Methuen

Historical

Society

Publication.

# Methuen Historical Society.

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# Opening Address.

By President Joseph Sidney Howe.

At this first meeting of the Methuen Historical Society after organization, it would seem to be proper to look over the ground and consider some of the lines of work which it will be profitable for us to follow. The interest in historical research has greatly increased in New England in recent years, as is evidenced by the numerous historical societies which have been founded in our cities and towns, and in the greatly increased interest in genealogical investigation among the older families of the community.

Sharing in this general interest we have formed this society, and our principal object, broadly stated, should be to collect and place in an enduring form such narrations as we may be able to make of the events which have transpired on these acres of the earth which we call Methuen.

Most of us know where run the intangible lines that separate us from the adjoining towns and cities, and we are apt to think of Methuen as a locality with a short record when compared with other portions of the earth,—in fact less than two centuries old. But in reality this spot of ground is hoary with antiquity. When Pharaoh's daughter found the infant Moses among the bulrushes of the Nile, the water lilies were wasting their sweetness on the desert air of World's End Pond. There

may be a doubt whether the Merrimack and Spicket are as old as the Euphrates and the Tiber, but there is little doubt that when the subjects of the Egyptian kings were wearing out their bodies in building the pyramids, the red man was lazily spending his time in the capture of alewives and suckers at the falls of the Spicket and the Merrimack. Probably we shall be unable to obtain any authentic record of those ancient days, or of the countless ages which preceded. It should however be one object of our Society to gain all possible knowledge of the land which now constitutes Methuen. Whence came these hills and valleys? By what agencies was fashioned the topography of this tract of country? What mighty forces piled the sand hills in this valley of the Spicket and how did those forces operate? I believe that Methuen is rich in the evidences of geological phenomena which the skilled geologist can interpret to us.

Perhaps there is little to indicate what the surface was before the glacial period, but the great heaps of sand, the drumlins in each end of the town, the long gravel ridges known as "Kames," the ponds and valleys, were all doubtless formed by the action of the ice, and floods of the ice age, and if we knew the working of the great forces which shaped this town as we now see it, we should possess a very good idea of the action of the glacial period. No doubt the time was, when a tropical vegetation covered all the land, and the megatherium, and other strange looking creatures whose pictures we see in geological books, roamed around at their own sweet will, with none to disturb or destroy. Perhaps even now the bones of some mastodon may be hidden in the peat of Strongwater or Mystic Meadows, with the bones of some ancient paloeolithic man. Possibly too that hitherto unknown animal from whom man evoluted—the missing link—may have had his habitation hereabouts.

But the testimony of all this, if it exists, is safely concealed in the rocks, and will not be lost if this generation fails to discover it. Closely connected with this subject is that of mineralogy.

A collection of stones and minerals found in this town would be of great interest. The ledges under the surface earth may have little variety, but there are many specimens of stone contained in the gravel, which must have originated far from Methuen, and whose history would be useful and interesting. The boulders scattered over the hills and pastures

mostly came from some source outside of Methuen, but I am not aware that any one has yet studied their history. There is a wide and interesting field for the geologist and mineralogist, in looking up the history of the surface of the earth of this good old town, and I hope we shall have members able and willing to tell something about it. Next in interest to the land itself, is the question who have lived on it? There are no written records preceding the advent of the white man and few traditions.

Before our ancestors settled on this soil it was occupied by the Indians for unknown generations. What people preceded the Indians, or whether they were the first dwellers we shall probably never know. Certain it is that our ancestors found the Indians here, and that very little is now known of the Indians who dwelt in Methuen. They have left no records, and we can only gather up the few traditions which still exist, and perhaps learn something of their habits of life from the relics which are still occasionally found. The grounds near the pumping station, the valley now occupied by Methuen village, the banks of the Merrimack where Lawrence now stands, and the neighborhood of Bartlett Brook were favorite haunts of the red men. Many valuable relics have been found in these spots; their graves have been discovered; the stone fire places of their wigwams can still be seen, relics of a people who have perished from the face of the earth.

"Alas for them, their day is o'er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore.
No more for them the wild deer bounds
The plough is on their hunting grounds
Their pleasant streams are dry."

I think it should be a prominent object of this Society to gather up and preserve all we can of Indian history and tradition. Fifty years ago there were many Indian stories current among the old inhabitants of the town, that are probably now lost. I remember hearing them in my boyhood, told by old people, which interested me deeply then, but of which I have only a vague recollection now.

There was a story I remember of an Indian battle said to have taken place in the valley of Bloody Brook, before the settlement of the country by the whites, in which a large number of warriors was slain, a tradition which happily cannot be disproved, as it is the only fight I ever heard of

within the limits of the town which rose to the dignity of a battle. These Indian stories whether true or not are at least interesting and harmless, and should be perpetuated for the benefit of future generations to whom they will be of as much interest as to us, and be received perhaps with a more implicit faith.

But I suppose the history that is uppermost in the thought of most members of this Society, is that of our forefathers, the white people who have lived in Methuen. Of course we must be more interested in what they did and thought and suffered and enjoyed than in the lives of the barbarians who preceded them. We should like to know what manner of men were Christopher Sargent, Stephen Barker, Asie Swan, Daniel Bodwell and others who were prominent in the early history of the town, how they looked, what they wore, how they lived, and what they were intellectually. That they were strong, clear-headed, sturdy men is evident from the scanty information that we find in the town and church records. It would be of great interest to know who was the first white settler on Methuen soil, and where he lived, but it is hardly possible that this can be ascertained. Methuen formed a part of Haverhill for nearly a hundred years, and when Methuen was incorporated in 1725-6 there was a goodly number of inhabitants within its borders. It is probable that the first settler built his house somewhere near the Merrimack River, and most likely below what is now Lawrence. The Haverhill colony established itself below Little River in Haverhill where the thickly settled part of the city now stands, and spread out up and down the river bank. So far as I know, the first settlers who can be traced, came mainly from Haverhill and Andover. The Andover settlers could look across the river, like the ancient Israelites across Jordan to the land of Canaan, and see the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, stand dressed in living green," and they entered in and took possession of the land. There are two old cellars now to be seen in the woods near the Wingate farm, where it is said the houses were burned by the Indians in some of their raids about 1692. Their owners had heard of the approach of the Indians, and had left, but they never returned to rebuild on that spot. There is now but little left of the work of the early settlers. The houses in town more than a hundred years old are few in number. The dwellings were built of wood and

they have either decayed, or the requirements of a higher civilization have doomed them to destruction and filled their place with modern structures.

Hardly any work of the early settlers stands to-day except their tomb stones, and the old stone walls. At first thought there is nothing more prosaic than a rough stone wall; but as we see them stretching their gray lines over the pastures and into the woods, we think of the hands—long since crumbled into dust—that laid the stones, and something of sentiment gathers about the old moss covered ruins. These walls represent a vast amount of the hardest kind of manual labor, done to improve the homes of the farmers who built them, little thinking as they did it, that this work would be the only record to remain of their labor upon the earth. These "pathetic monuments of vanished men," as Higginson calls them, are found everywhere in Methuen, sufficiently attesting the untiring industry of the early settlers. It is much to be regretted that there is so little now known of the inhabitants of the town from its settlement to the beginning of the present century. And yet the town and church records were quite as full in the old time as they are now.

The town record is complete from its organization to the present time, and the old town clerks did their duty fully as well as the later ones. But then, as now the record consisted mostly of the bald statements of the proceedings at town meetings. Now it seems to me that we may be able to gather from the old inhabitants much that will help to give a true picture of the good old times. Fifty years ago many things could have been told that are now forever lost. With the death of each old inhabitant there passes from human knowledge some things that would be of interest to us and to those who come after us. There are many portions of Methuen history about which the town records tell very little. The part Methuen took in the French and Indian war and the Revolution would be of great interest and yet very little is known. I am inclined to believe that the proudest event in the whole history of the town is one not even alluded to in any of our records. I refer to the fact that Methuen sent 156 men to the battle of Lexington in 1776. The population in that year, according to the colonial census was 1326. They were not called out by any order from the authorities, their enthusiasm had not been stirred by appeals from the daily press, or by public speakers, they

only knew from the signal guns and fires on the hills that the British were in motion, when nearly every able bodied man in town, more than half the poll tax payers, must of their own accord have shouldered their muskets and started to meet the enemy. Imagine, if it were possible, that such an alarm should be given tonight. It would require that seven hundred men should arm themselves and march before to tomorrow noon to equal the action of our fathers. The men who had such Spartan heroism must have had a history worthy of record during the war which followed. Probably some facts can be found relating to them, in the files at the State House, but at best they are very meagre. Whether it is too late to obtain any information about these men among the old families of the town remains to be seen. I have little doubt however that there are among the families which furnished Revolutionary soldiers many items of information which would be of great value if got together.

It is likely too that much can be learned of the social and intellectual life of the town during the last hundred years, which will be new to most of us. The fact that a Library was established here previous to the year 1800, only recently came to my knowledge, through a catalogue found among some old papers. Few people know too, that the Lyceum system in America was first established here in Methuen, through the efforts of Timothy Claxton who was at that time connected with the Methuen Company Mill. Some of us remember the old Lyceum, and it would seem to be possible to ascertain many facts about it.

Many other things might be mentioned deserving of investigation as throwing light on the lives and character of those who have gone before us in this town of Methuen. And I think we shall find that we need not be ashamed of our ancestry, but that their intellectual quality was good and that they kept abreast with their times. And now we look back a hundred years or more and wonder at the negligence of our ancestors in not leaving some record of those things we so much wish to know, while we forget that we are making history ourselves and guilty of a like negligence. A hundred or two hundred years hence our descendants will look back to us as we do to the early settlers, and will wonder what sort of people we were and how we lived and moved and had our being. It is therefore the province of an Historical Society, not only to gather up

the records of the past, but to collect and preserve the history of the present as well.

Many events are happening of which no record is made which we do not stop to think will be of interest fifty or a hundred years hence. Many documents are destroyed every year as of no value, having served their purpose, that in the future would have a value if preserved. Another line of work which should be followed out is the collection of articles of historic interest for preservation. This of course cannot be done, until we have a suitable place in which to preserve them. I think the materials exist in Methuen for a fine collection of Indian and Revolutionary relics, articles of household use and bric-a-brac handed down from ancient times, old documents illustrating the times in which they were made, besides objects of scientific interest.

But for the present this branch of research must wait. And now it rests with us whether this Society shall be a success or a failure. It will not run itself. If each one, will take some subject which interests him, or her, investigate it, and tell the rest of us what he or she finds out about it, we shall be mutually instructed and edified.

There is plenty of material for study, there are brains enough in our membership, it is only necessary to set ourselves at work. We have a town in which we may fairly take an honest pride. Its situation is attractive and its natural advantages are fast being supplemented by the artistic development of the estates of its inhabitants. Few towns in the country contain within their borders so many objects of high artistic merit as Methuen. The first artists and the best architects of the land have contributed some of their best work for its adornment Our public spirited citizens, to whom we are indebted for these magnificent works, have contributed more than they know to the happiness of their fellow men.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Our children and our children's children, and the stranger from without, will not cease to derive that kind of enjoyment which ministers to the highest needs of the human soul, from these works of high art which now delight us. The well chosen library in this building, with its splendid endowment will furnish what is needed for the intellectual growth of the present and future generations.

And so I think that Methuen will always be a desirable place for the cultured person to live in. Its inhabitants will always be curious to know what its past has been. Let us do what we can to enlighten them and in doing that give pleasure and profit to each other.

# Music of Other Days in Methuen.

BY MISS LIZZIE B. CURRIER.

The musical efforts of the town date back to its earliest infancy, as we find that in 1728 the people were called to worship by the blowing of a horn, and the beating of a drum. During the years that followed they must have shared in the "disorderly and interfering" singing, which was common in New England during those early days, when, with little or no knowledge of harmony, the exercise took the form of a shouting match and the loudest voice won the victory.

It was in the winter of 1764 that the vote was taken to substitute Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, with Watt's Hymns, for the old version or Bay Psalm Book which was in use previous to that date.

Throughout New England this change met with the greatest opposition, in some cases approaching blood shed; but regarding the sentiments and behavior of *our* respected ancestors the record is silent, covering all possible disagreements and quarrels with the simple words "it was voted."

Singing by rule was introduced in this vicinity during the years 1762 to 1770, and the "taught singers" occupied separate seats, but the first mention of a choir in Methuen is found in the following article from the "Town Warrant" of 1773: "To see if the town will grant

liberty to build a convenient place for the singers in the front gallery of the meeting-house."

That these advanced ideas of their musical necessities met with little favor is proved by the fact that it was not until three years later that the petition was granted, and even then upon condition that it should be "without expense to the town." The pews for the men were to be two feet wide, and those for the women five feet. To the ladies of the present day this added space naturally suggests a thoughtful care for their sleeves, but as it was during the period of the "pocket hoop" it was probably arranged for the accommodation of their skirts.

The first instrument used in the musical service was the tuning fork, and about the year 1813 it was presided over by an old gentleman who sounded the "sol, law, faw, sol," with great vigor, to the delight of all the small boys in the congregation. His appearance was rendered more interesting by the height of his "dicky," or standing collar, which seemed to hold the chin firmly in place and give a solid foundation for the tone.

It is said that "to be in fashion is the instinct of a gentleman," and therefore, it is not strange, that when that fickle dame decreed low collars this same dicky was made to do duty, the points standing up pertly at the back of the neck, and the curved edges sloping gracefully beneath the chin.

"The Village Harmony, or Youth's Assistant to Sacred Music," published in 1803, was used in Methuen about this time. The chief composers were Reed, Holden, Swan, Billings and Kimball, and their compositions were the "sett pieces" and various fugues with which the Old Folks' Concerts have made us familiar.

The passing of Sophronia, who died of small-pox in 1711, is mourned in quadruple measure, and a minor key, through twelve pathetic stanzas, two of which will be sufficient to arouse sympathy and illustrate their style.

"Uncomly veil and most unkind disease,
Is this Sophronia once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
Did beauty spread her ensign there?"

"Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face,
With tumors of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror, spot the veil."

The cautions and suggestions of the preface are most interesting. Great stress is laid upon the "tuning of the voice," and it is advised that no singers attempt to sing tunes until he can tune his voice.

"In order to good pronunciation the mouth should be opened freely but not too wide."

"High notes should be, in every part, sung softer than the low; the tones of the bass should be full and majestic; the tenor bold and manly; the counter soft yet firm; the tribble smooth and delicate."

"In a company of singers it would have a good effect for some of the performers to be silent when passages marked soft occur; the additional strength of their voices in the loud which generally precedes or succeeds the soft, would give peculiar force and vigor to the performance. A becoming behavior in a collection of singers will greatly increase the agreeable sensations which arise from good performance."

With the setting apart of certain persons as singers came the study of music, and that New England blessing, the "singing school," was planted through all the land. That it had flourished and borne fruit in Methuen is seen by the following extract from the Church records of April 1816.

"Voted: That we will pay our last respects to our beloved brother, Deacon Wm. Swan, deceased, by following him to the grave as mourners.

Voted: That Bro. Richard Messer be requested to invite the *Musical Society* of this place to attend the funeral of our deceased brother.

Voted: That Bro. Job. Pingree be requested to invite Mr. Phinias Messer to superintend the music on said day."

The tuning-fork gave place, after some years, to the Bass Viol, or as it was then called "The Lord's Fiddle," and later this was reinforced by its wordly relative the violin, accompanied by a clarinet.

At this time, somewhere about 1820, the Boston Academy Collection was in use. It was made up of gems of opera, symphonies and sonatas, from which all unseemly trills and turns had been carefully clipped, leaving

a solid harmony which was rendered with spirit and energy by a choir of twenty or thirty voices. Wheeler, Poor, Carleton, Osgood, Sargent, Currier, Merrill and Messer, were some of the leading singers.

It may be that those violins were sanctified by their use in the religious service, since they were evidently unavailable for the merry-makings of the time, it being the custom to sing for the dancing; sometimes one voice only, and sometimes in chorus; and on special and delightful occasions when the services of Cato Freeman, a colored fiddler from Andover, could be secured, there was nothing left to be desired in the way of melody.

A singing school taught by Leonard Wheeler in 1819 or 1820 is the first of which there is any record.

Other early teachers were Benjamin Griffin and Enoch Poor.

In 1826 a singing school was taught in the old school house on Howe Street, and was largely attended by the young people thereabout. It is said that the way home to Currier Street was by way of Marston's Corner; an arrangement which was considered no hardship by the Currier boys, and was doubtless equally satisfactory to the Marston girls.

In 1836 a course of musical study under the direction of a Mr. Eastman of Lowell, was closed by a concert in the meeting-house which then stood upon the spot now occupied by the Congregationalist church. Later, about 1839, a singing school was held in the hall of the Hotel, then standing upon the site of the present Club House. It was taught by a Mr. Aiken and ended with a grand concert which was the event of the season, and which was repeated in Haverhill and Derry, gaining much praise for the musicians of Methuen.

Music in Methuen reached its highest mark during the years from 1830 to 1850 and the number of singers of ability and cultivation was remarkable.

The Richardson family were all singers, particularly Mary and William; the former having a wonderfully pure and strong soprano voice, and the latter an excellent tenor.

The Blaisdell family were among the leaders in music, all being singers, and at one time travelling after the manner of the Hutchinson family.

One of their songs, beginning "We come, we come from the Old Bay State," contained the lines,

John and Josiah,
Judith and Sophia,
Levi and Maria,
Are our names."

John Blaisdell was prominent in town as a teacher of singing schools and as a choir leader.

Josiah Blaisdell had a fine voice, played a violin, and was a popular teacher of music.

Levi Blaisdell became a Prof. of Music in a southern university and Christina Blaisdell was leading soprano in the Baptist choir for several years.

Other names well known in music during those years were :—

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| Abbie Ladd. | Oliver Emerson. | John D. Gage. |
| Daniel Currier. | Aaron Gage. | Joshua Buswell. |
| Phineas Smith. | Chas. Currier. | Helen Safford. |
| Col. Safford. | Albert Smith. | Josiah Osgood. |
| Betsy Ditson. | | |

The last three were singers who ranked far above the average. Mr. Buswell is said to have had the finest bass voice ever heard in Methuen, and Miss Safford possessed a finely cultivated contralto voice of great sweetness and compass.

Josiah Osgood was a fine musician, and for many years was a successful leader. He was a man of few words but very earnest and enthusiastic in his work. On one occasion, being much annoyed by the peculiar mannerism of a leading singer, he tried by general remarks to correct the fault, but failing in this he fixed his keen, black eyes upon the offender, and advancing toward him with uplifted finger solemnly pronounced the sentence, "Thou art the man." This reprimand was received with perfect amiability by the accused but with no change in the manner of singing, and to the day of his death he clung lovingly to the old habit.

From 1830 to 1840 one of the finest military bands of this region was the boast of the town, and played for the Methuen Light Infantry, the Lowell Highlanders, and the Nashua Artillery. For a part of the

time it was under the direction of Warren Bamford who is still remembered as an excellent musician.

In 1848 a singing school held in the old Hotel hall was taught by B. F. Baker of Boston, a celebrated composer and vocal instructor of that time. He expressed great pleasure in the work, remarking that outside of Boston he had never met such fine vocal talent in any one class.

A chorus of one hundred and twenty-six voices, under the direction of George F. Willey of Lowell, gave a concert at the Lawrence St. Church in Lawrence Feb. 20, 1849. Of this number more than forty were from Methuen.

An orchestra of piano, two violins, two violincellos, two flutes, and two double-bass viols furnished the instrumental music, and of these, Methuen contributed one flute player, Parmenas Pratt, and the two violinists, George Bailey and George Waldo.

Some of the vocal performerers were

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| Bill Annis | Nancy Kimball |
| Lydia Baldwin | Louisa Smith |
| Etta Currier | Josephine Whittier |
| Maria Currier | Homer Dow |
| Abby Hutchinson | Virgil Dow |
| Augusta Huse | Aaron Gilchrist |
| Augusta Hibbard | Moses Merrill |
| Georgiana Kimball | Daniel Tenney |
| Lizzie Smith | Jacob Emerson. |

Other schools were taught during this period by a Mr. Heath of Nashua, a composer and singer of songs, who was always a great favorite with Methuen audiences. Musical practice served as an excuse for many a social gathering, and picnics, parties and sleighrides were numerous.

Upon one occasion, at a party given in the suburbs of the town, singing was requested. The familiar words, "We have no music" were duly recited, but were promptly met by the hostess who said there was music enough, and after distributing a singing book leaf by leaf among the guests, she seated herself to listen. To disappoint such faith in their musical ability was not the way of those old time songsters and they lifted

up their voices, each singing that which had been provided, to the evident satisfaction of the listeners.

Music at the different churches was furnished by chorus choirs with various accompaniments, from small organs, clarinets, violincellos, violins, and double bass viols at the Universalist, Congregationalist and Baptist, to a diminutive melodeon and a flute at the Methodist.

The Baptist choir was under the direction of Daniel Currier for more than thirty years, and won considerable local celebrity. There was much musical talent in the congregation also, and it was at an evening service in the vestry, that a prominent member of the church struck up the tune of Hebron: at the same moment the pastor started upon Balerma. The audience, in doubt which cause to espouse, waited with silent interest while the singing continued. It was limited to two stanzas, and ended in a tie; each party carrying his chosen favorite triumphantly to the end.

At a singing school for children, held in the vestry of the Baptist church about the year 1853, the following poetic treasure was taught:

"Lorentia darling,
Lorentia sweet,
Oh when shall we together meet?
On Monday.
Oh that all days might Monday be
And I might my Lorentia see."

and so on through all the days of the week.

The accompaniment was played upon the violin by the teacher, who assured the pupils that the instrument had ever been sacred to the *best* music, and never profaned by a dancing tune.

In the winter of 1856 a Mr. Horn of Salem, Mass., conducted a singing school in the Town Hall. Among those who attended and there developed their talent for music, we find the names of Newton Webster, H. A. Currier, James Ingalls, Granville E. Foss and others equally well known in musical circles. Although singing schools were still taught in the outlying districts, this was one of the last in the village.

A juvenile concert, directed by Miss J. Augusta Hibbard, was given in the summer of 1856. The performers numbered one hundred, ranging in age from three to sixteen years, and their efforts were received

with storms of applause by an audience which filled the Town Hall to its utmost capacity.

In June of 1857 a second concert was given which was received with equal enthusiasm. Some of those who took leading parts were :

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| Hattie Emerson | Luna Waldo |
| Lizzie Merrill | Chas. Hibbard |
| Addie Gutterson | Henry P. Doe |
| Lizzie Harris | Granville E. Foss |
| Lizzie Currier | William Gleason |
| Mary A. Wilson | John Davis |
| Agnes Wilson | Charlie Carleton |
| Addie Wallace | Ira Messer |
| Fanny Gleason | Albion Howe |
| Georgiana Gleason | George Wilson |
| Ada Gleason | Arthur Brigham |
| Flora Gleason | Seddie Dole |
| Albianna Howe | Marantha Wilson |
| Eva Gage | Minnie Gage. |

During war time the singers of the town united in an Old Folks' Concert, which was given for the benefit of the Soldier's Aid Society. It was a great success and added many dollars to the good cause. Sometime later the chorus assisted at a similar entertainment given in Lawrence for the same purpose.

The Methuen Brass Band was made up of the young men of the town, and although one member blew a B flat cornet an entire evening, quite oblivious to the fact that an old cap was tucked away therein, and another struggled manfully with a most peculiar arrangement of notes for the bass horn, only to find at last that the music was upside down, by continuous and faithful practice it became a successful organization, gave two concerts during the years 1865 and 1866, assisted by the vocal talent of the town, was much sought after at the festivals of the surrounding towns, and did escort duty for John Hancock Lodge on the occasion of the dedication of the Masonic Temple in Boston.

A full chorus met in the High School hall during the season of 1868 and 1869 and labored perseveringly upon "All we like sheep," and similar compositions, attending the Peace Jubilee in Boston in June of 1869.

An orchestra consisting of double bass viol, violincello, flute, cornet, first and second violins, existed during the winter of 1871 and 1872, and added considerable noise and some music to the local entertainments. A favorite number was said to contain the same strain ten times repeated, and it is asserted by a mathematically inclined listener that during the life of the club, this strain was played exactly one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight times.

In more recent years, several choral societies have had their brief day and been much enjoyed.

The study of music in the public schools, introduced in 1874, has resulted in a much more general knowledge of the subject, and has awakened an interest in the art which must deepen and develop as time goes on. Excellent choirs, quartette and chorus, have aided in the harmony of the church service and passed on.

Many musicians, both vocal and instrumental, have charmed with their sweet sounds and are with us no longer. But their places are not empty; their love of music lives again in their children; and the long procession passes, pausing never, and praising ever.

"They show us spots of dimpled sod,
They say that those we've loved are there.
But no—they swell the choirs of God,
And the dear old songs are everywhere."