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TRINITY CHURCH.

The Last Public Services in the Present Edifice.

THE RECTOR'S DISCOURSE.

An Interesting Historical Narrative.

The services of yesterday morning at Trinity Episcopal Church were of a deeply interesting character. It was upon the occasion of the last public ministrations of the Church in the edifice which has been occupied for forty-four years, and which is now to give place to the larger structure demanded by an increasing parish. The present building is familiarly known as one of the most prominent landmarks of the city. As such it has been regarded, and hereafter will be remembered, with sincere regard by every citizen who takes pride in the material history of Pittsburgh. The new Church edifice will have a type of architecture, and a completeness of structure, quite in keeping with the asthetic tastes of the present day and with the resources of a wealthy and prosperous parish. So, in its day also, the building which is now to be demolished, and which bears but a modest comparison with the more imposing Church-architecture of later years, was considered a splendid proof of the liberality of the parish and of the cultivated taste of its architects.

The scene at yesterday's services—the farewell of the parish to the sacred edifice which, for forty-four years, had given sanctuary to two generations of worshippers—was peculiarly a solemn and affecting one. The crowded Congregation numbered scores, indeed hundreds, of hearers who once were regular attendants there, at various periods since that day when Trinity was the only Church of the Episcopal denomination in this city. The thirteen existing parishes of to-day feel a just filial regard for their ecclesiastical mother, and many, in yesterday's audience came back from their present connections elsewhere in this city and its suburbs, to attest their affectionate concern in her spiritual and material welfare.

The discourse of the Rector, Rev. Mr. L. Scarborough, which we are enabled to print this morning, presents a graphic and highly interesting narrative of the history, both of the parish, and of the edifice to which many eyes yesterday bade a tearful farewell. It is eighty-two years since the gift of the Penns endowed the Trinity congregation with the ground-site which has since become so valuable. During this period, the history of the parish, both ecclesiastical and temporal, is most suggestively sketched by the Rector. His allusion to the fact that three of the Bishops of the Church have been his predecessors in that spiritual charge will strike the general attention. His discourse abounds with matter which will interest not only his parishioners but the public at large.

THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS.

Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory? *Haggai* I chap., 3 v.

It was a glorious and a joyous day when the first temple was formally dedicated and set apart for the worship of God. A thrill of infinite satisfaction stirred every devout heart, that at last a resting place was provided for the ark—a spot where God Himself would vouchsafe to dwell by His more immediate and special presence between the outstretched wings of the Cherubim.

It was a great event in history when King Solomon offered up his princely sacrifice within its walls and for the first time invoked the divine blessing on the finished work. But magnificent and costly as was this house of God—sacred and solemn as its use—it was finally to pass away. Its imposing ritual was to cease. The hand of the destroyer was to be laid upon it, and its carved work to be broken down with axes and hammers. In their captivity Israel remembered its glories, and its desecration filled them with sadness. The harp refused to utter its sweetest notes in response to the skillful touch of the player. The voice choked with deep emotion in attempting to sing the songs of Zion. But a brighter day soon dawned. The ruins were to be repaired. The house of the Lord was to be rebuilt, and the reproach taken away. In goodly number the people gathered from every quarter, and of every age and condition in life, to see the foundation laid.

Seemingly it was an occasion only for the wildest joy. But there were present some who remembered the first house in all its glory. In early life they had stood under its brilliant dome, and worshipped within its jeweled walls. Its rare beauty and splendors were deeply and indelibly impressed on their memory, and the joy of the present was clouded and swallowed up in the thoughts of the past; so that while others shouted for joy, because the foundation of a new Temple was to be laid, those wept sorrowfully as memories of departed glory came crowding thick upon them. There is deep, touching pathos in the graphic words of the prophet which describes the scene: "Many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted for joy, so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people." Could any other words so tenderly and truthfully describe that strange scene? The greater part of the people were overjoyed and expressed their feelings in shouts that rent the air. The chief of the fathers who were ancient men, living in the past—more than in the present, wept for the house of their first love, where they had been wont to pay their vows unto the Most High.

And this was most natural. I do not blame, but rather praise them, for this display of the gentler emotions of the human heart. Their affections could never again entwine themselves about another holy spot as they had round that which was associated with their tender years, and thus while the shout of joy was going up from the multitude, the mighty flow of recollection overcame them and their eyes were dim with weeping.

Now, my brethern, is it not passing strange how wonderfully history repeats itself and how we live over again the lives of those who were thousands of years before us. I must not take time here to draw out analogies, nor to show wherein our circumstances to-day in many points correspond exactly with the experience just recounted in your hearing. All may very readily do this for themselves. The truth of the analogy is self-evident. This intermingling of sorrow and joy, too, is a touch of human nature that I am sure all must have sometime or other experienced for themselves. There are events and periods in life when one hardly knows beforehand whether sorrow or joy will gain the day. I have seen the bride standing at the altar, about to give her hand, as she had already given her heart, to the man who loved her, weep most bitterly, when to others it seemed as if the occasion much more befitted animation and joyfulness. There are depths in the human heart that we never know till an occasion sounds them, and tender chords that never vibrate till the hand of experience touches them.

I am quite sure that some of my hearers to day can appreciate the strange discords that marked the beginning of the second Temple. I will not presume to define their thoughts, nor bring to the light the secret emotions of their souls. There is joy doubtless that a new house is to be built here for the honor of God—joy that the Church, the Bride of Christ, is about to deck herself in beautiful garments. But there is mingled with such joy a strange sense of sadness and bereavement. The affections are shocked with the consciousness that these sacred walls, with their priceless memories, are to be forever swept away. We are assembled together for the last time to worship and praise. For the last time we are to kneel together here to receive the Body and Blood of Christ, as the tokens of His dying love, and as the bond that makes all one in Him. The occasion has seemed to me a fitting one to recall, as briefly as possible, some of the leading events in the history of a parish that has for nearly four score years taken no mean part in the planting and extension of the Church in all this region There are many yet living who saw this house in its first glory—when it was esteemed, and indeed was for its days, a very triumph of genius. We who are strangers, so to speak, know little of the strong attachments entertained by some even for the material walls. No other spot on earth can throw the same spell around us, as the home of early life—and this house of God has been the spiritual home of two generations. It would be strange, indeed, if it had not in that time become very dear to some, and it would be contrary to nature if these did not feel a pang at the thought of parting forever with an object so long and so intimately associated with the joys and sorrows of their lives. Let us turn now to a brief survey of its varied history.

The first record of any sort that I find existing in the history of Trinity Church is the deed of gift of two and a half lots of ground, that on which the present Church stands and the adjacent burial ground west and south of it. This deed bears date the 24th day of September, 1787, executed by "John Penn, Jr., and John Penn, of the city of Philadelphia, late proprietors of Pennsylvania, to the Honorable John Gibson, John Ormsby, Devereux Smith and Dr. Nathaniel Bedford, all of the town of Pittsburgh, in the county of Westmoreland, trustees of the congregation of Episcopalian Protestant Church, commonly called the Church of England, in trust forever, as a site for a house of religious worship and a burial place for the use of said religious society and their successors, and for no other use, intent or purpose whatsoever." Doubtless before this date the services of our church had been held here occasionally, though I have no data at hand to confirm this opinion. The chaplains of regiments quartered in the neighborhood and clergymen transiently here certainly officiated at times, though there was no settled pastor for years after.

Pittsburgh was then a frontier borough of small proportions, quite unconscious of its future greatness as the manufacturing metropolis, the great workshop of the whole West, which was then mostly an unexplored wilderness. It was fully twenty years subsequent to this date that Fulton first ascended the Hudson in a steamboat, and the railroad was then not so much as dreamed of by the most visionary. It was a day of small things. But even then there was at least the germ of a congregation existing here. Members of the church, deprived of all her privileges save those of love and loyalty for their spiritual mother, planted the early seeds and continued faithful through long years of waiting, and finally were privileged to enjoy the fruits of their patience. In the year 1797, ten years subsequent to the gift of land by the Penns, the mere handful of churchmen here invited the Rev. John Taylor to officiate as their pastor. Mr. Taylor, familiarly and lovingly named still as Father Taylor, was not originally either a member or a minister of this church, but through the influence chiefly of Wm. Cecil, an influential layman and a devout member of the Church of England, he was induced to take orders and begin his labors here. At first services were held in the Court House, and in other rooms, both private and public, as necessity or convenience required. On the third day of September, 1805, a charter was granted by the Supreme Court, constituting the Rev. John Taylor, then minister of the parish, Pressly Nevill and Samuel Roberts, the wardens, and Nathaniel Irish, Joseph Barker, Jeremiah Barker, Nathaniel Richardson, Nathaniel Bedford, Oliver Ormsby, George McGunnegle, George Robinson, Robert Magee, Alexandar McLaughlin, William Cecil and Joseph Davis, vestrymen, a corporation and body politic by the name of the "Minister, Church Wardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, in Pittsburgh." About this time a triangular piece of land was purchased, at the intersection of Sixth street with Wood and Liberty, and a brick building erected thereon, commonly called the "Round Church," from the fact that it conformed in its shape to the location of the ground. It contained forty-two pews, beside a gallery. A list of the original pew-holders is preserved, which would be full of interest to the present generation, had I space and time to name them. For twelve years from this date Mr. Taylor continued in office, often struggling with poverty and eking out his meagre support by teaching school. In 1818 he resigned the parish on account of advancing age and infirmity, having ministered in his holy office more than twenty years. He lived till the year 1838, when, on the 10th of August, at the ripe age of eighty-four, the wish he had often been heard to express, that he might not die a lingering death, was literally fulfilled. He was killed by lightning at Chenango, Mercer county, and buried, by the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, in a beautiful knoll which he had been wont to say "nature intended for a place of sepulture." There his mortal remains are resting now, alone by themselves, in a field with no sacred enclosure to protect the spot, and no visible monument to mark it. Would it not be a worthy deed for the present congregation either to remove the sacred dust of their first Rector to their own burial ground, or else erect some token of love to mark the lonely spot where all that is mortal of Father Taylor is resting in the hope of a joyful resurrection?

The first vestry meeting under the new charter was held April 9th, 1806. The only business then transacted was the adoption of a seal for the corporation and the passage of a resolution fining each member absent from a meeting without due and sufficient cause and excuse, in the sum of fifty cents! From 1806 till 1819, that is for a period of thirteen years, there is no record of anything save the official acts of ministerial duty performed by Mr. Taylor and others, and collected with much pains and care by Dr. Upfold at a later day. If the vestry kept any minutes of their doings then, they are now, I fear, hopelessly lost, and thus we are deprived of much information that would be of the greatest interest to us, as giving us an insight into the early struggles of the parish.

At this period, 1819, we find that death had removed a number of the vestry as at first organized. Oliver Ormsby and Peter Mowry are the Wardens; Morgan Nevill, George Poe, Jr., Abner Barker, Abraham Long, Joseph Davis, Peter Beard, Charles L. Volz, Walter Forward, Nathaniel Richardson, Samuel Roberts, Thomas Cromwell and John Reno, Vestrymen. The Rev. Atlee Carter became Rector of the parish in this year, but only remained a short time. The Rev. Wm. Richmond, a missionary of the Advancement Society of Pennsylvania, officiated for six months, and the Rev. George McElhenney for six months more. In the meantime the Vestry were in correspondence with various clergymen, endeavoring to find a settled pastor. The Rev. Joseph Prentiss, of Athens, New York, was called at a salary of $1,200 per annum, and a gratuity of $300 to pay the expense of removal hither, but after a long correspondence he declined to come. The great length and difficulty of the journey seems to have been the chief obstacle in the way! How strangely this record reads at our end of the half century!

The Rev. Intrepid Morse, of Steubenville, Ohio, and the Rev. H. P. Powers, of Fairfield, N.Y., were both called and both declined. Finally, in 1821, the Rev. William Thompson was called and entered on his duties, remaining, however, less than two years.

During his ministry the project of building a new church on the present site was determined on, and application made to the Legislature for leave to sell the old Round Church. No beginning was made, however, before the close of his rectorship.

Again there was a brief period without any pastoral care. During this time John Henry Hopkins, Esq., a young lawyer—a communicant of the Church and a member of the vestry—volunteered to act as lay-reader until a Rector should be called, and obtained his license from the venerable Bishop White. Finally he determined to quit a lucrative practice at the bar, and choose the ministry for his life work. He was ordained deacon in 1824, and at once assumed the duties of Rector From that time really dates the growth and prosperity of the parish. His vigorous mind infused new life into every department of the work. He speedily renewed the project of building a new church, himself made the plans and the marks of his wonderful genius were visible in every part of the work. Thomas Liggett was employed to superintend the building, but Mr. Hopkins was the power behind the throne which controlled and shaped everything by the force of his indomitable energy and will.

The corner-stone was laid with the imposing ritual of the order of Freemasons and on the 12th day of June, A. D., 1825, this Church was formally set apart and consecrated to the worship of Almighty God by Bishop White. The building was then incomplete, for I find the tower was built a year or two later by funds chiefly raised abroad by the personal solicitations of the Rector. In a resolution thanking Mr. Hopkins for the successful manner in which he had discharged the delicate duty assigned him, the vestry also thanked the Rev. David Cook Page, in most cordial terms, for his acceptable services during the absence of the Rector. May I not here ask my parishioners to remember, when some needy missionary from a frontier parish presents his claim and is either helped sparingly or turned empty away, that their own Rector less than half a century ago, was, by vote of the vestry sent out as a begging parson to seek aid for this parish? In 1827 the tower was completed and in the following year the Rev. Mr. Hopkins was called to St. Stephen's Church, New York. In a letter earnestly entreating him to decline the call, the vestry express the fear that the congregation, built up mainly by his exertions, will be dissolved and scattered should he leave them then. He yielded to their wishes. But in 1830 he was called to be the assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston. Again the vestry of this parish interposed, and again he declined a most tempting offer. But Boston was determined not to yield her claims to a man of so much ability in the present and so much promise in the future without a further effort.

He states that the only reason of his leaving here was the claim urged upon his services in the great cause of theological education. He had long desired the founding of such a work here, but his efforts had failed. Nevertheless, in the short space of four years four of the young men belonging to this congregation had entered the ministry under his care and training, and three others were candidates for holy orders. Massachusetts offered the field of labor he desired, and hence his change. The Vestry in formally accepting his resignation, have put on record a picture of the times worth reproducing. They say: "In recurring to the period when your labors commenced they well remember the dark cloud which hung in gloom over the prospects of our branch of the Church of Christ. They remember that in all Western Pennsylvania there were not more than two officiating Episcopal clergymen, and that the members of our Communion were scattered, that in our church there were less than fifty communicants; that in many of our largest and most flourishing villages the voice of an Episcopal clergyman had never been heard. But we turn with pleasure to our present situation. In this place there has been erected a splendid church, an ornament of the west, and the number of worshippers and number of communicants have increased nearly tenfold. Butler, Mercer, Meadville, Erie, Greensburg and Blairsville will all remember the spirit and zeal which were infused by your visits to those places."

I need not trace further the history or work of this great man of whom this parish is justly proud. His name and fame are now the heritage of the whole Church. As a man of genius and culture he was almost a prodigy, and had he been made the first Bishop of Pittsburgh when he was chosen to Vermont I cannot but feel that our Church would be vastly stronger to-day in all this diocese. As we are about to blot from existence this venerable building, the old familiar land-mark of his genius, surely some one will think it worth while to see that there is some memorial of him in the new church. The following verses were written by Bishop Hopkins as his farewell to Trinity Church:

Farewell ye pinnacled and buttressed towers!
Ye gothic lights, and arch-crowned pillars high:
Fruits of a zealous heart, though humble powers,
We cannot leave you now, without a sigh.

Farewell, dear Church! No more thy Sabbath bell
Calls us to worship in thy place of prayer;
No more we hear thine organ's solemn swell
Nor mark the full response that rises there.

Farewell, thy grassy mounds, where peaceful sleeps
In its cold bed, our precious infant's clay;
But faith can triumph, even while nature weeps—
The Lord has given—'twas His to take away.

Farewell, our house, embosomed deep in trees,
And decked with all the garden's choicest pride;
No more we breathe thy woodbine scented breeze,
Nor tread thy flowery alleys, side by side.

But why art thou so heavy, O my soul!
Why so disquieted, my mourning heart!
Art thou not led by duty's high control?
Has not thy Master called thee to depart?

Farewell, then, all. Though homeless now we go,
A better, brighter home to us is given;
Nor may we mourn to leave a Church below,
While Christ secures to us the Church in Heaven.

There, in that Paradise of joy above,
Earthings, and griefs, and pains shall all be o'er,
There we shall meet again with all we love,
And sighs shall breathe, and tears shall fall no more.

The Rev. Mr. Kemper, now the venerable Bishop of Wisconsin, who had officiated here for a time during the early years of his ministry, and had occasionally visited the parish with the Bishop, was now invited to become its rector, but did not. The Rev. Mr. Brunot, a young minister of promise, afterwards cut down by death in the very prime and vigor of his youth, officiated until the Rev. Dr. Upfold was called, July 27th, 1831, and entered on his duties as rector in October of the same year. This brings us down to a comparatively modern date in the history of the parish. For eighteen years Dr. Upfold ministered to this congregation as a faithful pastor. It is a needless task to speak words of praise of one who is still remembered with a strong affection by many here present. His works praise him, and many hearty prayers are offered that his declining years may be blessed, and that he may live to see still further fruits of his labor, as his once frontier Diocese of Indiana, now in the very heart and centre of the nation, grows and expands into magnificent proportions.

Truly my brethren other men have labored here and we have entered into their labors. Others have laid the foundation and we build thereon. I need hardly trace the history of the parish farther. In 1850 the Rev. Dr. Lyman entered on his duties and going abroad in 1860, the Rev. Mr. Swope was elected Rector pro-tempore. In 1862—Dr. Lyman having concluded not to return again—Mr. Swope was made Rector and in 1867 resigned to become an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York.

The present Rectorship began October 1st, 1867.

There are two or three conditions suggested by this hasty and imperfect glance at parish history to which I would for a very brief space longer invite your thought and attention. One is the very noticeable fact that so large a number of distinguished laymen have, during the past four-score years, managed the temporal affairs of Trinity Church. Let me read the names of some whom I find among the vestrymen of that time. Nevill, Roberts, Richardson, Bedford, Ormsby, Barker, Irish, McGunnigle, Robinson, Magee, Cecil, Mowry, Davis, Forward, Beard, Volz, Poe, Long, Reno, Ennochs, Arthurs, Witty, Kerr, Holmes, Mason, Baldwin, Johnston, Israell, Selden, Miltenberger, Quinan, Keller, Holdship, McFaden, Hogan, Hughes, Darlington, Schweppe, Metcalf, Wade, Snowden, Anderson, Shaler. There are others equally deserving of mention among the worthies of the past, but my facts, are of necessity, gathered from the vestry records. I find, for instance, such names as Cowan, Barclay, Shiras, Collins, Gregg, Butler, Brewer, Ingram, McClure and many others, who all did their share in bearing the burden and heat of the day. A list of names, my brethren, that which any parish may well be proud of as a rich heritage. Many of these were men of great influence and strength of character in their day—men of mark in nearly every profession and calling in life. Their names, I am sure, will sound familiar as household words to the ears of most of my hearers. There are two or three in this list that I must mention specially without meaning at all to disparage any of the others. For many years the name of Ormsby appears on the church records. First John Ormsby, and then Oliver. The name of Davis appears among the original list also, and for more than half a century it was continually in the vestry, first Joseph Davis and then John D. Davis, his son of the latter I need not speak words of commendation to those who knew him. He gave much time and toil freely to the church, whose interests were very near his heart. This parish owes his memory a debt of gratitude for his long continued and unwearying services.

Dr. Peter Mowry seems to have been a strong pillar of the Church in the days of its weakness, when friends were few. Long time the Senior Warden, his house was the constant place for the meeting of the vestry and almost a second home for the clergy. He died in 1833, and the vestry have put on record a sense of their very great loss. I am glad to know that a beautiful and costly window will be erected in the new church to commemoatre his long and faithful devotion.

Charles L. Volz served as Secretary of the Vestry for nearly twenty years, being all this time himself a member. It is chiefly owing to his pains-taking care that we have any history of the parish preserved. Did time permit, there are others in the list of worthies I might mention with approval, but I must hasten lest I weary you.

One other feature of this catalogue is suggestive of the ravages of time, with its changes and chances.

How few of these names appear on the Church records of to-day! Your fathers, where are they? Some of their descendants have deserted the Church and the faith for which their fathers agonized. In other instances the old family names seem almost to have perished and disappeared. Those familiar with the intermarriages of the old families may be able to point to children and grand children still among our most valued members and worthy of their progenitors though they may not now bear their names. I would that all the early friends of this parish who have gone to their reward, might find among their descendents—whether bearing their names or not—loving hands to set up some fitting memorial of them here and thus make the history of the parish continuous, joining together the present with the past. Of those who have served as vestrymen in by gone years, I find the name of Samuel Gormly, Esq. standing at the head of the list of survivors—the oldest by right of his office. He was chosen in 1834 and served many years. I regard him, therefore, as the connecting link between the past generation and the present, a place of honor which I trust he will long be spared to fill. In 1837 Mr. J. H. Shoenberger was elected, and in 1840 Hon. Wilson McCandless, Hon. Thomas M. Howe, and Josiah King were chosen, and are still members of the vestry. This brings us down to a sufficiently modern date. Most of my hearers have done their share in making up the history which extends from then to the present day, and I very properly leave it for some other pen to write, when the breath of ages perchance shall have made our names as strangers.

Turning now from the laity to the clergy who have served this parish in the past, one is no less struck with the preponderance of able names that fill the list. Mr. Taylor, the first Rector, was a man of strong mind, more fond of Natural Science, perhaps, than of Theology. I am told by one who knew him well that so great was his love of Astronomy that he sometimes spent the entire night in the open air, watching the movements of the Heavenly bodies. Of the Revs. Mr. Carter and Mr. Thompson very little is known; their combined Rectorships covered a period of less than three years. The Rev. Mr. Richmond, who officiated here for a time, was a man of brilliant parts and belonged to a family of rare talent.

Dr. Kemper, who also officiated here temporarily when a very young man, and was afterwards honored with a call to the rectorship, is one of the best loved and most apostolic men in the House of Bishops. His gentleness and goodness are far more to be envied than his greatness. Bishop Hopkins, a name of towering strength, known the world over, poet, painter, musician, architect, author, theologian. Time would fail me to recount all of his marvellous gifts. Bishop Upfold, the tender, loving pastor, friend of the poor, a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith. Under his able administration of the parish it fairly overflowed, and a second parish was formed. Dr. Lyman, genial, warm-hearted and able. During his decade of years St. Peters was built, as another off-shoot from Trinity. He is known familiarly to the whole Church as one who has done so much to make our American Services known abroad. For years he has maintained a mission in the heart of Papal Rome, proclaiming the truth in the face of corruption and error and carrying the principles of the Anglican Reformation to the very doors of the Vatican! Dr. Swope, younger, indeed, but hardly less known to the Church for the noble and successful stand he took in the founding of this diocese. Elected to a place among the clergy of the oldest and wealthiest corporation in the whole Church, he is not unworthy to be named with those who preceded him. It will surely be pardonable in me if I feel a slight glow of pride, that my own name, however unworthy, is henceforth to be associated with such as these. As I have already said, the others who served here have gone to their reward, and though in earthly record they be little prized or spoken of, I would fain believe that in the imperishable record of the sky, in the Lamb's Book of Life their names stand very high. The Rev. Alexander Varian, lately deceased, was at one time an assistant minister here. The Rev. Richard Smith, who still survives, was for a long time engaged as an out-door missionary to the poor. The Rev. Richard S. Smith, Rector of the church at Uniontown, served as an assistant, first in teaching the parish school, and afterwards in the chancel. He is faithfully laboring now at one of the out posts of this diocese, still remembered with affection here.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, well known to the church as a successful educator of youth, founder of Kenwood School for boys at New Brighton, served here as assistant minister for some time. So, also, did the Rev. Dr. Sebastian Hodges, of Grace Church, Newark, N. J. And the present faithful and acceptable assistant will, I am confident, if God spares him in life and strength, leave a record of good deeds behind him that shall not fall below any of others.

The growth and extension of the church here, as well as the growth of the city, may be seen in the fact that it was not until 1837 that a second parish, St. Andrews, was organized. Now there are in the city proper nine parishes, and in the city and its immediate surroundings there are thirteen parishes—each with its settled pastor—each a centre of influence and power. When we remember that an overwhelming majority of the people here were not favorably disposed to the Episcopal Church, there is no need to be ashamed of such results. But if we are only faithful and true the next half century will, under the blessing of God, have far greater results to show.

It is surely something—nay a great deal—in this age of changes, to have an unbroken history of four score years! Trinity is still fondly called the mother parish—and a faithful mother she has been—taking always her part in every good work, and permitting none of her daughters to outstrip her. May she long continue to hold a first place, not merely in the affections of her children; but in advancing the interests of the Savior's Kingdom. She shows no signs of decay, no signs of decrepitude or old age, but is now renewing her strength for undertaking a higher, nobler work than ever. The church building—whose days are numbered—in which we are assembled for the last time, has undergone various changes. In 1849, the tower was burnt and speedily replaced by the present one. The roof and chancel have been materially altered, but the main features of the building remain the same. On the 26th day of January, 1863—the feast of the conversion of St. Paul—a new peal of bells, the gift of one to whom this parish owes much, was rung for the first time, on the occasion of the consecration of the first Bishop of Pittsburgh here.

Then for the last time the venerable Bishop Hopkins was seen within the walls that were vocal with the praises of God and silent witnesses of his skill, who had planned and built them. Soon they were draped in mourning for his death.

And now, dear brethren, my task is done—a labor of love I should rather call it—and it remains for me but to speak the word that will bring pain to some and joy to some. The number of those who saw this house in her first glory is growing small indeed—they will feel that in its removal another of the landmarks of their early years is gone. I can almost divine the tender associations that are at this moment welling up in such hearts—thoughts, perchance, of those who once sat by their side here, joining in the same prayers, singing the same holy songs who are now translated and taught to sing in sweeter strains the song of Moses and the Lamb. Many, many are the sacred associations, that gather around the Church of God—if our lives have been truly sanctified and given up to Him. Can you not recall some quiet hour when, weary with life's struggle, you have found rest here—holy thoughts gained possession of your soul and you felt of a truth God was near? Such hours are the beginning of heaven upon the earth—foretastes of the future. How often have you knelt here broken-hearted, and the cry went up to the throne of grace, beseeching God for mercy! Here some of you (may I not say many of you?) were born anew into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Here your children were sealed with the sign of Christ's redeeming love. Here holy hands were laid upon your head in blessing, Here the tender joy of your first communion clusters. Here, perhaps, you recall the hour when two loving hearts were made one by the authority and with the blessing of the Church. Here the last sad offices of affection have been said over some you loved in life. Indeed your life has been bound up with the life of the parish more intimately far then you have yourself either knew or suspected. Thoughts of separated families and broken ties will, I am sure, be revived by this day's services. The old men wept when the new temple was begun, because their lives were identified with another and their affections could not take new root nor throw out new branches.

But, my brethren, it is right and proper that these changes, sad in themselves as they are, should come to us in our pilgrimage here. They are intended to remind us that nothing here is fixed and permanent, that change and decay are written by the finger of God on us and on all about us. We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come whose builder and maker is God—not these perishing earthly houses, but a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

It is an unfailing law of nature that that which waxes old must pass away, but Christ has taught us by the side of the open grave to look up through our tears rejoicingly, in the firm hope of a resurrection. So, I would point you to-day to look on and up to the completion of another house, rising on the ruins of the old, that shall be a spiritual home we trust for generations yet unborn and "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the glory of the former."

Farewell forever then to the dear old pile, rich with the garnered memories of more than two score years. May we not be unworthy inheritors of the blessing handed down to us from our fathers. May our zeal and our love abound. May the solemn warnings here spoken not have been in vain, and when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, may it appear that many souls were born here for Christ, that for many this church was indeed the very gate of Heaven. The Lord our God be with us as He was with our Fathers. Let Him not leave us nor forsake us.

The Catholic Jubilee.

Yesterday morning in all the Catholic churches of the diocese the Accumnical Council Jubilee was commenced. In the Cathedral the services were of a highly interesting character. Rt. Rev. Bishop Domenec officiated at the altar, offering solemn Pontifical High Mass, and was assisted by a large number of clergymen, deacons and clerks. The choir was especially strengthened and never sang to better advantage. St. Cecelia's brass band filled the gallery and discoursed excellent music, adding materially to the interest of the occasion. The pulpit was occupied by Very Rev. J. Hickey, who briefly referred to the Jubilee, explaining its nature and instructing the faithful on the conditions necessary for the procurement of the plenary indulgence vouchsafed by the Head of the Church. The essential requirements are three days of rigid fasting, alms giving, church visitation, and an approach to the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. The Jubilee is regarded as a great event in the Catholic Church, and during its two weeks' continuance much religious fervor and enthusiasm will be manifested in all the congregations of persuasion in the diocese.

Religious.—Yesterday, Rev. George Hays, pastor elect of the Central Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, (formerly Rev. T. X. Orr's,) occupied his pulpit for the first time. The Reverend gentleman was formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, and bears a high reputation as a minister and the active Christian worker.