

MRS. SARAH THERESA WASON.

She is the daughter of Capt. John Lamson, born March 18, 1821. Mrs. Wason was educated at the district school, and at New Ipswich Academy. Feb. 22, 1843, she became the wife of Mr. Abram Wason, a worthy farmer residing near Joe English, on a farm once owned by Dea. Robert White. Mr. Wason was the son of James Wason, a brother of the late Dea. Robert Wason. The children of the late James Wason are: Thomas, who married Mary Emeline Cowdry, of Lunenburg, Mass., Jan. 5, 1836. His second wife was Mary Ann Lawton, of Shirley, Mass., who was married April 2, 1851. He married, for his third wife, Harriet Lawton, of Shirley, Mass., Feb. 22, 1855, and resides in Mount Vernon, N. H. Robert married Martha F. Murray, of Charlestown, Mass., April 8, 1841. He married, for his second wife, Harriet Hall, of Charlestown, Mass., in 1852. Alcinda married Perley Batchelder, of Mount Vernon, N. H., July 8, 1841, where they reside. David married Julia M. Leeland, of Somerville, Mass., Dec. 25, 1843, and resides in California. William married Frances Hazeltine, of Amherst, N. H., Sept. 30, 1847, and resides in Watertown, Mass. James Putnam married Eliza Baker, of Billerica, Mass., Oct. 1847, and resides in California. John died Dec. 25, 1845, aged 20 years. Horace died Nov. 13, 1847, aged 29. William died Oct. 12, 1855, aged 43.

Mrs. Wason's poetical taste has been inspired by the bold and delightful scenery amid which she has lived, by the broad acres her husband has tilled, and by the flowers cultivated with her own care. Her occasional productions have been received with much commendation. Modest and retiring, she has shrunk from public notoriety, and, with great reluctance, submitted the hymns found in the centennial proceedings and the ensuing poem, for publication: —

JOE ENGLISH MEMORIES.

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
Thine ancient, youthful day,
How creation's mighty Maker
Fashioned thine eternal clay?
Hast thou stood in silent grandeur
These thousand, thousand years?
Thy face uncovered, upward turned
To Him who rules the spheres?

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
If thou hadst another name
Before the red man christened thee,
When the early English came?
Didst thou guard their "smoky wigwams"
As thou hast the white man's home,
And love and cherish Uncas' tribe,
And tribes before them, gone?

Dost remember sixteen ninety,
How the council-fire burned bright,
When young Joe English's doom was said,
For his friendship to the white,
And a wily, red-faced warrior,
In skulking, Indian style,
Went to hunt the missing culprit
Round thy huge, old granite pile?

That amid the silent darkness
The doomed one lurked anear,
The hot blood mounting to his brow
Such black treachery to hear,

And with light, elastic footstep
 Overtook his crafty foe,
 And his deadly English musket
 Laid the dusky savage low ?

Rememberest thou when Tories
 "Burned the Pope" among the trees ?
 ('Twas the effigy of Washington
 That swung in the autumnal breeze,
 How they came again the next year,
 To repeat their much-loved fun,
 And party spirit grew so strong,
 That the Tories had to run ?

Those were days when dreaded witches
 Held an undisputed sway,
 And took the cattle from their stalls
 To the scaffold on the hay ;
 Used to hide within the cream-pot
 When the churning days came round,
 And the heated poker's burning mark
 On the witch was *always* found.

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
 How they searched thee, o'er and o'er,
 For the pot of hidden treasure,
 And the gold thou hadst in store ;
 And no richly hidden treasure,
 Neither gems of gorgeous hue,
 But thy solid granite boulders
 Ever met their longing view ?

That for miles around the country
 Mysterious lights were seen
 Flitting round thy sacred summit
 When the darkness reigned supreme ?
 That the goblins, ghosts, and witches,
 And the money-diggers' crew

Vanished when the light of morning
 Streaked the distant eastern blue ?

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
 The cottage, mossed and brown,
 Reared upon thy northern summit,
 On a green and grassy lawn,
 Where the eye could ever linger
 On New Hampshire's "Crystal Hills,"
 On her silvery lakes' deep settings,
 On her winding, rushing rills ?

Far up, within that mountain home
 A group of children fair
 First conned their life's great lesson from
 Their mother's earnest prayer,
 Sadly gazed their farewell parting
 By that humble cottage door,
 With their buoyant hearts *so trusting*
 In the untried world before.

That youthful boy of golden hair
 Wears honor's radiant crown,
 And fortune's smile is over him,
 And showers her blessings down.
 Bright, shining laurels, ever green,
 Are upon another's brow,
 As he sits in stately council
 With our mighty nation now.

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
 Among thy many joys,
 Those Western troops, a numerous throng
 Of right merry girls and boys,
 How they grew to manhood's portion
 In thy bracing mountain air,
 How their sterling self-reliance
 Sought other homes and cares ?

Dost know, that he of gifted mind
 Early passed away from earth
 To where the flowers immortal bloom,
 Where no ties are torn by death?
 Another loved one sweetly sleeps
 'Neath Mount Auburn's sacred dust,
 Who gave, with liberal hand and heart,
 God's blessings held in trust.

Life's fleeting years have sped away,
 And one among that band
 Is telling messages from God,
 In a far-off Western land;
 Another wields the golden wand
 So many fail to win, —
 'Mong Brookline's splendid palace homes
 His princely home is seen.

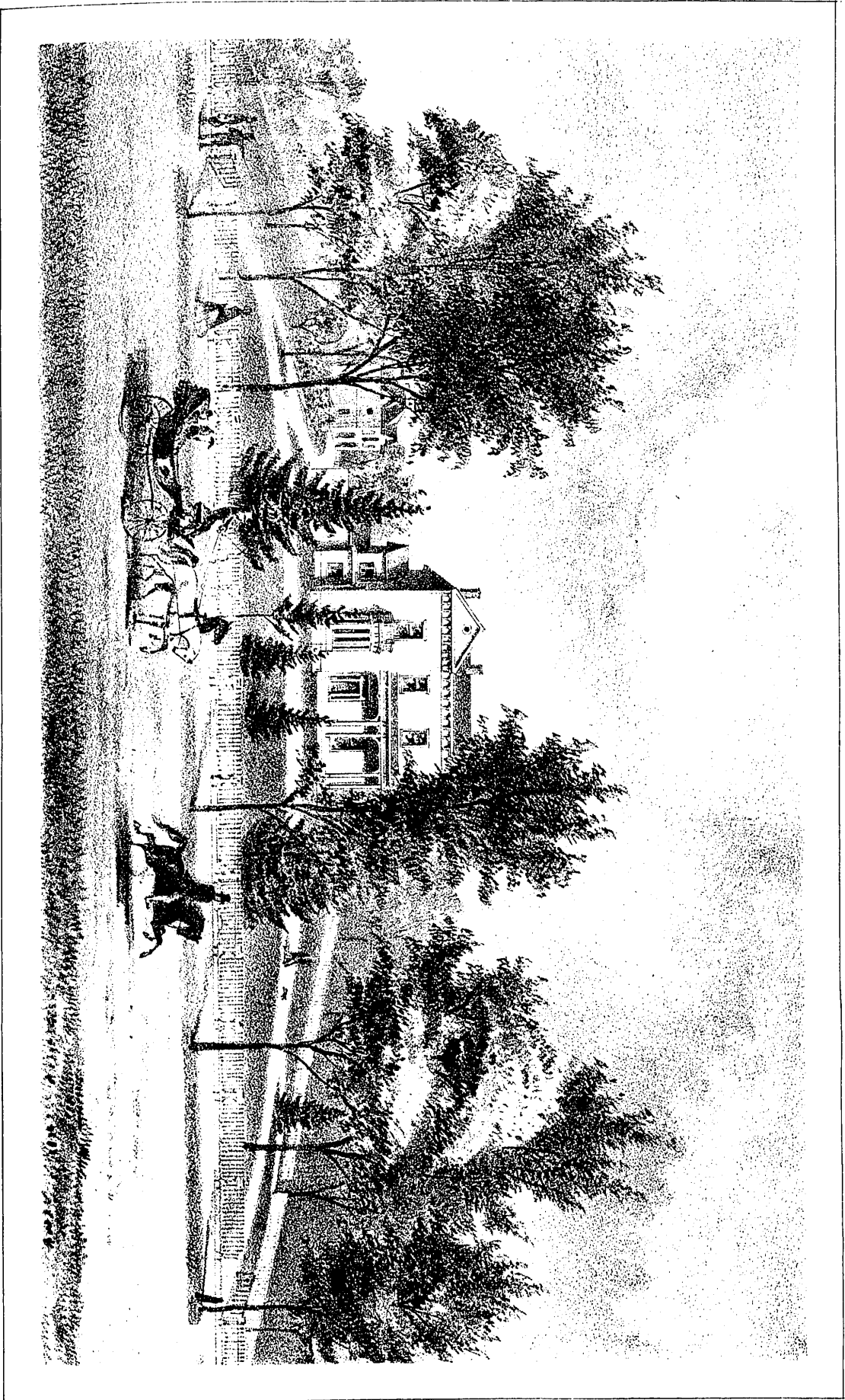
Within a sheltered, sunny nook
 Adown thy fertile vale,
 A once delightful, pleasant home
 Yet stands the threatening gale,
 Lived one who served his country well
 In Revolution times,
 Who crossed old ocean's foamy deep
 To many foreign climes.

Long time ago, in life's young morn,
 A proud, impulsive boy
 Went forth from out that early home,
 In a seaman's bold employ.
 The waves dashed o'er the noble ship
 In a tempest-storm, one day; —
 These sixty years his bones have slept
 In Chesapeake's sandy bay.

Remember'st thou, in by-gone days,
 Doctor Hugh McMillen's fame,

RESIDENCE OF ELBRIDGE WASON.

WALTON'S Litho. & Engr. Boston.



His wondrous skill in medicine,
 And the trials he o'ercame ?
 There're many legends told of him
 Where thy loved name is known ;
 His cool, shrewd, philosophic mind
 Stood undaunted and alone.

His father bore an elder's part
 In the church's earliest call,
 And filled an honored member's seat
 In the legislative hall ;
 His numerous sons and daughters,
 His descendants scatter wide,
 From northern shores and southern clime,
 To Pacific's peaceful tide.

Close nestled 'neath thy changeless face,
 Two homes stood side by side,
 Whose heads were elders in the church, —
 Whose sons are scattered wide,
 And "when mankind were wrapped in sleep,"
 At midnight's mystic hour,
 Devouring flames consumed those homes
 With reckless, fearful power.

Know'st thou that California's land
 Has mystic charms untold, —
 That many reared among thy homes
 Have sought those mines for gold ?
 That one gathered rich treasures up
 With earnest, careful hand,
 Then came to breathe life's last fond sigh
 Among his household band ?

There, grassy mounds are over some
 Who never came again ;
 And oh, the weary days and nights,
 When the fever burned their veins !

No loving mother near, to bathe
 The aching, throbbing brow,
 Or say sweet words of gentle trust,
 As the passing spirit bowed.

Dost thou know our first loved pastor
 Lived anear thy mountain throne, —
 That his children oft have gathered
 In the old ancestral home?
 Grandsons twain went forth in honor
 From old Dartmouth's classic hall,
 And another's heaping treasure
 Where the golden cascades fall.

Dost remember, dear Joe English,
 In seventeen seventy-nine,
 When good old Deacon White lived here?
 In vigorous manhood's prime, —
 Of the quaint, old-fashioned wedding,
 When his daughter 'came a bride, —
 Of the three days' jovial feasting
 Ere she left his home and side? —

That this dear old, ancient homestead,
 So rich in scenery grand,
 Has been the dwelling-place of scores
 In this our far-famed land? —
 That sorrow mingled with their joys
 In the days of long ago,
 When some dear, cherished form was laid
 In the grave so cold and low?

Know'st thou our loyal-hearted sons,
 Whose names we're proud to tell,
 Were cradled 'mid these granite hills,
 And drank at Freedom's well?
 They said "Good-by" to friends and thee,
 To their childhood's cherished home:

They've gone to plant our nation's flag
Where bold, rank treason roams.

Dost thou know, dear old Joe English,
'Tis our centennial day,
And eager, longing eyes have come
From homes far, far away,
To gaze once more upon thy face,
Once more review past scenes,
Once more recall youth's ardent hopes,
And childhood's sweetest dreams ?

Dost know, dear, changeless, silent friend,
That our lives are passing on ?
Soon for us the keenest joys we feel
Will be numbered o'er and gone ;
Soon the loving hearts that cherish thee
With tenderest memories green,
Will faint and falter in life's work,
And the grave will come between.



J. E. Fox's Lith.

H. W. W. W.

THE PAST AND PRESENT—THE CONTRAST.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

The hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of New Boston furnishes an occasion for mingling our sympathies, and for indulging in pleasant and grateful recollections. The early history of our native town is full of interest to all her sons and daughters. Here our fathers endured hardships and privations, and their descendants are now enjoying the fruits of their labors. We now stand upon the horizon that divides two centuries. In looking over the past we find the changes have been great; the physical changes are the most obvious. On every side cultivated farms and buildings, for the comfort of man and beast, now greet the eye. The first settlers saw nothing but one dense forest, with no trace of the white man save here and there the marks of the surveyor's axe. The first thing to be done was the construction of a rude cabin on some sunny hillside, or sheltered valley;—not always the most comfortable for winter or convenient in summer. The modern housekeeper would have her ingenuity taxed to apply the same room to the purposes of parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, chamber, and cellar. The furniture of such a dwelling must correspond both in quantity and quality, and yet, in that cabin, the stranger and the visitor were always made welcome. Besides the purposes of living, the early dwellings were factories also, for in most of them was found a place for the card, spinning-wheel, and loom. They manufactured most of their table-linen, bedding, and wearing apparel,—not only the clothing for every-day wear, but the clean attire for Sundays and festive occasions.

In contrast with the cabin of the pioneer, there now stands the neatly-painted cottage or mansion, arranged for comfort and convenience, and furnished with all the improvements and

luxuries of steam and telegraph days. For many of the everyday conveniences which we enjoy, our ancestors had no word in their vocabulary.

Substantially built and well-filled barns, furnishing food and comfort for large stocks, stand in striking contrast with the rude hovel, built of poles, and covered with hemlock or pine boughs, to furnish protection to the only cow, the main dependence for family food. If the family were able to own, and had the means of keeping them, a yoke of oxen were added to the stock; these performed the double labor of service on the little farm and journeys upon the road. They had but little use for the horse, and none for the carriage. Their visiting, marketing, and journeys were performed with an ox-team. Even after horses were in common use, carriages, except the one-horse square-top chaise, were almost unknown. All rode on horseback, and the horses always carried double; often a child in the mother's lap, and another on the pommel of the saddle before the father.

They had not the semblance of roads, but followed paths or trails over the most convenient ground, guided by marked trees. Frequently there were not even pole bridges over the streams, and when they were swollen, and there was no ferry, they must wait till the waters subsided so that they could ford the stream. This often caused a delay of many days on short journeys, and there was no help for it. Store-bills then were not large. A yearly journey to Londonderry, Newburyport, or Salem, to sell the overplus of farm products, and to purchase necessaries for the year to come, sufficed for shopping.

Mills were then scarce, and often far distant; and when it was impossible or difficult getting to them, the corn, rye, and barley were prepared in various ways at home for family food. Their fare was simple, wholesome, and nutritious. The "Indian Johnny-cake" baked on wooden trenchers by the fire, the bean, or corn-porridge, and barley-broth (eaten in the wooden bowl or pewter basin or porringer, with a pewter spoon) never gave our grandparents the dyspepsia. We dare not say that the first settlers were not happier, and even more useful in laying the foundations for generations yet to come, than we, their descendants, who inherited the fruits of their labors. They were then honest men, and sincere worshippers of God.

They were in the habit of attending meeting in heat and cold, in storm and sunshine, roads or no roads. There was no danger of breathing confined air in any of their places of worship, on a windy day, nor were any made sick or faint, after a cold ride, by going into a church well warmed by stove or furnace, and no one became drowsy or listless from sitting on well-cushioned or inclined-backed seats.

The only compensation in those days, for our present comfortable places of worship, was the family foot-stove, which was considered the property of the mother. The little ones who sat nearest to her would have the advantage of putting their toes and fingers near it, while the larger ones, as they sat on all sides of the old square pews, would extend their feet toward the radiating heat, or rap their boots together, waiting impatiently to have the minister say, "Finally." The older men would bear cold patiently, showing what they could endure for religion's sake, while the young men bore it bravely, lest their reputation for hardihood might suffer in the eyes of the gentler sex. The minister, boxed up in the old-fashioned pulpit elevated far above the congregation, as if it were colder in that airy height, often preached having on a surtout buttoned up close, and a heavy cloak over the shoulders, with thick gloves or mittens on the hands; not very conveniently dressed for oratorical effect. Between the two services the boys and those who could not well endure the cold, would scatter to the post-office and tavern, where it was known that good fires were kept, and while the men would stand round the bar to get that which was then believed to be invaluable to keep out the cold of winter and the heat of summer, the boys would monopolize the heat of the large fireplace filled with wood. The more gallant and self-denying portion of the men would take the family foot-stove, and replenish it with good live coals for the afternoon service and homeward ride. Those times have long since passed away, and now most places of worship are as comfortable as a private sitting-room, summer or winter.

The first two generations passed away before the sound of any bell floated down the valleys and over the hills, to call the people together for worship, to tell the most suitable hour for

breakfast or dinner during the week, and what would be the proper time for steady folks to retire to rest.

The bell is even made to speak a language when it rings and tolls out of season. It announces the fact to all the inhabitants of the town, that a *man*, *woman*, or *child* has passed away; and then the solemn toll, beating the slow, measured step to the grave, reminds the living of their destiny.

Great changes have taken place within the memory of many now living, in regard to some of the customs, — changes which are real improvements in civilized life. The time has been when no wedding would take place without the free use of wine, and generally that which was much stronger. It is said that a barrel of rum was often provided for the occasion, and then a drunken frolic would last for several days. Now, it is rare that even wine is provided publicly for the occasion.

The change is equally great in regard to the general use of intoxicating drinks. If there are as many drunkards now as formerly, and as much liquor consumed (as is claimed by some), the number that use it is certainly less. It is within the memory of many of us, that not a single farmer in town thought of harvesting his hay or grain without rum; when not a single building was raised, or any special gathering made, without rum; and when it was not known that any man or boy refused to drink from principle. Good men drank, believing that it was right and beneficial. It was offered to the minister when making his parochial calls, and not generally refused; to the family physician when he came to see the sick, and to friends when they came to make an afternoon or evening visit. All merchants kept it on one end of the counter to sell by the glass or to give their customers. Even at the solemn rites of the burial-service it was not forgotten or omitted. After the religious services at the house, and before going to the grave, the glass was first passed to the minister, then to the near friends and more distant relatives. Those who were to act as bearers were next served, and then it was freely offered to all the neighbors and citizens who had gathered for the occasion. Those living at the close of the century can well judge of the change that has taken place.

In education there has been an advance. At first, the schools

were limited from necessity, — limited in number, length, and excellence. They had not the means to hire teachers of suitable education, nor were such persons easily obtained. The log school-house or a small room in some private house, early gave place to the red frame school-houses, and the red ones are rapidly yielding to the neatly-painted white ones. There is ample room for the next century to improve on the past. The school-house should have a pleasant and healthy location, with ample grounds for recreation, well-fenced and ornamented with trees. The interior should be arranged for health and convenience. In other words, let the house where the child receives the first elements of an education be an attractive place, and it will exert a lasting influence on both mind and heart. One of the main impulses to education, and that which has done more than any other one thing to elevate the standard of education, was the inaugurating, in New Boston, a select school in the autumn of 1832. This brought together the best scholars from the various school districts in town. It was, in reality, a sort of graded school system, for the school was made up almost entirely of town scholars. This school was kept up for many years. It was the means of fitting numbers for teaching, and for years New Boston furnished more school-teachers than any of the neighboring towns. It also stimulated others to acquire a liberal education ; for previous to this, only a few had graduated. Other changes might be mentioned, did time and space allow. In early times, when families were few and land abundant, the children settled mostly in the vicinity, and pursued the avocation of their fathers ; but in these days of steam communication, and the multiplying of trades, the children emigrate. Now they are found engaged in almost every branch of business and every profession, and scattered over a wide extent of territory.

But there have been painful changes, that I have not mentioned. Every house has its story of joy and sorrow. Death has been here ; and nowhere can the history of change and sorrow be so plainly read as in the graveyard. There sleep the fathers, — forever sacred be their graves ! There, too, lie our kindred and neighbors and friends. Through these changes we, too, must pass. The blessings we inherit we only hold in

trust, to transmit, after we have *improved* them, to our descendants. It is the duty of the present generation to honor the memory of the past, emulate their virtues, and cherish all that is really good, so that the coming century may stand in happy contrast with the present in all that is pure and ennobling.

S A B B A T H S C H O O L S .

“ At a meeting of a number of heads of families, and others, patrons of the Sabbath school in New Boston, holden at Mrs. Moses Whitney’s hall, in said town, on Friday, the first day of October, 1819,

“ Motion being made to choose a chairman, the Rev. E. P. Bradford was chosen, and took the chair accordingly.

“ Motion was then made to choose a clerk, and Joseph Cochran, Jr., was chosen to officiate in that office.

“ Proceeded to open a contribution for the purpose of purchasing books for premiums, to reward the youth and children composing the Sabbath school, for their industry in committing and reciting portions of the sacred Scriptures.”

From the foregoing, taken from a document which came into our hands, it appears that a Sabbath school was organized in the Presbyterian congregation as early as 1819. Its organization was very simple: classes were formed, and teachers appointed, and the work to be done was to commit and recite passages of Scripture. It was a school for children only; yet, it would seem, from the large and enthusiastic meeting referred to above, and from the character of the men that composed it, and the amount subscribed, that there was no want of interest in the enterprise on the part of parents. The enthusiasm of the pupils was great, as appears from the number of verses of Scripture committed and recited. The whole number of classes was eight, four male and four female. The whole number of teachers, eight; assistant teachers, eight; and the whole number of pupils was 43 males, and 75 females. The boys recited 9,786 verses, and the girls 29,994.

Class No. 1 consisted of 10 boys, from 14 to 16 years of age:— Jeremiah Cochran, Rodney Cochran, John Kelso, Jr., Hiram Lynch, John Fairfield, Jr., Hiram McIntosh, Lincoln H. Flint,

Jesse Colby, Joseph B. Cochran, and John Howe. Their teacher was Moses Whitney, and the highest number of verses recited was 559, by Jeremiah Cochran. The whole number of verses recited by the class was 1,596.

Class No. 2 consisted of 10 boys, from 11 to 13:— Peter Crombie, James B. Gregg, Jonathan Cochran, Sumner Cristy, Alfred Cochran, Nathaniel Patterson, Silas Cochran, Daniel Lynch, Haskell McCollom. Their teacher was William Jones; and the highest number of verses recited was 1,116, by James B. Gregg; the next highest, was by Jonathan Cochran, 628. The whole number of verses recited by the class was 3,866.

Class No. 3 consisted of 9 boys, from 9 to 12:— Samuel C. Whiting, Elbridge Wason, Isaac Giddings, Jr., Absalom Dodge, Sylvester Dodge, Gilman McCurdy, William W. Peabody, Lyman Marden. Their teacher was Deacon R. Wason; and the highest number of verses recited was 511, by Calvin Whiting; the next highest, 505, by Samuel C. Cochran. The whole number of verses recited by the class was 1,492.

Class No. 5 consisted of 14 boys, from 5 to 8:— John B. Wallace, William Wallace, John Crombie, John C. Henry, William Bradford, George W. Clark, Jacob Dodge, Ephraim Cristy, William P. Cochran, William C. Campbell, James Marden, Thomas H. Cochran, Albert Dodge, R. C. Cochran. Their teacher was Robert B. Cochran; and the highest number of verses recited was by William Bradford, 456; the next highest, 264, by Thomas H. Cochran. The whole number recited by the class was 2,832.

Class No. 5 consisted of 18 girls, from 13 to 16:— Marinda Cochran, Susannah Leach, Syrena McMillen, Louisa Beard, Nancy McCurdy, Margaret R. Cochran, Letitia Cristy, Eliza Beard, Jane Livingston, Anna Marden, Eliza Diekey, Harriet Crombie, Hannah Peabody, Eleanor Giddings, Louisa Butler, Hepsibah Flint, Jane Gregg, Jane Wilson. Their teacher was Mary B. Cochran, assisted by Miss Burns; and the highest number of verses recited was 1,206, by Letitia Cristy; the next highest was 873, by Hannah Peabody. The whole number recited by the class was 9,112.

Class No. 6 consisted of 17 girls, from 11 to 12:— Adeline

McMillen, Caroline McMillen, Charlotte Fairfield, Lucretia Livingston, Cordelia Clark, Asenath Dodge, Sally Smith, Mehitable Giddings, Relief Dodge, Sophronia Cochran, Rebecca Clark, Frances Smith, Margaret Ann Cochran, Lavinia Wilson, Sabrina Wilson, Abigail H. Flint, Rebecca Pinkerton. Their teacher was Miss Sally Lamson, assisted by Betsey Wilson and Lydia Cochran. The highest number of verses recited was 1035, by Sophronia Cochran; the next highest was 896, by Lucretia Livingston. The whole number of verses recited by the class was 8,953.

Class No. 7 consisted of 16 girls, from 5 to 10 : — Mary Cristy, Eloisa Dodge, Augusta Kelso, Nancy Eliot, Anna Hooper, Hannah Hooper, Rachel Smith, Annis Cochran, Ann Clark, Frances Moor, Elizabeth Peabody, Mercy Cochran, Jane Wilson, Mary E. Cochran, Clarissa W. Collom, Mary Emily Cochran. Their teacher was Miss Frances Cochran, assisted by Sally Gregg and Harriet Cochran. The highest number of verses recited was 864, by Annis Cochran; and the next, 801, by Augusta Kelso. The whole number recited by the class was 7,198.

Class No. 8 consisted of 24 girls, from 4 to 8 : — Nancy Richards, Sarah Hooper, Anstis Bradford, Nancy Cristy, Emily Whiting, Lucy Adams, Lydia Adams, Ellis Hooper, Phebe Patterson, Mary Jane Wilson, Ruhamah Cochran, Elizabeth Ann Peabody, Abigail Fairfield, Mehitable G. Marden, Clarissa W. McIntosh, Almena Dane, Dolly George, Clarinda Smith, Betsey Dane, Margaret Cochran, Elizabeth Dodge, Mary Patterson, Mary Whiting. Their teacher was Roxanna Whiting, assisted by Jane Cochran and Lydia Cochran. The highest number of verses recited was 511, by Sarah Hooper; and the next highest was 449, by Anstis Bradford. The whole number recited by the class was 4,731.

The whole number of verses recited by the school was 39,780.

This school continued seventeen weeks; and the premiums were trifles, — cheap books or tracts, no one exceeding in value twenty-two cents, few exceeding ten cents. These were given as rewards not anticipated, for the meeting referred to was held near the close of the school, and Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford was authorized to obtain the books, and deliver them to

the teachers, to be given to the pupils. And, true to their generous character, before the meeting closed they voted, unanimously, "That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the instructors and instructresses for the ability, fidelity, and impartiality they have manifested in the discharge of their duties, in instructing the youth and children composing the Sabbath school in this town, the present season."

This mode of sustaining the Sabbath school continued for some years, with slight modifications. At length, catechisms and question-books were gradually introduced, and for years past the school has extended through the entire year, receiving a large infusion of the adult portion of the congregation. Though the congregation has diminished, the Sabbath school has increased in numbers; to-day, June 20, it numbers 207 pupils, with 22 teachers, and as many classes, while an increased interest is felt to have more of the Bible committed to memory than during the few past years.

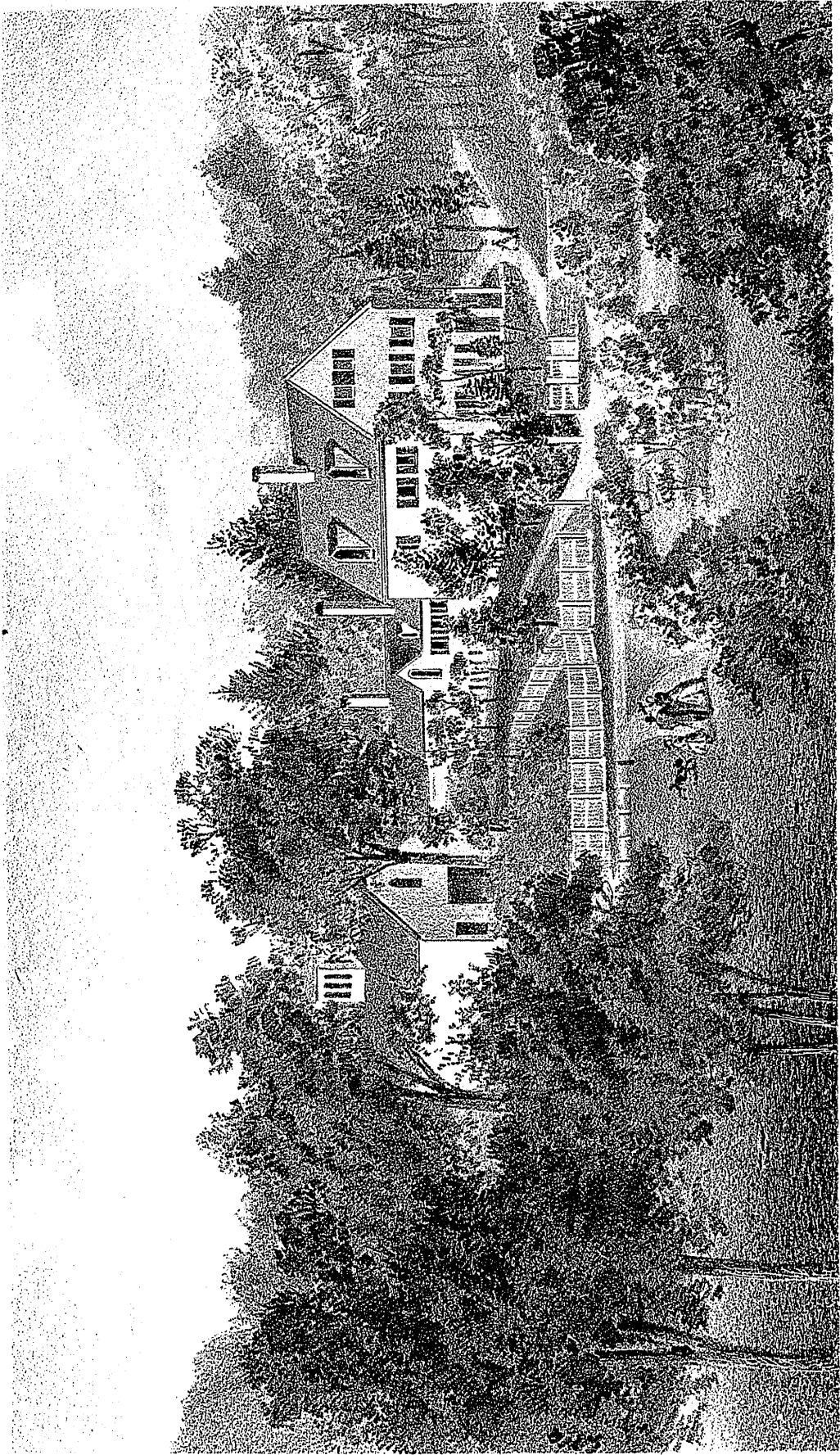
Knowing the men and women who have been trained in this Sabbath school, who yet remain on the old homesteads or have gone to other localities, it is not easy to close our eyes to the fact that this institution has proved an incalculable benefit to at least two generations, and promises benefits equally great to yet other generations. The smiling faces and sparkling eyes affirm the pleasure which children feel in attending. It is here that the intellect is quickened, as well as the heart improved. It is here that self-respect is inspired, and noble resolutions are made, which give direction to conduct and form the character for subsequent life. It is here that jewels of the church as well as of the household are burnished, and from those here disciplined will come forth the brightest ornaments of the church and the greatest blessings of the State.

Although the introduction of the Sabbath school into the Baptist congregation transpired at a later date than into the Presbyterian, still it has been no less a blessing to that portion of the community.

During the past two years, through the efforts of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, three schools have been organized and sustained by the citizens in as many different parts of the

town remote from the meeting-houses. Much interest has existed in these, and no little good has been done. That in the west part of the town, under the superintendence of Dea. Marshall Adams, has had nearly a hundred scholars, including children and adults. The interest in this school has been greatly heightened, and its benefits multiplied, by a good library of one hundred volumes the first year, and the addition of seventy-five the second;—the generous gift of Mr. Marshall C. Adams, of Jaffrey, the worthy son of the superintendent, who has not forgotten the home of his childhood, nor lost his interest in an institution that blessed his youth. This thoughtfulness of Mr. Adams deserves special commendation, as being the first and only gift, of any note, received from her many and prospered absent children, by the town. It strikes us as a little remarkable that, of the two generations of men whom New Boston has sent forth, most of them nurtured in her churches and trained in her Sabbath schools, not one of them—good men and highly prospered abroad—has ever made a thank-offering to the Sabbath school in which he was taught, the church in which he was nurtured, or the town in which he was reared, except Mr. Marshall Adams, the first-born of a family of thirteen children, all of whom are now living, and having hope towards God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Has it been the result of thoughtlessness, or have other places made imperious demands upon all their charities? Or have they ceased to feel a lively interest in the place of their young life's activities and advantages? Or do they still think of the town with its population of 1820, and the large crowded assembly on the hill of mighty men and noble women, with ample means of obtaining all they need, forgetting that the population of the town has been sadly changed and reduced by the exodus of her sons and daughters,—that the churches where they worshipped are no longer thronged as in days of yore? Are they ignorant that, while the virtuous and God-fearing are diminished by their going forth, the ungodly, who glory in their shame, reject all religious instruction, and, gyrating in the slime of moral corruption, are not diminished? No debt is more obvious than that which absent children owe

to the place of their birth; to remember it affectionately, and sympathize with its struggles to hold fast the things that remain. And every absent son is honored or dishonored as the reputation of the old homestead is sustained or lowered. Nor should it be forgotten that any efforts to uphold or enhance the honor of the place of one's nativity reflects most glory on him who makes the endeavor.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF GERRY W. COCHRANE.
Malden, Mass.

HON. GERRY WHITING COCHRANE.

Mr. Cochrane was born near Joe English, March 22, 1808, being the son of Mr. John Cochrane. His early youth was spent on the farm and in the district school, afterwards at Pinkerton Academy in Derry, and Bradford Academy, Massachusetts, and in teaching. In 1829 he entered the store of Jacob Howe, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., and after a service of four or five years entered upon business for himself in that place, subsequently removing to Boston, where he now resides and where he is prosecuting a large and lucrative business. For many years he has been director in several insurance companies, and in one of the largest banks in Boston. He was eight years a member of the State Committee; was chosen Presidential elector in 1860; and in 1862 and 1863 was elected executive councillor for the Essex Second District.

Mr. Cochrane married Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Rev. William Batchelder, and has three sons, — William B., Henry F., and Frederick, — all of whom have been liberally educated.

Mr. Cochrane's father was a native of Windham, and has been dead many years; his venerated mother, an estimable Christian lady, is now living in Chester, aged ninety, enjoying remarkable vigor of body and mind, waiting cheerfully her appointed time.

Mr. Cochrane has two brothers, — Hon. Robert Boyd, of this town, and Hon. Clark B., of Albany; and five sisters, — Mary B., who married Mr. Moses Hall, of Chester, whose children are Luther W., William Atwood, Mercy H., Abigail S., Nason, Clark B., Adeline, and Elizabeth; Mary J., who married William Hazelton, of Chester, whose children are William, Harriet T., Gerry W. (a lawyer in Columbus, Wisconsin), George C. (a lawyer in Wisconsin), John Franklin (a lawyer, now

Brigade Quartermaster in the Army of the Potomac), Sophia P., living in New Boston, Marinda living in Chester, an invalid, and Abba S., who married Mr. Jonathan Pressey, and lives in Chester.

Mr. Cochrane is a man of large charities, with a heart for every good enterprise ; alive to the interests of education, the country, and of religion.



J.H. Bufford's Lith.

Geny, W. Cochran
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RESPONSE OF HON. GERRY W. COCHRANE.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW BOSTON. — “First pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.”

MR. PRESIDENT, —

There is no truth more apparent in the history of our race than this, that everywhere and always men are laboring for the future; struggling forward to a good more or less remote, on which hangs some glittering prize, whose attainment is to fill the measure of their happiness. Whether this be one of man's mistakes or not, it is surely one of his most universal characteristics, that he is about to live. He has ever some unfulfilled desire, some unaccomplished plan, some deficiency to be supplied in his means of enjoyment, before he can dismiss his corroding care, quiet the burning fever of desire, and relax his soul into the sweet and placid consciousness of happiness. We may infer, therefore, that the tendency to live for the future, to regulate our present course of life with a primary reference to our future well-being, however abused, is eminently consonant with the nature of man; it harmonizes with those high powers of reason and reflection, which exalt him immeasurably above the brutes, and enable him, though physically confined within a narrow sphere of activity, to live in spirit throughout the entire circle of creation and the entire duration of time. In so living, man displays the high endowments, the mighty capacities, of his nature.

Society, government, institutions of learning and religion, are matters of formation and growth. They are the result of earnest thought, practical wisdom, and experience. God desires that man shall be happy; but under the arrangements of a wise Providence he must *labor* for it. For the production of a result so devoutly to be wished, he must coöperate with the

laws of nature and of grace. *Progress* has been, is, and *must* be, the law of our race, until earth shall be redeemed from the thralldom of sin, and converted into another paradise. If one nation has lost the line of advancement, another has seized it, and so the world has gone forward.

It must be remembered, however, that no nation is truly progressing where the Bible is not recognized as containing the great *fundamental* principles upon which all our hopes must rest, both for success in this world, and a glorious immortality beyond. Hence the importance given by our fathers to the influence of the Gospel, the pure teachings of God's blessed word ; hence the necessity that *every* people should magnify the truth, and seek *earnestly* to know him who is "The way, the truth, and the life."

Perhaps no race of men ever recognized this more than did our Puritan fathers, who, turning their backs upon the graves of their ancestors, left home and country, coming to this western world for "freedom to worship God." As we look over the history of the past three centuries, and read of the intolerance of those times, we are filled with wonder and admiration in contemplation of those noble characteristics, displayed by the long succession of Christian heroes who went to prison and death to maintain their faith. From their retreats we hear the prayer and the psalm swelling and rising from the hearts of indomitable Covenanters, driven from their homes, and suffering the loss of all things, for truth and conscience's sake. Well may we, the sons and daughters of the earlier settlers of this our native town, thank God and take courage, even in these dark and troublous times, that we have descended from an ancestry whose inflexible purpose ever was to do right and oppose the wrong ; whose sincere, patriotic, Christian devotion to the principles of eternal truth, set forth in our declaration and bill of rights, is worthy of the profound gratitude of our hearts.

Most of the early settlers of New Boston were of Scotch origin, hence their firm purpose and decision in all matters of conscience ; their iron will in surmounting every obstacle to the fulfilment of their purposes and plans, whether of a temporal or spiritual nature, never forgetting the Divine injunction, "In-

asmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me." While we have been searching for facts, and studying the religious character of those men and women who, one hundred years ago, exercised a controlling influence in this town, imparting a high moral tone to the sentiments of this community, our heart has been cheered with the fact so fully established of their fidelity to Christian principles. We see them laboring to establish and perpetuate in the mind and hearts of their descendants that reverence for God and his sanctuary; that strict observance of the holy Sabbath, with all its hallowed associations and delightful duties which they themselves so fondly cherished.

No words of ours can convey to the mind the true spirit of dependence upon Divine guidance, the firm personal adherence to truth, that vigorous faith in the power of the gospel which pervaded the hearts of our fathers, so well as those embraced in their call to the Rev. Solomon Moor, to become their pastor, in the year 1767. This paper was signed by *forty-four* men, whose names have been so intimately associated together, and closely indented with the early history and prosperity of New Boston, that they will be heard with thrilling interest as they are now enunciated. The following are the exact words of that call, as found among our early records, bearing the signatures of some we have seen, with whitened locks and venerable forms, gathering around the communion table to celebrate the sufferings and death of a crucified Redeemer. Sentiments like these deserve to be *engraved* in letters of living light upon the *door-post* of every family in the town: —

NEW BOSTON, August 25, 1767.

We the inhabitants of the Town of New Boston as sensible of the repeated instances of the goodness of our Kind benefactor, particularly in smiling upon our new Settlement, so that, from a very small, in a few Years we are increased to a considerable number and the wilderness by God's Kind influences is, in many places amongst us become a fruitful field affording us a comfortable maintainance. We acknowledge that we are not proprietors of our estates in the sight of God, but stewards, and therefore they are to be improved for his honor, the spreading and establishment of his interest, and being destitute of a fixed Pastor, and having longing and earnest inclination to have one, established amongst us, that we may have the Gospel mysteries unfolded, Ordinances administered amongst us, the appointed means of God's House below,

that we and our seed may be disciplined, and trained up for his House of glory above, as a Kind providence of God has opened such a door by, Sir, your coming amongst us, we are cheerfully led to embrace the happy opportunity, being well assured Rev. Sir, by unexceptional credentials as to your ministerial abilities to Preach the Gospel; and likewise as to your exemplary life which gives force to what is preached, as also the suitableness and agreeableness of what you Preach to our capacities. We therefore, earnestly imploring direction from the being that alone can effectually direct us in such a weighty and soul concerning matter, we with hearts full of well gratified affection, do in the most hearty manner, invite, call, and entreat you, the Rev. Solomon Moor to undertake the office of a pastor amongst us, and the charge of our souls forced upon your accepting this our call, as we hope the Lord will incline and move you so to do, we in a most solemn manner, promise you all dutiful respect, encouragement, and obedience in the Lord's order. As the laborer is worthy of his hire, and he that serves at the altar, should live by it, and as we have nothing but what we have received, we are willing to improve part of our portion in this life, that we may be made partakers of everlasting portion in the life to come, by the blessing of God under your ministry, and for your encouragement and temporary reward, we promise you yearly forty pounds sterling per annum for the first five years after your instalment, and after that the addition of five pounds sterling more per annum." *

The deep religious feeling that controlled the action of these men is apparent in almost every sentence of the foregoing paper. We can have no surer test of the devoutly pious character of the early settlers of New Boston than is here given us.

How significant the words, "We are not the proprietors of our estates in the sight of God, but stewards; therefore they are to be improved for his honor"! Here is a free and frank confession of entire dependence upon God, coupled with a strong desire to do his will,—a practical illustration of the parable of the talents, with the command given, "Occupy till I come,"—a full recognition of the doctrine taught by Christ and his apostles. These were the men that desired, as they here express it, not only to have their own minds and hearts disciplined, and trained for heaven, but that their children and children's children should be educated for higher and nobler duties, and become heirs of immortal glory. Some of their descendants are here to-day, witnesses for God, saved as by fire,

* See names on page 110.

in answer to their prayers, and their faithful instruction in the blessed Word of life.

Who can estimate the undying nature and the priceless value of a religion founded upon the eternal principles of truth, set forth in this "call"! Three generations have passed away since that document was signed and put upon record.

Changes, many and terrible, have come over us, and our dear native land; but our fathers' God is our God to-day, and wherever men lean upon him, and not upon their own understanding, they become an element for good, which no earthly power can overthrow. No, never! Such a community, covenanted in one bond of union to do his will, are sure to possess that practical wisdom and true conception of duty, which a devoted heart and a vigorous faith cannot fail to inspire. Their lives will everywhere and always be a never-failing attestation to the blessedness of the religion of Jesus Christ. Let us follow those men after they had settled the question of duty, in reference to devoting a part of what God had given them, to the support of the gospel ministry. Mark their language in stating their feelings and purposes to one whom they expected soon to become their religious instructor and spiritual guide:—"We, therefore, earnestly imploring direction from the Being who alone can effectually direct us in such a weighty and soul-concerning matter." How comprehensive the prayer! how full of meaning is every word!—the very embodiment of all spiritual life,—the sure evidence of a true gospel hope,—a petition that could never come from any other than a humble Christian heart, uttering its sincere desire from a sense of its wants and obligations to Him whose mighty arm upholds the world. The fruits of this connection between minister and people prove to us, who know them, that this short prayer, so accordant with the teachings of the gospel, secured the Saviour's blessing.

The charge of illiberality is often made against those men who first came into this vast wilderness to secure for themselves and their children a permanent Christian home. They are often quoted as the very personification of sectarianism in its most hateful form; enforcing a church and family government particularly severe; tending to create and foster in the minds

and hearts of their descendants a strong aversion to everything systematized and made permanent in the pastoral relation and in the administration of the gospel ordinances, so beautifully referred to and set forth in the "call."

We take peculiar pleasure, in the privilege afforded us at this time, to give our testimony on this point, and to repel these charges, which we sincerely believe to be false. If a sect or community of persons, for being tenacious of their opinions of right and wrong,—for being strict in their observance of the Christian Sabbath, and for enforcing wholesome rules in the church and family,—are to be stigmatized as bigots, then we will admit that they were guilty of the charge, and pray that God will make every son and daughter of Adam "not almost," but altogether, such as they were. For if any people ever suffered for want of just such men to stand by the minister, and give character and efficiency to the church of Christ, *we who live* in the middle of the nineteenth century are that people.

Look over any region, and you find it dotted with men (or rather the physical forms of men) marked and ticketed as not belonging to themselves, but to others from whom they derive their opinions, both in politics and religion. Such persons are never to be trusted. They have no decision, nor firmness of purpose in standing by the right and opposing the wrong; no seizing an object with a grasp of mind not easily relaxed. A proper decision, such as our fathers possessed, is not a prejudiced wilfulness, that dares act without investigation; but, when convinced of the right, they stood immovable as the mountain base. The grand characteristics of the early settlers of this town were integrity and moral courage, which gave them executive force, and raised them above all defeat, and gave them an overwhelming advantage over the faint-hearted and fickle. In a world like ours, such characteristics are indispensable to success in right. The unstable man is as the waves of the sea, tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. Without fixedness of purpose, a firm and consistent course of reasoning, he will be likely to sacrifice his conscience at the shrine of a short-sighted and time-serving policy. By this class of men everything is resolved into natural law and human agency. The power of God is not recognized, and he is virtually shut out of

his own creation. But to our *Christian* fathers, the element of influence and power was their constant recognition of ALMIGHTY God, to them a sure pledge of success.

Let us look, for a moment, at the every-day lives of those men who cleared these forests, erected many of the dwellings that now stand as landmarks, to remind us of the simplicity and rigid economy of those fathers and mothers, who constituted the first Christian church in New Boston, and solemnly covenanted with each other, before God, to sustain a gospel ministry; who toiled incessantly, six days in the week, and walked from one to four miles on the Sabbath, taking their children with them, to attend on the public worship of the sanctuary, sitting during a two hours' service, without fire on a cold winter's day.

Does this not prove their firm and devoted love for the teachings of God's Word, and the ordinances of his house? We have a strong and full affirmative answer, not only in their lives, but in their own language, as we quote their exact words on this point:—That we might have the gospel mysteries unfolded,—the appointed means of God's house below, that we and our seed may be disciplined and trained up for his house of glory above." The excellency, dignity, and power of such language are seldom equalled. These were the men who instituted and sustained a systematic family government, a Christian family discipline, teaching their children to reverence God, and hallow his sanctuary, and to keep his statutes, calling them morning and evening, day by day, around the family altar, from which ascended the humble petition and the heart-felt thanksgiving. Well do we remember more than one such altar where, when a small boy, we bowed with our little associates, and listened to the earnest words of some of those holy men, whose memory still lingers with many present to-day. We can never forget such men as Dea. Thomas Cochran, Deacon William McNeil, Dea. Robert Patterson, and many others, who long since were gathered into the Redeemer's fold on high. Here, too, were the *Christian* mothers. Oh, how the heart swells with tenderest emotion as we write the word, mother! Who can estimate the value of a Christian mother! See her by the bedside of her little ones, teaching them, as soon as they

can lisp the name of Jesus, to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and tell me, if you can, the value of such instruction, the influence of such love.

What minister of the gospel, living in the middle of the nineteenth century, would not thank God for such a church to "stand up for Jesus," ever ready to counsel with and sustain the pastor in his arduous work of love? The respect, encouragement, and obedience of these parents and their children, which they promise "in the Lord's order," proves their faith and sincerity in what they considered the instrumentalities to be used for the conversion of their fellow-men, and the wisdom of the choice so unanimously made. God signally blessed them by imparting the influences of his Holy Spirit to the word spoken, in the purifying of many souls, and by continuing that connection, so prayerfully considered during the space of nearly forty years, in which there was a great ingathering of those made wise unto salvation. The church was greatly strengthened, and made a power for good to influence many generations. In the process of time, after a long and successful ministry, God called this faithful servant from his labor on earth to his rest in heaven. The people bowed with saddened hearts as they laid him in the tomb, sorrowing most of all that his work on earth had ceased, and they "should see his face no more." These praying disciples, whose hearts burned within them as they talked of Him whose voice was now silent in death, and called to mind the kind words of comfort and consolation they had received, were now found just where we may always expect to find the unwavering child of God, clinging closer to the cross as sorrow and affliction darkened their pathway, earnestly seeking that divine and heavenly light which every true Christian finds when he comes to the throne of grace, and there asks wisdom of Him who said to his own chosen disciples, "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

These pious fathers and mothers, pillars in the church, did not shrink from duty, nor falter in their efforts to secure another under-shepherd at the earliest convenient time. After repeated trials, God heard their prayers, and sent them a young man, possessed of high intellectual endowments, firm in pur-

pose, with a deep conviction of the great responsibility he was about to assume in entering upon the work of preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God. *His* labor for the instruction of the young, and counsel to those in the vigor of life, his kind words of comfort for the distressed, his efforts in elevating the standard of piety among this people for nearly half a century, will be felt in their influence long after those who now hear me shall have passed away. Eternity alone will reveal the nature and extent of the work he accomplished for the Master, as he traversed these hills and valleys, carrying joy to every young, buoyant heart, and consolation to the sick and bereaved in sorrow's dark hour. The hallowed associations and delightful memories of the Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford are yet fresh with many here to-day, whose hearts have been made to rejoice in a risen Saviour through his instrumentality. Ay, they can never *forget him* until they shall fail to appreciate the importance of a faithful and earnest presentation of divine and saving truth.

This beloved pastor and all his early faithful associates and colaborers in the church of Christ have gone to their reward in heaven; but their Christian fidelity and the moral influence of their lives cannot fail, under God, to promote the welfare of his kingdom in years to come. "Here the flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies: the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay."

The old meeting-house that stood on the green hillside, with its square pews, and ever-to-be-remembered sounding-board, where our fathers worshipped for more than half a century, has been vacated forty years, but there are some present who remember the religious privileges of that house with sacred joy.

Never can we forget some of the solemn seasons that occurred within those hallowed walls, as we witnessed them in our youthful days. Semi-annually were spread the long tables around which were first gathered the aged servants of God, to partake of the holy communion; following these were the active, vigorous members of the church, and then came the youngest of the flock, all in their turn, to hear words of wisdom from this faithful minister of the Lord. The sweet harmony of

those voices in the choir, as they sung of a crucified and risen Redeemer, the earnest exhortation, the devout prayer, are all written on the tablet of our memory, *never, never* to be effaced.

As we write these words we seem to see that devoted pastor we early learned to reverence and love, with dignified and manly form, his countenance beaming with Christian kindness, rising to address the throne of grace. Oh! how those melting tones, uttered in words of humble, devout prayer, lift the soul upward and onward toward the divine life! Oh! how they impart to all who seek that higher life, holier aspirations, and a firmer reliance on the promises of the gospel, an earnest desire for a closer walk with God, and a fuller purpose to do his will.

There is something truly delightful to the Christian heart in such holy worship, such solemn, quiet communings with the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. These commemorations serve to raise our thoughts from earth toward heaven, pointing the soul to that day when all the saints in glory shall be gathered around the great white throne, with their voices in harmony with that angelic choir whose heavenly music shall swell in rapturous strains when the last sound of the organ and the lute shall have ceased forever. Thus may all the sons and daughters of the early settlers of New Boston, down to the latest generation, be prepared to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, that when, one by one, they cross the river of death, exulting angels may welcome them to the celestial city.

RESPONSE OF REV. J. A. GOODHUE.*

THE RESIDENT SONS OF NEW BOSTON.—“Theirs is a good inheritance. ‘As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarricth by the stuff.’”

MR. PRESIDENT, —

The world in which we live is a wide, wide world, and man at best is a pilgrim and a stranger in it. The idea of his having anything that can be called a residence here is very imperfectly realized under any circumstances. The rapid march of mankind from the cradle to the grave, the changes which even a few short years produce upon the face of human society, are a sad and impressive commentary upon the fact that we have here no abiding place, no continuing city. The appearance of mankind upon the face of this earthly ball is like that of the ants upon a molehill which to-day are lively and busy, but to-morrow are gone forever. The idea of having a habitation and a home here on earth can be realized under the most favoring circumstances only just enough to make us appreciate the preciousness of the conditional promise of a real home in heaven, and an everlasting mansion there.

That the possession of a place on earth, which you can call your home, is an invaluable blessing, and one of the choicest and dearest in this world, no one will deny. The enjoyment of this blessing is greater, too, than we are wont to suppose. The great mass of mankind do not, except by the privation of it,

* In addition to the “Crucible,” noticed in a sketch of him on page 161, Mr. Goodhue is author of an article entitled “The Preaching of Ecclesiastes,” published in the *Christian Review*, July No. for 1854, page 434; also an article entitled, “Dying unto Sin with Christ,” it being an exposition of Rom. vi. 2, 8, 10, 11, published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and *American Biblical Repository* for July, 1857, it being the 55th No. of the former, and the 107th of the latter, page 538.

know what it is. Aside from the comparatively sparse population of the rural portions of the country, aside from the yeomanry of the land, the cultivators of the soil, the large proportion of the race follow an exceedingly unsettled, nomadic, planetary mode of life. The mechanics of the land, the artisans, the merchants, and those who follow the professions, are almost constantly subject to migration and change. Very few of the inhabitants of our cities and large towns, into which the great tide of humanity is constantly pouring, realize to any extent what it is to have a home. The major part live merely by tenantry from year to year; so that they are able to acquire no uninterrupted attachments to one locality over another. They are equally at home everywhere; which is equivalent to saying that they have no home anywhere. Even those who are fortunate enough to be the owners of the dwellings in which they live, and the soil on which these dwellings stand, can have but a very imperfect enjoyment of the home feeling. Their estates are limited within the very narrowest compass by a crowded and crowding population all around them, while the rapid march of events, like an invading army, is continually jostling them from their places as they come in the way of its onward progress.

The conditions which are necessary to constitute a real home, in the most perfect sense in which it can be realized in this world, are found among the inhabitants of the country, who are the grand producers of the land. One of these conditions is the perpetual and perpetuated ownership of the dwellings and lands which they occupy, and in connection with which their entire lives are spent and all their earthly labors are performed. The tillers of the soil are the most permanent and almost the only permanent and really *settled* class of people in the whole community. They are almost the only class who can contemplate, with any kind of certainty, the spending of their entire lives in the dwellings in which they were born, and who can look forward to a changeless occupation through life, and that upon the very same materials that have always constituted the means of their industry and the sources of their livelihood. Those who have chosen to remain by the staff and perpetuate their family tree, in this goodly town, may have this

thought to console them, that though they may see less of the world than many others, and experience less of its adventures, they have elected for themselves a mode of life which is calculated to insure to them the invaluable blessing of an uninterrupted earthly home, as no other mode of living can ; a blessing which they are not in a position to appreciate as we do who are not permitted to enjoy or anticipate it.

One of the most difficult questions we, who have gone abroad, ever have to answer, is, Where is your home ? The only reply we can make to it is that New Boston is our native town. Aside from that we are as much at home in one place as another. There is no other spot on earth that is endeared by any sacred memories or by any ties that may not be sundered without much pain. And the question where we shall lay our bodies when we are dead, and the bodies of our loved ones, is as unsettled as it is painful to contemplate. With you who remain upon your native soil these questions require not a moment's thought. Here you were born on the same ground and under the same skies where your fathers before you have lived and toiled, and here you expect to live and labor and die, and yonder graveyard is to be your final resting-place. Rooted down thus deeply as you are, having grown up out of the soil made sacred by the industry of your ancestors, your very life is identified with the scenes in the midst of which it is your lot to perform all your earthly labors. How it must sweeten and lighten your otherwise laborious pursuits to stop a moment and call to mind the hallowed memories that cluster around you ; to remember that every foot of the ground on which you perform your daily toil has been trodden by the feet of your fathers, and that they have so oft reclined under the very same trees for shade and rest to which you are wont, in your wearied moments, to resort.

What peace and quiet, also, it must impart to your life to think of the comparative security of your earthly possessions and the unfailing nature of the resources from which you derive your livelihood. Though such scope for ambition and enterprise is not open before you as lies in the path of others, yet neither are you beset by the harassing fears by which their minds are haunted day and night in view of the

uncertain tenure by which they hold their worldly goods, and the liability that, in some unfortunate hour, their wealth and all the sources of it may be swept away, and they be left amid the strife and bustle of a selfish and avaricious world, penniless and helpless as the veriest beggar. The vibrations of the market, the rise and fall of stocks, which they watch with breathless anxiety, and on which their fortunes depend, affect you no more than a wave of the sea dashing against the distant shore affects these everlasting hills on which you dwell. Until the sun shall cease to shine in the heavens and the rain to fall from the clouds; until the wheels of Nature shall stop in their course, and day and night, seed-time and harvest, shall return no more, you will have no fears that your comfortable, though not luxurious, livings will fail to make to you their steady returns.

The voyage of your life is across a smooth and quiet sea; and though you have to toil in rowing, and do not penetrate so many seas, nor feel the winds of so many climes as others, yet you are sure of a peaceful voyage, and a safe arrival at your destined haven;— while those who go out to try their fortunes upon the wide world, though animated by greater enterprises and higher hopes, yet they also find a rougher and more stormy voyage. The jarrings and commotions of human society are most keenly felt by them. They mount up and go down with every wave, and are often at their wits' end, not knowing whether the favoring breezes of fortune shall land them high up on the shores of wealth and fame, or whether contrary winds shall lay them forever low in the valley of disappointment, mortification, and penury. Go to the thickly-settled towns and cities, the great centres of human activity, and you observe at once the constant feverishness of the life that is there spent; you witness the rapid pulse, the hurried tread, the excited, anxious eye, and flushed countenance, which make you feel as if men thought they were liable not to live out half their days before they arrive at their journey's end; while the dwellers in this goodly town pursue their peaceful avocations with as much quiet and leisure as if they had taken a lease of life for a thousand years. All but the most extraordinary waves of excitement spend their force and die away

before they reach them. Nothing, except it be some such calamity as the civil war which is now convulsing the entire nation, moves them, and that only in a modified degree. Yet the world will stand just as long, and its ends be just as fully accomplished for them as for those who spend their lives in anxious solicitude lest every day should be the last.

There is no more independent class of people on the face of the earth than the resident sons of this goodly town. The sources of their earthly livelihood are as little connected as possible with the treachery and fickleness of public opinion. The favor of no earthly mortal are they obliged to court in order to secure the privilege of earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. Dependent for their sources of industry and livelihood only upon their broad and fertile acres warmed by the genial sun and watered by the gentle showers of rain, and upon their faithful and obedient flocks and herds, it is their prerogative, as it is of no others, to say, —

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.”

The least of any class in the world are those who remain upon their native soil obliged to be servants to their fellowmen, and to be under the disagreeable necessity, as are the great mass of men of every rank in the cities, of constantly compromising their personal feelings, if not their consciences, for the purpose of endeavoring to secure the good-will of others, both their inferiors and superiors, for whose persons they care nothing, but only for their patronage. By no such mortifying obsequiousness and servility does the farmer obtain his earthly living. He bows down to no one but to his Maker, and has none to thank for his prosperity but a favoring Providence and his own industry.

Those who remain upon their native soil are, also, most perfectly contented with their situation and their lot of any class of people in the world ; while those who roam abroad and follow a life of adventure and experiment never find the situation that precisely suits them. Having once sundered the ties that bind them to their native land, such ties are never formed again.

But independently of these natural ties, the resident sons of New Boston have as much *reason* to be contented with the lot which their nativity has afforded them as any other people. A more salubrious climate, a more beautiful landscape, a more productive soil, a more upright, moral, and peaceable community, is nowhere to be found. A more favorable portion of the earth on which to spend one's life, if one desires to live in peace, could not be assigned by a wise Providence to any mortal. The temptations and exposures which are attendant upon the path of the young, especially in our populous towns and cities, are here almost entirely unknown. It would scarcely seem possible that one reared in such a community as this should not lead a life of moral purity at least. The value of such an opportunity for rearing up the children, which a kind Providence gives us, for spheres of worth and usefulness, can be appreciated only by those who are subjected to the trying experience of educating their offspring in the midst of the mixed populations of the seaboard towns.

Above all, and finally, a more fitting spot than this cannot be found on the face of the earth for religious culture; for the implantation and cultivation in the heart of true piety towards God, and for securing a preparation to meet our common Maker ere long at the day of final accounts, and then to spend an eternity in the abodes of the blessed beyond the grave. I see not how the accumulative influences of the sacred associations and hallowed memories which come welling up from the past here to-day; the recollections of the departed, of whom yonder graveyard so vividly reminds us; the solemn associations that cluster around these holy shrines, where venerated ministers of religion were wont to lead their people in the worship of Almighty God, but who, with large portions of their flocks, have gone to their reward;—I see not how these sacred associations and reminiscences, in the midst of which resident brothers are permitted to spend their lives, can fail, under the blessing of God's Spirit, to mature and ripen them ere long for the rest of the true people of God. That this may be their portion and ours when the next centennial shall come round, is our sincere and earnest prayer.