

THE PASTOR'S REMEMBRANCES.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE,

ON SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1855,

BY THE PASTOR,

WILLIAM NEWELL,

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS MINISTRY.

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DISCOURSE.

2 Kings 4: 13 I DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE.

2 Cor. 12: 14. I SEEK NOT YOURS, BUT YOU.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago,—on the fourth Sunday in May, 1830,—I began my public ministry among you, taking for my text the words, “We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake.” I am not unwilling to remember and repeat them to-day. Humbly as I estimate the past, I feel at least that I have not been untrue to the spirit which they breathe, nor to the purposes which glowed in my soul, as I first ascended the altar, and entered on my work. According to the ability which God has given me, I have labored among you from that time until now, preaching Christ, and the truth of which Christ is the centre and the life; and devoting myself to the service of my people in the ministrations of the pulpit and the varied offices of the pastoral care. Will you allow me, my friends, to speak out some of the thoughts that are in my heart? and with the frankness and confidence of a holy friendship,

cemented by so many years of fellow-travel in life and of fellow-worship in the sanctuary, to indulge in the reminiscences and reflections which the occasion suggests? And will you pardon, for once, whatever of egotism there may be in referring, as I must do, to my own personal experience, my own personal recollections, feelings, and hopes? Nay, may I not ask something more than this? May I not claim a warmer interest than that of a mere listening curiosity in the memories that cross and intertwine themselves with some portion at least of the history of your own religious being, with the domestic joys and sorrows of your own past? May I not?

In looking back on the past, even on the shorter periods of life, there is always a mixture of different feelings. At one moment the bright aspect, at another the dark, presents itself. And so with the review of a ministry which has extended over a number of years, and has involved, as every ministry must, a diversified experience. Perhaps the first feeling in going back to distant points in memory, like that in revisiting the scenes of the happiest childhood, is a feeling of tender sadness. It creeps over me now, as I call up the remembrances of my youth, and see in the spirit moving again before me forms which have passed away from the earth; as I think of the losses and changes that have fallen on the families of my flock, foreshadows of the losses and changes to come; — and as from them in the natural course of thought I pass to the graves of my own kindred. I recall the bright and beautiful day

when, under a cloudless sky, and amidst the fresh foliage and fragrant blossoms of the opening spring, I went up with my fathers and my brethren to the ancient altar, and received from them the charge and the blessing and the right hand of welcome. But of those who then came as the elders and messengers of the churches in fellowship with this, to usher in a new laborer into the vineyard of Christ, how many are now silenced by death! Out of the twenty-six clergymen, who officiated or were present at my ordination as members of the ecclesiastical council, fourteen have deceased; and of the remainder but three continue to be the pastors of the churches over which they were then settled. Of the other nine, four, men of excellent gifts, have voluntarily relinquished the ministry; one is disabled for preaching by a vocal infirmity; two have been removed to the University; and two are without parishes, but preach, as they have opportunity, in vacant pulpits. Then in the congregation which on the first Sunday of my settlement I rose with trembling limbs and palpitating heart to address, Time has wrought its gradual but striking changes. Three fourths of the families which then constituted the parish have either been broken up by death or have removed from the place.* One of the severe trials of a minister's life is this frequent rupture of the ties which bind him to his people; — and the frequent calls of a painful kind

* The number of those who remain may be counted by the years of my ministry. Not more than one eighth of the society, as it now is, were members of my original flock.

upon his sympathies. It requires not only a strong religious faith but a natural firmness and elasticity of spirit to sustain him, especially in the earlier years of his ministry, under the repeated pressure and excitement of scenes of suffering and grief. As I look back to the many scenes of this character to which in common with all others in the same office with myself I have been called, — as I view the different forms under which domestic bereavement comes to the habitations of men, the many severe afflictions through which they are trained in this earthly school to do and to bear God's will, — as I remember with you the special instances of sorrow which have overclouded your dwellings, — as I pause by the side of each grave that stands conspicuous or obscure among the receding years, moss-covered or yet fresh to the eye, — as I again enter with you the funeral chamber in which the cherished child sleeps in a beauty which Death has touched with a more heavenly charm, — or that in which the sweet girl reposes, half smiling, with folded hands, — or that in which the young man, so lately full of life and hope, lies pale and cold, — as I again see the streaming tears that flow over the inanimate form of one whose virtuous and honored life has come too soon to a close, — as I again follow the solemn procession bearing to the resting-place of the dead the remains of the venerated and the loved, — as I again hear the sobbing accents of filial sorrow or of conjugal love, or of a sister's fondness, or of a brother's grief, — as I mark the sad vacancies which death has made in every household, — the shadows that have

fallen from year to year over the homes of my people fall again upon my own heart. The uncertainties and the reverses of the world, the past and the future, for a moment fill the eye, and through them the whole world looks dark, as it may, for a time, even to the strongest believer. His Christian faith and his Christian hope will not suffer him to surrender himself to despondency and gloom. But they do not forbid him to feel, and to feel keenly, the changes around him. He is a man, and he has a heart. He weeps with them that weep. Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus. Jesus sighed, and looked up to heaven at the sight of the unfortunate one whom he restored. And so may his follower, even while he trusts in God and knows that all things work together for good, be moved at times to a not unchristian sadness at the sight or the remembrance of the griefs that have entered into the dwellings of his friends, or have altered the prospects of his own life.

But this is not the only source of the sadness which often weighs upon the soul of the Christian minister, as he pauses at the noontide of life, and with Jesus sits weary and thoughtful at the well. He must look back with humility and self-questioning, with regret and self-accusation, to his performance of the great and glorious work which he has made the business of his life. He must feel how far short it has fallen of his youthful ideal and youthful vows; how much less he has done in every way than he could wish to have done; how often through irresolution, indolence, procrastination, he has suffered golden opportunities to pass by; how,

through an ill method of life, or ill habits of study, he has failed to accomplish desired results.

“On Sabbath morning,” writes the “faithful and famous” Shepard, in his private diary of spiritual experiences, “I saw the Lord frowning on me in several providences:—

“1. That he was hid from me, whose face else would shine brighter on me than ten thousand suns.

“2. That he was angry with my prayers, and had been, and is still angry.

“3. Nothing I did, nay, none under my shadow prospered.

“4. I saw I wanted wisdom for my place to guide others.

“5. I saw I wanted a spirit of life to make me exemplary without.

“6. I saw I wanted the power of the Holy Ghost, and that I was not mighty in word and spirit, and in administrations.”

And so at another time he says,—“I saw on the Sabbath four evils that attend me in my ministry:—

“1. The devil either treads me down by discouragement and shame: (1.) from the sense of the meanness of what I have provided in private meditations; or (2.) from an apprehension of the unsavoriness of men’s spirits, and their unreadiness to hear in hot or cold seasons. But here I saw I ought not to be as a reed shaken with the wind.

“2. Or carelessness possesseth me; arising, (1.) because I have done well and been enlarged, and have

been respected formerly, and hence it is no such matter though I be not always alike. (2.) A natural dulness and cloudiness of spirit which doth often prevail.

“3. Infirmities and weakness. (1.) Want of light. (2.) Want of life. (3.) Want of a spirit of power to deliver what I am affected with for Christ. And hence I saw many souls not set forward, nor God felt in my ministry.

“4. Want of success when I have done my best. This day also I found my heart very untoward and sad and heavy by musing on many evils to come.”

Even where one cannot reproach himself with any lack of good purposes, or any want of steady, energetic effort, — even where he has spent himself to the full measure of his gifts, — even where he has “done his best” in the service of Christ and the service of his people, he may be humbled and saddened by the thought that *his* best, in such a cause, is so poor; that his word is so inadequate to the great truth out of heaven which he aims to set forth; — that his influence for good is so cramped and circumscribed, so hindered, if not neutralized by a host of other influences, acting on the daily life of his people, over which he has no control. His object is so grand, so far-reaching, so infinitely important and desirable, that by the side of it all that *he* can do seems little or nothing. Indeed, every comparison of the actual apparent results of the ministrations of the Gospel with its high aims is a melancholy one. So much of the hearing of the word, so little of the doing thereof! Such a great church-

machinery all over the world, and so scanty a product of that for which Christ built the church and cemented its foundations with the blood of his cross! So much of Christian doctrine from the pulpit; so little of Christian goodness in the life! Why, if the truth which I have been preaching for twenty-five years in this place,—the truth of the Bible, the truth as it is in Jesus, the truth which came from the Father, and was spoken to the world by the Son,—if that truth were enthroned, my people, in your hearts and mine, what different men and women we should be! If that truth were enthroned in the heart of Christendom, how different would be the state of society, and the prospects of the world! Sometimes, in our hours of despondency, the preaching of the Gospel seems like a whisper against the whirlwind, or like the baffled strokes of the swimmer struggling upward against the rapids of the great cataract. The rush of the world's excitements, and the descending current of the world's passions and cares are too strong for the strongest. Toil on as they may, they toil in vain.

But I will not dwell upon this or upon other discouragements, which, in looking back or in looking forward, the minister of Christ meets with in his work. The trials and difficulties which he encounters in common with others of his calling, or which are peculiar to his allotted post, are often great and wearing; wearing to the soul, and wearing to the body, through which the soul works, whether it guides the pen or the plough; whether it thinks out a sermon, or builds up a

house. But whatever they are, you shall not hear of them to-day. Every profession has its own, visible or in the background; every man his own; I will not complain of mine. Adam is out of Paradise:—and the sons of the second Adam must follow in their father's steps. He leads them back to the garden of Eden; but he leads them through the garden of Gethsemane. No cross, no crown.

And indeed, in the retrospect of my ministry, I find so many counterbalancing reasons for gratitude and trust, that as I gaze upon them, the trials and difficulties of my profession, and the trials and difficulties of this place seem to vanish away, at least to lie low in the horizon,—rainbowed with God's mercies, shining out so bright and clear.

I would gratefully acknowledge the kind Providence of my heavenly Father in the long-continued ability to discharge the duties of my office. Naturally of a somewhat slender constitution, and belonging to a short-lived family, I have always looked upon my life as very uncertain; and my health as still more so. The house of my birth bordered on the churchyard of my native village; and the sepulchre and the garden were always associated in my thoughts. "Nevertheless, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day." In the third year of my ministry, I was attacked with a bronchial difficulty, in consequence of a neglected cold and imprudently continuing to preach, and was obliged to suspend my labors for a number of months. From that, however, I gradually recovered, and for twenty-

one years continued at my post, with only an occasional Sunday's interruption occasioned by temporary indisposition, and with two vacations, one of three months, during which I visited the West, and the other of a few weeks. During that period of twenty-one years, when I came to look back upon it, I found to my own surprise, that I had been enabled to perform the functions of the pastoral office more continuously than any of my Unitarian brethren in this vicinity;—others, who had been settled as long or longer, having been interrupted by sickness, or absent on distant journeys on this continent or in Europe. Whether more change of scene may not be better for a minister may be a question. I have gone on from year to year doing what seemed to me best at the time; and it is at least a satisfaction to me to feel that I have not through ill health been a source of burden and perplexity to my people. About a year since I was threatened with the complaint which disabled me more than twenty years ago; but through the prompt kindness of your Parish Committee in relieving me from the labors of the pulpit, I soon regained my usual state of health. I thank God that I have not yet been called to the severer trials of sickness and infirmity. But I thank God also, that I have not been without warning.

I have reason to thank Him too for the continued prosperity and growth, in important respects, of this parish. It is now, although compressed within much smaller territorial limits than it was at my first settlement among you, doubled in numbers. Within the last

ten years, three new Unitarian churches have been erected within a mile or a mile and a half of our own, each of course, subtracting something from the attendance on this. Nevertheless, with the growth of the place, ours also has flourished; and whereas, at the time when this house was built in connection with and for the accommodation of the College, it was thought by many too large to be ever filled, it is now, and with the drawbacks upon its strength to which I have alluded, such as you see it to-day:—with a congregation increased, not only in numbers, but in something much better than numbers. — We have, and we always have had, a flourishing and well-conducted Sunday school, with a corps of teachers of whom one cannot speak too highly, and with a series of superintendents from the first to the last, beginning with the lamented and saintly Follen, such as few others, I believe, can match. I do not say that it is free from the defects and difficulties which attend the institution more or less in all places; or that there may not be, as everywhere else, individual instances in which it has failed to accomplish its purpose, or that there may not be room in many things for improvement, in which, by the way, it has a claim upon your help. I only speak of it as it is on the whole; of the great good which it has done, and is doing now; of the pleasure and the aid which it has given me. It holds a prominent place among my thoughts of gratitude, as I look back and look up. — The Communion service, though not so fully attended, either in this or in other places, as one might wish, and

as it ought to be, is not without its satisfactions and encouragements. There has been no decline of interest in it here ; but the contrary. Considering the tendencies of the present time and of our own denomination, running strongly in an opposite direction, I am grateful for the state of things among us in this respect ; and hopeful. So far as attendance on the communion is an indication of Christian faith and Christian feeling — though I know how many there are whose Christian faith and Christian feeling are not expressed in this way, — I have certainly no reason to complain or to be disheartened. I have endeavored to restore the ordinance to its true idea, and to place it in its true light, as a simple commemoration of the Lord Jesus, in which all who honor his name, and reverence his spirit, and love his truth, may freely join. I rejoice that I have done so, and I look forward to your help more and more, and to a more general return in this and in other churches to Christ's own idea and purpose when he appointed the Supper of Remembrance.

I look back with gratitude to the various privileges of my office. With all its difficulties and discouragements at times pressing most heavily on the spirit and tempting us to abandon it for some other, I feel that it is the noblest on earth. I thank God for all its opportunities of doing good ; and if I have made any faithful use of those opportunities, I will thank God the more. I will thank Him at least for that ; whatever may have been my success, whether great or small. Some success I know that I have had, and I am grateful for the

assurance that my labors, however inadequate, have not been all in vain; no such labors, even with the humblest gifts of intellect and of speech, can be. No true word, sincerely spoken, is ever wholly thrown away. When I preach the gospel, I preach God's message. It has eternity and Omnipotence behind it. It will enter some open ear, it will touch some tender heart, prepared by its own good thoughts, or by the quickening spirit and discipline of God, to receive it when it comes. "For as the snow cometh down and the rain from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so, saith the Lord, shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void." It is this thought more than any other which supports a Christian minister in what sometimes seems a hard and thankless and fruitless work. I do not believe it ever to be either thankless or fruitless to us any more than it was to our Master. Only we must not expect to hear the thanks, or to see the fruit. We must be content and happy in the faithful endeavor: and be sure that if it does not accomplish all that we could wish, it will accomplish something that God accepts, and we should be grateful for. "Ah! but see," says the voice of the Tempter, whispering in my ear, "see the rocky and barren ground on which you are sowing the seed of the word, wasting your time, wearing out the fine nerves of your life, and spending gifts which in some other profession would tell! See

how the thorns spring up and choke it; and how it withers and dies away! See your want of success when you have done your best!" Get thee behind me, Satan! The church is not all rock and thistle and arid sand; nor the world either. There is good ground, which beareth fruit and bringeth forth some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold. I will trust to that and to God. Yea, and some flower of my planting may grow among the clefts of the rock, and on the briar may be grafted the rose of Sharon, and thorn and tare be matched by the wheat. I follow Christ,* and my Father is the husbandman. The word which I speak to this people is not mine, but His, and He will bless it.

But the preacher is encouraged in his labors, not only by the occasional assurances which he receives of their practical effect, but by the fact that a great deal of good is done by the preaching of the word, which is necessarily secret, and of which he never hears. I know that some of my own deepest religious impressions were received by me on the Sabbath and in the sanctuary from persons who never knew where their arrows had reached the mark. The remembrances of

* July 23, 1641. "As I was riding to the sermon that day, my heart began to be much disquieted by seeing almost all men's souls and estates out of order, and many evils in men's hearts, lives, courses. Hereupon my heart began to withdraw itself from my brethren and others; but I had it secretly suggested to me, that *Christ, when he saw evils in any, he sought to amend them, did not presently withdraw from them, nor was not perplexed and vexed only with them. And so I considered, if I had Christ's spirit in me, I should do so.*" — Spiritual Diary of Thomas Shepard.

my own youth have often encouraged me in my pulpit labors, even where I could *see* but little fruit. What happened to me is, no doubt, happening every Sunday to others. Holy purposes may be awakened,—kind affections and Christian charities quickened into life,—crushed energies revived,—devout gratitude and trust in God inspired,—religious faith touched and strengthened,—evil thoughts rebuked and trampled down,—a new life begun,—in consequence even of a single sentence dropped from the preacher's lips, and falling on the providentially prepared mind and starting a certain train of thought; yet the preacher shall never know what a blessing he has wrought beyond or beside his first aim; there may be a real, perhaps an inestimable good commenced, at least, in the mind of the hearer by the services of the Sabbath, of which they who conduct them can never in this life have the pleasure, the luxury greater than any other, of hearing. We must sow in faith, and we must have long patience for the harvest. It will come, in one form or another, sooner or later; perhaps is springing up around us now; and God sees it, when it is hidden from us.

I cannot be too grateful to Him that in the course of his Providence I have been led to become a laborer in the vineyard of Christ. It is honor enough to be even a common laborer in such a service. I deem it a high privilege, too, to have received myself, and to have communicated to others, those views of Christian doctrine which, as I believe, are most honorable to God, most worthy of all acceptation and obedience, most

comforting, quickening, and elevating to enlightened minds. And while I have contended earnestly for what I believe to be the truth as it is in Jesus, it is a satisfaction to me to feel that I have contended for it in a spirit of charity and good-will towards our brother Christians of a different persuasion. When I came to this place, it was after the exciting controversy between the Orthodox and the Liberal parties in the old parish, which terminated in the secession of the former, and the organization of a new church. There was, of course, a heated state of feeling on both sides. I am happy to think that I never consciously, by word or deed, fanned the flame of division. I wished it to die away; and it did. In controversial and doctrinal preaching I have never abounded; the practical was more to my taste, as more in harmony with, certainly more directly answering, the great purposes of the Christian ministry. I do not repent of my choice. And in reviewing the course of my preaching (though I am free to say that I have always been more or less dissatisfied with your minister on many points, and have often wished that in certain respects he were some one else instead of being himself) there is one thing—permit me to say it to-day in my enumeration of the pleasant recollections of which no man shall rob me—there is one thing on which I can look back with unmixed contentment; I mean the general purpose, the governing aim of my pulpit life. I have honestly meant and striven to do good; not so much to make you staunch Unitarians, though that in its place is desirable, as to make you

better men and women, better parents, better children, better friends, better citizens, better members of society, better servants of God, and better followers of Christ.

I have never intentionally brought party politics into the pulpit; and I trust I never shall. When great moral questions have been accidentally connected with them, I have endeavored, as far as possible, to lift them out of the agitated sphere in which the passions and prejudices of men throw a mist over the eyes, and to present them by themselves to the higher thought and the calmer reason, to be tried by the eternal Christian law. In that I rejoice. Nor do I find cause for regret and self-reproach in the part which I have taken in the reforms of the day. My motto to myself has been, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." I am no idolatrous worshipper of the past; my sympathies are with the future. But I would have Patience wait upon Hope, and Love upon Zeal. I would unite the spirit of free inquiry and of social progress with the spirit of reverence and of caution. A reformer of himself, and, as far as by his word, his example, and his influence variously exerted, he can be, a reformer of others, a Christian must be, or he belies his name. But he may be, in the best sense of the word, a conservative too. I have never held back the expression of my cordial sympathy with the great cause of Freedom, or of Temperance, or of Peace; neither have I thought it right or best, on any account, to trample under foot all the expediencies of my position as the pastor and peace-

maker, as well as the teacher, of my flock. And while I have never concealed my honest convictions on these and kindred subjects, I have used what I thought a Christian discretion and moderation in the treatment of them. I have not been consciously unfaithful either to the claims of truth or to the equal claims of that charity which rejoiceth in the truth. I thank God, too, for this. It will be a pleasant remembrance to me when my work is done, and I lie down to my rest under the solemn shadows of the last night.

Then comes up before me the memory of all that has been holy and sweet in my pastoral intercourse with my flock; of the happy hours passed in their society; of the cheering welcome at their homes; of the helping word given and received; of the kindly acts and kindly feelings, uttered by the tongue, or beaming out in the eye; of the expression, in various forms, of your interest in me or in my work; of the harmony and love in which, under all parish clouds, I have lived with you till now. There is no one among you in whom I do not feel a true and affectionate interest; no one from whom I should not rejoice to receive it. I wish there were more opportunities of expressing it on both sides. Can we not make them for each other?

My friends, the Christian ministry has its trials and sorrows and consuming perplexities; but it has its sweetnesses and its rewards too. I could not hope to have the one without the other,—the honey without the sting. There are many happy recollections on which I can fall back and find solace and hope.

One thing more I will say to you. I shall never have the same opportunity to say it again, and therefore you will allow me to say it once. I have had no by-aims in my ministry. I have devoted myself with all singleness of mind to your service. I have engaged in no labors or studies that have withdrawn me from the great object of my profession. When I came to this place, I sought not yours, but you ; and now, as at the beginning, "I seek not yours, but you."

For twenty-five years I have stood at your altar ; I have preached the word ; I have broken the bread of remembrance ; I have baptized your children ; I have been with you at the marriage feast ; in the green pastures and by the still waters, I have rejoiced in your happiness ; in the valley of the dark shadow, I have wept with you over the dead. And still dear and honored forms walk with me in my solitary hours, and they come to me in my dreams, and sometimes, when I meet you, their names are in my heart, though they pass not the lips.

Brethren, I have reached a point in my journey, from which, while I look back with gratitude to the past, I must look forward with continually increasing uncertainty to the future. I have not many years of service before me, but they shall be consecrated, while I have strength, to my Master's work, and to that religion which has been to me, as to millions, a staff and a stay. There is a veil over the future ; but my God is there. I know not where I shall sleep the last sleep, whether here among my people, my children, and kindred, or in

what corner of the earth or sea, but, wherever I may live or die, my prayer shall go up for the flock which for so many years I was permitted to lead, and for the friends with whom I have taken sweet counsel on my way.

Brethren, I have many things to say unto you, but I cannot say them now and here. Some of them I must reserve to other occasions; and some to the day in which the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Towards that day

“The hands of Heaven’s great clock are stealing on.”

And this little image of it on earth, the clock in front of the preacher, admonishes him that he is in danger of dwelling too long on the past, and of wearying your patience. I thank thee, old friend and monitor, for the warning. For twenty-five years thou hast looked on me with honest face, doing the duty of the ancient hour-glass that stood in days of old on the pulpit, and telling me of the passage of time. That clock, my friends, is, as some of you will remember, one of the relics of the former sanctuary, in which I began my ministerial life. It speaks to me of things in the past. It carries back my thoughts to the days and scenes of my youth. . . . Rises before the mind’s eye the old Cambridge meeting-house,* with uncomely and faded aspect, as it stood in

* Erected in 1757, on what has since become a part of the College grounds, by the side of what was then the President’s Mansion, and adjoining the spot which the Law School now occupies. It was taken down in 1833, when a new house of worship was built on the present site.

yonder square, on its little green by the road side. I again enter it, as on the day when I first sat within its walls at the interment of the honored Frisbie, and first heard in public the honored voice which pronounced the eulogy of his friend, a kindred spirit. I again pass into its thronged porch, as on the day, the great day to the College student, when in the midst of the densely crowded assembly, on the Commencement stage, loved class mates bade farewell with me to Harvard, and gave welcome to the noble La Fayette, whose presence crowned the occasion. I again ascend the narrow stairs of its windowed pulpit, as on the day* when I took my ordination vows and received the ordination blessing; as on the day,† of which this is the anniversary, when I first assumed the charge of the sacred desk, and spoke, as at such times is wont, of the mutual relations and duties of the pastor and the flock. Ah, how different was the aspect of this then quiet place! the seat of the muses indeed! No rattling, whistling, screaming railroads scared them in their secluded haunts; and the omnibus had hardly begun its clatter and dust. There were rural, grass-grown roads, in which the student could muse undisturbed. "Mount Auburn" was "Sweet Auburn" then; — a place for lonely, meditative loitering under the shade of forest-trees in their native growth; through green dells, with here and there a faintly tracked path; and over grassy, clover-scented fields, amidst the deep silence and repose of Nature,

* May 19, 1830.

† May 23, 1830.

revealed rather than disturbed by the hum of the bee or some wild bird's song. There was but one Congregational church in the village, the one in which I was ordained, with its modest spire, and the emblematic vane, that was suggestive of Peter's fall,* while it warned us of our own danger. Close by the side of that church, under the study of the wise and witty, the beloved and genial Kirkland, I began my college course. What a throng of mingled remembrances crowd upon my mind as I look back upon it ; — remembrances, some of them, belonging only to myself, and to my own private history, but on which, in the freedom of this occasion, as well as for the lesson which they suggest, I shall venture to touch. It was an old-fashioned edifice, and its structure and internal arrangement were precisely similar to those of the country church,† some twenty-five miles from this, in which I was baptized, and in which my ancestors worshipped. And as I enter it in imagination, it transports me by the linked train of thought still further back to the scenes of my early childhood. It touches secret springs in the memory,

* The vane on church-steeple was anciently made in the form of a cock, (hence the name *Weathercock*,) and placed over the cross, partly, perhaps, as an emblem of the vigilance incumbent on the clergy, partly as a warning memento of the Apostle's denial of his Master. The Puritans, it seems, were not unwilling to retain it, giving it an obvious Anti-Romanist interpretation, and reading in it a broad hint of the variableness and fallibility of the so called successors of St. Peter. When the old parish church was taken down, our brazen chanceler, son of the morning, fell with it, never to rise again.

† In Littleton, Mass., where my progenitor on the mother's side, Rev. Benjamin Shattuck, was the first minister, her father being his grandson.

and the faded or fading characters in the chambers of the soul start out with a fresh brightness. Solemn and tender associations come stealing up from the past. In soft and spirit-like tones, like the sounds of an Æolian harp, they speak to the child's heart that still beats inside of the man's. Shadowy recollections of my boyhood visit me. Familiar voices, some dreamy and indistinct in the distance, some always clear and sweet and never to be forgotten through life, ring in my ears. Half-remembered countenances flit before the inner eye, as it looks back; and faintly pictured scenes among the things that have passed away from the earth. I again see before me the antiquated church that stood on the hill in my native village, with its high pulpit and the great sounding-board above it, suspended by what seemed to my childish sight a very slender support, making me sometimes wonder and half tremble for the safety of the preacher. I remember the venerable minister, with his white bands, blessing the people, and how the congregation waited for him in their pews, till he had first passed out, bowing to them on either side, as he went. I remember the square pews, with open railing at the top, and the slamming seats on hinges, raised for the convenience of the worshippers when they stood up during the service, which the children, liking a little variety, did not always drop as gently as they might, and which sometimes, by mishap, slipped from their elders' hands, when the prayer was done, with a noise that was any thing but melody to the Lord. And I remember, too, hard by the church, the cottage in

which lived my grandfather's emancipated slaves. For even in the old Bay State, you will remember, the patriarchal institution was once tolerated; a little slip from the great Upas-tree of the South, that was soon rooted out of our Massachusetts soil. I remember my child's rambles in the churchyard and the quiet fields.

Pleasant are the recollections, tender and saddening too, that bind the man's heart to the boy's. For me, the shadows of the grave flicker over them, and the solemn light of eternity streams through. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all have vanished from the earth.

" Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea."

One, the first called, sleeps, to speak after the manner of men, in the churchyard of my native town; three in the ancient burying-ground of the metropolis; one in the far South, on the shore of Florida; two in the distant West; one waits for me in the shades of Mount Auburn. And I, at the longest, have not long to stay. And so must it be, my friends, with all the families of the earth. With a few variations in the drama, the drama is the same for all, and soon at an end. May pastor and people so live in sight of the grave and of eternity, that both they and he, having been faithful stewards of the manifold grace of God, faithful to each other, faithful to the Saviour whom they serve, faithful to every good cause and sanctifying truth, may enter at length into the joy of the Lord, and of the saints who have gone up. Amen.

VOICES FROM THE PAST.

“THE golden morning shines ; away, away,
 Up and be doing, climb the cloud-topped hill !”
 With song and shout the youth begins the day,
 And onward spring light heart and vigorous will.

* * * * *

Midnoon : wayworn, the pilgrim rests awhile.
 What changing voices strike his dreaming ear,
 What shifting visions move the sigh, the smile,
 As sadness reigns, or godly grateful cheer.

“Weary and sad, I stand upon the height,
 And backward gaze on the receding years,
 O Youth and Hope, gone is your purple light,
 And all the way looks dark through falling tears.”

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and rejoice in His love ;
 The smiles of His Spirit are beaming around ;
 He opens before thee His glories above,
 And thy life upon earth with His mercy has crowned.”

“I see the mourning group, the funeral train,
 And my heart weeps o’er many a hidden tomb ;
 While Memory, as she reads the Past again,
 Throws on the years to come the shadow of its gloom.”

“I thank thee, my God, for the loved ones gone up,
 Whom thy wisdom takes back, as thy goodness once gave,
 For the dear recollections that sweeten my cup,
 And the rainbow of hope, overspanning the grave.”

“Golden occasions, fled from me forever,
 Mock me afar. I see, in my despair,
 Strength spent for nought, life lost in vain endeavor,
 Sowing the rock, ploughing the fickle air.”

“ My Father, I bless thee, thy Gospel is mine ;
 Fellow worker, though lowly, with Christ and with thee,
 I am strong in thy strength, and thy promise divine
 Will shine in the harvest that waiteth for me.”

“ Heavy the burden on my spirit lies,
 Too heavy all for mortal man to bear ;
 Why tempted I the Lord ? — The crown and prize
 I in my weakness cannot win or wear.”

“ Thank God for the trial : it were sin to complain,
 When a triumph far greater is hidden behind.
 Sun or cloud, labor on ; — in thy work grows thy gain ; —
 And in duty fulfilled a sure happiness find.”

“ Dark lowers the future. Over it a cloud
 Hangs, muttering tempest to the sharpened ear :
 Age, sickness, grief, the coffin and the shroud
 In thousand, ghastly, phantom shapes appear.”

“ The Lord is my shepherd ; why fear for the morrow ?
 The God of my youth is the God of my age.
 Trust in Him to the end ; He sendeth no sorrow,
 Which Faith may not conquer or Patience assuage.”

So the two Voices, to the dreamer's thought,
 Alternate sang, of Hope and Terrors wild,
 Of Grief and Gladness, Trust and gloomy Doubt.
 Which was his own ? Father, forgive thy child !

Forgive the fears that struggle with his faith,
 Dispel the doubts that overcloud his sky,
 As the sun scatters the red mist beneath ;
 And onward let the blessed trinity,
 The sister-band of graces, one and three,
 Strong Faith, with eagle eye and angel wings,
 Sweet Hope, that Heavenward soars and soaring sings,
 And Love, that crowns the Father King of kings,
 Lead through the labyrinth of life to thee.

A P P E N D I X .

CAMBRIDGE dates its birth from the year 1631. Its first house of worship was built in 1632; and a church was gathered here, in 1633, under the ministry of Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone. They and their people, however, removed in a body to Hartford, then the "far West," distant, through the wilderness, a fortnight's journey. Their places in Cambridge were occupied by Thomas Shepard and his company, who organized the first permanent church in Cambridge, February 1 (O. S.), 1636. The date of his ordination, which took place soon after, has not been preserved; the early records of the church, prior to 1696, having been lost or destroyed. Shepard died August 25, 1649, aged 44. He was succeeded by Jonathan Mitchell, who was ordained August 21, 1650, died July 9, 1668, aged 43; Uriah Oakes, installed November 8, 1671, died July 25, 1681, aged 50; Nathaniel Gookin, ordained November 15, 1682, died August 7, 1692, aged 34; William Brattle, ordained November 25, 1696, died February 15, 1717, aged 55; Nathaniel Appleton, ordained October 9, 1717, died February 9, 1784, aged 91; Timothy Hilliard, installed October 27, 1783, died May 9, 1790, aged 44; Abiel Holmes, installed January 25, 1792, died June 4, 1837. A controversy between Dr. Holmes and the First Parish terminated in the dissolution of his pastoral connection with the parish, in June, 1829. The present pastor was ordained May 19, 1830. The following was the order of services on that occasion. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. C. Francis of Watertown; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. C. Stetson of Medford; Sermon, by Rev. W. P. Greenwood of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. F. Parkman of Boston; Charge, by Rev. James Flint of Salem; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. D. H. Barlow of Lynn; Address to the Society, by Rev. A. Young of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. James Walker of Charlestown.

It appears from the foregoing account that there were four ministers ordained or installed over this church during the first sixty years of its existence, 1636-96; and since that period, for one hundred and fifty-eight years,

only five, with but brief intervals between their settlements; the ministry of the venerable nonagenarian, Appleton, covering a space of nearly sixty-seven years, and compensating for the brevity of that of his four months' colleague* and successor, Hilliard, which occupied but six years and a half.

The early records of Cambridge bear testimony to the interest which in various ways was manifested by the people in the ministers and their work. Attentive provision was made, at different times, from the seventeenth century down to our own, for the suitable maintenance of the Christian ministry. In 1648, as we learn from the Town Records, "it was agreed, at a generall meeting, when the whole towne had speciall warneing to meete for the disposing of Shawshine,† that there should be a farme layd out, of a thousand acres, to be for a public stocke, and improved for the good of the Church, and that part of the Church that here shall continue." In 1669, "it was agreed that there should be a house bought or built to entertain a minister." In pursuance of this object, the church farm in Shawshin was sold, the same year, for two hundred and thirty pounds sterling, and the proceeds appropriated to the purchase of four acres of land, adjoining the college grounds, and to the building, in 1670, of a parsonage, thirty-six feet long, and thirty wide. This house, with some alterations and enlargements, was the residence of all the ministers after that period, until 1808, when my predecessor, Rev. Dr. Holmes, removed from it to the mansion occupied by him till his death. It stood on the north side of Harvard Street, near Quincy Street, directly opposite the junction of Harvard Street and Main Street, and next to the house built by R. H. Dana, Esq., senior, now about to become the residence of the new college pastor, Rev. F. D. Huntington. It was torn down a few years since after nearly two centuries of service. The land on which it stood, "the Parsonage lot," of four acres, passed‡ into the possession of the college in

* I find in the Records of the church, in Dr. Appleton's handwriting, the following:—"July 30, 1783, was observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer by the Church and Congregation, to seek of God Divine Direction and assistance in the Important affair of procuring a more fixed and settled Preaching and administration of the word and ordinances among us, considering the very advanced age, growing infirmities of me, their aged Pastor. The Rev. Mr. Eliot began with prayer, Rev. Mr. Cushing Preached A.M. Rev. Mr. Jackson began with prayer, Rev. Mr. Clark Preached P.M."

† Now Billerica.

§ With the consent of the minister, previously stipulated for at his settlement. See Dr. Morrill Wyman's full and elaborate "Report on the Connection at Various Times existing between the First Parish and Harvard College." Copies may be obtained of the Parish Clerk, B. W. Whitney, Esq., or of the sexton of the church.

1833, as a part of the equivalent for the new church then built for the Parish, with a view to the accommodation of the college at Commencement, and on other public days.

In 1683, a farm of five hundred acres of the remote lands, then belonging to the town, towards Woburn and Concord, was, by vote of the town, "laid out for the use and benefit of the ministry of this place, to remain for that use forever." Somewhere about the year 1700, Thomas Beale bequeathed to the First Church in Cambridge, of which he was a member, twenty acres of land, in Newton, for the same purpose. By the sale of these and other lands, similarly appropriated, by the careful investment of the proceeds as an accumulating fund,* and by the additional legacy of Mr. John Foster, in 1836, the income of the parish and church funds, for the support of the ministry, now amounts to a little more than \$1,100.

The care of our forefathers for the temporal needs of the ministry, is also illustrated by various votes to be gathered from the Town and Parish Records. In the Church Records, also, (pp. 74 – 88,) rather singularly intermixed in the volume with matter more appropriate to the book, are some

* It was Dr. Appleton's proposal that the minister should receive two thirds of the income, and that the other third should be yearly added to the principal, that it might be "a growing estate." In the manuscript Records of the church, Vol. I. p. 115, he gives "some minutes of the sale of the ministerial farm at Lexington," and of his plan, then (1752) in successful operation, for the gradual increase of the church fund. "And I hope," he concludes, "no successor of mine in the ministry will ever desire or demand more than two thirds of the interest of this money. And I desire, yea, let me solemnly charge the people of this parish to abide strictly by this rule of adding one third of the interest constantly to the Principal, and not from any parsimonious spirit apply it to any other use than to the increasing the Fund, which is the only way to have the pious design of our forefathers in giving the Farm, and of their children in selling it most effectually answered. . . . Nay, let me add, what some of you may easily compute, that by keeping this vote and agreement of adding one third of the Interest to the Principal, sacred and inviolable, that by the third and fourth generation it will afford a comfortable and decent support for a minister, without any tax upon the people." This arrangement was continued until 1843, when in consequence of changes, which Appleton did not foresee (see Dr. Wyman's pamphlet before referred to, pp. 39, 40, also the printed Reports of the Parish Committee, for 1848 – 49, by B. W. Whitney, Esq.) it was thought best by the parish and the church that the fund should cease to be "a growing estate," and that the whole of the income should be appropriated to the payment of the clergyman's salary. The experience of later generations has shown, in a multitude of instances, that a large parish fund is attended with evils and dangers, which, in most cases, more than counterbalance the good to be hoped from it : and that it is not desirable to increase it beyond a certain amount, except with some special safeguards.

curious items, which, on several accounts, will be amusing and interesting to many readers, and perhaps of some value, in smaller matters, to the antiquarian. After a list of loads of wood sent to Mr. Brattle, by his parishioners, with the names of the donors, and another account of wood purchased (at a shilling a foot, then the current price,) we have the following:—

Sent in since Nov. 3: the day that I was married: From my good neighbours in town.

			£	s.	d.
November 4, 1697.	Goody Gove,	1 pd. Fresh Butter,	0	0	8
"	"	" Mrs. Bordman, 1 pd. Fresh Butter,	0	0	8
"	5,	" Doctr. Oliver, a line Pork,	0	2	0
"	6,	" Sarah Forguson, 1 pig,	0	1	9
"	10,	" The wife of John Hasting, 1 pig,	0	2	0
"	12,	" Old Mrs. Watson, 1 cheese, 4 pd. Butter,	0	3	8
"	10,	" Mrs. Gates, 1 pd. Butter, 1 Cheese,	0	1	8
"	12,	" Goody Gove, 1 piece Fresh Beaf,	0	3	0
"	15,	" The wife of Amos Marret, 1 pig,	0	2	0
"	15,	" Mrs. Clark, 1 bottle Syrup Gillifl.,	0	4	0
"	16,	" Mrs. Jackson, a chine of pork,	0	3	0
"	"	" Goody Palmer, 1 leg of pork,	0	2	0
"	22,	" Mrs. Pattin, $\frac{1}{2}$ bush. Apples,	0	1	0
"	26,	" The wife of Nath. Hancock, Junr. a pig,	0	1	6
"	27,	" Mrs. Bordman, 1 pig,	0	2	0
"	25,	" Mrs. Parker, 1 ps. pork and 2 lb. Sasages,	0	3	0
"	"	" Mrs. Deming, 1 ps. pork,	0	2	0
December 3,	"	" Mrs. Stacey, 1 goose,	0	2	0
"	6,	" Goody Warland, 1 Ribspair,	0	1	0
"	8,	" Mrs. Remington, 1 Leg Pork, &c.	0	2	0
"	"	" G. Brown, on the Common, 1 ps. pork,	0	1	4
"	10,	" Mrs. Remington, Sasages and white pud.	0	1	2
"	14,	" Mrs. Deming, a ribspair,	0	1	0
"	"	" Saml. Chamney's wife, a leg of pork and Sasages,	0	3	0
"	"	" Ruth and Bethiah Hicks, sasages and puddings,	0	1	2
"	18,	" Mrs. Gates, a leg of Pork and 4 chickens,	0	3	6
"	21,	" The wife of Saml. Hasting, Junr., leg pork,	0	2	0
"	"	" Mr. Andrews, a piece of Pork and Sasages,	0	3	0
"	24,	" Mrs. Remington, a pig and pettitoes,	0	1	6
"	"	" G. Clark, over the water, $\frac{1}{2}$ bush. beans,	0	2	3
"	"	" Mrs. Gates, sasages and pudd.	0	1	0
"	27,	" Mrs. Pattin, 1 pig,	0	2	0
"	"	" The wife of Nath. Sparhawk, 1 pig,	0	1	6
"	28,	" Goody Gove, 1 pd. Fr. Butter,	0	0	8

				£	s.	d.
January	7, 1698.	The wife of Wm. Russell, 1 goose,		0	2	0
"	8,	" The wife of Saml. Sparhawk, a Ribspare,		0	1	6
"	12,	" The wife of Jason Russell, a pig,		0	1	8
"	12,	" Goody Gove, a pig,		0	1	8
"	"	" Mrs. Bordman, a ps. pork,		0	2	0
"	15,	" The wife of Jacob Chamberlain, a pig wth Toes, &c.		0	1	8
"	"	" Mrs. Hicks, 1 peck Apples,		0	0	5
February	1,	" Mrs. Parker, $\frac{1}{2}$ peck peese,		0	0	5
				<hr/>		
				£	3	16 9
February	4,	" Mr. Saml. Gookin a breast Mutton,	12	0	1	6
"	8,	" Mrs. Deming a line of Mutton,	4	0	1	4
"	10,	" Mrs. Gates, a Ribspare, Sas. and Pud.,	6	0	1	6
"	11,	" Mr. Pemberton, $\frac{1}{2}$ O. E. Cheese,		0	4	6
"	14,	" The wife of Henry Prentice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ fr. But.		0	1	0
"	18,	" The wife of Nath. Hancock, Junr., 1 ps. pork,		0	1	8
"	25,	" The wife of Jason Russell, $1\frac{1}{2}$ Sasages,	4	0	1	0
"	26,	" The wife of Gershom Swan, a piece of beaf,		0	1	0
"	28,	" The wife of Sam. Kidder, 1 bush. Apples,	6	0	2	6
March	4,	" Cousin Oliver, a line pork,	4	0	3	4
"	7,	" The widow Palmer, 10 Eggs,		0	0	5
"	8,	" Old Mrs. Watson, 15 Eggs,		0	0	5
"	10,	" Cousin Oliver, Sasages,	4	0	2	0
"	11,	" The wife of Joseph Coolidge, 6 Oranges,	4	0	1	0
"	12,	" Cousin Oliver, Pud. white and black,		0	1	0
"	19,	" The widow Palmer, 3 oranges,		0	0	[8]
"	28,	" Gershom Swan, a mess of Fish,		0	0	[8]
April	2,	" Mr. Fessenden, $\frac{1}{2}$ bush. Oysters,	4	0	0	9
April	2,	" Mr. Amsdall, 1 Codfish,		0	0	6
"	7,	" The wife of G. Clark over ye water, 1 fresh but.		0	0	8
"	12,	" The wife of Z. Hicks, a mess of Ecles,	4	0	0	6
May	4,	" Mrs. Amsdal, a ribspair of pork,		0	1	2
"	20,	" Joseph Cook, 10 pigeons,		0	0	10
"	21,	" The wife of Joseph Coolidge, a quarter Veal,	6	0	4	0

Housekeeping Dr. since we were married Nov. 3, '97.

November	4, 1697.	2 Powthering Tubs,		0	9	0
"	"	" 1 Tub of Beaf, 154 pds. salted October 29,		1	18	6
"	10,	" Wine wn. married and since to this day,		3	0	0
"	"	" Bear 19. 6d., Hay £ 3,		3	19	6
"	"	" Butter, 1 firkin, gss 68 lbs. at 7. 2d,		2	2	6
"	"	" Milling 4 Bush. at 5s.		1	0	0

November 6, 1697,	Beaf at Mr. Bordmans, 37 lbs.	0	9	0
" 10, "	2 Turkeys 5s. 10; Fowls 7s.	0	12	0
" " "	1 quarter lamb, Beaf and Mutton,	0	8	8
" 19, "	Indian Corn 4. 6d.; Meal 5. 9d.	0	10	3
" " "	Wheat Meal, 1 bush. 6. 6.	0	6	6
" " "	Beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ bush.	0	2	6
" 20, "	Mutton 2. 3d.; Eggs 2. 9d.; Petty things 6s.	0	11	0
" 23, "	4 bush. Ind. Corn 12s.; 3 bush. Ind. meal 9. 9.	1	1	9
" 8, "	2 hogs gss. 230 lbs. at 3. 2. per lb.	3	7	0
" 19, "	1 pig alive 10s.	0	10	0
" " "	$\frac{1}{2}$ bush. Salt 3s.; Oates 16s.	0	19	0
October	" Malt 8 bush. 40s.; Cyder £ 3,	5	0	0
"	" Malt 8 bush. and 3 of Ind. M. from Sandw.	2	12	0
November 19,	" Wheat 4 bush. at 6 per bush.	1	4	0
" " "	1 Firkin Butter,	2	5	0
" " "	Wood,	11	4	0
" " "	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ bar, 10s; 2 small Tubs 6s.; 2 Bar. 7s.	1	3	0
December 7,	" 2 hogs from Mr. Stone, 235 lbs, at 3. 2.,	3	8	6
" " "	Beaf, 1 Quarter, 75 lbs. at 2. 2.	0	15	7
" " "	Cheeses 8,	1	11	0
" " "	Shoes for myself and Scipio *	0	17	0
January 7, 1698,	Fresh butter, 4 pd. at 8d.	0	2	8
" " "	Mutton 12d.; To Petty things 7s.	0	8	0
February 2,	" To Eggs and Mutton, Milk, &c.	0	9	6
" 3,	" Stockings, 8s.,	0	8	0
			£ 52 15 5		
February 4, 1697,	Scipio 7. 6d., Med. 2s., Petty 4. 6.	0	14	0
" 14, "	Dowlace 50s.; To Neckcloths 12s.; Pill. beers,† &c. 22s.	4	4	0
" 22, "	Coz. G. 18s.; Sarah's ‡ Ln. 30s.; Molass. 2. 4d.; Hareline. 11s.	3	1	4
" 28, "	To Grease 8. 4d.; Mr. Mtford 18s.; Woostand and Rib. 12s.	1	18	4
March 14, 21,	" To a Pillion, 32s.; Petty 8s.; abt ye h. 24s; Mutt. 2. Scip. 22s.	3	18	0
" 28, "	To a girt 2. 4d.; To 6 bush. malt 24s.	1	6	4
April 18,	" To a Bonnet 7. 4d. [?] 20s.; Sug. 46s.	3	13	4

* Brattle's negro "servant." Of the one hundred and one adults who, during Mr. Appleton's ministry, "owned the Covenant and were baptized," twenty-nine were Indian or Negro "servants," many, I suppose, if not all of them, slaves.

† Pillow cases.

‡ I suppose this to be a domestic in Brattle's family, Sarah Bradish, whose name I find in the fly-leaf of the church Records in memoranda of wages paid her quarterly, amounting to £12 a year. By the side of these is another, showing the minute attention to domestic economy, which Brattle, though a man of large estate, and of liberal spirit, appears to have given:—"75 Ova (March 30, '99-1700) in salt."—"Ln." in the item above, stands perhaps for "Linen."

Legs of Pork sent in ye winter, '99.

4 Mrs. Remington, Mrs. Blower, Mrs. Stacye, Mrs. Gales.

4 Goody Gove, Mr. Andrews, Mrs. Stedman, Cous. Oliver, Mrs. Hancock, Jan'ry.

Ribspaires, Anno '99, winter.

4 Goody Warland, Ruth Hicks, Cous. Oliver, Deac. Hasting.

5 Mrs. Amsdall, Mrs. Coolidge, Capt. Foxcroft, F. Gates and Rob. Junr., Mrs. Deming, Mrs. Pattin, Cousin Oliver.

Pigs sent since Nov. 20, '99.

5 Mrs. Sparhawk, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Saltonstall, Sam. Cooper's wife, Jason Russell's wife, Jan. 2, '99.

7 Goodey Luxford, Ephr. Frost, Mrs. Ab. Russell, Goody Chamberlain, Goody Gove, Cousin Oliver, Feb. 3, '99, Mrs. Ruth Hicks.

3 Mrs. Bordman, Old Mr. Hancock, Mrs. Remington,
Jan. 19, '99. Young Mrs. Hancock a ps. pork.

" 20 — Mrs. Bordman a line of veal.

March 25. Sam. Cooper's wife, a ps. of pork.

" Mrs. Parker, a piece of pork.

" Old Mr. Hancock, a qr. of pork.

The following is in the handwriting of Appleton : — " Nov. 18, 1729. My good friends and neighbours for several years past have in ye fall of the year brought me a considerable quantity of wood *gratis*, some years between thirty and forty loads, sometimes above forty loads, which good and laudable custom, that had been dead for some years before the Rev. Mr. Brattle's death, was revived by good father Pattin about ten years ago, and continued by the friendship of ye people." This is followed by three pages of names of parishioners, from whom donations of wood were received in successive years. Gifts of this kind were customary in our New England parishes in former days, and helped to eke out the always moderate stipends of their clergymen. As it has been quaintly expressed : — " The Shepherd lovingly feedeth the Flock, the Flock lovingly cherish the Shepherd. While the Parson is busy at worke in the forest of his thoughts gathering woode for the sacrifice, and goeth about to light the fire on the Altar, the People doe looke after the fire in his kitchen, inasmuch as they know that a blazing hearthe keepeth a man's soule warm no less than his body. Wherefore as he taketh thought for the thinges of the Temple, they also *sua sponte* take thought for thinges which he leaveth behinde him in his cares for Zion."

The Communion-service is administered on the first Sunday of each alternate month, commencing with January. During the last year it has taken the place of the afternoon service. As I do not feel at liberty to exclude any

from the Lord's table who may wish to come to it, any more than from the house of God, it is my custom to invite all the members of the congregation to join in its solemnities, believing that they who are permitted to pray to the Father, may be permitted to commemorate the Son. The following is the Covenant of the Church, adopted in 1834:—"We whose names are underwritten, do solemnly acknowledge Jesus Christ to be the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, as he is represented in the New Testament; and, as his disciples, we do now express our earnest desire and intention to live a holy, religious, and useful life, after the example, and in the spirit of our Lord. We do also purpose to walk with the church, while we have opportunity, in a regular attendance on Christian ordinances, in the promotion of Christian truth and charity, and in ye exercise of those act of Christian fellowship and affection which the relation wherein we stand to one another may seem to us to demand." It is usual for those who wish to become members of the church body to sign their names to this covenant, or to signify their assent to it to the pastor, or, in case of his absence, to one of the deacons. If any individual should decline, from conscientious scruples, to sign or assent to the Covenant, the pastor has, in such a case, a discretionary power to dispense with the observance of this form. There is no public ceremony in the admission of church members.

A Sunday School, the first in Old Cambridge, was organized in 1828 by Dr. Follen, assisted by members of the Divinity School. It was soon composed mainly of children belonging to the First Parish; and in August, 1829, its meetings were held in the Parish Church, and it became, in fact, the Parish Sunday School. Dr. Follen resigned the charge of it, in 1830, to the present pastor of the church. The following are the names of the gentlemen who have acted as Superintendents since that time, their annual term of office commencing in July:—Henry A. Miles, 1831; Samuel May, Jr., 1832; Cyrus A. Bartol, 1833, 1834; Abiel A. Livermore, 1835; Henry W. Bellows, 1836; Benjamin F. Barrett, 1837; Wm. Cushing, 1838; Sylvester Judd, 1839; John F. W. Ware, 1840, 1841; Thomas Hill, 1842; Charles E. Buckingham, 1843; Ephraim Nute, 1844; Daniel Austin, 1845–1847; Francis Bowen, 1848; Charles J. Bowen, 1849; Augustus W. Whipple, 1850; Charles E. Norton, 1851–1855. I cannot omit this opportunity to express my own gratitude, and that of the parents and teachers of the school to the present Superintendent, who has served so long and faithfully, and with such entire acceptance and success, in his useful office.