FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH OF ARLINGTON.

1889.

Pastor.

REV. AUGUSTUS M. LORD.

Parish Committee.

REUBEN W. HOPKINS, CHAIRMAN.

HERBERT H. CEILEY.

SAMUEL H. SMITH.

Clerk.

GEORGE O. RUSSELL.

Treasurer.

FRANK W. HODGDON.

Organist.

SAMUEL P. PRENTISS.

Sexton.

THOMAS E. THORPE.

Superintendent of Sunday School.

HERBERT H. CEILEY.

The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the organization of the First Congregational Parish, in Arlington, Massachusetts.

An account of the Commemorative Services, the Historical Sermon, and Address of the Pastor. . .

Printed at the request of the Unitarian Club of Arlington.
1889.

Anniversary Services.

At a meeting of the Arlington Unitarian Club held on the evening of Monday, May 9, 1889, the attention of the members was called to the fact that in the following autumn a hundred and fifty years would have passed since the completion of the formal organization of the First Congregational Parish. The Club then voted that this hundred and fiftieth anniversary should be commemorated by special services, and conferred on its Executive Committee full powers to make all necessary arrangements.

This committee reported at a subsequent meeting of the Club, held Oct. 7, 1889. Their report was unanimously accepted, and the commemorative services as finally carried out were in accordance with the plan submitted by them.

The sermon of the pastor preached Sunday, October 6, was written with special reference to the coming anniversary, and, together with his historical address, is printed below.

On the morning of Wednesday, October 9, a wooden tablet was placed at the right of the main entrance of the church, bearing the following inscription:

First Congregational Parish.

Organized 1739.

Unitarian.

On the evening of the same day, at half-past seven, the church was opened for the formal commemorative services, which were attended by an audience completely filling the pews. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the fact that this congregation was made up not only of members of the First Parish, but also of large delegations from the other churches in Arlington, and from churches in the neighboring towns.

The interior of the church was handsomely decorated. Along the front of the choir gallery were placed many beautiful potted plants, and from it were suspended laurel and other trailing vines. About the pulpit stood high tropical trees flanked by mounds of nasturtiums and bright autumn foliage. On the reredos behind the pulpit, in yellow asters set in evergreen, were the dates "1739–1889." These decorations were planned and arranged by Mr. H. H. Ceiley and the young ladies of the parish.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Ruggles Street Quartette of Boston, assisted by the organist of the Ruggles Street Church, Prof. H. M. Dunham. During the evening, the following selections were given by them:—

Organ Selection, ... *Batiste*
Anthem, "Sing Alleluia forth," . . . . . *Buck*
Organ Selection, ... *Wely*
Quartette, "The Lord's Prayer,"
Quartette, "Let the Lower Lights be burning," . . . . . *Bliss*
Anthem, "O Come let us Sing," . . . . . *Chandler*
Organ Postlude, ... *Guilmant*

Of the former ministers of the First Congregational Parish who are still living, only one, Rev. John P. Forbes, was able to be present. Just before Mr. Forbes's address, the pastor read messages of sympathy and congratulation from the three others, as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 6, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. LORD:

I wish my father could have the pleasure of attending the service in commemoration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Parish of Arlington. He wishes me to thank you for your kind note of invitation, and to say that he will be with you in thought next Wednesday evening, praying for the welfare of pastor and people.

He desires to send an affectionate greeting to his old friends of the Parish.

I am, my dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE.

BUFFALO, N.Y., Sept. 27, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. LORD:

In reply to your cordial note of Tuesday, let me say that I fully appreciate your kind invitation, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to attend the proposed celebration in the old church, which is especially dear to me through many sweet and sad associations. I was ordained there and married there, and shall always remember my pastorate at Arlington as among the brightest and happiest years of my life. The people were kind and considerate, and I thoroughly enjoyed my work. . . .

I should be glad to join in your anniversary jubilee, if it were practicable. At this distance, however, and engaged as I am in sustaining my church here until I go to Newport, I find it impossible to visit Arlington. . . .

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., Oct. 8, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. LORD:

I very much regret that circumstances forbid my being with you on this memorable occasion. You have my earnest wishes for a happy time for, I trust, the large gathering of friends.

Cordially yours,

W. J. PARROT.

Subjoined is the Order of Services in full: —

ORDER OF SERVICES.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

Anthem, ... *Quartette*

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Rev. IRVING C. TOMLINSON, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Arlington.

PRAYER.

Rev. CHARLES H. WATSON, Pastor of the Arlington Baptist Church.

Selection, ... *Quartette*

HYMN.

"Come, thou Almighty King."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. REUBEN W. HOPKINS, Chairman of the Parish Committee.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. LORD, Pastor.

Selection, ... *Quartette*

ADDRESSES.

Rev. EDWARD H. HALL, Pastor of the First Parish Church, Cambridge.

Rev. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor of the Belmont Congregational Society.

Anthem, ... *Quartette*

ADDRESSES.

Rev. JOHN P. FORBES, Pastor of the First Congregational Society, Taunton.

Hon. J. Q. A. BRACKETT, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

PRAYER.

Rev. THOMAS BELL, Rector of St. John's Church, Arlington.

HYMN.

(Written for this occasion by Rev. A. M. LORD.)

Tune, Hamburg.

O Thou whose present spirit blessed
  Our fathers in their toilsome ways,
And led them on Thy great behest
  Through watchful nights and dangerous days;

Moulding 'midst peril and distress
  That patient strength and will unmoved
Which from the stubborn wilderness
  Shaped the fair land of us beloved,

Be with us in this ampler age,
  Lest, tempted by success and gain,
Through meaner lives their heritage
  May suffer loss or gather stain.

Here where their high faith set apart
  A place to seek and worship Thee,
Still answer every earnest heart,
  And keep us pure and strong and free.

BENEDICTION.

Sermon.*

"Yea, of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one was born in her, and the Most High himself shall establish her."— PSALM lxxxvii., 5.

I WANT to say a word to you this morning about the significance of our coming anniversary, a word which, perhaps, would not be quite fitting for the day of the celebration itself, when we invite in our friends and neighbors to help us do honor to those who founded our church home. For, after all, this festival means more to us than it does to them, impresses us with a peculiar nearness of association, and opens before us a directly present opportunity and duty.

I am to speak to you to-day, that is, not of the curious and interesting detail of our church's history, but rather of the lesson of our history,— of the great political and religious tendencies of which it has been only the outward expression. And I find in the eighty-seventh psalm a strangely accurate outline of just the theme which these tendencies, when we come to understand them, suggest.

* Preached Sunday morning, October 6, 1889, by Rev. A. M. Lord.

On first reading, the psalm seems merely emotional, a series of striking poetical sentences which have no intimate connection with each other. But, as we study it more carefully, we see that, unlike the majority of the psalms, it is the voicing not of a passing mood of purely personal feeling, but of the enthusiasm of one convincing and wide-reaching thought, to which the writer returns again and again.

He has been comparing his native land, so small, so down-trodden, with the great nations of earth around her,— Egypt, with its broad, majestic river bordered by magnificent temples and prosperous cities, to the markets of which the whole ancient world must look for grain and corn; Philistia, the rich land of shrewd traders; Tyre, which wove and spun the clothing for all its less civilized neighbors; and Ethiopia, with its treasures of spices and jewels,— each of them had some possession or faculty which brought it wealth and power, and made its citizens proud to own their nationality.

What, then, had the little, barren, mountainous country the psalmist had learned to love to set over against them all? "*Of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one was born in her!*" The triumphant truth of the words thrills through us even now.

Israel did not possess the conditions for drawing to herself great material wealth or great political power; but she did possess the conditions out of which naturally were created great men, men of unswerving integrity, of pure instincts, and of reverent, far-reaching minds.

These were her contribution to the life of the world,— a contribution which the world has never forgotten, because it has never exhausted the use of it. And so it happens that, while the glory of Egypt has faded with its withered fields and its faded temples, and even the records of its haughty dynasties and unhappy battles reach the eyes of curious scholars alone; while the reputations of the merchant princes of Tyre and of Ethiopia have gone to dust with their perished wares, the history of Israel — the hope and the fear, the effort and the triumph of its people — is alive and working mightily, more mightily than ever before, on the souls of men and women to-day. Our history, at its highest, is only the working out, the fulfilment, of hers. The issues for which Moses and Isaiah, John and Jesus and Paul, lived and died are the only issues out of all that stirring past which can touch our hearts or move our will.

Yes; and, as we look over the long and varied development of national life since that distant day,

do we not see the same law working in every time and place alike? Do we not see that, the moment this ideal of *character* as the most important result of its institutions gets hold of a nation; the moment its institutions are fitted to form and to develop true manhood in its citizens, so that we can say, "This great man and that great man were born there,"— at that moment it begins to write its history, and the world begins to read it and draw life from it. But let it fall from that ideal, and, whether its territory be large or small, rich or poor, its concerns become mere gossip of the hour, and stale on the interest before they are twice told.

Now, I should like to have you see that this ideal of national character was the very conception which filled and compelled the minds of the English Puritans, whose spiritual children we are. The record of their persistent struggle to give this conception a real outward existence in the government of their native country is one of the most instructive and inspiring, although one of the most pathetic, passages in English history.

At one time, it seemed as if their splendid courage and iron will must win success against all obstacles. I suppose there never was an army in the world superior to Cromwell's army; and the basis of its

organization was moral character,— the enthusiasm which carried it through from victory to victory was moral enthusiasm.

So, too, I believe England has never had a parliament whose members were so united for the attainment of one clear, high aim as were those of the parliament which sat in Westminster under the Protector. And yet, at the very furthest point of their power, army and parliament both went to pieces, and the country slipped quickly back into excess and dissipation.

Then, at last, the Puritans realized that their ideal could not be forced against the ingrained customs and traditions of an old national life, but must be part of that life from the beginning. They must start their own nation, and lay its foundations in the holy mountains of righteousness and truth; they must build up a land where it would be easy and not hard, natural and not artificial, for the type of manhood and womanhood in which they believed, to live and increase. And so they gave up the dear home ties which a little compromise of conscience might have secured to them, left behind them forever the old, long-trodden paths through rich green fields and immemorial groves, and set their faces resolutely toward a wild, inhospitable land beyond the sea.

Here, in this new world, they would make their communities first and last the sources of a moral influence which should lead their children and children's children to be thoughtful in mind, reverent in spirit, and earnest of purpose.

That is the reason why, in the heart of every township, rose the meeting-house; that is the reason why, in the pleasantest, greenest spot in most of our New England villages, the old first parish churches stand to-day. The life of the town was to be centred in this institution of the church; church and State — which for the Puritan, we must remember, meant practically character and State — were to be indissolubly joined.

Well, the stern old Puritan has passed from earth. Since his day, many have followed him across the seas, albeit with other purposes than his; for the land of the Puritan has developed marvellous resources of wealth and of power, and has opened tempting opportunities to lovers of adventure and gain. Life here has become far too involved and complex and restlessly intelligent to be submitted to the tests and restraints his narrow knowledge and sympathy would impose. Nevertheless, I believe that the strength and safety of our national life still lies in the foundation of character he laid for us, however broad and high we may build thereon.

I am willing to grant that our needs are more manifold, our outlook, mentally and morally, far more comprehensive than his. I do not doubt that one of those long, bare, joyless New England Sabbaths would repel and shock us almost as much as to sit in these pews, or, for that matter, in the pews of any Protestant church in town, would shock and grieve the members of that original congregation which gathered together in this spot a hundred and fifty years ago. And yet our blood is Puritan blood; we owe much of the best impulse that is in us to them.

There is a striking passage in one of the late biographies of the famous heretic Giordano Bruno, the unveiling of whose statue in Rome provoked so much bitter remonstrance on the part of the Roman Catholic Church. "It happens,"—runs the passage to which I refer,—"it happens, of course most naturally, that those who undergo the shock of spiritual or intellectual change sometimes fail to recognize their debt *to the deserted cause.* How much of the heroism or other high quality of their rejection has really been the growth of what they reject! Bruno, the escaped monk, is still a monk,—his philosophy, impious as it might seem to some, a new religion."

In that sense, certainly, we, the Protestants of the Protestants, we, emancipated Puritans, are Puri-

tans still; our nation, our community, draws its strength and nourishment, whether we know it or not, from the deep earth of that wholesome past to which the roots of its life go down. And this church, standing on the very spot our fathers chose and loved, with its beautiful elm-shaded green about it and its quiet graves behind, is the best and highest symbol of our uninterrupted, living communion with that past, of the debt which the privilege of such communion involves and the duty it discloses.

Turn, then, with me from the past to the present, from the historical to the personal relationship.

What makes this place, Arlington, dear to us who are gathered here to-day? What makes many an old New England town dear to the memory of hundreds of New England men and women whom the necessities or the accidents of occupation or of destiny, it may be, have separated from the familiar scenes of their childhood,— so dear that again and again the picture of its quiet streets steals in upon some busy hour, and stirs the pleasant fancy that some time they may return and renew associations which are still, even in mere retrospect, among the strongest and noblest influences of their life? Is it this picture of outward beauty alone — roads and fields and woods — that has such potency? No, but rather the thought of affections and companionships

which threw a charm about the commonest features of those early days.

The great thinker who made his home in one of these New England towns — our near neighbor — touches a thought which finds a response in many hearts when he writes: —

"Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

"In the long, sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

"The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood. . . .

"My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!"

Yes, the tie which binds us closest to any locality is a human tie: our reverence and love for mother and father, brother and sister and friend, — this makes all the difference between a household, a mere dwelling-place, and a home.

And what is at the source of the best home life? What naturally leads us to form these enduring and satisfying companionships? Many influences, no doubt. But, still, not the least among them will be

those which the Church exerts itself to create and strengthen. We may be wholly outside of any distinct church organization, and yet feel and obey its influence. We are glad to make use of the results which have come from past and present alike through the frequent meeting of men and women for thinking together upon the large, general principles of life, and for acting together along the line of those principles; and it takes only a temporary cessation of such a custom to lower the tone and demoralize the life of a neighborhood.

A short time ago, I spoke of a responsibility and a duty. I think now I have made clear the nature of that responsibility and duty. That which furnishes the ground for a sensible man's choice of residence is, first of all, not beauty of natural surroundings or gayety of social life, but the moral character, the every-day disposition, of his neighbors. It is good, cultivated men and women he is looking for, not handsome parlors and gardens.

Therefore, it is for us who have a love and ambition for any particular place, who desire its prosperity and happiness,— it is for us to maintain and encourage every custom and institution which makes for intelligence and character in its citizens.

Now it seems to me that we here in Arlington have this whole subject brought home to us very

nearly. Arlington has ceased to be a country village: it is a suburban town. Every year the great city is pushing out closer and closer to us. Look off from the hill yonder, and see how narrow is the margin of green which divides us from the nearest city houses! And this means a distinct change in the conditions of our life. It means, along with increased population, increased advantages and increased temptations. We must keep the heart and centre of our town's life true and clean. It would be miserable, indeed, if Arlington ever became a mere collection of dwelling-houses, a place to sleep and eat in, instead of what it is now,— a town, as we say, with a character of its own.

In the maintenance of that character, I believe the old First Parish Church, with its stirring memories and associations, its traditions of good men and women who have been loyal to the faith, has no unimportant place to fill. You and I, then, its sons and daughters, heirs of its worthy past, should feel its present mission pressing upon us; and, at every point where this ancient and noble institution brings us into contact with the community in which it stands, through every powerful instrument for good which such an institution affords, should keep the character of that community pure, intelligent, and strong!

Historical Address.*

In one of the most beautiful of Whittier's poems, I remember he notices that strange Puritan habit of choosing for the burial of their dead the lonesomest, most unattractive part of the early New England settlements: —

"Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

"The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart,
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art."

But surely Arlington was an exception; for when, in 1733, just after the town was set off as a separate precinct from old Cambridge, a site for the new meeting-house was to be selected, the decision fell on "the parcel of land . . . which was reserved out of the commons for a burial place." And we to-day, I am sure, rejoice in the wisdom and good taste of

* Delivered Wednesday evening, Oct. 9, 1889, by Rev. A. M. Lord.

our fathers; for it would be hard to find a pleasanter spot in all our pleasant neighborhood than this green, spacious, elm-shaded corner on which our house of worship stands.

The first church building was erected in the year after this decision, 1734, and was opened and consecrated in 1735.

In neither of these events, however, can our church history properly be said to begin.

A period of uncertainty and anxiety, characteristic, it would seem, of every one of the second generation of our New England churches, was to follow; a period of disagreeable disputes with our neighbors in Charlestown and Cambridge regarding parish privileges; a period of apparently insuperable difficulties in settling a minister.

Naturally, we pass over these troublous preliminaries as quickly as possible, and date our true birthday from that Sunday in 1739 when this church was first gathered together under its own covenant, to listen to the letter of acceptance of its own first pastor.

I am to speak principally of beginnings. Let me dwell a moment, therefore, on that old church home and the early gatherings in it.

You will find the story of its slow and careful

completion minutely traced out in the records of the town. Men had none too much money to spend in those days; and, when they spent it, they wanted to be sure of their money's worth. That they got their money's worth in this instance, we have sufficient proof; for the sturdy oak frame-work of the old meeting-house — now a well-known residence on Pleasant Street * — still stands, apparently as firm and sound as on the day it was built.

It was not a large church,— about fifty by forty feet, the records say,— and contained at first only seventeen pews, although there was unoccupied room in the galleries. These pews, we must remember, were constructed after the old-fashioned, square, box pattern, with hinged seats, lifted when not in use, and coming down, so tradition tells us, with a sound like that of a scattering volley of musketry, after the hymns or "the long prayer," during which the congregation stood. The pulpit was very high, on a level with the galleries, and was reached by a long flight of winding stairs. Just below the pulpit were the two deacons' seats, facing the congregation. Everything was severely plain and uncomfortable. There was absolutely no means of heating the building, and yet I cannot find that stress of weather

* Residence of Mr. Charles O. Gage.

made much difference in the size of the congregation. Indeed, the only trace of concession to the elements made by the hardy spirit of our fathers appears in an old order of service I once saw pasted in the back of the pulpit hymn-book, which declares that, at the afternoon service in winter, the reading of the Scriptures may be omitted at the discretion of the preacher. I say "the pulpit hymn-book." There were none, I believe, for some time in the pews. The hymns were "lined out" by the minister, and sung by the congregation. The service, therefore, to us seems about as bare and unattractive as the building. Indeed, the whole burden of the service in those days rested with the sermon, which was very long and very carefully argued from beginning to end.

It goes without saying that many of the religious sentiments to which the founders of our New England church listened with interest and approval have little place in the theology of any church to-day. Good Mr. Cooke, I know, would have looked with little favor on the presence in his pulpit of such gentlemen as those who have been kind enough to take part in the introductory services this evening, and with least favor of all, no doubt, on the presence here of him who is now speaking to you. And yet, I find in Mr. Cooke's sermons not only a close sympathy with all

the living issues of his time, but also traces of a liberality and tolerance which, it seems to me, bring them into line, more nearly than the sermons of many of his contemporaries, with the freer, more humane thought of the modern religious world. And the first covenant of this church, drawn up undoubtedly under his direction, will bear comparison in common sense, directness, and dignity with any document of like nature and date.

Beginning under conditions so wholesome and unpretentious, the growth of the church in all its departments was naturally smooth and rapid.

In 1775, we find the first mention of a specially trained choir. Appropriations are made in a parish meeting of that year for putting singers' seats into the galleries. Some years later, the North-west Parish (of Cambridge) Singing Society is organized, "for the purpose," reads the preamble, "of reviving the spirit, and improving ourselves in the art of music. Justice our principle, Reason our guide, and Honor our law."

Many of the older members of this church recall the choir of which this singing society was the training-school, and can name over those who used to play the violin and bass-viol, the flute and the French horn. They have told me how, as you faced the

back of the church after the giving out of the hymn, you could see every member of the choir following the baton of the leader by beating out the time more or less energetically with fingers or hands.

The Sunday-school came into existence somewhat later,—according to the official records, not till Dr. Hedge's day. But I am enabled to go behind the records by information which comes to me almost directly from the parties concerned. It seems that Dr. Fiske, in common with most of the older generation of New England ministers, thinking the monthly catechising of children by the pastor sufficient for their spiritual welfare, was bitterly opposed to Sunday-schools, and refused the use of the church audience room for any such purpose. But two determined women,* nothing daunted, organized a school in the vestibule of the church, and met the children there from Sunday to Sunday.

Before this courageous rebellion against tradition and authority, not only was nothing done to make the Sunday service attractive to children, but also a great deal was done to make it the reverse. They were seated together in the galleries, and then, in spite of the strong temptations offered by the neighborhood of sympathizing friends and playmates, dur-

* Eliza Bradshaw and Eliza Tufts.

ing a long and to them incomprehensible sermon, were forced into an unnatural solemnity and quiet.

One of the earliest votes of the precinct is that appointing a committee of three elders, who are "desired and directed to take due care of the behavior of young persons on the Sabbath days in our meeting-house; and, in case of their misbehavior after the first admonition, they shall be brought into the great alley below, and stand there during the present ser-dice." The initiation of a change for the better in methods of interesting young people in the life of the church we must transfer, therefore, however unwilling the good doctor might be to accept the honor thus thrust upon him, from the pastorate of Dr. Hedge to that of Dr. Fiske.

And now that I have mentioned these names, I am led to speak directly of the men themselves to whose wisdom and care much of the present prosperity and growth of this church is due. Certainly we were fortunate in those who laid its foundations.

Samuel Cooke, if we may trust the records of the State and of our neighboring towns, was a strong and earnest preacher, widely popular and influential. He speaks more than once before Governor Hutchinson and his council in the stormy days just preceding the Revolution; he is the chosen orator at many

ordinations, anniversaries, and commencements; and, in his later years, is made one of the overseers and lecturers of Harvard College. Such of his sermons as are still preserved have a stir and ring in their sentences which show us something of the secret of his power. One sermon I remember particularly, preached just a fortnight before the famous battle the sequel of which forms so large a part of the glory of our local history. "We are putting on the harness," cries the preacher. "Let us not boast of our strength or numbers, nor let any one say, with Judah of old, 'The strength of the bearers of burdens is destroyed,' and give up all for lost. But remember the Lord our God, who is great and terrible! Let us carefully study peace, unity, and good order among ourselves, and avoid all just occasion of offence to any person whatever. Let none, under any provocations, thirst for blood, but let your breasts strongly beat for the liberty of your country!"

The successor of Mr. Cooke, Dr. Fiske, was a man of different type. Not so keen a thinker or so strong a preacher, but gifted with far wider social sympathies, and a rare faculty for organizing and directing the various activities of the parish.

The third minister of this church, Dr. Hedge, we had hoped against hope might have spoken to us for

himself this evening. I am sure the deepest sympathies of the people of his old parish will go out to him when they know that continued severe illness alone has prevented him from being present. We here in Arlington are very proud when we think that in the quiet and seclusion of his first pastorate he found the beginnings of that inexhaustible vein of rich thought and splendid imagination which has brought him honor not only as a theologian, but also as a master in modern English prose literature.

I wish time would permit me to go on and call to your minds the faithful service of all the good workmen who have built on foundations so wisely and strongly laid. The names of some of them are still familiar among us,—that of David Damon, than whom you have never had a pastor more scrupulously faithful to the smallest duty of his office; and that of Samuel Abbot Smith, the prophet and inspirer of this people when the call came to them a second time to face hardship and peril for the establishment of a divine moral principle, himself a martyr to the cause as truly as any who perished in the fiery front of battle.

Those who have spoken from this pulpit in later years I do not need to mention. The memory of them is still warm in your hearts.

And, after all, perhaps the best thing that can be said of a church which has a history like this is that at last it has become independent of the influence of any one man. The hopes and longings and prayers of long generations have gathered about it and become a part of it. Its very atmosphere is a rebuke to thoughtlessness and irreverence. When we enter its doors, it cannot be to idly listen or criticise, but to seek communion with that spirit of truth and righteousness and love which, through all the grand and tender associations of this place, is seeking us.

Therefore, I believe, as I said last Sunday, that this old church should always be a healthful influence in the changing life of our fast-growing town, to prevent it from absorbing the many vicious elements which that swift growth may bring; to hold it, by all the most sacred ties of memory, true to its noble historic past.

"1739, September 9 (being Lord's Day), a church was gathered in this precinct, . . . the members of it having first at their request obtained a regular dismission from the several churches to which they belonged and a recommendation to the good work of imbodying in a church state in this place." — *Church Book given to the Second Church in Cambridge by Samuel Cooke, Pastor.*

MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL PARISH OF ARLINGTON.

Samuel Cooke, 1739–1783.
Thaddeus Fiske, D.D., 1788–1828.
Frederic Henry Hedge, D.D., 1829–1835.
David Damon, D.D., 1835–1843.
William Ware, 1844–1845.
James Francis Brown, 1848–1853.
Samuel Abbot Smith, 1854–1865.
Charles Christie Salter, 1866–1869.
George Webber Cutter, 1870–1877.
William Joseph Parrot, 1878–1881.
John Perkins Forbes, 1882–1887.
Augustus Mendon Lord, 1887.