

With the regards of the Author.

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A. Lord of Allerton Station,

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

PREACHED BY

FIRST CHURCH, 330 COV. CO. ST.,

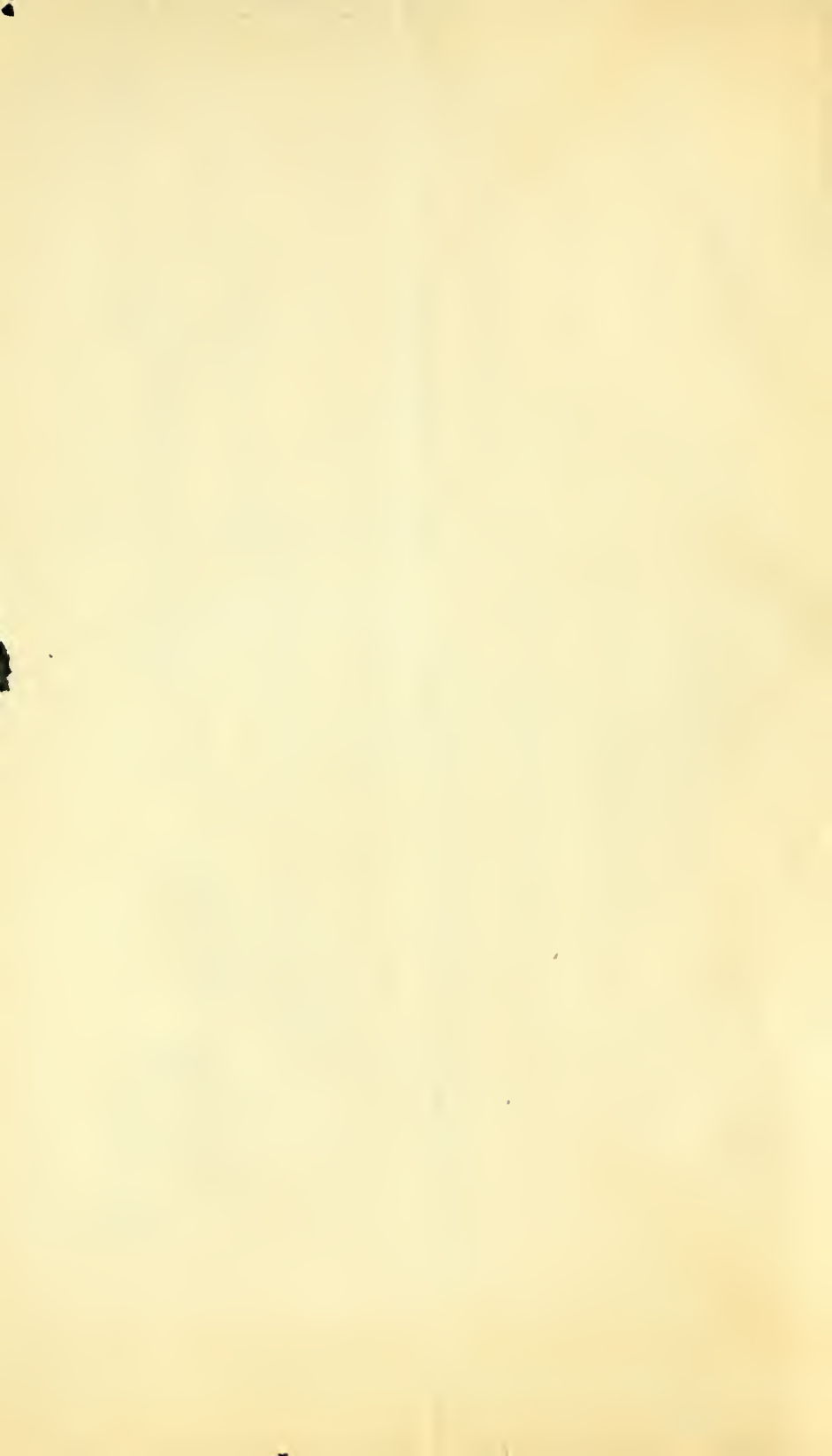
November 28, 1853.

JONATHAN M. AUG. DENN,
PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

PHILADELPHIA: 1853.

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W. B. MOORE, 100 N. 3RD ST., 1853.



A Leaf of Milford History.

A

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE

FIRST CHURCH, MILFORD, CONN.,

November 25, 1858.

16
BY

JONATHAN BRACE, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

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PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.  
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NEW HAVEN:

PRINTED BY E. HAYES, 50 CHAPEL ST.

1858.

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S E R M O N .

PSALM CXLIII: 5.—*I remember the days of old.*

THE Poet—Young, tells us “’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;” and David thought that it was well to call to mind former days. “I remember,” he says, “the days of old.”

The future is mostly concealed from us. We cannot lift the curtain which hides it from our sight. Not so with the past. To that we can go back, and find in the review entertainment and profit.

The advantages of the study of history are many and various. It invigorates and enriches the mind ; it improves the memory ; it gratifies a natural and worthy desire to be acquainted with remote transactions ; it enables us to avail ourselves of the experience of our predecessors ; it informs and regulates our judgment ; and it “is profitable for reproof, for correction,” and for strengthening the sentiments of virtue. Indeed, a knowledge of history is not only indispensable to the man of letters, but should be sought by every person who would not be often confounded, and mortified because of his ignorance.

More than half of that Book of Books—the Holy Bible, consists of history, and a familiarity with it is necessary to enable us fully to understand another considerable portion of this precious volume which is denominated prophetic.

The earliest records of humanity are found in the sacred Scriptures, and for this reason, if for no other, they have the first claim on our diligent study. Next to this inspired history, our own town, commonwealth, and country should receive our notice: for important as is an acquaintance with Persian, Grecian, Roman, and European history, a thorough knowledge of American history is to us more valuable.

Six years ago, on an occasion like the present, I gave a brief account—which was subsequently printed by your request, of the First Church in Milford. It was appropriate to commence here, for this Church was coeval with the New Haven colony, and may properly be regarded as the parent of the civil state. I now propose to group together concerning it, and the Town we inhabit, such other particulars not then mentioned, as can be brought within the limits of a single discourse, and which may be considered most deserving of our remembrance.

Standing, after the lapse of nearly two hundred and twenty years, on the spot selected by the first settlers as their abode, what a contrast between the condition of things here then, and this condition now! The same stream indeed is here, pursuing its shining way to Long Island Sound, which rolled then; and the Sound, now, as

then, mirrors the heavens in its placid bosom, or breaks its foam-capped waves upon the beach;—but all else how changed! The dark tangled forests have gone; the wild beasts which prowled there for prey are gone likewise; the Indians with their canoes, wigwams, council-fires and terrific war-whoop have also disappeared; and in their place we have fertile fields, smiling gardens, tasteful commodious dwellings, a civilized community, and temples of the living God. Could the primitive inhabitants of our village, “burst their cerements,” come out of their sepulchres, and look upon us to day, they would think that we lived on another planet from that on which they once resided; and would be quite sure of the fact, when learning that along the electric wire which stretches through the village, messages are flashed with the rapidity of thought; or when they saw the iron horse advancing, breathing from his nostrils, smoke and flame, and heard the long panting trains of cars thundering on with their living freight! But the locality is the same. Time, culture, and science, alone, have wrought the transformation.

The earliest settlements in Connecticut were formed by people from Massachusetts. These settlements were Windsor,* Hartford and Wethersfield. After the lapse of two or three years from the time these settlements were made, the sea-coast from Saybrook to Fairfield became

* The most ancient Orthodox Congregational Church in New England, is in Windsor of this State. It was formed in the beginning of 1630, in Plymouth, England. The members came to Dorchester, Mass.; and in 1636, a majority of them began the settlement of Windsor.

known, and a plantation as it was called, was commenced at Milford. This was in 1639. For the value received from the possession of "six coats, ten blankets, one kettle, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen knives, and a dozen small glasses," a tract of land was obtained of the Indians, who confirmed the bargain with much parade. Subsequently, this original tract was enlarged by other purchases, until the limits reached north even as far as to what is now Waterbury. The territory has since been ceded, section after section, to aid in forming the towns of Waterbury, Derby, Woodbridge, and Orange, until it is reduced to its present dimensions,—the figure of which is triangular. The name given to the place by the Indians, was Wepawaug; and a majority of the planters were from the English counties of York and Essex. We do gross injustice to these worthies if we say that they crossed the wild Atlantic, and came to these inhospitable shores, tenanted only by the savage and his game, merely to better their temporal fortunes.

A few months after the arrival of Winthrop's company at Plymouth, Governor Dudley wrote home to the Countess of Lincoln. In that letter he says: "If any *godly* men, out of religious ends, will come over to help us in the good work we are about, I think they cannot dispose of themselves nor of their estates more to God's glory, and the furtherance of their own reckoning. For *others*, I conceive they are not yet fitted for this business." Our Fathers were of this sterling Christian stamp. They were "godly men." A higher motive than sordid gain

moved them to emigrate; a nobler object had their ambition. They left the land of their birth for conscience sake, and for the sake of Christ,—that they might have “freedom to worship God,” according to their ideas of what was scriptural, and most edifying, and to extend the boundaries of the redeemer’s kingdom. They brought with them the blessed Bible, a cordial attachment to it, and to the Sabbath, and Christian ordinances, a firm regard for law and order, and a love for virtue; and their first Pastor,—the Rev. Peter Prudden, was a native of Edgerton, Yorkshire. He, and they, looked to God, for wisdom to project, vigor to execute, and fortitude to endure; sought His favor as the only source of well-being and well-doing, acknowledged their success or failure in things ecclesiastical and civil to be suspended on His will alone; did what they did, according to the pattern revealed to them by intimate communion with Him in prayer, and through the medium of His word, and had faith in His gracious powerful Providence; for upon their banner was inscribed that sentence indicative of Puritan trust and piety, “He who transplants us, sustains us.”

The First Church in Milford was organized before the settlement of the town, for it was organized in New Haven; and “the seven pillars” upon which humanly speaking it rested, they standing upon the only sure foundation, “the Rock Christ Jesus,” were the individuals who specially delegated for that purpose, followed the devious Indian foot-path through the wilderness, arrived hither, established themselves in this locality, and fashioned in

connection with kindred minds their civil polity. The Church, therefore, underlay the government of the town—the civil system, framed it by its counsels, sustained it by its influence, and infused into it some portion of its devotional spirit.

In those times it was deemed expedient for a religious society to have a Teacher, as well as a Pastor. With the Rev. Mr. Prudden therefore, was associated in this capacity, by election, Rev. John Sherman. As comparatively little notice has been taken of him in the "Church Manual," it is fit, in passing, to bestow upon him a few paragraphs.

The prescribed curriculum of study at Cambridge University, England, he regularly pursued, and would have received the degree of A.B. in course, but for conscientious scruples relative to acceding to the terms of graduation. He formed one of a band of emigrants who reached America in 1634, and settled in Watertown, Mass. Coming from thence with others to Milford, he was called to be Teacher of the church here. This call he declined; and after remaining for a season in this vicinity, preaching as opportunity offered, "going about doing good," and serving the public as a member of the General Court for the jurisdiction, he returned to Watertown, and declining an invitation from a church in Boston, and two churches in London, became pastor of the church in the place where he had preached his first sermon. As a speaker his elocution was remarkably fine, and he had many of the graces of oratory. He was also fond of mathematics,

and astronomy, and was a rare proficient in these branches of science. He supplied the astronomical calculations for the first Christian Almanac published in this country. His second wife was grand-daughter of the earl of Rivers: Governor Hopkins was her appointed guardian; and she resided under the roof of Governor Eaton.

The Psalmist says, "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." If this is true, no ordinary measure of enjoyment must have been the portion of Mr. Sherman. Of such arrows his quiver was full; so much so that if on a day like the present, when the lovely spectacle is exhibited of twenty-two entire States, at the call of their Chief Magistrates assembling in the house of God;—a day when far scattered birds wing again their way to the cherished nests of childhood—when sons and daughters return from their dispersions to the dear old homestead, happy in the society of each other, and in that of their venerated parents, *his* children were all living, and came back to receive the greetings of a father's and mother's love in Watertown, the number of "olive-plants round about the table" there, would have been *twenty-six*.

Of course his descendants are numerous. Not a few of those persons in the land, who bear the name of Sherman, are of the same lineage with him. Such was the case with the noted Roger Sherman, once apprenticed to a shoemaker, who came to this town carrying his tools on

his back ; and was a member of the first Congress in 1774 ; continued a member nineteen years ; signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776 ;—was designated by Jefferson, as “ a man who never said a foolish thing in his life,” and when John Randolph of Virginia in whose veins was Indian blood, cried out, in his shrill piping voice for the purpose of insulting him, that he “ should like to know what the gentleman from Connecticut, when he left the cobbler’s bench for that Hall, did with his leather apron ;”—received for answer :—“ Sir, I cut it up to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas !”

Before the death of Rev. John Sherman which occurred in 1685,—he being then in the seventy-second year of his age, there was a man in the commonwealth prominent for his victories over the savage tribes in Springfield, and Hadley, Mass., distinguished for turning the tide of success at a critical moment in that Battle of “ Bloody Brook,” when the “ Flower of Essex bit the dust,” as also for his intellectual gifts, weight of influence, and official position. It was Governor ROBERT TREAT. When Sir Edmond Andross, knight, and captain-general, and Governor-general over New England, came, supported by his suite, and more than sixty of the King’s troops, to Hartford, during the session of the Assembly, and demanded the charter granted by Charles the Second to the Connecticut colony ;—the man who valiantly and ably advocated the resolution not to give up the patent, and privileges obtained at so much cost, and of such value ; and the man who was privy to extinguishing the lights,

the carrying off of that royal instrument of liberty and secreting it in the large hollow oak, was this Governor ROBERT TREAT;—a member of the Milford Church, and who married a daughter of one of the “seven pillars,” on which this church laid its foundation work, and was one of the three appointed by the church to impose hands on the second pastor of this church—Rev. Roger Newton, on the occasion of his installation, August 22, 1660.

A word or two in this connection, additional to what has been printed, in relation to the fifth pastor of the church, Rev. Samuel Wales, D.D.

He graduated in 1667, in the class with Gov. John Treadwell, and the not less celebrated Dr. Nathaniel Emmons. He was elected to the Professorship of Divinity in Yale College in 1781. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity he received from two colleges;—from Yale College, his Alma Mater in 1782, after he was appointed Professor, and from the College of New Jersey in 1784. His figure was short and stout, his voice was heavy, and flexible, was under good management, and his sermons glowed with divine truth earnestly expressed. After being engaged several years in the duties of his professorship, this star of superior brightness and influence in the orb of the Church, was mysteriously wrapped in clouds. He was deprived of his reason, and the College of his valuable services. He died at the age of forty-six, leaving behind him the character of a man of superior talents, an accomplished scholar, and an eminent divine.

The discourse at his funeral was by President Stiles. The text was 1 Samuel 25 : 1. "And *Samuel* died: and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah." This text was announced in the original Hebrew, and the discourse was in Latin.

Dr. Wales has a son living, who was a classmate of my father; and has been senator of the United States from Delaware.

Among the things by which this church has been characterized, are a disposition to be at peace among themselves, and to treat with due consideration and respect their Pastors. This declaration is confirmed by the fact that since the organization of the Church in 1639, it has had but nine Pastors. This makes the average term of service of each Pastor but a little less than a quarter of century;—which manifestly could not have been the case, had they been a quarrelsome people. None of these Pastors were driven away. Five were "not allowed to continue by reason of death," and their ashes sleep by the side of the flock they tended, in sure expectation with them of a joyful resurrection. Of the remaining four, one left on account of his health; two were called away to what they deemed more important fields of service, and the other having occupied the pulpit during the lapse of thirteen years, mingles his congratulations with his people on this day of Thanksgiving and Praise. May they continue to heed the counsel sent to them from the dying lips of one of these men of God:—"Brethren, live in peace,

and the God of love and of peace shall be with you:" for it is not only "good for Christians to dwell together in unity," but likewise "pleasant." "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

Leaving now the Church, for the TOWN, some further items may be noted.

The first settlers seem to have duly appreciated the value of *Education*. In importance they placed it next to the Christian religion. With growth in grace, they associated growth in knowledge. Hence, near the "Meeting-house"* was erected the school-house, and while liberal provision was made for the preaching of the gospel, ample provision was likewise made for the instruction of the young. Not only were there primary schools, but as early as 1655, sixteen years after the settlement of the town, was there established in "the wilderness and solitary place," a Latin school. Records show that the inhabitants

* The model of the worship of the Christian Church was obtained from the Jewish Synagogue. The ancient Puritanical word "Meeting-house" is a nearly literal translation of the word Synagogue into Saxon English. And Primitive Congregationalists preferred the word "Meeting-House" to the word "Church," not, as is said, because of their excessive antipathy to Episcopacy, but because by King James' translators the word Church was used to denote the assembly of Christian people, whether general or particular.

spared no pains to discipline and furnish the minds of their children, by engaging teachers of scientific acquirements, and generously remunerating them for their labors. Yale College is as much indebted to Rev. Samuel Andrew of this town, as to any other person, excepting the individual after whom it was named—Elihu Yale, Esq., of New Haven. Mr. Andrew was one of the first projectors of the College,—was the most influential of the ten who obtained a charter for the same from the Legislature,—was one of the original trustees of the Institution,—continued to hold this trust thirty-eight years,—had for a number of years the tuition of the senior class who resided in the town, and was for a time the College Rector. If, as a community, we are now behind some portions of the state in our zeal for learning, if our views on this subject are not as enlarged, and our efforts as well directed and earnest as they ought to be, it is not because of the example of our fathers, but because we have another spirit from that which they manifested.

The first colonists of Milford, also, were not deficient as *friends of popular rights* and as *patriots*. The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell in England was succeeded by the restoration of monarchy, and Charles II. was placed upon the throne. Soon after he was seated there, several of the Judges by whose sentence the head of his father, Charles I, had been brought to the block, were condemned and executed. Three others, Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell, usually denominated the regicides, came to New England. On their arrival at Boston they were welcomed, and at

Cambridge, a neighboring town, they lived for several months unmolested and respected. It however becoming apparent, through intelligence from Parliament, that longer continuance there would be unsafe, they came to New Haven. Here they were sheltered in the house of Rev. Mr. Davenport; and when the agents of the king came to apprehend them, the people were moved to stand by them through the influence of a discourse publicly preached by Mr. Davenport from Isaiah 16: 3, 4. "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." A covert was found for them. It was a cave on the top of West Rock, and food was furnished them by a Mr. Robert Sperry who lived in the vicinity. From these rude quarters they subsequently repaired to another refuge called "The Lodge." As, however, the king's agents were on the hunt for them, and as the penalty of the law for harboring traitors was fearful, the question arose where next they could go, with the prospect of finding security. The views and feelings of the people of Milford were well understood. It was well known that they had no sympathy with the despotic policy of Charles I, or respect for his bigoted, tyrannical adviser Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; that they had a fellow feeling for those who, sufferers from the cruel edicts of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, had risen upon and subdued their oppressors; and that for the men who had the integrity and the

courage to affix their signatures to the death-warrant of a king found guilty of treason against his nation, they had a high regard,—would make for their concealment “a shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday,” and would not deliver them to their pursuers. Hence, on the 20th of August, 1661, Whalley and Goffe fled to Milford. And not in vain. They found friends here, and no informants against them, and continued here in the centre of the town for several years. The locality of their concealment is still pointed out as a spot of interest, though the building in which they were hidden, long since yielded to the ravages of time. It was thirty or forty rods from the place where we are now assembled, and the individual who owned the building and hid the Judges was Michael Tomkins. President Stiles says: “I have frequently been in this house of Tomkins. It was standing since 1750, and perhaps to 1770. It was a building, say twenty feet square, and two stories; the lower room built with stone wall and considered as a store; the room over it with timber and wood, and used by Tomkins’ family as a work or spinning room.” He adds: “The family used to spin in the room above, ignorant of the Judges being below. Judge Buckingham tells me this story: ‘While they sojourned at Milford, there came over from England a ludicrous cavalier ballad, satirizing Charles’ Judges, and Goffe and Whalley among the rest. A spinstress at Milford had learned to sing it, and used sometimes to sing it in the chamber over the Judges; and the Judges used to get Tomkins to set the girls to singing the song for their diversion, being

humored and pleased with it, though at their own expense, as they were the subjects of the ridicule. The girls knew nothing of the matter, being ignorant of the innocent device, and little thought that they were serenading angels.’”

Although girls, and boys, and gossips might not have been aware that the Judges were here, the fact was known to Gov. Treat and to Rev. Roger Newton, and to all to whom, well acquainted with their men, they chose to reveal the secret. In a grove back of the house the Judges would often walk when the shades of night prevailed, talk with their guardians of Dunbar and Cromwell, learn the drift of the latest dispatches from Parliament, and the latest intelligence from the profligate court of Charles II; and this silence with reference to them, and support and protection of them, are creditable to all concerned, evincing as it does their fidelity, and resolution, and warm attachment to the sacred principles of liberty.

In the great revolutionary struggle for Independence, this town furnished her “full quota of men and money.” Two companies were raised here, under the command of Captains Pond and Peck who were in several engagements, and whose officers were commended by Washington for their promptness, and intrepidity; tories were scarce, and were obliged to keep concealed, or meet the humiliating fate of McFingal,—a vote was passed Dec. 14, 1778, that “no person or persons, whatever, who have heretofore voluntarily gone over to join with, and screened themselves under the protection of the enemies of the United States

of America, or who shall hereafter go over, join with, or screen themselves under said enemy, shall be suffered or allowed to reside or dwell in this town, on any pretense whatever;" and when on the 1st of January, 1777, two hundred American soldiers in a needy, diseased, and perishing condition were cast here from a British cartel ship, they were hospitably received, their wants supplied, and, above forty-six of them, whom physicians and kind nursing could not save, but who died, and were laid in one common tomb, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," there now rises a monument reared in part by the liberality of the people of the town, bearing the names of the unfortunate soldiers, and honorable mention of their heroic sacrifices for freedom and their country.

The first *Mill* erected in New Haven colony was in this town; and what is remarkable, it is still the property of an individual of the same name with the original builder; and never since its erection has it been owned by a person of any other name.

Though a majority of the inhabitants of the town, since the settlement thereof, have been farmers, and though at present while we have factories of various kinds, there is here no foreign trade, or ship-building, there was a period when these industrial pursuits received a good share of attention. From a wharf near to the mill above mentioned, cattle were shipped to the West Indies;—an active commerce was carried on with them, and other distant points;—a sloop regularly plied between here and Boston; New Haven people depended upon Milford for some of

their groceries ; sloops, schooners, and even brigs of one hundred and fifty tons burden, (the exact tonnage of the *Mayflower*) were launched from our dock-yards ; and no small portion of commercial enterprise and wealth here flourished.

From Milford, moreover, have gone out many, who have contributed to the settlement of other towns. It is a prolific hive from whence swarm after swarm have departed. Besides Newtown, Greenwich, New Milford, and Durham of this State, who are largely indebted to us in this particular ; Williamstown, Mass., Newark,* and Woodbridge, New Jersey ; and Talmadge, Ohio, can trace their beginnings to our colonists, of whom they have no occasion to be ashamed, and are not ashamed, and who thus "laid the foundations of many generations"—the foundations of their strength and glory.

But it is time that I close this *Leaf of Milford History* ; particularly as I have read from it so much which before may have been known to some of you. A few *reflections* then, from a review of the same, and I have done.

The subject has carried us back to former generations. In remembering as we have, "the days of old," "the years of ancient times," we have remembered the departed. Once they were here, walked these streets, dwelt here, toiled here, had the interests of the church and the town in their charge, had their afflictions and their blessings, their joys, and their sorrows. They then

* Originally called Milford.

knew nothing about us,—for we were not in existence, and what we know of them, we learn from records less perishable than they were. The same azure that now bends over us, swelled over them. The same sun that lights us to day, gladdened them with its beams. The same moon that now rides in the sky, cast upon them her silver rays. The same stars that sparkle over our houses, sparkled over their log cabins. And the acres they subdued, some of the trees they planted, and the springs from which they slaked their thirst, still remain. Their days of Thanksgiving too, and their days of Fasting have descended to us. But they themselves have passed away. Their bodies sleep in yonder ancient grave yard, which is thick sown with the precious seed of the resurrection, and the moss has gathered on their head stones!

We remember those who though they have disappeared from human view, and “rest from their labors,” are yet resident elsewhere. Though they have gone from earth, and “the places which once knew them, know them no more,” they are not annihilated, nor in a state of dreamy unconsciousness, but are sentient and active in some part of the universe of God.

We remember those who while they lived here, were probationers for eternity, and now have assigned them a place and state, and possess a character, the exact resultant of their views, feelings, and conduct then. The character imprinted in time, is stereotyped in eternity. If they were righteous then, they are righteous now,—if then

they embraced and served Christ, they are now "with Him where He is, beholding His glory;" and if any unjustifiably and foolishly rejected Him, and otherwise abused their probation, they now suffer the consequences of such abuse.

One of the most memorable paintings by eminent artists is—that of "The Head of Medusa held up by Perseus." The head is represented as changing into stone every individual who beholds it. A warrior stands looking at it, and he with the javelin in his hand are petrified. An assassin is there with a dagger half hidden under his garment, and he too with his weapon are frozen into stone. Another and another person are portrayed as looking, and each one—just as he is when he catches sight of the head, is stiffened into stone.

There is a moral in this famous picture. That head stands for *Death*. As we are when we meet death, so as moral creatures shall we always be. Death, though it lodges the body in the grave and makes it the food of worms, works no essential change in the soul, any more than the opening of the door of a cage where a bird is confined, alters the nature or the color of the bird. The bird is the same bird while upon the wing as while a prisoner, and the soul is the same soul dismissed from its tabernacle, as when restrained in it. Death stamps upon us an unchangeable, ineffaceable impress. As it finds us, so will the judgment find us, and the ever-during cycles of eternity.

We remember those whose influence lives after them, and by whose sayings and doings we are now affected. The influence of brave and enterprising minds does not expire with the physical forms in which they acted. In some cases the agencies which they set in motion are more potent after these forms have crumbled into dust, than when they were animated with life. The spirit of Napoleon the Great still rules France. The Order of Loyola is yet vigorous from the energy which he infused into it. The persistent sympathy, and fervent eloquence of Wilberforce, still prompt to manly battling with individual and national wrong; and the name of many a controlling pioneer and leader is an incentive and spur to gallant actions. Indeed, "Thou canst not live for thyself alone," is written upon every human being. All persons have an influence, and this influence dies not with them. It moves on over the grave, and reaches posterity. A very different community should we have been from what we now are, if the first colonists, and their successors, had been addicted to idleness, vulgarity, and intemperance; or had not prized the Bible, scrupulously observed the Sabbath, been devout worshippers of God in His temple, maintained family prayer, and furthered the interests of education. Our churches, our schools, our civil and social condition, our respect for law and order, our opposition to infidelity, profaneness, sabbath breaking, and rowdyism, are the fruit of their sound principles and virtues; and shame to the individual who amidst the memorials of his worthy

sires, and blest with the results of their excellences, is not a friend to industry, sobriety, purity, liberty, and godliness.

Finally, we are reminded that ere the sun runs through many circles of the heavenly signs, we shall be numbered among the departed, and "though dead be yet speaking," and immortal be living elsewhere, and reaping the consequences of our present right, or wrong doing.

Let us remember this, and think, feel and deport ourselves accordingly. If that glow of patriotic ardor is in our breasts which should be there, and which impelled the poet to wish,

"That he for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least;"

we shall be constrained while we enjoy, to guard also the heritage of blessings which have come into our possession, and to transmit them in their fulness and richness to those who shall come after us. And if we cherish as we should, the conviction that our everlasting future takes its unalterable complexion from the brief present, we shall endeavor "so to pass through things temporal, that we may not fail of things eternal."

What we honor in our Fathers, *that* let us imitate; and those laudable courses of action which they pursued, and which have brought so much good to us, let us ourselves adopt, for the benefit of succeeding generations. Copying after the Old Puritans, we shall not make any very serious

mistakes in sentiment, or go far astray in conduct, and shall build up robust, magnanimous, heroic, Christian characters. May their faith be followed, their principles, and institutions be cherished, and their self-denying spirit and virtues be manifested by us, our descendants, and the sons of New England,

“Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.”



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