

She loved to share in the privilege of worship and of service,  
With the Psalmist she could sing:

“How lovely is thy dwelling place,  
O Lord of Hosts to me:  
The tabernacles of thy grace,  
How pleasant, Lord, they be.”

But she has joined the worshippers above, “the choir invisible,” not of the “immortal dead,” but of the living; and through the splendid generosity of Mr. Little a memorial organ will soon be placed within our church, and consecrated to the service of the Master.

Standing thus at the fiftieth milestone of the historic journey, and looking back over the past may we catch the inspiration of the hour and go forth to larger work for the Master, as we weave the days and years into the web of life. There are with us some who were present at the opening of the church fifty years ago. They have come a long way upon the journey. They look back over the past with its tears and smiles, its sorrows and its joys. They see the way marked by the graves of their loved ones. The companions of their youth have fallen on the journey. Only here and there a solitary traveller to remind them of the old associations, and to bear them company to the end. “Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life,” saith God.

First Church has ever stood for righteousness, justice, truth, and a pure gospel. May the standard never be lowered. Let us be loyal to the best traditions of the past. In the ringing words of Dr. McCulloch's Jubilee address: “No time-serving, no expediency, no novelties, no cowardice, no divisions. Stand together and together stand for the faith once delivered to the saints.” “And may the Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers.”