ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE CHURCH

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

BY

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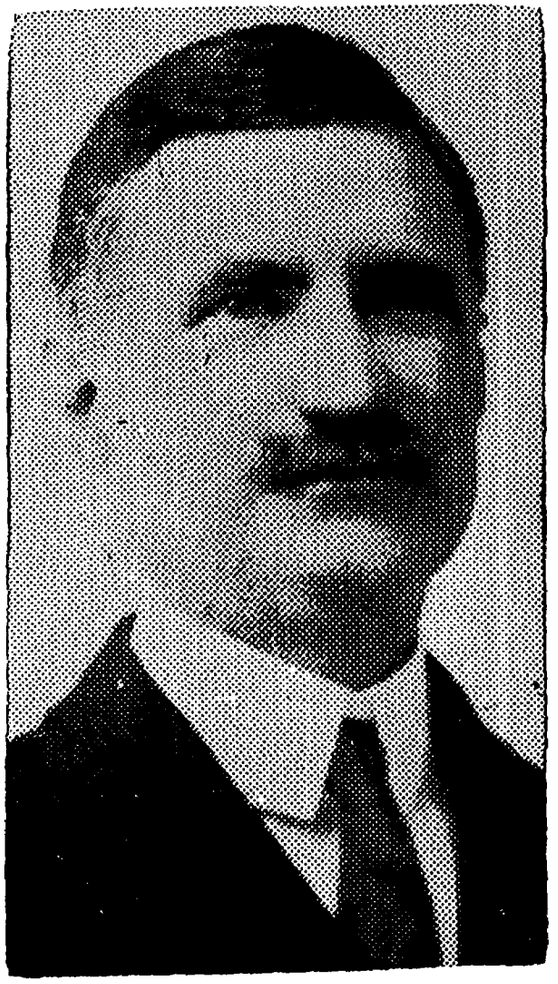
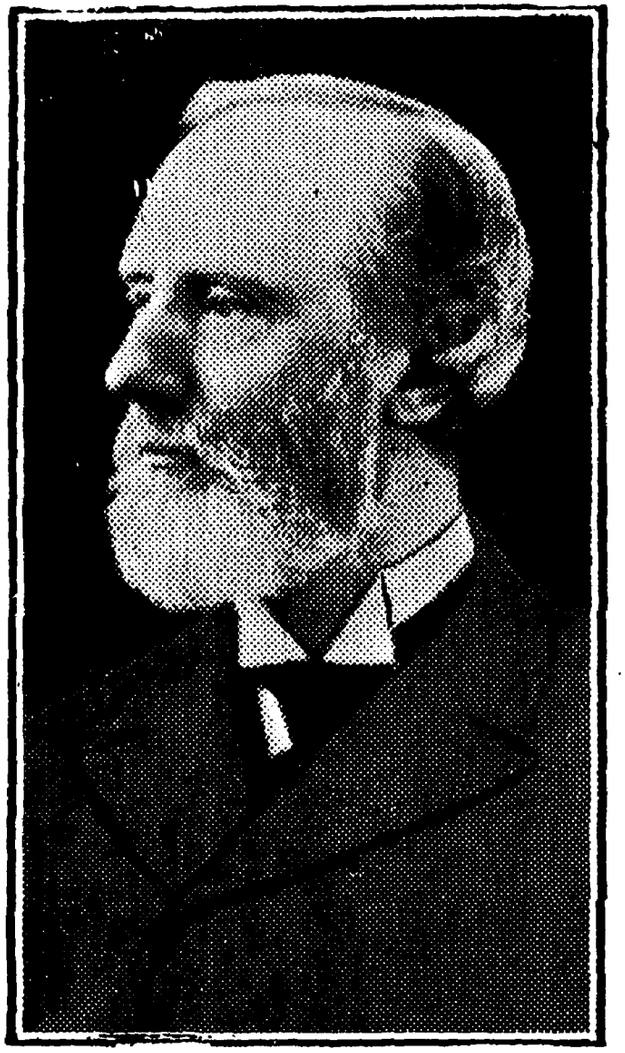
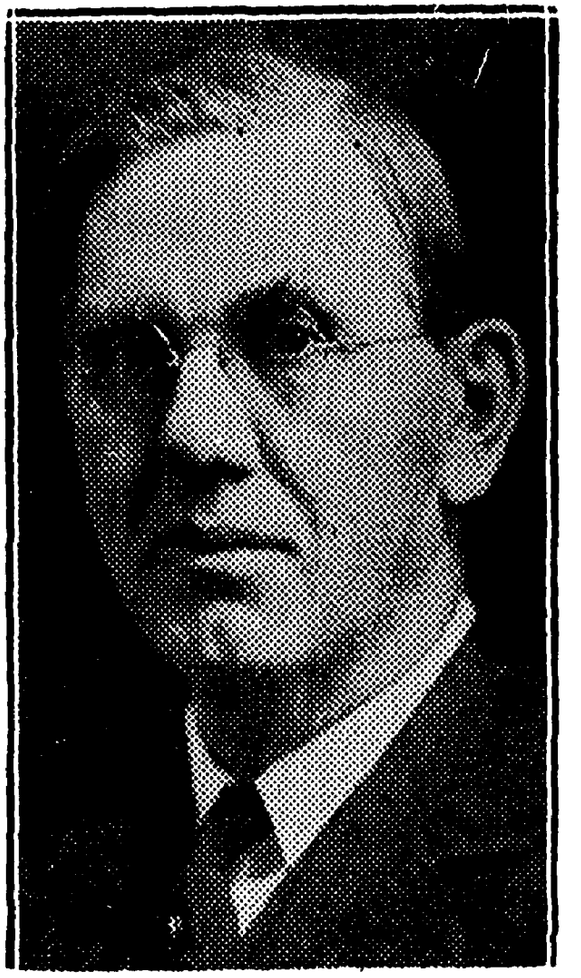


Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, D.D.
(1889 - 1900)



Rev. William J. Potter
(1859 - 1893)



Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, D.D.
(1920 - 1938)

THREE FORMER MINISTERS OF THE SOCIETY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE CHURCH

My Friends:

In commemoration of the centenary of the dedication of our house of worship your committee has honored me with an invitation to speak on "One Hundred Years of the Church." Permit me to start some fifteen years earlier, and refer briefly to the circumstances which assured the permanence of this religious body and the erection of the fine edifice which has so long stood the test of time.

During the 1820's internal schism in the Society of Friends alienated an important group from their orthodox brethren, and the local Hicksites, or New Lights, as they were called, decided to ally themselves with the historic First Congregational Society, almost as old as the Friends Meeting itself. The Quakers of that day were the leaders in wealth, influence and social status in New Bedford, and this church was much strengthened by their accession.

At the psychological moment the Society called a new pastor in the person of Rev. Orville Dewey, who, although only in his thirtieth year, had become widely and favorably known as assistant to Dr. Channing in Boston. His unusual talents and striking personality attracted many of the Friends, among whom evidently his great desirability had been for some time a matter of unusual interest. Joseph R. Anthony, a leading Quaker, noted in his diary that "Minister Dewey was the general subject of conversation" at an evening gathering, and further declared "They all have an exalted opinion of his talents, and the Society is endeavoring to get him established over their church." In December, 1823, Mr. Anthony attended the ordination of Dr. Dewey, and wrote:

"The house was completely filled, and the services were very interesting and impressive. Great liberality of sentiment was advanced; no particular creed was required of Mr. Dewey, but he was left to teach his congregation after the dictates of his own conscience. I was very much pleased with the services, and have concluded to take a pew."

Illustrative of the situation at the time also is an extract from a recent letter from Rev. Alfred Rodman Hussey, who writes of his maternal grandparents, Charles W. Morgan and Sarah Rodman Morgan, both originally Quakers. Early in her married life Mrs. Morgan was attracted by the preaching of Dr. Dewey, joined his church, and led a group of relatives to become Unitarians. Benjamin Rodman, William R. Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robeson, and Mrs. James Arnold were some of those who followed her example, and were among the most valued members of the parish. Mr. Morgan was prominent in the church for years, sincerely devoted to its interests, and was chairman of the assessors.

The terms of the contract with the new minister were exceedingly liberal for those days. He was to receive an annual salary of $1,000, and in addition a "settlement" of $2,000, half to be paid at once, and the remainder at the end of a year. It was the highest ministerial compensation known in these parts. No doubt the expected influx of the rich Quakers had its weight in fixing the pastor's emoluments.

At that time the Society was worshipping in a church built of wood about 1795 at the northwest corner of Purchase and William Streets, the site of the present Merchants' Bank. It is there we must picture Dr. Dewey during his eleven years' pastorate, in that small structure, with its candles on the pulpit, its church organ, the first in the village, and its proud embellishment of a town clock. In later years it was to become famed as Liberty Hall. It was destroyed by fire in 1854.

By common consent Dr. Dewey has come to be regarded as one of the most eloquent pulpit orators the Unitarian denomination has ever produced. From here he went to the Church of the Messiah in New York, where the auditorium was crowded each Sunday, morning and evening. Philip Hone, celebrated diarist, wrote that "large congregations were attracted by the popularity of the preacher; by doctrines somewhat out of the regular track of orthodoxy."

He threw himself with so much zeal into the writing and delivery of his sermons that after service he was usually

completely prostrated. Rev. Dr. John H. Morison, one of his parishioners, and subsequently a successor in our pulpit, wrote of him:

"His trembling, agitated countenance shows that he is wearing himself out in his calling. When he walked through the church to the pulpit, his head swaying backward and forward, as if too heavily freighted, his whole bearing was that of one weighted down by the thoughts in which he was absorbed, and the solemn message he had come to deliver . . . His manner in the pulpit was marked by great depth and strength of feeling. They who were seeking for light found it in his preaching."

It is well also to have the testimony of a layman who often listened to Dr. Dewey. Fortunately for us Charles Taber Congdon, a native of New Bedford, and subsequently a great New York editor, decided to write a book of reminiscences. Here are his words regarding the eminent preacher:

"If great purity and force of language, a rich rhetoric well kept in hand, sinewy logical power, vigorous and uncompromising earnestness, with a gentle liberality — if all these together make great sermons, Dr. Dewey's were great. I place some of them in the front rank of such literature."

His pastorate here was broken by leave of absence for foreign travel for his health. Biographers tell us he suffered from a brain ailment, but it must not be inferred that his mental powers collapsed. Indeed, they continued unabated until practically the end of his long life. We should judge his trouble actually was a state of nerves. It is surprising to learn that in the condition of his health he lived to be eighty-eight.

A home was built for Dr. Dewey, an imposing structure at the northwest corner of Orchard and Bedford Streets, subsequently the Swift house, demolished some fifteen years ago. In his day it had an unobstructed view of the waters that hedge us about, and the Elizabeth Islands, far away. "Oh, the joy of that sea view!" he wrote many years after.

Not only did New Bedford like Dr. Dewey, but he liked

New Bedford. In his autobiography he states that his life in our town was very happy. "I found cultivated and interesting society there," he declares. "I ventured sometimes to say there was more wit in New Bedford than there was in Boston." He mentions some of his precious friendships. Conspicuous was that of Miss Mary Rotch, "called by everybody 'Aunt Mary,' from mingled veneration and affection," he states, and dwells on her dignity, strength of character, high intellectual powers, and her perfect sympathy and kindliness. He tells us: "When speaking of the Supreme Being she would never say 'God', but 'that Influence'."

The brilliant woman, an outcomer from the Quaker faith, is known in local annals as the friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson when he filled the pulpit during Dr. Dewey's absence in Europe in the winter of 1833-34, subsequently declining a call to become permanent minister. She was fifty-six, he was thirty. An assumption of a romantic attachment may be summarily dismissed. While in Plymouth that winter he first met and quickly fell in love with Miss Lydian Jackson, who shortly after became his second wife. Of Mary Rotch's "sublime religion" and its influence upon him he was pleased to write appreciatively in his journal.

It has long been a matter of belief that Emerson lodged in the home of Miss Rotch on Sixth Street, the present parsonage of the church. I regret to shatter an old tradition, but the fact is the residence was not erected until about four or five years after Emerson preached here. This is borne out by entries in the earliest editions of the New Bedford Directories. And indubitable proof is afforded by the diary of Miss Rotch's nephew, Samuel Rodman, who on Dec. 22, 1838, made this notation:

"Called in the evening to see my Aunt Mary in her new habitation, into which she moved on the sixth instant. She and her friend and protege, Mary Gifford, seem now snugly and permanently fixed under their own roof, which I doubt not will be more comfortable and agreeable than their hitherto migratory state and habits. The scale of their house and its finish is unostentatious and unpretending."

Thus 1938 marks not only the centenary of the dedication of the church, but also the erection of the parsonage.

Emerson's week-end lodgings in New Bedford, it may be stated, actually were in Widow Deborah Brayton's fashionable boarding house at the northeast corner of Second and Walnut Streets, a locality then graced by neat and comfortable residences.

Dr. Dewey was accustomed to repeat many of his sermons, a practice for which he blamed the state of his health. Explaining the cause of closing his ministry here he stated: "I could write no more sermons. I had preached every sermon I had that was worth preaching, five times over, and I could not face another repetition." Mr. Congdon fully exonerated him by saying:

"The Doctor had a way, of which we did not complain, of preaching his sermons over and over again until they were perfectly familiar to us, and we knew when the finest passages were at hand. So when a dapper, little young man, fresh from the Cambridge Divinity School, ministered unto us, and treated us to the best parts of one of them which had been published, astonishment and indignation filled all the pews. If there had been people enough at our vespers for a mob, I think we should have had one."

Not long after leaving this pastorate Dr. Dewey published his first volume of sermons, which was "affectionately dedicated to the people of the First Congregational Society of New Bedford by their late pastor and obliged friend," who desired to leave for them "a permanent record of the interest he has taken in them." It ran through several editions. A copy has been preserved among the church archives.

Touching his human side his daughter, editor of his "Autobiography and Letters," states that in his later years Dr. Dewey was very fond of a game of whist. In one of his letters he writes, "I came home very tired, and sat down with a cigar," a surprising admission in an era when enjoyment of a fragrant perfecto by a clergyman was tabooed.

Lack of time prevents me from attempting to draw for you a picture of this center of the whaling industry in

1838, with its 12,000 inhabitants, its fleet of 170 whaleships, its fourteen churches, its fine public schools, and its more than twenty private schools. It had long been a wealthy, progressive and enterprising community. I like the brief characterization given by Miss Mary Dewey, brilliant daughter of the brilliant preacher, who in her elder years wrote of New Bedford as she recalled it at the time of her girlhood. After speaking of her father's old parishioners she said:

"They rise before my mind's eye, all set in the frame of the beautiful old seaport, simple, dignified and graceful, on its gentle slope to the water, with its clean, quiet streets, its many stately houses and gardens, and its air of peace, enhanced by the calm presence of the Quaker element, always perceptible."

It was during the ministry of Dr. Dewey that the necessity for more room determined the Society to erect a larger church than the time-honored structure on Purchase Street. Possibly the action of the Unitarians of Taunton, who had dedicated their present granite meeting house in 1830, inspired our people to undertake a project equally pretentious. A committee to consider the proposition was chosen in August, 1832. The following March it was voted to build, and in May, 1833, a lot of about sixty rods at the corner of Union and Eighth Streets was purchased of William Rotch, Jr., for $6,000, or one hundred dollars a rod.

The enterprise was financed by means of subscriptions from members of the Society, who on completion of the work sold the pews to indemnify themselves, and then through trustees, deeded the land and building to the incorporated Society.

Dr. Dewey's departure is sometimes said to have delayed work on the building. Whatever the reason, construction did not begin until 1836. Rev. William J. Potter thought there were certain national apprehensions concerning a war with France that had a deterrent effect. Then too, despite the boom era, New Bedford experienced its first great commercial crisis in 1833 and 1834, when several mercantile

houses crashed, and for a time conditions were panicky. And in 1837 and 1838 many banks suspended specie payments, yet, the *Mercury* proudly stated that "a dollar bill of any bank in New Bedford is worth four or five cents more than a silver dollar in London."

Our Society chose as architect the celebrated Major Russell Warren of Providence, whose success in designing some splendid mansions here had made him the vogue. The contractors were the brothers Seth H. and William Ingalls. Construction was completed early in 1838. At the northeast corner of Union and Eighth Streets stood the residence of Captain Stephen Merrihew, one of the most active members of the building committee, who could watch the progress of the work from his windows. Some three score years later a grand-nephew, Henry H. Rogers, would be destined to watch the progress of construction on the Memorial Church which he presented to the Unitarian Society in Fairhaven.

Right here let me turn to financial matters, saying the auction sales of pews fully met all hopes. The church was built free of debt. Costs were more than covered by the sales, and after the subscribers had received full reimbursement for moneys advanced a small balance remained. Of course the subscribers largely, but not wholly so, were purchasers of pews. At the first day's sale eighty-eight pews were disposed of at an aggregate of $32,485, of which $7,515 was paid for choice. Actual prices ranged from $30 to $700. James H. Crocker, the highest bidder, paid $400 for first choice in addition to $700 for his pew, Number 69, on the west side of the broad aisle. Today it has the honor of being the minister's pew.

Mr. Crocker was cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank, and treasurer of the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad Corporation. Charles W. Morgan, Joseph Grinnell and Moses H. Grinnell were among others who paid $700 each for pews. Some persons bought more than one. The accounting showed $40,124.89 as the amount realized, with $39,996.96 expended, leaving a balance of $127.93. Unsold pews were bought and rented by the Society.

Money for current expenses was raised by a tax on the pews, which was assessed by the committee who managed the Society's temporal affairs, hence called assessors. At first the tax was ten percent, but with the years it advanced as high as forty percent. Now and then the Society was able to acquire various pews, which were rented. In time a situation developed making it advisable that pewholders release their rights of ownership to the Society, and that all pews should be subject to rental. Eventually, in the late 1870's, agreement to that effect was reached, and pew ownership became a thing of the past.

Clerk William Howe, starting a new volume of records of the Society in May, 1838, gave a brief description of the church. More than 7,000 tons of granite entered into its construction. Some blocks weighed eight tons. The pulpit was trimmed with crimson silk damask. The pews were lined with rich worsted damask of like color. There were 112 pews on the floor and ten in the gallery. Mr. Howe prepared an accurate plan of the seating arrangements, showing the pew numbers, cost of each pew, and names of the purchasers. The layout of the body of the house was the same as at present, with the three aisles. In the passage of years some of the pews, mostly at the front, have been removed, but the numbering of those remaining has never been changed. Those formerly at the front center must have been extremely near the pulpit. The two front pews on the sides were next the north walls. Evidently they did not admit of a view of the pulpit, and were generally unoccupied. At first the church was lighted by whale oil lamps, but in 1857 gas was introduced.

"The bell is one of the Spanish convent bells recently sold in New York," wrote Mr. Howe. It was presented by Moses H. Grinnell, a native of New Bedford, brother of Joseph Grinnell, who although then a New York merchant, further showed his interest in the welfare of the church of his choice by purchasing two pews. Some years ago the bell, incapacitated for further use, was removed to the yard in

front of the church. On the day of the dedication of the meeting house the *Mercury* printed a contribution in blank verse, inspired by the bell. The poem began:

> Two centuries and a half have rolled away
> Since upon the air thy first vibrations struck.

In 1908 a new bell was presented the church by Mrs. William J. Rotch, in memory of Mr. Rotch.

The *Mercury* was warm in its praise of the new structure, saying:

"The church is built in a style of most perfect durability and beauty. As an elegant specimen of pure Gothic architecture it is acknowledged by competent judges, we believe, to be unequalled by any other structure in the country."

Great preparations were made to emphasize the joyous transition from old to new. Officiating ministers were selected for their distinction in the Unitarian body. The great Dr. Dewey was invited to deliver the farewell sermons in the house on Purchase Street, where he preached twice on Sunday, May 20. Wednesday following dawned a day of high hopes and aspirations, of joy and pride, the day of dedication of the present church.

Exactly one hundred years ago, May 23, 1838, at four in the afternoon, the exercises were held in this auditorium. The town was keenly alive to the importance of the event. So the attendance filled the house (even in the front corner pews), embracing many visitors from away, who included almost two-score members of the ecclesiastical council that was to have charge of the installation of two pastors on the morrow.

The sermon was by Dr. Dewey, and was acclaimed by the *Mercury* as "interesting and impressive, and worthy of the reputation of that distinguished divine." An original hymn written for the occasion by an author who, to our regret, modestly remained anonymous, "was sung with excellent effect," according to the newspaper, which added: "And the performances of the choir, assisted by Mr. Ed-

ward L. White as organist, were throughout deserving of the highest praise." It appears the choir was augmented for the occasion by singers of the New Bedford Haydn Society, who received fifty dollars for their services. New hymn books were introduced at that time, but it must not be inferred that the hymnals recently discarded had lasted a hundred years.

On the following morning the ecclesiastical council assembled at the old church to examine the qualifications of Rev. Ephraim Peabody and Rev. John H. Morison, selected as colleague pastors. Eighteen churches, chiefly in Massachusetts, but including two in Providence, sent clerical and lay delegates to the council. The only New Bedford church asked to participate was the First Christian, represented by its pastor, Rev. Charles W. Morgridge, and a member, Thomas Mandell, who indeed, not long after became a pewholder in our church. Shortly before eleven o'clock the council was met by the men of the Society, and escorted in processional to the new building, where Mr. Peabody was installed as pastor, and Mr. Morison was ordained to the ministry and installed as assistant pastor. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Caleb Stetson of Medford, whose son, Thomas M. Stetson, later became a prominent attorney here and long a leading member of this Society.

Perhaps the most distinguished attendant on the exercises of the two days was Margaret Fuller, later the Countess Ossoli, famous in American literature, who already had begun to make a name by her "conversations," or parlor lectures. She came with the delegation from Providence, where she had taught school. In her party was a daughter of Judge Lyman of the Rhode Island city, whose family were close friends of the Rodmans of New Bedford. In consequence, though the young ladies were lodged temporarily at Captain John Price's, 17 South Sixth Street, Samuel Rodman, by birthright and always a Quaker, eagerly took the opportunity to persuade the Misses Lyman and Fuller to enjoy the hospitality of his home at the corner of Spring and County Streets.

The week was not without its social festivities. On the evening of the second day there was a large party at Robert S. Smith's, "at which were most of the distinguished strangers in town," chronicled Mr. Rodman in his diary. Mr. Smith, an officer in one of the local insurance companies and Collector of the Port, was then occupying for about a year the James Arnold mansion, now the Wamsutta Club, during the Arnold family's absence in Europe.

Alas! the young ladies were forced to arise early next morning, bidding their hosts good-bye shortly before five o'clock to embark on the stage-coach for their return to Providence! Mr. Rodman and his family were much pleased with their guests. Miss Fuller, he declared, "though very learned and intelligent, was very amiable and unpretending."

Of this remarkable and ill-fated woman, one of the early Transcendentalists, we have learned much from her friends, Emerson and Channing. An intimate woman friend was the brilliant Eliza Rotch Farrar, herself an author, niece of Mary Rotch, and wife of Professor John Farrar of Harvard. Margaret Fuller unquestionably made other visits to New Bedford. In one of her letters, in June, 1842, she referred to Miss Rotch, saying, "I take great pleasure in talking with Aunt Mary." Who knows but what she surveyed her blonde reflection in Miss Rotch's full-length mirror, which today ornaments a front room in the parsonage?

Robert S. Smith, George T. Baker and Ichabod Clapp were the assessors at the occupancy of the new church. There was one deacon, Manasseh Kempton. The superintendent of the Sunday School was James B. Congdon, an active figure in town affairs. Subsequently Thomas Dawes Eliot, a leading lawyer, gave himself with great earnestness to the duties of the post, until his election as a Representative in Congress, where he served several terms. He was president of the American Unitarian Association when laymen filled that position, and we cherish the sentiment that his grandnephew, Rev. Dr. Frederick May Eliot, is now the incumbent of the office.

In the records of the annual meeting of the Society for

1839 it is noted that $2,000 was appropriated for the salaries of the two pastors. It is thought this sum was not shared equally by them, as Dr. Peabody was regarded as the senior minister. From the first, great attention was paid to the church music; as in the case of its preaching, the Society always must have the best. For 1839, the music appropriation was $475. The organ, a small affair, was the one that had served in the old building. By 1841 it was deemed necessary to have a better instrument, and one of three manuals was purchased for $3,600. Through the urge of Rev. William J. Potter this, in turn, gave place to another in 1862, which cost $4,500. Being able to "trade in" the old one the Society had an actual outlay of but $3,500. The makers rebuilt the used organ and sold it to a church in Newport. In 1874 the organ was removed to the main floor of the church, and after some pews were taken out, was set up in an enclosure at the northeast corner. With the presentation in 1907 of the large and beautifully toned organ, the gift of the Grinnell family in memory of Frederick Grinnell, the location in the gallery was resumed.

In 1841 the basement was fitted as a vestry, but after some years, owing to dampness, its use was abandoned. The first chapel was erected in 1867. With the need of larger accommodations the present chapel was projected, and completed in 1896. For many years Sunday School sessions took place in the church auditorium. Strawberry festivals and other parish entertainments were held in City Hall, now the Public Library building. At these there was usually dancing for those who desired. By that time, no doubt, the Quaker element in the congregation had overcome its scruples regarding secular amusements.

The present parsonage was purchased during the ministry of Dr. Paul Revere Frothingham more than forty years ago. An earlier parsonage stood on the site of the present chapel. It was acquired for Rev. John Weiss in 1853. The property was the home of Thomas Cook, a leading member of the parish, who had just built a finer residence on Morgan Street. The ministerial dwelling was not owned by the Society,

but was purchased by a group of parishioners headed by James Arnold and William W. Swain, and included Mr. Weiss himself. The clergyman was to keep it insured for $3,000, and pay the taxes and cost of repairs. At the close of his pastorate in 1859 the property was sold and the sponsors reimbursed. Some thirty-five years later it was purchased by the Society, the house was removed, and on a portion of the lot rose the chapel.

In 1908 the church interior was greatly renovated. At that time was installed the beautiful mosaic in the rear of the pulpit, a memorial to Judge Oliver Prescott and Mrs. Prescott, the gift of their son and two daughters. In June, 1922, the Society purchased the Seip property west of the church to round out its holdings, and after removal of the buildings thereon, the site was converted into the beautiful lawn we know today.

The oldest member of the church today is our good friend, Mr. George N. Alden, whom we felicitate on reaching this anniversary, and rejoice that he is with us tonight. He tells me his first remembrance of this building goes back to May, 1858, when as a boy of thirteen he returned with his parents from Lancaster and Fall River, where they had lived for a number of years, immediately resuming their interrupted membership in the Society. Mr. Alden has vivid recollections of complaints that the excessive rotundity of the pillars of the church, the huge clustered columns supporting the roof, obstructed the view, and accordingly in time they were reduced to the size they still retain. A cross-section of a clustered pillar would be like a four-leafed clover.

The church music was by a quartet choir, of whom he remembers Miss Harriet Rooth. She was a music teacher, residing on Walden Street. Captain John A. Hawes, one of the music committee and probably chairman, sometimes accompanied the singers on his violin. Thomas Dawes Eliot was superintendent of the Sunday School when Mr. Alden attended. T. Prentiss Allen had a class of boys and Edward A. H. Allen a class of girls. The Allens were co-

principals of the Friends' Academy. Mr. Alden recalls the boys' class included himself, Charles W. Clifford, William Rotch, Henry Nye, James Howland and others. During 1858 Mr. Weiss was abroad for his health, and resigned early in 1859. Mr. Alden distinctly remembers his peculiar, high-pitched voice. He states that Mr. Weiss was beloved of his congregation, who let him go only with much reluctance.

A volume of sermons by Dr. Ephraim Peabody, an earlier pastor, is among Mr. Alden's cherished possessions. His mother was a constant reader of the book because of her deep admiration for the clergyman, under whose ministry she and her husband had sat during the 1840's.

One of the original pew holders was Robert Ingraham, father of Robert C. Ingraham, first librarian of the Free Public Library. He bid $175 for pew Number 88, and his certificate of ownership is still in possession of a member of the family.* A daughter, Mrs. Ellen Ingraham Fales, is now living in Cambridge, in her ninety-fourth year. Through the courtesy of a relative I learn that when she was eight she attended the Sunday School, although going to church before that with her parents and the other children of the family. Mr. Eliot was superintendent. Her teacher was Miss Sarah Howland Hussey, an artist of much ability, from whom she later took drawing lessons.

Rev. Charles Lowe, the assistant pastor, at that time made a visit to Jerusalem, and brought back to each scholar a little cross he carved himself from pearl found there. Mrs. Fales has always preserved this memento of the past. For the teachers Mr. Lowe brought bracelets in red, green and white, made of berries from Mecca.

For several summers before she was twelve Mrs. Fales was accustomed to take her dolls and play in the church tower. Sometimes she was accompanied by a playmate, Emma Hathaway. The church key was kept in the home of Rev. Mr. Weiss, north of the church. She would obtain

*It was exhibited in the chapel during the reception following the exercises in the church.

it, and climb high up into the tower, remaining until the sun reached a certain place on the floor, when she knew it was time to go, and she always departed promptly.

The late Mrs. Asha (Swift) Maxfield, who passed away about two years ago at the age of ninety-four, also had one of Mr. Lowe's crosses and a bracelet, which are now preserved in the family. There is likewise a book, another of her treasures, "Scenes from Christian History," copies of which were presented to the pupils when they graduated into a class with elder girls.

The parish gave to the State of Massachusetts an able Governor, John Henry Clifford, who was extremely active in the Society's affairs. From these pews went out Rev. Alfred Rodman Hussey, long a prominent clergyman in the denomination.

In later years we have welcomed the accession of the members of the Universalist body, and rejoice they decided to cast in their lot with us. It is impossible of course, to call the complete roll of the past, but I will repeat the names of some of the families who down through the long years gave this church their loyal and untiring support. Some of these are still represented in the membership of the church today: __

Akin, Alden, Allen, Anthony, Arnold, Bourne, Bryant, Clifford, Coggeshall, Crapo, Cummings, Delano, Denison, Eliot, Grinnell, Hart, Hathaway, Hawes, Hillman, Howland, Hussey, Ingraham, Jones, Kelley, Kempton, Knowles, Mandell, Macomber, Morgan, Perry, Pierce, Plummer, Prescott, Randall, Richmond, Robeson, Robinson, Rodman, Rotch, Russell, Snow, Standish, Stanton, Stetson, Stone, Swain, Swift, Taber, Tappan, Thornton, Tucker, Wall, Watkins, Wilcox, Wood.

From members of some of these families the Society has received bequests or other memorials as a measure of devotion. These benefactors include:

Francis T. Akin, Miss Clara Bennett, Charles W. Clifford and Miss Ellen Clifford, William W. Crapo, Miss Julia Delano, Misses Edith and Ida M. Eliot, Mrs. Frederick Grin-

nell, Mrs. George Hussey, Mrs. Edward C. Jones and Misses Amelia H. and Emma C. Jones, Henry M. Plummer, Mrs. Oliver Prescott, Miss Clara A. Reed, Mrs. William J. Rotch, George R. Stetson, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Stone, Misses Mary Kempton Taber and Sally Gordon Taber, Mrs. Elizabeth Russell Thornton, Miss Emma C. Watkins and Mrs. Melissa (Watkins) Potter.

This church has been fortunate in its ministers. Some of them had exceptionally long terms of service. Three pastorates, though not consecutive, covered nearly seventy of the hundred years, — those of Mr. Potter, Mr. Geoghegan, and Dr. Hodgin. To Mr. Potter I shall refer presently. We recall Mr. Geoghegan's unusual facility of diction and his glowing rhetorical periods. His earnest work for the people in the struggle against tuberculosis must not be forgotten.

Dr. Hodgin's great learning and the depth of his thought have left their strong impress upon us. He too, has rendered conscientious and effective public service. We are glad he is to remain in this city to give us and the community at large the benefit of his sound common sense, and his ripe wisdom and counsel. We also have been signally favored with the splendid cooperation of that gracious lady, Mrs. Hodgin, who has labored untiringly and unceasingly, especially for the interests of the young people.

And what were our ministers of the past like? Let me tell you something about them; something of the human side, as well as their place in the pulpit.

Libraries are rich in the literature of former pastors of this church — biographies and autobiographies, volumes of sermons, letters and journals, and reminiscences by contemporaries in scattered volumes. The Dictionary of American Biography, the great authority on lives of celebrities, which admits to its pages only deceased notables, has sketches of five of our clergy since the turn of the nineteenth century, Orville Dewey, John Weiss, Charles Lowe, William James Potter, Paul Revere Frothingham, as well as a much earlier divine, Dr. Samuel West; a record in which we may take pardonable pride.

All the early ministers came to New Bedford as young men — none over thirty-one. A brief pastorate in the old church was held by Rev. Joseph Angier, twenty-seven at his installation in 1835. When he went to other fields, two years later, he was accompanied by a bride from his congregation, Elizabeth Rotch, daughter of Joseph Rotch.

We regret to know that several of the clergymen, although in the flush of early manhood, were sufferers from periods of ill-health which necessitated leaves of absence for recuperation. Yet two of them lived to be eighty-eight, and were vigorous old men.

Dr. Peabody, who began his work here just one hundred years ago, was always spoken of as "the beloved pastor." Son of the village blacksmith in Wilton, New Hampshire, he was graduated from Bowdoin College and received theological training. His early service was on the frontier, and the new and struggling church in Cincinnati, Ohio, had the benefit of his ministrations. Not far away were laboring two other young missionaries of the Unitarian faith, James Freeman Clarke at Louisville, Kentucky, and William Greenleaf Eliot at St. Louis, the latter a native of New Bedford, and grandfather of Dr. Frederick May Eliot. The three friends united in editing a denominational journal, the *Western Messenger.*

In Cincinnati young Peabody met Mary Jane Derby, daughter of a wealthy family of Salem, who was visiting her sister. They fell in love and were married. It is related that during the courtship the good-looking Mr. Peabody was invited to a dance at the sister's house, and the pleasant answer returned was that there were six feet and one inch of Ephraim Peabody that never learned to dance! A most fascinating account of their lives has been written by their son, Rev. Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, long a professor at Harvard, under the title, "A New England Romance," presenting an unusual and remarkable story of the union of representatives of two New England families seemingly divided by training and taste and background. Mrs. Peabody

gave up the life of a society belle to become a minister's wife, a function she fulfilled most admirably. Wrote their son:

"Down from the hills comes the dreamy boy to college, and finds his satisfying ideal in the Christian ministry; out from her finery and frivolity steps the brilliant girl, and gaily encounters the vicissitudes of the frontier. The two traditions of New England, the idealism of the hills and the commercialism of the cities, find themselves happily joined in the common desire for service."

When Mr. Peabody came to New Bedford he and Mr. Morison were engaged as joint ministers, because neither felt himself sufficiently vigorous, physically, to carry on the work alone. In the utmost harmony throughout they labored together. After a few years Mr. Morison's health compelled him to resign, leaving Mr. Peabody as sole pastor.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, with characteristic humor, sent his congratulations from Louisville to Dr. Peabody on the assumption of his duties here. He wrote:

"So they tell me that you and Mary Jane are going to New Bedford to build your house, not on a rock but on whalebone. Tell me, would it be prudent for you to preach about the foolish virgins not having oil in their lamps? Would it not be considered rather personal? I suppose it would not answer to talk about carrying oil well-beaten into the sanctuary. You must not touch on Jonah, and I suppose the mention of Leviathan might occasion unpleasant associations among your aristocrats. But say, have you not some conscientious scruples about receiving salary procured by such a slaughter of the innocents? Methinks when you reflect on the thousands of harmless sea-monsters whose gambollings were cut short in order that you might enjoy the comforts and luxuries — but I forbear."

While in New Bedford Ephraim Peabody overtaxed his strength. After seven years he accepted a call to King's Chapel, Boston, where apparently his duties were not as arduous. His ten years' pastorate there, to be ended with his death in 1856, was crowned with success. He had

battled with tuberculosis for many years. The knowledge now at our command regarding this malady might have arrested its progress in his case, and resulted in a prolonged span of life. His wife survived him to a ripe old age. One of their daughters became the wife of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard. A grandson is Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, former president of the American Unitarian Association.

Mrs. Peabody possessed rare artistic talent which found expression not only in elaborate studies from nature, but in the delicate craft of lithography, of which some excellent specimens have been preserved. One of these forms a frontispiece for a book of our church records, a reproduction of this house of worship and its surroundings one hundred years ago.

Dr. John Hopkins Morison was born in New Hampshire, not far from Ephraim Peabody's native town. As a schoolboy at Phillips Exeter Academy he was for a few weeks under Mr. Peabody's instruction. Studying at Harvard he abandoned a proposed career in the law for the ministry. Meanwhile he taught school. Opportunity to conduct a private school for girls at $1,000 a year brought him to New Bedford in 1832, and he became a parishioner of Dr. Dewey. After a brief period at Harvard Divinity School his health broke down, and we find him, apparently about 1836, again in New Bedford, and a member of the family of William W. Swain, to whose only son, Robert Swain, he was private tutor. The winters were spent here, and the summers at Naushon. Even after the son entered Phillips Exeter to prepare for Harvard, Mr. Morison continued to make his home in the Swain residence, now the Swain School, until his marriage in 1841.

On leaving New Bedford he became minister of the First Parish Church in Milton, succeeding Rev. Joseph Angier, who had gone thither from this town in 1837. Serving there for many years Dr. Morison eventually was made pastor emeritus. At one period he edited the *Christian Register*.

The kindly Dr. Morison always looked back on his life in New Bedford with peculiar affection. In 1888, at the

age of eighty, on the half century anniversary of the last services in the old Purchase Street house, he was gratified to preach from this pulpit.

It is not often the lot of a clergyman to receive $500 for conducting a funeral service. Yet such was the experience of Dr. Morison, who came to New Bedford to officiate at the obsequies of Mr. Swain in 1858. The emolument was provided in the will of William Sturgis, a wealthy Boston merchant, whose bequest was so unusual, and its terms so beautifully expressed, that I read it in full, as follows:

"To Rev. John H. Morison of Milton, $500 as a mark of esteem and respect, and approval of the manner in which he led the services at the funeral of my late friend, William W. Swain, at New Bedford. The cheerful and bright views of the change which we call death that he expressed on that occasion are altogether in accordance with my own long-cherished sentiments."

Dr. Peabody and Dr. Morison, both able preachers, were serene in spirit, of calm and quiet methods and action. Following an interim of two years without a settled minister there came on the scene a clergyman of a quite different type, though probably no less beloved by his followers, Rev. John Weiss. He filled the pulpit for eleven years, and the phrase "picturesque and colorful" well applies to him.

There is still living, at the age of ninety-nine, a man who remembers Mr. Weiss well. He is Oscar Laighton, a familiar figure to all who have been at Star Island. The New Bedford clergyman was a yearly visitor to the Isles of Shoals in the days of long ago. "Uncle Oscar," in his book of reminiscences, makes frequent references to him. Here are some of his observations:

"Mr. Weiss was a medium-sized man, with dark hair and beard and splendid brown eyes, but what impressed me most about him was his irresistible spirit of fun."

"Never in all my life have I met such a concentrated creation of inextinguishable fun as the Rev. John Weiss."

"Mr. Weiss ran to find mother the moment he arrived,

doing his best to make her laugh. In Massachusetts they called him 'John Weiss, the Radical.' I did not know what that meant, but a better fellow never lived."

"The handsome face of Mr. Weiss would sparkle with mirth like radiant sunshine on the ripples off Appledore."

The clergyman had a close friend and classmate, Levi Lincoln Thaxter, also a constant visitor to the Isles of Shoals. They were greatly interested in the studies of Oscar Laighton's sister, "and with the help of these masters of English literature," writes the brother, "she advanced rapidly." In 1851 Mr. Weiss united her in marriage to his chum, and she became celebrated in the literary world as Celia Thaxter, author of poems that remain favorites today.

Thomas M. Stetson termed Mr. Weiss "a very Chrysostom of the modern pulpit." Another writer called him "an explosive compound of wit, poetry and religious idealism." Let us again summon to our aid our old friend, Charles Taber Congdon, and hear what he has to say:

"One of our notable pastors was the lamented John Weiss. Nobody who heard him in the full flush and strength of his youth can forget his energy and power. He was one of the boldest preachers I have ever known. He had his own theory of the proper topics for sermons, and one of them he conceived to be the iniquity of slavery. He was a small man, with a thin, sharp voice, but when his subject was one which thoroughly warmed him, his stature was forgotten, and his tones were like those of a battle-cry.

"He preached against the nomination of General Taylor to a house full of Whigs; and though he once in my hearing made rags and tatters of the Compromise Measures, only one man went out, and he pleaded illness for doing so. Mr. Weiss was a Christian in thought and feeling and purpose, but not in dogma and doctrine. A good scholar and a constant and enthusiastic thinker, he was in his ways and manners and social speech almost a boy, so winning and bright and courteous that those who knew him well loved him dearly, and those who knew him ever so little began to love him at once."

At the time of his resignation in 1859 a memorial, signed by 170 women of the parish, extolled his labors and earnestly entreated him to remain. Regretting that the state of his health forbade him to continue here, Mr. Weiss wrote feelingly "to my friends the women who signed the memorial." The letters were neatly printed for parish circulation, and a copy is now in possession of Mr. Alden.

Just here it may be stated that at this time the women had no vote in church affairs. It was not until nearly twenty years later that they were admitted to the legal status of the male members, and began to be placed on church committees.

The only other pastorate held by Mr. Weiss was in Watertown. He was one of the founders of the Free Religious Association. He wrote and published much, and his "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," in two volumes, is an authoritative work.

Reference has been made to his assistant, Rev. Charles Lowe, who died of pulmonary trouble at the age of forty-six. After only a short stay in New Bedford he was for several years secretary of the American Unitarian Association, where his ability as an organizer was of great value.

Although Rev. William J. Potter was installed as successor to Mr. Weiss long before I was born, I remember him well. As a boy and youth, while not a regular attendant at this church, I heard him speak on several occasions from this pulpit. Memory loves to dwell on the auditorium in the old days, with its attractive frescoing and the organ and choir in the northeast corner, in full view of us all. Mr. Potter, quite appropriately as a veteran of the Civil War, once preached to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic on Memorial Sunday. How well do I recall — not his sermon, but Julia Ward Howe's magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic," beginning with that majestic sweep, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," sung in the mellow tenor of Isaac Littlefield. In my juvenile way I couldn't at first quite understand why the familiar tune of "John Brown's Body" should be sung in church

on Sunday, even for the soldiers' memorial service, but I know I was thrilled through and through.

And then those Sunday night vespers! Held in an era when the world was not full of diversions that kept people away from evening service, vespers were always a center of attraction, for the young people as well as the elder. High School boys might have gone chiefly for the especial purpose of escorting the girls home — the stag line formed on the sidewalk — but they went and the church was filled. If Mr. Potter suspected their motive, and in his great wisdom he probably did, nevertheless he was glad of their attendance. There was always a fine musical program, arranged and directed by that splendid musician, Allen W. Swan, who served as organist for an unrivalled period of forty-six years. To me Mr. Potter was always a handsome and impressive personality, and a profound preacher. With awe I listened to his deeply solemn tones. He spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes. His ministry covered thirty-three years, nearly a third of the past century, the longest, save that of Dr. West, in the church's history. This was his only pastorate. He was ordained here Dec. 28, 1859, Dr. Dewey taking part and giving the address to the people. He preached his farewell sermon on Christmas Day, 1892, and just one year later and a day his funeral service was held in this church. He was not quite sixty-five.

Mr. Potter came of a sturdy Quaker family in Dartmouth. After his graduation from Harvard he attended Divinity School. An amusing story is told of an interview with his father in reference to his choice of a calling. Said the Quaker parent:

"William, I understand thee intends entering the paid ministry?"

"Yes, father."

"William, I hope thee will go where they will pay thee well."

Mr. Potter had a keen sense of humor, which, however, was seldom exhibited in his discourses. I will refer to an

exception, in his series of historical sermons, dealing with the erection of the Purchase Street church in 1795:

"It is said, but we will hope that this is one of the things belonging to the mythical realm of tradition and not to that of history, that one of the proprietors was so piously zealous to occupy his pew at the first services that he bribed a carpenter with a quart of brandy to saw it open for him."

Even more delightful was a paragraph in the appendix to these valuable historical sermons in their published form, where Mr. Potter was alluding to the plight of an estimable citizen involved in the dispute in the Third Precinct Church resulting in the doctrinal separation of 1810, who was claimed by both sides. Of the demise of this worthy of the long ago the clergyman said:

"He had the privilege of going from earth provided with certificates of membership in two churches. Yet it may be doubted whether the guardian of the celestial gate spent much time over the question as to which of the certificates came from the legitimate Third Church."

From which we may rightly infer he was fond of doctrinal controversy, but was never intolerant.

On the approaching third marriage of a well-known parishioner he was asked if he was to perform the wedding cermony. "I suppose so," he replied, "I always officiate at his weddings."

Another parishioner came to him one day announcing that he and his wife had decided to give their young children some religious instruction in the home, and desired advice and suggestions. Just how should they go about it? With a twinkle in his eye Mr. Potter responded, "The first thing to do is to get a Bible."

When the draft law was enacted in 1863 it met with much hostility, culminating in rioting in New York. During that summer Mr. Potter himself was drafted for service in the Civil War. On Sunday ensuing he delivered a discourse entitled, "The Voice of the Draft," taking as his text the words, "Make full proof of thy ministry." Spread on our church records, appears the following statement:

"In this sermon, which attracted much attention from its glowing patriotism, noble spirit, and simple eloquence, and which was circulated extensively throughout the country, he declared he would answer this call only in person, and that he should cheerfully give himself to the service of his country. The Society refused to accept his resignation, and giving him leave of absence for a year, presented him $500. He passed the medical examination and was accepted, expecting and desiring to enter the ranks as a private soldier. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, summoned him to Washington and assigned him for work more in accordance with his ability and physical strength."

Accordingly he became a chaplain, served as inspector of hospitals, and subsequently, as a member of the Sanitary Commission, was often under fire.

Other demonstrations were given of his moral fibre. When he had been here for seven years he informed his congregation he could no longer conscientiously administer the ordinance of communion. To his utter surprise his resignation was not accepted, the Society immediately deferring to his judgment.

Joining other liberals who refused to call themselves Christians Mr. Potter found his name dropped for many years from the Unitarian Year Book. The Society staunchly stood by him, and at once withdrew from all affiliation with Unitarian agencies, holding aloof until his death. In this city the clergyman's followers were often termed "Potterites," rather than Unitarians, and I fear not always with an inflection of approval. Yet his congregation never faltered in their support and affection. They always gave him unswerving allegiance.

During the 1860's, with other advanced thinkers, he helped to found the Free Religious Association, of which he served as president and secretary, and editor of its organ, the *Index*. This body, he believed, would do much in bringing about his ideal of an all-inclusive religious fellowship. Thus in 1893 he welcomed the World's Parliament of Religions, which met in Chicago, as a partial fulfillment of

his hopes and dreams. He would be gratified if he could but know, after all these years, of similar recent movements, in the important conferences at Oxford and Utrecht.

There is not time to say all I would like about this great and good man, whose influence in his day and generation was immeasurable. He was a power in the community. Shy and retiring in daily life, in the pulpit he was strong, unafraid and outspoken. Dr. Hodgin, in a sermon some years ago, justly termed him "A Reverent Radical." He was more than a great teacher and preacher. His honesty and unselfishness, his genuine interest in all human affairs, his charity of spirit, his sweetness of character, drew him to the hearts of his parishioners, who, it may be said without irreverence, literally worshipped him, and unflaggingly gave their support to his high aims and ideals.

Yet he did not ask his people to accept his beliefs. Characteristically, in the sermon preached on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination he said:

"Thus, friends, I have given you my creed, not of course, to impose it upon you, but as the substance of the religious philosophy which underlies my ministry. One doctrine implied in my creed is that every person is responsible for his own, — that freedom of thought is both a right and a duty which all human beings should hold sacred."

A beautiful tribute was paid his memory shortly after his death by a ministerial colleague, Rev. Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, who wrote:

O prophet-preacher, wise and just,
Pure, gentle, tender, free.
Marble is dust and bronze is rust,
We build not these to thee.
Yet one memorial shall remain,
Long as the seasons roll:
Thy monument of growing grain,
Thy harvest of the soul.

During 1889 there appeared in New Bedford a most attractive young man, just graduated from Harvard Divinity School, to become assistant pastor to Mr. Potter, whom he succeeded as minister of this Society, serving until 1900,

when he was called to Arlington Street Church in Boston, and there continued for something more than a quarter of a century until his death in 1926. Many hearts here tonight are warm with happy memories of Paul Revere Frothingham. It seems hardly possible to some of us that nearly two score years have elapsed since he ended his New Bedford ministry. Yet he preached and spoke to us on so many occasions afterwards, and so many of us heard him in his Boston church that he did not pass entirely out of our lives. How his eyes always lighted up with recognition when he discerned a New Bedford face among his Boston congregation, the quiet but unmistakable glance from the pulpit denoting pleasure at the sight of an old friend.

Although he came from the inner circles of Boston he was one of the most democratic of men. While in New Bedford he enlisted himself on the side of the labor movement, and his sympathies were ever with the poor and oppressed. In his later years his thoughts were much occupied with the grievous problems occasioned by the World War.

His hold on his Boston parishioners was strong. Though he might feel prompted to chide them from the pulpit he never fell from his secure place in their esteem. He took high rank in the denomination. His alma mater, Harvard, honored him by naming him as a college preacher for some sixteen years, and by placing him on her board of overseers for twelve years. He published several religious works, and a biography of Edward Everett, which gained wide commendation.

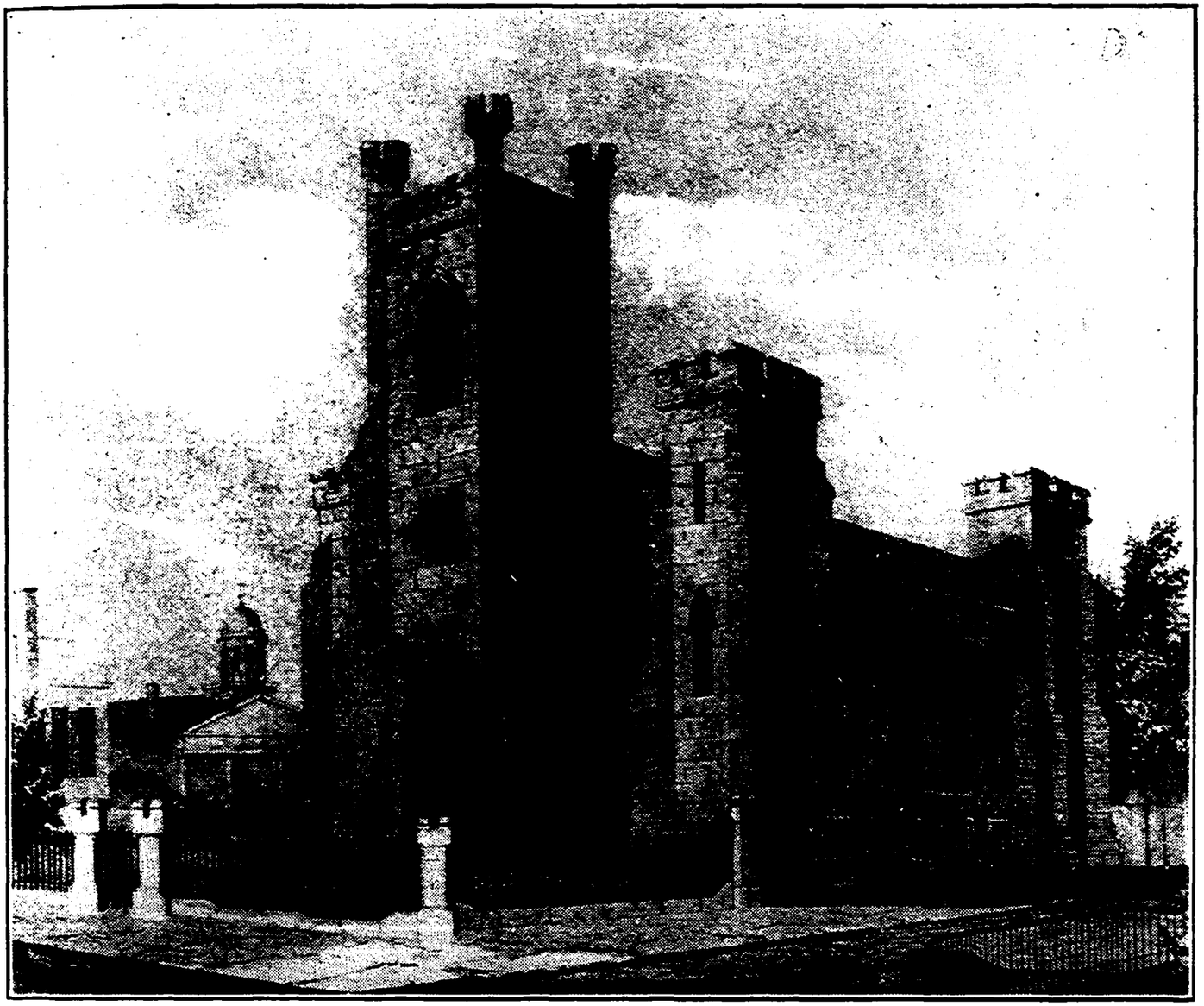
With pride we watched the career of the learned and eloquent doctor of divinity, rejoicing in his honors and dignities, and in the recognition his distinguished talents and his great heart brought him. How deeply we mourned his death. He seemed like a native son, and in our deep affection, to us he was always simply, Paul Frothingham.

This day of rejoicing over our heritage brings to us its lessons and its responsibilities. "The great gain of an occasion like the present," said one of our leaders, Dr.

Charles Carroll Everett, "is that we stand for the moment in the focus of two great lights. We see ourselves in the light of the past and in that of the future. We judge the past, and we know as we judge the past, so the future will judge us. We stand thus in the presence of an ideal partially fulfilled."

My friends, in closing, this thought I would leave with you, phrased in another form, in the hymn fervently and reverently sung within these very walls on that auspicious May afternoon a long century ago:

> And when the lips, that with Thy name
> Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
> On others may devotion's flame
> Be kindled here, and purely burn.



The Meeting House in 1838

Drawn by Mrs. Ephraim Peabody, wife of the Minister installed at the time of the dedication

1838 1938

The First Congregational Society

(UNITARIAN)

100th Anniversary of the Meeting House

UNION AND EIGHTH STREETS NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY

(Unitarian)

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Organized 1708 Incorporated 1808

ASSESSORS

Mayhew R. Hitch
Chairman

Patrick Sweeney Walter H. Paige

TREASURER

Vincent Francis

100th ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE

John M. Bullard
Chairman

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin
Minister

David W. Beaman
Clerk of the Society

Thomas B. Akin
Mrs. Oliver Prescott
Miss Elizabeth White

Mrs. Charles H. L. Delano
Mrs. Mayhew R. Hitch
Miss Harriet Chase

Mrs. John S. Perry
President Women's Alliance

MEMBERS OF CHOIR

Mr. Robert Allen
Organist and Choir Director

Mrs. Genieve Young
Soprano

Mr. Everett N. Turner
Tenor

Mrs. Hannah M. Bartlett
Contralto

Mr. G. Ralph Young
Baritone

HYMN 466

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heav'n are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy tho'ts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And pray'rs of humble virtue spread
The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed th' Eternal Light to clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again;

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1833.

This hymn was written by Mr. Emerson during the year that he served as supply minister for this Society.

SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1938, 10:55 O'CLOCK A. M.

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE, MAESTOSO (A. D. 1620) MACDOWELL

Organ

EXPLANATION OF NEW HYMN AND SERVICE BOOK

Dr. E. Stanton Hodgin
Minister

DOXOLOGY 502

From all that dwell below the skies
Let faith and hope with love arise,
Let beauty, truth and good be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Congregation

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCE NO. 83 PAGE 132

Dr. Hodgin

ANTHEM, PRAISE YE THE LORD BY FRANCK

Choir

RESPONSIVE READING, COMMEMORATION, 77 PAGE 122

Rev. Duncan Howlett
Minister Elect

GLORIA

Choir

SCRIPTURE READING, "SOUL OF THE BIBLE" PAGE 281

Rev. William H. Parker
Fairhaven Unitarian Church

HYMN, THE LORD'S PRAYER BY MALOTTE

Choir

BEATITUDES AND PRAYER

Mr. Howlett
Choir

RESPONSE, WARE'S HYMN BY WARREN

Choir

NOTICES AND COMMENTS ON THE BUILDING OF THE MEETING HOUSE

Dr. Hodgin

HYMN SUNG AT DEDICATION OF THE MEETING HOUSE

(see page 7 of this program)

Congregation

SERMON

Dr. Frederick May Eliot

President of the American Unitarian Association

OFFERTORY, BERCEUSE BY DICKENSON

Organ

The collection will be for the purpose of defraying the cost of the new hymn books not privately purchased.

HYMN No. 466

(See page 3 of this program)

Congregation

BENEDICTION

Dr. Hodgin

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
In his love securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Congregation

POSTLUDE, SCHERZO IN D BY FAULKES

Organ

At the services on Sunday, members of the Murray Club will act as ushers as well as members of the Church Welcome Committee.

MONDAY, MAY 23, 1938, 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRELUDE, FESTIVAL HYMN BY MATTHEWS

Organ

ANTHEM, THE BUILDERS BY CADMAN

Choir

PRAYER

Dr. Hodgin

RESPONSE, WARE'S HYMN BY WARREN

Choir

FIRST AND LAST STANZAS OF HYMN NO. 407

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

One holy church of God appears
  Thro' ev'ry age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
  Unchanged by changing place.
O living church! thine errand speed;
  Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
  Redeem the evil time!

Congregation

INTRODUCTION

John M. Bullard
Chairman Anniversary Committee

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

William M. Emery
President Channing Conference of Unitarian Churches

HYMN SUNG AT DEDICATION OF THE MEETING HOUSE

(See page 7 of this program)

Congregation

BENEDICTION

Dr. Hodgin

POSTLUDE, TOCCATO BY MAILLY

Organ

After the exercises Monday evening, a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Hodgin will be held in the Chapel under the auspices of the Women's Alliance. The Fireside Club and the Lend-a-Hand Club will assist. All those who are present at the exercises are invited to attend.

This hymn was written for and sung at the dedicatory services on Wednesday, May 23, 1838

O bow Thine ear, Eternal One!
On Thee our heart adoring calls;
To Thee the followers of Thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.

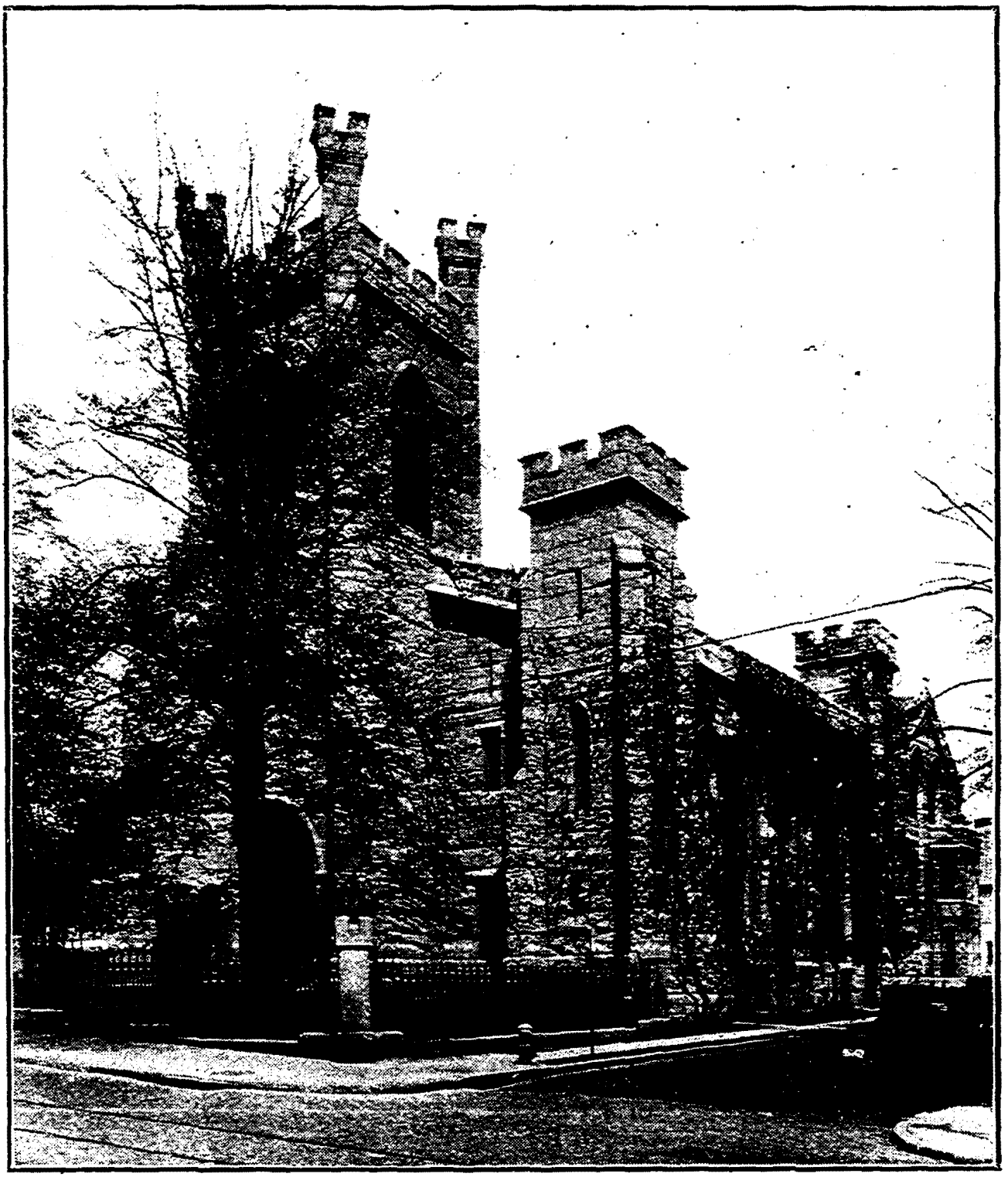
Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Here may Thine honour dwell, and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere.
Rise on the still and holy air.

Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when of old Thy spirit hung
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

And when the lips that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

The author and the music to which this hymn was originally sung are unknown. It is now sung to the tune of Duke Street, Hymn No. 369.



The Meeting House in 1938