lives upon the bleak moors of Scotland. Your original members in turn gave liberally of their scanty substance with their lives of service. There was not one of them whose income for the support of a large family exceeded fifteen hundred dollars a year, and there was not then the full blessing of free schools, which you enjoy; and yet they rejoiced in pinching from their necessaries of life a liberal share for God's glory.

I could not tell you without emotion too deep for words, a memory too sacred for utterance, of the secret personal sacrifice of a saint of God, who, I believe in my heart, did more than all others for the upbuilding of this church, and in whose crown of rejoicing there shines with resplendent glory the gems of sacrifice and service.

Men and women of St. Andrew's, take it to your hearts, teach it to your children, that the foundation of your beloved church was Christ the Lord in the hearts of His people, who cemented it with willing service and personal sacrifice and who watered it with a woman's loving tears.

The first sexton of the Chestnut Street Church fifty years ago was Henry Price, who is present and who will now make his bow to the congregation.

Upon him devolved the duty on Saturday of opening the windows, sweeping and dusting the church, and making the fires in the two stoves in the rear of the building, and I was delegated by my father to assist him, particularly in the ringing of the bell on Sunday. Many a painful quarter of an hour have I spent in tugging at that bell-rope, when my strength was not equal to the task, but I recall this experience with feelings of gratefulness that I was permitted to make some sacrifice in the cause of a church which has been so blessed of God. My younger brother, John, had his duty to perform, and a most unpleasant task it was to him, because his was a retiring and modest disposition and the duty which my father imposed upon him made him conspicuous in the morning and evening service.

My father, true to the traditions of his Scotch training, regarded instrumental church music with disfavour and advocated congregational singing, which he led with the assistance of a tuning fork. None of our family thought much of my father's gift of singing, and when he broke down in leading the psalm or hymn by trying to adapt a long-metre verse to short-metre music, we boys slyly poked each other with unbecoming levity, for which we were afterwards duly punished.

After my father determined to adopt an old Scotch practice of exhibiting against the pulpit the name of the tune which the congregation was expected to sing, when the preacher gave out the psalm or hymn, my brother John was required to perform the duty of putting up the sign, which he thoroughly detested, and I would not like to say how many times he was corrected at home for insubordination.

In course of time the inevitable choir was formed and John was relieved of this unpleasant duty, but I think that box of gilt signs is still in the possession of the family.

In later years, when we were divided between the First Church and the Second, my youngest brother, William, chose the duty and the privilege of joining his parents in their devotions at the Second Church, to which they had given the service of their consecrated lives. For years he sat in the foot of the buggy and drove them from our home on Ninth Street to the little building which has since become your lecture-room, and in time he took up the work which was laid down by his father when he entered into rest some five and twenty years ago. How faithfully and how well he has served the Master and this congregation it is not becoming of me to speak. But I may be permitted to say, in all humility, that we are thankful to God and that we are proud of the record of our father and of his youngest son in this beloved church of their choice. It is also of much satisfaction to us that another brother has been in recent years added to its membership.

This secluded sanctuary has been in peace and in war, in pestilence and in famine, a refuge for God's people. Only four of its original members survive; the others have joined that "great multitude which no man can number" and "which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; and God has wiped away all tears from their eyes."

"Ah, Christ, that it were best
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved,
That they might tell us
What and where they be."