all, he removed from the bounds of the congregation. He located first in Washington, Pennsylvania, and then went West. At present he is residing in Streator, Illinois, where he is a ruler in God's house.

Robert C. M'Clain, was ordained and installed April 8th, 1854.

Gentle, warm-hearted, but diffident, he was still ready to co-operate in work for the Master, and do what he could to advance His cause. In the autumn of 1867 he was stricken with disease, and though it seemed as if a widowed mother, a devoted wife and six children, all sick with fever, could not spare him at all, death would not relent, and December 5th, six months after the death of Mr. Giffen, he exchanged the church militant, for the church triumphant, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Thus, before the pastorate closed, every elder who had welcomed me, was gone. But God in His mercy was raising up others to fill their places.

William B. Neel, son of Samuel; Jesse Hunter, son of John, a former elder; and Joseph Jamison, son of Robert, who had been twice elected, but could not see his way clear to accept, were chosen, and after much earnest prayer for light, accepted the office and were ordained and installed May 10th, 1862, in this church.

December 10th, 1865, James Patterson, formerly an elder at Mingo, was installed at Pleasant Unity; and William Giffen, brother of John, was ordained February 15th, 1868.

The session, composed of new and old members, was at all times harmonious; and brotherly love, and desire for the advancement of Christ's cause marked all their counsels.

Of the additions to the session, James Patterson removed to Greensburg, where he still resides. In the new arrangements which followed the re-union, Joseph Jamison became a member of the Pleasant Unity session, where he is still an active worker for Jesus. Jesse Hunter abides in the old place, the only change being that he is now one of the session of the re-united Mountpleasant church.

William B. Neel and William Giffen, stand in their lot as members of the session of the Re-union church of Mountpleasant.

THE FIRST DEACONS, were Joseph T. Hurst and Dr. William T. Osborne, who were ordained October 22d, 1866, in the Old church, and their number was soon increased by the addition of Alexander Culbertson and Andrew Giffen, who were ordained at Pleasant Unity, November 25th, of the same year.

Of these, Andrew Giffen, was promoted at home, and is to-day a ruling elder in the congregation of Pleasant Unity. Dr. Osborne went west, and was also promoted, and was a member of session of Burlington Presbyterian church, Kansas. Both the others, noble and intelligent christian men, are not, because God hath called them to

come up higher. Mr. C. sunk under lingering disease, March 23d, 1871; and Mr. H., though in feeble health for a time, was suddenly taken at the last—March —, 1872.

Now both their homes, around which, as around many other homes in the congregation, so many pleasant hallowed memories cluster, are occupied by others.

But death did his work amongst the members of the church, as well as the officers. In many homes I was called to speak words of counsel and comfort to the dying; consolation to the bereaved, and warning to the living. Death, here, as elsewhere, claimed all ages for his own. There was weeping for the little ones, the lovely, blooming flowers, that faded early before the wintry blasts of death. For them I could not sympathise then as now, since Jesus has gathered a lily from my own home.

Young men entering on promising manhood, four are worthy of special mention. They gave their lives for their country's life.

First of these was Thomas E. Giffen, second son of John Giffen, who enlisted in the army, was wounded at the battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862, and lived but a few hours. He was twenty-one years of age. His remains were brought home and buried with his kindred here.

March 24th, 1863, Alexander Hurst, eldest son of Joseph T. Hurst, was buried. He had been in the army, contracted disease, and was discharged. In his twenty-second year, he came home to die, amid the love and care of the home circle.

Next came Lieutenant Edward B. Hurst, second son of Pressly Hurst, who was killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863; and his remains were brought home and interred in the old burying ground of this church, July 20th, 1863.

After the close of the war, Albert Schall, came to reside with his brother, Captain A. Schall, but disease contracted in the army developed itself in his lungs and caused his death, January 27th, 1867. He had served three years and seven months, and been engaged in nineteen battles and eleven skirmishes, and a prisoner for forty days.

Eight men taken in middle life, from active duty and the communion of the church on earth, we trust to the church triumphant above.

Five had passed the three-score-and-ten. To homes in the other branch of this church, and the United Presbyterian, as well as other churches, and to those whose inmates were not connected with any branch of Christ's church, was I called to bear the consolations of the gospel and bury their dead.

After I had begun to preach at Connellsville, I was called to the sick chamber of some, and to follow to the grave others endeared by long and tender christian intercourse. These were dear mothers in Israel: Mrs. Jane Hurst, wife of Joseph T. Hurst, who died November 11th, 1869; Mrs. Mary Hitchman, relict of John Hitchman, called away March 31st, 1870; Mrs. Ellen, wife of James Shields, whose death occurred November —, 1871.

Mrs. Rachel Neel, rested from her long earnest and cheerful life, in the eighty-fifth year of her age, November 9th, 1872.

Mrs. Margaret N. Braden, while in Warrensburgh, Missouri, at the home of Mrs. Hillis, at the summons of the Master, joyously went up higher, and her mortal remains were brought for interment to the old church-yard.

William Hunter, Sr., who with his father came to this neighborhood about 1788, when he was eleven or twelve years of age, connected with this church, on profession of faith, when twenty years of age. He sat under the ministry of every pastor and stated supply from the first until the pastorate of Dr. M'Millan, when the infirmities of age began to confine him at home. His peaceful, consistent christian life ended the last of August, a year ago, in the —th year of his age.

REVIVAL.—During this pastorate there was only one season of special religious interest, which occurred during the early part of the year 1866. Services were held in Mountpleasant for three weeks, at night,—*here*, for two weeks, in day-light, and one week at Pleasant Unity. Rev. S. M. Sparks of the other branch; Rev. A. B. Fields, then of the United Presbyterian church and myself labored together.

The interest was deep, and God's people were much revived. A number were hopefully converted and confessed Christ. But the full measure of the blessing longed for was withheld.

BROTHERLY COURTESIES AND RE-UNION.—Though unwilling to come at the first, because of the divided house, during all the years, my intercourse with the other branch, pastor, and people, with scarcely an exception, was pleasant. God's grace was softening the asperities and healing the wounds of other years. On the 18th of January, 1863, Brother Sparks and I exchanged pulpits.

September 27th of the same year, the Synod of the other branch, was sitting in this house and desired to have communion on our Sabbath, which was our day for services. It was cheerfully yielded, and many of our people sat with them at the Lord's table, with glad hearts that we were all one in Christ.

The congregations began to meet together during the annual week of prayer, the pastors laboring together. Brother Sparks was a man of brotherly spirit, and we often rode together, our horses working side by side as gently, as if the owner of one had not been the pastor of the New School branch, and the owner of the other, the pastor of the Old School branch. More than once did Mr. C. Ebersole say: "It does my heart good to see you two riding together."

During most of my pastorate, Brother Sparks remained. But the labor was too great for his enfeebled health, and he retired from this field and took charge of another. But he did not continue in it long. Failing health soon forbade all active labor. I cannot pass from this topic without a tribute of affectionate regard to his name. Now he sleeps in Jesus. The affectionate friend, the faithful pastor, the earnest preacher of righteousness, rests from his labors and his sufferings.

After him came Rev. Mr. Cooper, a much younger man, and the union feeling still continued to grow stronger. The two Assemblies, under the guidance of the God of Peace, were beginning to see more clearly, eye to eye.

To draw the hearts of all more closely, a joint communion was appointed. Rev. W. T. Wylie, of the one side, and Rev. Dr. Donaldson, of the other, were secured to conduct it. On Saturday, July 31st, 1869, Dr. Donaldson preached on the gospel mode of settling difficulties. Rev. Mr. Wylie preached on Sabbath morning, and then the two churches sat down together at their Lord's table, as they had not done for more than thirty years. The hallowed scenes of that glad hour are deeply written in the memories of all who were there.

As union was surely coming, the path of duty was clear. Sore as was the trial, the ties that had been strengthening through these years, in sunshine and shade, in joy and sorrow, must be broken, for a greater good. That these two congregations might be united without jar or discord, it was thought best, that one should come who had not been connected with either side.

Accordingly the pastoral relation was dissolved. The congregations invited Rev. J. M'Millan, D. D., of the Reformed Presbyterian church, to preach for them. God gave him favor with the people and they called him and he was speedily settled over the re-united congregation. God set His seal of approval upon the union, by the conversion, and ingathering to the communion of the church of many precious souls.

As we look to-day upon this veteran of an hundred years, surely the

sight is not one to call forth sadness and despondency. The island of separation gone, and the union of the streams so perfect, that the eye cannot detect the former line of division. New divisions have taken place, but they are such as cause joy rather than sorrow. Pleasant Unity stands by itself on the one side, and the Memorial church of Mountpleasant Re-union, on the other. Now, instead of two schools and two pastors traveling over the same wide-spread and thinly-peopled territory, the "handles" are gone, and there is only one school, but there are three pastors, two of them, Rev. A. F. Boyd, at Pleasant Unity, installed June 26th, 1874, and Rev. W. F. Ewing, installed over the Old church, June 4th, 1874, burning with all the zeal of their first pastorates; and Rev. John M'Millan, with all the vigor and experience of strong manhood giving all his time, since December, 1873, to Mountpleasant Re-union.

May this venerable church prosper more and more. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

—PSALM cxxii: 6, 7.

DR. M'MILLAN'S ADDRESS.

History is given to repeat itself. I will, however, be careful not to repeat to-day any thing that has already been said by those who have preceded me. My friend, Dr. Brownson, whose office it was to read up and write out and rehearse the history of this church from the time of its organization, a hundred years ago, particularly to the close of his own pastorate, and generally to the present hour, has discharged the duty so appositely,—with such industry, impartiality, and finish: and brother Barnett has so appropriately brought down the account to the time of the happy reunion of the church, that there really seems to be no need for me to go into much, if any, detail with respect even to the period of my connection, for about three years and a half, with this dear old church.

The only thing lacking to round up in completeness the record of this historic day is, the account which the presence of MONTGOMERY and PORTER and COCHRANE, pastors of the New School branch, during the time of the division, would have supplied. Lest their absence might be misinterpreted, it is proper for me to say that the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Ewing (as I happen to know), made every effort possible to have those brethren here on this interesting occasion. The letter which I received from brother Montgomery and read in your hearing, and the one read by brother Ewing from brother Porter, satisfactorily explain their absence, and relieve, in some degree, the want which they only could supply with regard to the important part played in that portion of the church, from the beginning of the great conflict, until the consummation of the reunion.

The "roll-call of the dead" has been listened to with the mingled effect of profound silence and heartfelt emotion excited by the mention of their fragrant names—Power and Patterson and M'Clain and Sparks! Where are they? We all know where: embalmed in the

memory of those saints whose servants for Christ's sake they were, and held in perpetual regard by all who have heard of their worth. Their record is on high. They rest from their labors, their works do follow them, and they have an exceeding great reward; and, along with them a great multitude of faithful men and women—non-commissioned servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whose trials and triumphs we have this day been reminded. They have all entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

It has always seemed to me a strange providence which brought a stranger to my residence a few days before the great Reunion Convention held in Pittsburgh in the autumn of 1869, who introduced himself to me as Mr. Jesse Hunter, of Mountpleasant, and made known his errand to this effect: That he had been authorized by this church to invite me to preach here on the Sabbath immediately succeeding the convention. Like the General Assemblies, to which they were each subject in the Lord, these two streams which had been, I will not say unhappily running apart for thirty years, were now flowing happily together. At that time I was pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian church in Allegheny city, and had been for nearly fifteen years. I procured a supply for my pulpit, came out on a bleak November morning, and occupied that very high pulpit, which then stood where this one now allows the speaker to stand respectfully near the people, without all that wide waste that used to intervene between him away up there and you that were seated down here.

That evening I preached in the little log church, in the village of Mountpleasant, through the roof which, the rain came dripping down upon me in the pulpit. On another occasion I preached in the church at Pleasant Unity as invited. Shortly afterwards a call from this church and that, was prosecuted before the Reformed Presbytery of Pittsburgh and put into my hand by that Presbytery of which I was then a member. Having been released from my charge in Allegheny, at my own request, by my Presbytery on the 6th day of April 1870, with the best wishes and earnest prayers of my good people there, I entered upon my labors as pastor here on the succeeding Sabbath, and preached alternately in this place and at Pleasant Unity for one year, at the end of which period I was released from the Pleasant Unity part of my charge, and gave my undivided attention to this church, preaching here every Sabbath morning, and in the little log house at the head of town in the evening.

I may here say, that when I announced from the pulpit in this

church, that after prayerful consideration, I had concluded to accept the call from the united charge of the re-united churches of Mountpleasant and Pleasant Unity, I did so, upon condition that a new church edifice should be erected in the borough of Mountpleasant as soon as practicable. Steps were at once taken in that direction, and on the day before my installation, as pastor of this church, on the 16th of June 1870, the corner-stone of the new building was laid with appropriate religious services, Dr. Wylie, of the First Reformed Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, Dr. Noble, of the Third Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, Rev. Mr. Barnett, of Connellsville, and others, together with myself, taking part in the same. The work was pushed forward as vigorously as possible, "for the people had a mind to work," and on the 1st day of September 1872, the new church was dedicated to Almighty God, being completed in fair proportions, and furnished with the most convenient appointments, at a cost of twenty-one thousand dollars, as a grateful MEMORIAL of the REUNION of the Old and New School branches of this church, and of the two General Assemblies to which these respectively belonged. From the time that I was released by the Presbytery from the charge of the church at Pleasant Unity forward, I preached alternately here and in Mountpleasant. On the 25th of April 1873, at the request of one hundred and seven persons, all being communicants in this church, three of whom were ruling elders and two of whom were deacons, the *Reunion Church of Mountpleasant* was organized by the Presbytery then and there in session, and placed in my pastoral charge, and in accordance with the unanimous desire of the members of that church, Messrs. William B. Neel, William Giffen, and John D. M'Caleb, ruling elders,—and Alexander H. Strickler, and Captain Absalom Schall, deacons, were confirmed to exercise their respective offices there, as they had done satisfactorily here, with the understanding that I should continue to preach alternately here and there as before—each congregation becoming responsible for an equal share of my salary.

Scarcely six months of this state of affairs continued. The two congregations mutually decided (though not with entire unanimity on the part of either), upon a new departure—to the effect that it would be best for each to have a pastor exclusively their own. Each very kindly, very earnestly, and very liberally urged me to remain in charge of them, pledging themselves separately to pay me the same salary that they all together had always promptly paid me before. From necessity, certainly not from my own choice, I felt constrained to ask

Presbytery to release me from the charge of this portion of the flock of whom the Holy Ghost had ^{made} me overseer for a little more than three years. I was brought here in the first place, by an ordering not my own,—it must have been of God, for I knew nothing of this people and their history, and the people knew nothing personally of me, until “the stranger” of whom I spoke, introduced himself to me, and in turn introduced me to the people of this church, who, like himself, very soon, and ever afterwards, showed themselves so friendly to me and mine, that I must for ever hold him and them in friendly and grateful remembrance. More than that, it is due to the facts of the case, that I say on this occasion and in this presence, that so far as I know, there was not one man, nor woman, nor child, in all this parish, bearing any relation whatever to this church at the time of my withdrawal from the pastorate here, who did not wish and pray that I should remain, and they authorized their venerable commissioner, Mr. J. Blackstone Hurst, to say on the floor of Presbytery, on the day of my release, that they “all loved me very much, and still desired me to go in and out before them as their pastor.”

It were not strange then, that I was “in a strait betwixt two,” and in most serious doubt for awhile what to do in view of all that cordiality which I fully reciprocated, until I believe it was made plain that I did right in leaving when I left, that my young and respected brother Ewing, should come in as my successor, to tend with more care than I could in the future have given this dear old Century plant of the Lord’s own planting, which to-day is certainly renewing its youth and putting on most beautiful bloom, in prophecy of times, and many times of fruit during the years of the centuries to come.

When I entered upon the duties of my pastoral relation, I found Messrs. Jesse Hunter, William B. Neel, William Giffen, and Joseph Jamison, ruling elders, of the late Old School branch,—and Messrs. John Sherrick, James Newell, Joshua Evans, John D. M’Caleb, and Samuel Hissam, ruling elders, of the late New School branch.

I here take great pleasure in saying, that no bench of elders was ever occupied by a brotherhood of men in more pleasant unity, than these representatives of the different schools in which they had previously been trained. Coming here with many of my prepossessions still binding me strongly and tenderly to the doctrine, order and worship of the church in which I was reared from a child,—and with no quarrel at all with the enlightened views maintained from time immemorial with regard to the practical application of “Reformation Prin-

principles," I nevertheless found myself in wonderful harmony with both the theoretical and practical ideas of these men, who, for thirty years, had thought themselves so far apart, but were now so near to one another.

For three years and more, we held regularly our monthly meetings of session, and not once in all that time, did a ripple of discord mar our fellowship, or disturb our co-operation.

As soon as the lines and affinities between Mountpleasant and Pleasant Unity churches became clearly defined, Mr. Joseph Jamison found himself naturally within the bounds of the latter, and by the terms of union agreed upon by the churches, and sanctioned by the Presbytery, was transferred in office as well as membership. What this church thus lost that one gained by the transfer of that brother, who was highly esteemed in his old relations here, as he is also there.

Mr. JOSHUA EVANS was never able to meet with the session after I became the Moderator, and after long years of sore bodily affliction and remarkable patience, finished his course with joy, and entered into rest.

The following record made in the minutes of session, at the first regular meeting held after his death, shows the high esteem in which he was held by the surviving members of that constituted court of our New Testament David's House:

IN MEMORIAM.

JOSHUA EVANS, for thirteen years, Ruling Elder in the Mountpleasant Presbyterian church, died on the 15th day of September A. D. 1871, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Like God's people of old, brother Evans suffered sore afflictions of long continuance, having been confined to his bed nearly six years. But, happily for himself, and to the praise of that religion which he professed, the peaceable fruits of righteousness were more and more developed in his soul, until in the patience of hope, he dropped his robe of flesh and gladly went away, expecting a blessed immortality among the saints in Light. Let his surviving friends thank God that they do not mourn for him, as those who have no hope. And, let us, as a session, be admonished that the night cometh, and we must do quickly what our hands find to do before our graves are ready for us.

When I commenced my stated labors in this church in the spring of 1870, I found on the communicants' roll, 241 names of members in good and regular standing. Of these, 107 belonged to the Old School branch, and 134 to the New School branch of the church.

During the period of my pastorate, 126 were received into communion, and nearly all of these on profession of faith. Subtracting the *dismissals* by removal, transfer and death, there remained 160 names of living members in the old homestead of this venerable mother church at the time that the Presbytery dissolved my pastoral relation on the 8th of October, 1873.

It is no marvel that at the respectful bidding of this dear old church, so many hundreds of her children and her children's children should have come to-day, along their diverging paths, from far and near, to have the dusts of time removed by a mother's gentle hand, or washed away by her tears. What heart in any of our bosoms in and around this sacred place, does not feel that we stand to-day on consecrated ground—consecrated by some fond memory or other—by some youthful past-time—some first love, or some enduring friendship, or tender sorrow, or religious aspiration, or reverential feeling—each bringing his or her tribute suited to the occasion, with heart as well as face turned and delighting to turn in hither,

As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Surely this is and ought to be a sacred day in the history of Mount-pleasant church! What blessed memories have been revived by the addresses and letters of those fathers and brethren who were pastors of this church in days of other years! It certainly is no small privilege to participate in the mingled joy and sorrow of this present passing scene, which has its shady as well as its sunny side. To trace the paths the fathers trod a hundred years ago, and tell the honored deeds of holy men and women who lived and worshipped here a hundred years ago,—to press to-day with reverent feet this memory-hallowed ground, where sleep that great congregation of the dead beneath those numerous grassy mounds, and talk of all they did a hundred years ago, would require other hearts than yours and mine, not to have awakened in them those joys and sadnesses which seem to rush alternately in and out of all the currents of our hearts on this occasion. It is unquestionably good to be here! And though we may not stay,—let us erect three tabernacles to-day—one to THE PAST—one to THE PRESENT, and one to THE FUTURE, in each of which may be heard holy voices, to which we do well to listen, gratefully mindful that this year of our Lord is the HUNDRETH Anniversary of the planting of this goodly vine, which is now "sending forth its branches unto the river and its boughs to the sea."

The moments speed! relentless time will not delay
 We too shall fade and pass away, as dies this autumn day;
 But children of the unborn years, with conscious pride will glow,
 To tell of all their fathers did a hundred years ago.
 And as the pages of the past are bright with deeds of fame,
 As glory crowns the honored dead,—and shouts their loud acclaim,—
 So may unfolding days and years recurring tokens show,
 Our fathers builded not in vain, a hundred years ago.

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. That which hath been is now: and that which is to be hath already been: and God requireth that which is past.—SOLOMON.

But the Word of the Lord endureth forever.—PETER.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

The following letters were received and read by the pastor, Rev. W. F. EWING :—

From Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, as a tribute to the memory of Rev. W. W. M'CLAIN.

CARMICHAELS, PA., October 7th, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER EWING :—

In compliance with your request, I give you a few items in relation to Rev. William Wylie M'Clain. It was while I was a member of the Western Theological Seminary, that I made the acquaintance of brother M'Clain. Though not in the same class at the time, our intimacy made it pleasant to visit each other in our respective rooms, and take sweet counsel together in a mutual exchange of sentiments and devotional exercises.

The interviews, then and there held, I recall with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction. The remembrance of them is very dear.

I found in Mr. M'Clain a congenial companion. He was a fine example of the true and the pure and the good, singularly devoted, intensely in earnest, and withal so gentle, amiable and confiding.

When we parted at the Seminary, it was to become co-presbyters in "Old Redstone." Our pastoral charges being somewhat contiguous, we had frequent interchanges at communion seasons, and I always enjoyed his ministrations as spiritual and instructive. His discourses evinced much thought, were truly evangelical, well prepared and digested. His manner of delivery, though not oratorical, was marked by great seriousness, and sometimes by much pathos. His whole pulpit demeanor was dignified, earnest, and solemn. He evidently delighted in his work, and coveted the honor of winning souls to Christ. Mr.

M'Clain was a most laborious worker in a field which demanded more than ordinary self-denial, courage, and perseverance, traversing a mountain region which required long rides on horseback and the endurance of much hardship. He was especially attentive to the poor and lowly of his flock, and gave earnest heed to the injunction of the Master—"Feed my lambs." His transfer from Springhill, the field where he was first settled, to Mountpleasant, was a matter of deep regret to the people of his charge to whom he was greatly endeared.

This brief tribute to departed worth, I most cordially give, in hope it may add to the interest of you Centennial occasion.

Faternally yours, &c.,

JOHN M'CLINTOCK.

From Rev. ALEXANDER PORTER to Rev. W. F. EWING.

WEST LIBERTY, IOWA, September 29th, 1874.

REV. W. F. EWING:—

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your kind invitation to be present at the Centennial celebration of the Mountpleasant Presbyterian church in October. In reply, I would say, that it would afford me great pleasure to be with you on that occasion and take part in the exercises; but the distance and the pressure of other duties at this time will prevent my doing so. I was not aware that the Mountpleasant Presbyterian church was one hundred years old; if so, it is an event worthy of celebration and of great thankfulness to God, that He has enabled His people to maintain the ordinances of religion for so many years.

But what a change has taken place, in twenty years, since I left there. Some with whom I took sweet counsel, and went in company with to the house of God, are gone!—gone, I hope to a "better country;" some yet remain, and will enjoy the coming celebration. I could wish to be with them, and shake hands with them, bidding them God speed. I may yet see them before we cross the river. If not, I hope to meet them in the great congregation of the saints. To any old friends who still remember me, give my kind regards.

Hoping that your celebration exercises may be interesting and profitable, and your pastoral labors may be blessed there,

I remain, your brother in Christ,

A. PORTER.

From Rev. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY to Rev. JOHN
M'MILLAN, D. D.

OBERLIN, OHIO, October 6th, 1874.

REV. J. M'MILLAN, D. D. :—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your kind and satisfactory letter arrived here in due time, and found me sick abed: which fact furnishes the reason that I cannot gratify my desire to be with you on the interesting occasion referred to. Still, I am so far convalescing as to write a few lines, not able to go into detail as I should prefer to do, and hope you will receive the same in time.

It would indeed be an unspeakable pleasure as you say, to look once more in the faces of dear old friends, my former parishoners; but at the same time it would be a pleasure not unalloyed, as it would be mingled with sadness, from the fact that many, alas! *most* of the once familiar faces, I should *not* see! "They have done (as we too, soon shall) with all that 's done beneath the shadow of the sun." *Quiescant in pace.*

Many pleasant reminiscences of scenes in the past from the beautiful and once familiar hills of Mountpleasant, come trooping up to the mind almost daily. These are among the things that *were*, but are never again to *be*. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* My pastorate in the church of Mountpleasant commenced in 1835 and terminated in 1844-5. During this time the Disruption in the General Assembly occurred. The measures by which this was effected I could never approve, not being able to see any justifiable reason for the division on Scriptural grounds. As the result, I became connected with the so-called New School branch. This of course did not bind the people of my charge, but about two-thirds of them preferred continuing with me as their pastor in the existing connection. The other portion employed another minister who worshipped in the same houses alternately. Both portions prospered and increased in numbers, especially that with which I was connected. Aside from the unpleasant feelings engendered by the division for some time, the church as a whole seems not to have suffered any very serious disadvantage, by the division.

The re-union of the entire body so happily consummated in 1870, gave almost universal satisfaction—to none certainly, more than to myself, who always regarded the division as wrong.

The members of the session, during the first of my incumbency, were John Leasure, John Giffen, Nathaniel Hurst, John Hunter, John

Vance, Hugh Wilson, and William Todd Niccolls—all now in another, and I trust, a better world. Of these, at the time of the division, the senior elder remained with the majority; Messrs. Hurst, and Niccolls remained neutral, and the rest continued with the so-called Old School portion. At this time additional elders were elected in the larger portion—as follows: Thomas Latta, John Sherrick, Daniel Martin, John Elder, and (I think?) James Newell. Of the number added to the church I cannot state; but suppose there must be some record, somewhere—I remember having kept one, and of marriages and deaths. May no root of bitterness springing up trouble your future, but unity, peace and purity prevail, till you all join in the General Assembly of the first-born. With kindest feelings to you, my brother, and tenderest regards for all surviving friends,

Your friend and brother in Christ Jesus,

SAMUEL MONTGOMERY.

*From Rev. D. H. RIDDLE, D. D., to Rev. JOHN M'
MILLAN, D. D.*

MARTINSBURG, W. V., November 2d, 1874.

REV. JOHN M'MILLAN, D. D. :—

DEAR SIR,—I may truly say that Rev. S. M. Sparks, was for years one of my dearest friends. We were intimately associated in labor for the Master, from the year 1840, till my removal to Jersey City, in 1857. During this period we were often together at Mount-pleasant and Pleasant Unity churches, and enjoyed delightful seasons of refreshing from God's presence. The memory of these precious seasons is very sweet to me, even yet, and they are connected with remembrance of my dear departed brother, one of the loveliest specimens of an humble and devoted christian I have ever known. His preaching was solid, earnest and tender. He was greatly beloved by these congregations, and his personal intercourse with the households highly prized.

Though always subject to infirmities of body, and never remarkable for intellect, he had a wonderful talent of interesting his hearers and winning the affections of home circles where he visited. After my change of residence, I had little opportunity of personal inter-

course, and I believe, I was only once in Mountpleasant while he was pastor. But we corresponded till near the close of his life. The same sweet, humble, loving spirit was manifested in his letters, that characterized him during the years of our personal friendship.

“The old Century plant,” as you call the Mountpleasant church, I remember with peculiar interest, and some of the old members of those days, men of devoted piety and thorough Presbyterianism, I yet recall through the lapse of years, as dear friends. Most of these are now gone, probably to the better country, and to the rest of the fathers. The children worship, and serve the covenant-keeping God. I rejoice that I have lived to see the reunion of the two branches so happily and honorably consummated. God grant, it may be perpetual.

With Christian affection, yours,

D. H. RIDDLE.

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

The following persons were appointed a committee on resolutions: Rev. W. P. Moore, of Allegheny city, Rev. A. F. Boyd, of Pleasant Unity, James R. M'Affee, Esq., of Greensburg, J. B. Hurst, W. B. Neel, and W. J. Hitchman, of Mountpleasant.

After recess, and the audience had again reassembled in the church, Rev. W. P. Moore, chairman of the committee on resolutions reported the following preamble and resolutions:—

WHEREAS, this memorial day completes a hundred years since the gospel was first preached by Rev. Dr. Power, within the bounds of this congregation;

AND WHEREAS, the Word and ordinances have been administered here during that entire period, without interruption, by godly and faithful men, who aided in laying the foundation and building the superstructure of our Western Presbyterian Zion;

AND WHEREAS, the exercises of this day, call to our minds the self-denying labors, zeal and devotion of the pioneer ministers who preached and planted Presbyterianism in Western Pennsylvania;

THEREFORE RESOLVED, That we are profoundly grateful, as we review the history of God's dealings with this people, and are hereby called upon to exercise more implicit confidence in God who keepeth covenant with His people.

2. That we gratefully recognize the power and influence of Presbyterianism in the industry, general thrift, intelligence, and morality, which characterize the people of this community.

3. That though two vigorous and active church organizations—Pleasant Unity on the north and the Memorial church of Mountpleasant on the south—have grown out of this congregation, we rejoice in the strength and prosperity of *this*, the mother church, and in the kindly feelings existing between her and her children.

4. That we here set up our "Stone of Help," for "hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and that we renew our consecration to our

Divine Master, trusting that by His grace, we may be enabled to put forth greater efforts in the future, for the promotion of His cause and kingdom in the world, than in the past.

Which were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Moore also presented the following:

RESOLVED, That those present on this occasion, who have come from other congregations and other localities, to mingle with this people and participate in, and enjoy with them, the exercises connected with this Centennial celebration, would hereby express our hearty thanks to the members of this congregation for their courtesy and kindness; and to the ladies, who provided such an elegant and bounteous repast for all present.

Which received the unanimous and hearty endorsement of those referred to in the resolution.

