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AN
ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

WEST SPRINGFIELD, AUGUST 25, 1856.

ON OCCASION OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDINATION

OF THE

REV. JOSEPH LATHROP, D. D.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

HIS COLLEAGUE AND SUCCESSOR IN THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

WITH AN APPENDIX.



SPRINGFIELD, MASS:
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1861, Sept. 23.

Dear Sir

The Family of

Rev. Samuel Willard Esq.,
of Deerfield
(Mass. 1853.)

ADDRESS.

It is a dictate at once of our nobler instincts and better principles, to embalm the memories of the wise and venerable who have passed away. It is due to them; for if they deserved well of us while living, the grave surely has not cancelled their claims upon either our reverence or our gratitude. It is due to ourselves; for hereby we still keep in contact with their exalted qualities,—within the range of their posthumous influence; and their lessons of wisdom reach our hearts as truly and as effectually as if they fell first upon the outward ear. It is due to the generations that come after us; for as every man is bound to live for the benefit of posterity, so every thing that can be, should be, done to perpetuate each true and beneficent life,—thus rendering it an enduring witness and advocate for truth and virtue.

It is in the spirit of these sentiments that you, my friends, have assembled for these commemorative observances. You once had a Patriarch

dwelling among you. These walls echoed to his voice. He moved about here, graceful yet majestic; cheerful yet devout; tender yet earnest. The aged regarded him as an oracle of wisdom. The little children knew not whether they loved or revered him the more. His presence in your families made bright faces and joyous hearts; and in the hour of sorrow, not only his words but his very looks were balm. Men of counsel and might from abroad were often here; and it was observed that their journey usually terminated at his dwelling. The people in the neighbouring parishes, however much they loved and honoured their own ministers, always thought it a great day when his venerable form appeared before them. He was revered throughout the State,—throughout New England; and even the ocean did not limit his fame; for I am myself a witness that great minds in both England and Scotland assigned to him a rank among the distinguished men of his age. Most of you, I know, never saw him; but I am sure that tradition still preserves his name in all your families, fresh as a household word. It was a happy thought,—the setting apart of this day to honour his memory; and I thank

you for giving me the opportunity to bear a part in these grateful services. At the same time, I will not dissemble that there is one feature of the occasion that embarrasses me—I mean my own identity with many of the events and scenes which I shall have occasion to bring before you. If it should occur to any of you that I have forgotten that our main business here is to commemorate Dr. Lathrop, and not the accidental circumstance of my connection with him, I beg you will remember that, apart from that connection, I should have no material for the service you have required of me, other than is within the reach of any of you.

I know not in what way I can better accomplish the legitimate ends of our meeting, than by endeavouring to place before you, as distinctly as I can, the venerable man whose memory we have come together to honour. If I were to attempt to expound any thing,—to analyze any thing,—to discuss any thing,—you would mark me at once as an offender against the proprieties of the occasion. We are here not to sharpen our intellects, but to exercise our affections; not to speculate upon the present, but to think over the past; not to bow before the mysteries of our faith,

but to surrender ourselves to the impression of patriarchal simplicity, and loveliness, and greatness. I cannot hope to exhibit such a portrait of the man as I always carry about with me in my memory and my heart; but I shall have at least this to comfort me,—that the recollections of many of you will at once supply the deficiency of my statements, and suggest an apology for it.

There is a principle in our nature that disposes us to search for the present in the past; especially to trace back the lineage, and find out the antecedents, of those whom the world hails as its benefactors. And it is always a satisfaction to find that the stream has flowed pure as far back as we can distinguish it; that the character which we admire, is just what might be expected from the combined moral forces of several generations. Of this remark the man whom we commemorate, was a fine illustration. The first in the line, whose name even, tradition has preserved to us, was John Lothrop, a graduate of the University of Oxford, and originally a clergyman of the Established Church of England, in the county of Kent. He was an earnest friend not only of evangelical truth but of religious liberty; and as this last particularly was reckoned a crime,

it brought him in fierce conflict with the spirit of ecclesiastical domination,—the reigning spirit of the age. For two years, his home was a dark prison, where he dwelt for conscience sake; and when, during this period, his wife sickened and died, the only indulgence granted him was to make a hasty visit to her bedside, and ask the Good Shepherd to help her through the dark valley, and then go back to his prison, knowing that their next meeting would be in Heaven. At length Persecution so far relaxed her rigours, as graciously to permit him to become an exile; and in 1634 he crossed the ocean with about thirty others, and thus became identified with one of the grandest enterprises in the world's history. The first year he spent in the exercise of his ministry at Scituate; but the next, for reasons not now fully ascertained, he removed to Barnstable, where he remained, a beloved and useful minister, till his death, which occurred on the 8th of November, 1653. Tradition uniformly represents him as distinguished for both learning and piety; but the only productions of his pen that remain, are two Letters preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, and printed in their Collections.

Of this veteran minister of Puritan celebrity, Joseph Lathrop was a descendant in the fifth generation. In his autobiography, one of the most fascinating productions of its kind, he refers to his father,—Solomon Lathrop, who died while the son was in his infancy,—as a person of great moral and Christian worth, and of more than ordinary intelligence; but I have ascertained from documents which have accidentally fallen into my hands, that his grandfather, Joseph Lathrop, of whom he makes no mention, was probably a man of still greater consideration,—a pillar both in the church and in civil society. Of the two generations that intervened between him and the original ancestor, I am not aware that there exists any record, or even distinct tradition, beyond their names; but in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, it is fair to presume that they did not dishonour their lineage. Norwich has been the residence of one branch of the original family, almost from their first settlement in the country; and there our venerated friend was born. It was not, however, Norwich proper, but what was then called Newent,—a parish lying two or three miles East of the principal settlement. In an excursion which I

made into Connecticut shortly after I became connected with Dr. Lathrop's family, I performed a sort of reverential pilgrimage to the spot where my then recently deceased colleague first saw the light. It was a solitary place, and nothing remained but the cellar and some scattered ruins, to show where the building had stood. But I confess that I looked upon that cellar and those ruins with an unwonted veneration. As I thought of the unconscious babe, and then the prattling boy, that used to be there,—the embryo of that great man, whom we had then lately followed to his grave, I could hardly repress the wish that the objects of nature around were intelligent and vocal, that I might summon them to report concerning those early years that were passed there, nearly a century before. My visit was rendered additionally interesting by the fact that, on my way thither the venerable Dr. Strong of Norwich, and on my way thence, the venerable Dr. Lee of Lisbon, both Dr. Lathrop's old and admiring friends, opened to me each a treasury of delightful reminiscences concerning him.

The boy whom we have thus seen spending a few of his first years in a farm house at Norwich,

during which he was remote from school, and had little instruction except from his mother, has his residence, at the age of about eight, transferred to Bolton, in consequence of his mother's being married to a Mr. Loomis of that town. I used often, in my earlier years, to pass the house which then became his home; and, after I knew him, so vividly was he associated with it in my thoughts, that I never looked towards it, but with a sort of filial reverence. Here it was that his mind began to develop the signs of its own native superiority. Here he first felt the aspirations for a liberal education. Here, through the generous consideration of his worthy step-father, were certain arrangements made in respect to his patrimonial estate, which rendered it practicable to carry out his wish. And here, under the instruction of the Rev. Thomas White, a good scholar, and an excellent minister, he was fitted for admission to college. He used to speak of the years he spent at Bolton with no measured interest, as having had much to do in giving the ultimate complexion to his character and life.

Bolton ceased to be his home in 1750, when he became a member of Yale College. His

college life fell within the Presidency of the venerable Clap; of whom he used to speak as a man of noble intellect and bearing, a thorough scholar, an able preacher, and a devout Christian. I have it upon the testimony of one of his classmates that his standing in College, in respect to both scholarship and behaviour, was excellent. From a manuscript found among his papers, I infer that he graduated with one of the highest honours of his class.

Of his early religious experience he has left an exceedingly modest, but highly interesting, account; and I remember to have heard the same from his lips, somewhat more in detail. When the great Whitefieldian revival took place about 1740, though he was but a mere child, he shared, to some extent, in the general interest and solemnity that prevailed around him; and he even hoped that religion had become an abiding principle in his heart. My impression is, however, that he subsequently looked upon this experience at least with great doubt; and it was not till near the close of his college life, that he had acquired that stability of feeling and purpose, that he thought necessary in order to make a public profession of his faith. About the time of

his leaving college, he joined the church in Bolton of which his mother was a member.

Having now become a graduate, the great question for him to decide is, to what profession he shall devote himself; and he resolves, especially in view of his recent religious experience, to become a minister of the Gospel. But, as his patrimony has been nearly exhausted by his education, he finds it necessary to do something to earn the means of prosecuting his theological course; and then as now the most obvious way was to teach a school. If my memory serves me, it was through the influence of his friend, Mr. Josiah Whitney, who preceded him in college by two years, (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Whitney of Brooklyn, Conn.,) that he obtained a place as teacher in the first parish in Springfield; and while thus engaged, he pursued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Breck, the minister of the parish. The history of Mr. Breck's ministry, especially in its beginning, had been somewhat eventful. His settlement was vigorously opposed by the ministers of the Association, chiefly on account of an alleged departure from the accredited orthodoxy of the day; and it was not till one council had

dispersed without ordaining him, and he had actually been arrested by a civil officer and carried to Connecticut to answer to charges injurious to his character, that his ordination was finally effected. There are documents, both in print and in manuscript, that prove conclusively that, previous to his coming to Springfield, he had been chargeable, to say the least, with extreme indiscretion; but from the time of his settlement, his conduct was marked by the most considerate caution, insomuch that, at no distant period, some of those who had been the least willing to receive him as their pastor, would have been the most reluctant to part with him. When my predecessor studied under him, he was in good repute as a minister throughout the region. From first to last, I believe he was an uncompromising Arminian.

It was while Mr. Lathrop was pursuing his studies under Mr. Breck that he first became acquainted with the Rev. John Hooker, who had a few months before been settled as the minister of Northampton. Mr. Hooker, happening to be at Springfield, preached for Mr. Breck a lecture preparatory to the communion; and however it might have been received by others, it made an

impression on the mind of the young theological student, which remained vivid through his long life. I know not what degree of intimacy afterwards existed between them; but I know that there was no other minister of that period, of whom I ever heard Dr. Lathrop speak in terms of such unqualified praise. He represented him as equally distinguished for his qualities of mind and heart; as being at once evangelical in his views and catholic in his spirit; earnest to promote the cause of Christ, and yet eminently discreet in all his measures; and as one of the most attractive, impressive, and instructive preachers to whom he ever listened. It always seemed to me, when he was talking about him, that he was describing a person very much like himself; and it is not improbable that the high admiration which he felt for Mr. Hooker's character, reacted, as a quickening and elevating influence, upon his own.

After continuing his school and his studies for somewhat more than a year, he offered himself, in January, 1756, to the Association, to be examined as a candidate for the ministry. The Association held its session in Suffield. And who were the men that composed it? Were Howard,

and Storrs, and Prudden, and Atwater, and Warren, all of whom we look back upon as the men of another generation,—among them? No, not one of these—but Williams, and Raynolds, and Ballantine, and Breck, and the elder Gay were there; and under the sanction of these and perhaps other honoured names, the young candidate went forth to preach the Gospel. Even the venerable Griswold, of Feeding Hills, whom I never saw but once, and then in his coffin,—was not there; for I well remember to have heard Dr. Lathrop say that *he* gave Mr. Griswold the Right Hand of Fellowship, not long after his own ordination; and that when he attempted to excuse himself on the ground of his being so young, the aged Dr. Williams, who was Moderator of the council, replied—“That is the very reason why you must do it—I always did it when I was the youngest.” “But was *you* ever the youngest, Sir?” was the characteristic reply.

The candidate is now in the field, ready to occupy whatever part of it the Master may assign to him. God, in his providence, had, a few months before, rendered this a vacant church. Here Woodbridge had ministered, from the formation of the church in 1698, till his death in

1718; a man of whom tradition brings us nothing but what is good; whose comparatively early death was a subject of deep lamentation; and whose memory you have recently made honourable provision to perpetuate.* Here too had stood Hopkins, of a later generation,—a sensible, discreet, benevolent, and devout man,—not the least of whose honours was that he was married to a sister of the great Edwards,—herself a liberal sharer in the mighty intellect of the family to which she belonged. Mr. Hopkins had died suddenly in October, 1755, in his sixty-second year; and the parish knowing, as they did, that Mr. Lathrop was regarded as a young man of more than ordinary promise, applied to him, a few weeks after he was licensed, to supply the vacant pulpit. He came; and the result was that this became his permanent home, and his grave is among you to this day.

And here we are brought to the particular event which we are assembled to commemorate. One hundred years ago this day, this hour, the ordination solemnities were going forward. It was not on this hill, where the rest of us have been

* Within the last year or two, a fine new monument has been erected over Mr. Woodbridge's grave, in place of the humble dilapidated stone, whose inscription time had rendered nearly illegible.

consecrated to our work, but on yonder beautiful common, where stood the house in which your fathers worshipped;—a house which took its architectural type from the seventeenth century, and which I cannot but think that the hand of modern improvement ought to have spared, as well for its unique construction as for its venerable associations. There it was that that ancient ordaining council assembled; and Mr. Breck preached, and Mr. Bridgham gave the Charge,* and Mr. Ballantine the Right Hand of Fellowship; and thus a light was fixed in this candlestick, that shone with a steady brilliancy through more than two generations.

The young pastor being yet a single man, becomes domesticated in the family of his predecessor; and he could scarcely have been thrown into a more invigorating intellectual atmosphere. The shining gifts and graces of Madam Hopkins, as well as respect for the

*It was stated in the delivery that Dr. Williams, of Longmeadow, gave the Charge, and such was always my impression until Dr. Davis, of Westfield, in connection with a very agreeable speech which he made at the collation, produced the original diary of Mr. Ballantine, one of his predecessors, from which it appeared that the Charge was given by Mr. Bridgham, of Brimfield. Dr. Williams was not even present on the occasion; the reason of which, as stated by Dr. Davis, was, that he was at that time engaged as Chaplain in the army. In regard to the other parts of the service, the record corresponded with my recollection.

memory of her husband, made her house the resort of many distinguished individuals; and more than all, her near relationship,—shall I say to the greatest man of the age,—sometimes brought him thither, and once at least in circumstances to exhibit not merely the majesty of his intellect, but the depth of his sensibilities. The case, as Dr. Lathrop related it to me was this—Mr. Edwards came to visit his sister on the evening of the day when the tidings had reached him of the death of one of his children—if my memory is not at fault, it was Mrs. Burr of Newark. It was apparent at once that his heart was deeply smitten, though it was indicated chiefly by a mournful silence. When the hour for the evening devotions of the family came, Mr. Lathrop asked Mr. Edwards to conduct them; but he declined,—giving as a reason that he could not command his powers of utterance. In the morning the request was repeated, and the Doctor assured me that the prayer which he offered was the most remarkable specimen of devotional pathos and power to which he remembered ever to have listened. His own expression was that never before or since had he heard a prayer that brought Heaven and earth so near together.

As the newly settled pastor subscribed to the doctrine that it is not good for man to be alone, he brought hither in due time a help-meet; and such emphatically she proved during all the years of his protracted ministry. She belonged to the family of Dwight, which, from an early period, was one of the most honoured families on Connecticut river. I knew her only as a venerable relic of the olden time; when the appellation of *Madam* was given her, not less in reverence for her age than as the old-fashioned designation of a minister's wife; but I remember her as the very personification of all that is meek, and retiring, and benevolent. Her spirit was so quiet, her step so noiseless, that her movements were scarcely known, except by the blessings that she scattered around her. Her character was an admirable specimen of symmetry,—the joint product of Christian culture and a favoured constitution. When I called to see her the evening after her husband's death, she met me with her usual benignant smile, that might have naturally enough suggested a doubt whether she knew the fact of her own widowhood. A few months after, the distressing casualty occurred that issued in her

death;* and in my almost daily visits at her bedside, during a confinement of nearly three months, not a word or a look ever witnessed to the least feeling of disquietude or discontent. I behold her tall and slightly bending form, her serene and dignified aspect, her friendly but somewhat staid manner, as if the reality had passed before me but yesterday. But alas, alas, the flight of time!

The early part of Mr. Lathrop's ministry fell into a period of great political perplexity and excitement. First the old French war, and then the war of the Revolution, kept the country in a state of fierce tumult. In this state of things originated influences the most adverse to the success of the ministry; and the West Springfield minister, in common with others, had to meet them. But he met them in the true spirit of an ambassador for Christ; and while he was always a consistent patriot, he never suffered the patriot to absorb the minister. I used to hear it whispered that he was supposed by some to have been but a cold friend to our national independence;—a suspicion that doubtless originated in the fact that he was in intimate relations with

* The fracture of a bone in consequence of a fall upon the ice.

some distinguished individuals in this neighbourhood, whose sympathies were known to be with the mother country. But I have a double witness to discredit such an allegation—I have the contradiction of it from his own lips, and a virtual contradiction also in several of his manuscript sermons, which leave no room to doubt that his heart went honestly into the great struggle. I do not mean to intimate that he stood forth like Witherspoon, and Cooper, and some other of the clergy,—who were among the greater lights that God gave to rule that stormy day; and I am inclined to think that when the conflict began, his fears in respect to the issue were stronger than his hopes; but he always felt that our cause was a righteous one, and no one prayed more fervently, or thanked God more heartily, than he, for its ultimate triumph. He was a patriot always; and he never hesitated to speak out on great questions of national policy; but he did it with so much discretion and dignity as to be honoured even by his opponents.

The period of the Revolution witnessed to Mr. Lathrop's severest personal trials. In common with most of his brethren, he suffered greatly from the depreciation of the currency, and was

driven to the labours of the field in order to make out a support for his family. But in addition to this, in consequence of resuming prematurely his professional duties, after an attack of small pox, he was incapacitated for any public service for nearly three years; and during much of this time, he had but little hope of ever returning to the pulpit. He told me that, at about the darkest period, while he sat one day alone in his study, ruminating on his condition and prospects, his eye happened to rest upon his manuscript sermons which lay on a writing desk before him, and it occurred to him that in many of those sermons he had endeavoured to administer consolation to others, and perhaps he might find in them something that would meet his own then present circumstances; and he resolved, with this view, to draw out one from the mass at random. He did so; and what should the text be but "This year thou shalt die!" He added, "I did not make up my mind that I should die that year, but I did resolve that I would be ready for it."

It was during this season of protracted indisposition that the memorable case of imposture occurred—the intrusion into his parish of a vagabond unauthorized preacher—a wolf in sheep's

clothing—calling himself John Watkins. Like other wolves, he watched the favourable time for making a descent upon the flock—when the shepherd was withdrawn, in a great degree, from his immediate care of them; and by his pretensions to extraordinary sanctity, his advocacy of fanatical impulses, and his appeals to some of the worst principles and passions, he drew after him not only silly women but silly men, and for a time seemed to put the interests of the church in serious jeopardy. It was impossible, however, that in so intelligent a community as this, such a wretched creature could secure an enduring influence,—much more, gain a permanent lodgment. He made his mark indeed, but it was only for a day—the tares which he sowed never came to maturity—certainly they never reproduced themselves. And whatever temporary evil may have resulted to this church, was much more than counterbalanced by the Discourses on False Teachers which were suggested by the agitation, and which were among the pastor's first efforts on his return to the pulpit. These Discourses have not only passed through many editions in this country, but have been widely circulated and highly applauded in Great Britain;

and it may safely be said that the language does not supply another more admirable antidote to the evil against which they are directed.

It was a beautiful circumstance in the life of Dr. Lathrop that his ministry began, continued, and ended, in the same place; though you may well wonder what became of his mantle when he ascended.* He had opportunities to occupy wider fields of usefulness. The Theological chair in Yale College was offered to him; and so was the pastorship of the most influential church in Connecticut; but he declined both,—chiefly on the ground that the peculiar state of his parish would not justify a removal. I never knew a man who seemed to me to care less for earthly distinction, or who wore the honours that came to him unbidden, at once so unconsciously and so gracefully. I verily believe he was more happy in visiting your fathers and mothers in their plain dwellings and communing with them in regard to their temporal and spiritual interests, than if he had been the centre of the most refined and cultivated circle; while yet he could not have been placed in a position so lofty, but that his native blandness and dignity would have

* He has had no less than six successors, all of whom still survive.

graced it. I would not intimate, after all, that it was strange, even on general grounds, that he should have made his permanent home here; for if the sun shines upon a lovelier spot than this, or if there is another parish of which industry, stability, peaceableness, and the love of order, are more prominent characteristics, I have not been so fortunate as to find either the one or the other.

From the time of his recovery from the long and tedious illness to which I have referred, he never had occasion, from any cause, to intermit his public duties, till he was far down in the vale of age. His seventieth birth day came, and did not reveal the first symptom of either physical or intellectual decay. His eightieth birth day came, and it drew from him a discourse equally remarkable for the wisdom of its counsels and the tenderness and solemnity of its appeals,—showing that his bow still abode in strength. The day that completed the sixtieth year of his ministry came, and still he was writing sermons that would have done no discredit to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But not long after this, there was a perceptible waning of some of his faculties,—especially of his sight, which he was

himself the first to consider as suggesting the expediency of withdrawing from public labours. Accordingly, on the first Sabbath in March, 1818,—just sixty-two years from the Sabbath that he commenced preaching here as a candidate, he announced, at the close of a sort of valedictory discourse, his purpose to retire from the active duties of his office, and his wish that he might, with as little delay as possible, be provided with an assistant or colleague. In accordance with this suggestion, the parish soon proceeded to hear candidates; and though he preached occasionally after this, it was only when the pulpit could not otherwise be supplied. Not unfrequently one of his manuscript sermons was read by his son, while the devotional services were performed by himself; and I remember to have heard him say that he considered his people better served then than they had been in any previous period of his ministry; for his sermons he believed had lost nothing from age, and his son's manner of delivering them was a decided improvement upon his own.

I have now reached the point at which my personal acquaintance with Dr. Lathrop began; and from this time, I am myself a witness of

nearly all that I shall say of him. The circumstances which led to my introduction to him, formed a striking illustration of the truth that the whole future of our lives is not unfrequently bound up in what seems, at the time, an insignificant event. In the latter part of the summer of 1818, while I was a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, my health became so much impaired that I was advised to intermit, for a while, my studies, and adopt active means for recovery. After spending a few days in Connecticut and receiving license to preach, I set out to journey on horseback with scarcely a more definite purpose than to come in a Northerly direction. As some of Dr. Lathrop's near relatives resided in my native place, one of them, knowing that I expected to come this way, offered me a letter to him; and I took it, little dreaming of the results to which it was to lead. After passing a night in Springfield, I determined in the morning to continue my journey on the other side of the river, and actually gave my letter to Mr. (now Dr.) Osgood, with a request that he would put it in the way to reach Dr. Lathrop. He took it reluctantly, and afterwards urged me so much to come over and pay my

respects to the Doctor, that I took back the letter, crossed the ferry,—for the second bridge was not yet,—and for the first time placed my foot in West Springfield;—and that circumstance has given the complexion to my life. I made my way immediately to his house,—that venerable old building, which, like its neighbour, the old meeting house,—pardon me for saying it,—I would have voted to embalm rather than demolish; and the first moment after my arrival, I thanked Dr. Osgood from my heart for not having suffered me to lose the opportunity of standing in such a presence. I saw before me a man, somewhat above the middle height; of a more than ordinarily expanded frame; of rather a large square face, on which intelligence, kindness, and dignity, like three sister graces, seemed to be holding a goodly fellowship. His manners, for grace and polish, appeared to me worthy of the Court; while yet your own little children are scarcely a match for him in simplicity. I venerated and loved him from the first moment. When he knew that I had come from the neighbourhood of his sister, he made many affectionate inquiries concerning her, which revealed a fine natural sensibility. His hospitality immediately

came out in his asking me to pass the day and the night with him; and though I secretly longed to accept the invitation, I felt constrained, as much I believe from delicacy as any thing else, to decline it. But my delicacy was singularly overruled by its beginning almost immediately to rain; for as soon as the Doctor observed it, he delivered an absolute interdict to my going on my journey. Hence I was fairly domesticated with him for the next twenty-four hours; and so intensely was I interested in the wisdom and point of his observations, the extent and variety of his knowledge, and his boundless good humour, that when the clock struck the hour of going to bed, I confess it was an unwelcome sound to me. The next morning, when I expected to proceed on my journey, I found myself so ill as to be scarcely able to leave my chamber; and I was certainly the more easily reconciled to the necessity that detained me, from having found out in what sort of company I was to be detained. I lay upon the bed most of the day, listening, admiring, and if I tell the whole, I must add, laughing; while the Doctor sat by my side, administering to me that by his genial, cheerful manner, his amusing anecdotes,

and his apt and pithy remarks, which I verily believe was far more potent than any thing which his son, a neighbouring physician, could have administered. At any rate, I was able, the next day, to mount my horse; and when we parted he gave me his patriarchal blessing. I never expected to meet him again. As I went on my way, and throughout my whole journey, I found my thoughts constantly flying back to the two days that I had spent here; I found myself taking up and inwardly digesting the wise sayings that I had gathered here; and I could not but think what a parish this ought to be, after having enjoyed, for more than sixty years, the labours of such a minister.

In due time, my health was recruited, and I returned to Princeton; but I still carried with me the savour of that West Springfield visit. I told my fellow students that there was an old minister on the Connecticut river, who was a match, in point of wisdom and dignity, for any other to whom they could point; and when, in my enthusiasm, I volunteered to give our venerable Professors an account of my visit, one of them told me that he was himself a witness to the truth of my description, and the other said that

though he had never met him except in his sermons, he considered him as there holding the very first rank. In the course of the winter following, I received a request from the Committee of this parish to come and preach to them a few Sabbaths, with an intimation that I might be considered as a candidate for settlement; but as I could not consent to terminate thus prematurely my theological course, I felt obliged to decline the application. A second communication was made to me,—to the effect that the parish would wait for me until spring, when I expected to visit New-England; and on that indulgent condition I consented to come. It would certainly have been no pleasant reflection to me that my labours were to commence in the audience of a man of such exalted reputation, and so capable of detecting my puerile crudities, were it not that I had already seen enough of him to know that he was not more remarkable for discernment than for candour and generosity.

The day before the last Sabbath in April, 1819, found me in the Doctor's hospitable dwelling, and in the bright, warm sunshine of his presence. In the welcome that he gave me there seemed to

be delicately insinuated the wish that I might have come for more than a brief sojourn; and I afterwards found that it was at his instance especially that I had been sent for. Sunday morning we occupied together—not this pulpit, but its less ambitious, though more elevated, predecessor, for the first time; and the kind, encouraging words which he spoke to me after the service was over, fell upon my heart as a most grateful benediction. Though it was arranged that I should have my temporary home in another dwelling,—a dwelling that afterwards was, and still continues, associated in my mind with everything that is endearing in home,*—it became immediately a part of my daily routine, to spend at least an hour or two of the morning in his company; a practice which I never discontinued till the close of his life. Each successive visit that I made to him heightened, if possible, my admiration of his character;—and I felt then,—and my judgment has never changed,—that I was undergoing a most important part of my professional training. I used generally to find him sitting alone, always in exactly the same spot, with his chair slightly thrown back, and

* The house of Mr. Justin Ely.

his head touching the wall, which, as some of you will remember, had actually become indented by this long continued contact. Sometimes he was evidently in a meditative mood, and sometimes asleep; but whether the one or the other, he always gave me a cordial greeting, and opened to me his treasures of wisdom and knowledge, apparently without knowing it; and when I parted with him, he would often thank me for my visit, as if my errand had really been, not to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, but to bestow on himself a benefaction.

The result of my preaching here as a candidate you know; and I never doubted that the perfect unanimity which marked the doings of the parish and the church, after some previous unsuccessful attempts to harmonize, was to be referred, in a great degree, to his indirect but powerful influence. When the call was presented to me, he took care to let me know that his heart went warmly with it; and this, of itself, would have outweighed a host of objections, if they had existed, to my accepting it. The preliminary arrangements for my ordination having been made, and this honoured twenty-fifth having been fixed upon as the day, I left West Spring-

field to pass the intervening weeks in journeying for my health, which was at that time somewhat enfeebled, and did not return until two or three days before my presence was required by one of the most interesting occasions of my life.

On the afternoon of the day previous to that appointed for my ordination, the council convened at the house of Mr. Theodore Ely—it was an unusually large council, but not more than three or four of its members survive. Among them was the aged pastor to whom the next day was to give a colleague; and his presence was felt to be the most venerable element of the occasion. They would have made him Moderator; but he would not suffer it,—alleging that he was too infirm to occupy any post that required attention or involved responsibility. They requested him to deliver the Charge; but this he declined on the ground that his vision would not permit him to use a manuscript, and that his memory would not permit him to do without it. They finally proposed to him to offer one of the prayers; but he pleaded the uncertainty of his mental operations at any given moment, as a reason for declining that also. The next morning,—a morning which, for serenity and bright-

ness, was a goodly prototype of this one-hundredth anniversary,—when I called upon the Doctor, as I was wont, to accompany him to the meeting house, I found him in excellent spirits, and evidently with more than his accustomed degree of mental activity; and as we were riding along, embowered by those beautiful elms, I ventured to suggest that it would add much to the interest of the day, and that I should myself consider it as a great personal favour, if he would still consent to offer at least the introductory prayer. I was delighted to find that the suggestion seemed not unpleasant to him; and availing myself of the encouragement he gave, I communicated with a sufficient number of the council, after we reached the house, to secure an alteration in the Minutes, by which he was designated to that part of the service. I doubt whether there are any here who heard that prayer, who have yet forgotten it. It seemed to me,—and I know others at the time were similarly impressed,—as one of the most remarkable examples of devotional fitness, tenderness, fervour, elevation, solemnity, to which I had ever listened; and I could not but regard it as an auspicious circumstance attending the opening

of my ministry, that it should have been hal-
lowed by such a prayer from the lips of a
Prophet for whom the chariot of fire was even
then making ready.

After the public exercises, the Doctor pre-
ceded me by a few minutes on his way home,
and as I was passing his house, I stopped
for a moment to see how he had endured the
protracted service. He met me with the earnest
and loving look of a father, and said,—“I give
you the Right Hand of Fellowship. I welcome
you as my brother. May you have a long, happy,
and useful ministry, and be more faithful than I
have been. In the expectation that I should be
taken away when the parish would be without
a minister, I had asked Mr. Gay, as one of the
oldest ministers in the neighbourhood, and par-
ticularly in consideration of my having performed
a like service for both his parents, to preach my
funeral sermon; but, in view of the change of
circumstances, I have to-day withdrawn the
request; and I now ask *you* to do it; and it is
probable that you will have to do it soon.”

Before the close of the next week, I began to
think that there was more of prophetic force in
these last words than I had been disposed to

attribute to them ; for word came to me that the Doctor had been suddenly stricken down by some disease that was supposed to be apoplexy, and was in a state of unconsciousness from which he would probably never emerge in this world. I hastened to his bedside, and found it as I had heard—his limbs moved not; his eyes opened not; and his breathing took on the form of a laboured and portentous snore, which we scarcely doubted would subside into the stillness of death. I remembered his request concerning the funeral sermon, and felt that if it was to be complied with, I had no time to lose; and I actually set myself to perform the sad work of preparation; but before I had proceeded far, tidings came that that iron sleep was broken, and the imprisoned spirit once more at large. I hastened back to his bedside, and the face, and the voice, and the whole appearance were again his own; and he gave me his hand, and looked up and smiled like an angel. The effects of that attack seemed to pass off after a few days; but we were always anxiously watching for signs of a repetition of it, and expecting that we should lose him without much warning.

For more than a year after this, there was no very marked change of either his body or his mind—though some of his days were brighter than others, he was almost always able to walk about and bear a highly intelligent part in any conversation. Among the friends beyond his own parish who visited him most frequently, was the venerable Doctor Howard,—whose charming simplicity of manners, whose almost matchless aptness in the use of Scripture language, and whose facility at finding a moral where scarcely anybody else would think of looking for it, rendered him alike instructive and attractive in every circle. I used sometimes to be present at their interviews, and always gathered from them rich materials for reflection; and on one of these occasions, I remember my excellent colleague, by a slip of the tongue, paid me a most ungracious compliment, which, however, he instantly recalled in one of the finest and most delicate remarks that I ever heard from him.

Dr. Lathrop was a regular attendant on public worship until within a few Sabbaths of his death. Instead of being awed by his sitting here by my side, his presence made me feel the stronger; and though he would never consent to take my

place in preaching, he often permitted us to hear his welcome voice in prayer; and such prayers I used to think were scarcely to be heard in any other sanctuary. He sometimes accompanied me also into remote parts of the parish to attend week-day meetings; and on one occasion particularly, when there was more than an ordinary degree of sensibility to religious things, and withal some slight tendencies to extravagance, he made an appeal to those who were present, addressing them as his children for whom he had long cared, but whom he must soon leave; and it seemed as if he brought the moisture to almost every eye. Though he was little accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, some of these unstudied efforts, prompted as they were by a full heart, and assisted by venerable age, were quite irresistible.

But I know I am lingering in this field of hallowed recollection too long—You must, however, share the responsibility with me; for you could not but know, when you asked me to perform this service, that you were putting me upon a course where I should not know when to stop. But there is one scene more that cannot be omitted—it is the last. In the early part of

December, 1820, we began to observe in him more decided evidences of both bodily and mental decay; and he was himself fully impressed with the idea that the time of his departure was at hand. He spoke of it with profound solemnity indeed, but with as much calmness as if it had been nothing more than the laying aside of his garments for the night. I once ventured to refer to his long and useful life as a legitimate subject for pleasant reflection; but he checked me by saying that all his consolation came from another source,—from his deep conviction of the all sufficiency of his Redeemer's sacrifice. Religious thoughts evidently lingered in his mind, when it had lost its grasp of all others. At length the old arm chair was vacated, and he whose home it had been so long during his waking hours, lay down upon his bed to die. It seemed as if we had good old Jacob in the midst of us, in the act of being gathered to his fathers. The last sign of consciousness that was observed, was a reverent lifting of the hand, while we were commending him to the Good Shepherd's faithful care. From that time all outward avenues to the soul were closed. He moved along safely indeed, but unconsciously,

over that dark border land which all have to traverse before reaching Heaven. At length Death's iron hand fell upon him, but it was an iron constitution with which it had to grapple, and therefore was long in doing its work. For more than thirty-six hours, his breathing seemed like an unconscious struggle to put on immortality. If I left his house for my own, the breathing followed me till I was outside the gate; and when I returned, the same ominous sound met me before I reached it. I remained with him during the whole of Saturday night, and when I left him in the morning, as I was obliged to do, to perform the services of the Sabbath, I saw that Death had almost triumphed. A little before the ringing of the second bell, the tidings were brought to me that the conflict was over; and in view of the terrible struggle that we had been watching so long, I could not but say to myself,—“My father, I am glad that thou art in Heaven.” And then it devolved upon me to come and tell you that you were a bereaved people. Two days after that, we brought him hither to preach to us from his coffin; and then we carried him to his last resting place;—a spot beside which I love to pause, because it embosoms dust that is

precious to me, and that will hereafter be moulded into a glorified form, which I hope to recognise, after Death's dominion shall be overthrown.

Lest it should occur to any of you that I have indulged in personal reminiscences concerning Dr. Lathrop, at the expense of saying too little of the original elements of his character, allow me, in a few words, to add a summary of what seem to me to have been his most prominent intellectual and moral characteristics. He was a remarkable example of sound, practical wisdom. He had an almost intuitive discernment of the workings of the human heart. He could conduct a logical process with great skill, while yet there was such an admirable simplicity and transparency pervading all his intellectual operations, that even when he reasoned most powerfully, one would scarcely be sensible that he reasoned at all. His imagination was less exuberant than delicate, but it was susceptible of fine impulses, and occasionally opened into a rich field of beauty or grandeur. His taste was so exact as well nigh to defy criticism. His memory was a vast storehouse of knowledge, the various compartments of which were arranged in perfect order. His temper was generous and genial.

With his intuitive insight into human character he combined the utmost freedom from both suspicion and guile. He had a rich vein of Attic wit,—which, however, he used with discriminating caution;—sometimes to enliven friendly intercourse, and sometimes to point a merited rebuke, but never to infringe social decorum or inflict a needless wound. He had the ability, beyond almost any other man, of saying the best things, at the most fitting time, in the most graceful and effective manner. He had a large Christian heart,—a heart that loved the Saviour and found its favourite element near his cross;—a heart that beat warmly to every great interest of humanity, and that delighted to trace even the faintest lines of his Redeemer's image. But his strength lay not in any one predominant quality, but in the harmonious blending of all. Nature and grace had both dealt bountifully with him. They had combined their forces to build up a character in which the loveliest and the noblest qualities were beautifully commingled.

With such a constitution of mind and heart, brought and kept under such culture, it is not strange that he became what he did in his various public and private relations;—that in his

family, while he inspired reverence by maintaining the dignity and authority of a Christian Head, he awakened gratitude and love by practising all the tender assiduities and graceful amenities of domestic life;—that in the social circle he was always the recognised centre of attraction, and by his kindness as well as his wisdom, made his presence felt as an irresistible charm;—that in his pastoral intercourse, and especially in the house of mourning, he was a very model of tenderness and fidelity;—that in the pulpit he stood majestic in simplicity,—uttering great truths in a manner that opened a way for them to the humblest intellect, while it showed that his eye was upon the judgment; that in the adjustment of difficult cases, especially in ecclesiastical councils, he created an atmosphere which the spirit of strife could ill endure, and which disposed adverse parties—I had almost said—to rush into each other's arms;—in short, that wherever he moved, wherever he paused; whether in public or in private; whether as a Citizen, a Christian, or a Minister, the time, the place, and the circumstances were all honoured by the most suitable demonstration.

It would be an omission, in any estimate of Dr. Lathrop's influence, not to refer distinctly to the important agency he had in connection with the subject of Theological education. West Springfield was, in those days, a sort of Bethel or Gilgal; or to speak in modern phrase, it was a little Andover or Princeton; the old house at the corner was the Theological Seminary; the revered occupant was one of the Elishas of his day; and hither the young prophets were wont to resort to prepare themselves for putting on the badges of office. The Doctor used to speak of many of them in terms of warm regard; but there was one in whom I always thought he especially gloried, and of whose fine intellectual and moral qualities he could never say enough—I refer to the late lamented President Appleton. He regarded him, as well he might, as one of the lights of his age; and the letters which President Appleton addressed to him,—some of them letters of inquiry on perplexed subjects, show that he did not outlive his reverence for his teacher or grow weary of sitting at his feet. The death of the President occurred a few months after my ordination; and when I read to Dr. Lathrop the sermon preached at his funeral on the text,—

“One star differeth from another star in glory,” he listened to it with intense interest, and expressed the opinion that a brighter star rarely sets on earth to rise in Heaven, than he who formed the subject of that discourse. Nearly all those whose preparation for the ministry he conducted, have, like himself, gone to mingle in other scenes—the only exceptions which occur to me are our revered friend Dr. Ely, who honours this occasion with his presence, and the venerable Mr. Jennings of Dalton, who is kept away only by the infirmities of advanced age.

Such, my friends, is the man whom this parish has been privileged and honoured, during a period of sixty-four years, to have for its minister. There are indeed many here in whose personal recollections he cannot be embraced; and there are many others who, by the united aid of recollection and testimony, are able to bring him up only as some bright form half buried in the mist; while there are a few upon whose memories his image is so deeply engraven that they seem almost to be standing in the presence of the living man. But let me say, as you all have the honour of belonging to a parish in which he has had his pastoral charge, so also

you share the responsibility of living in a community which has been moulded essentially by his hand, and breathing an air in which the fragrance of his virtues lingers as an enduring element. What you are doing to-day is evidence enough that you are resolved to guard his memory as a high and sacred deposite,—that you intend that it shall be reverently transmitted to generations that come after you. All this is well; and from the heart I honour you for the honour which you hereby show to my illustrious colleague. But you have a duty that lies deeper than any of these external demonstrations. You are to study his example, as recollection has embalmed it or tradition has reported it,—as a source of light and power; to give heed to the embodied lessons of his wisdom, which I doubt not have a place in most of your dwellings; to tell your children, and charge them to tell theirs, that whoever lifts his hand or opens his lips to prejudice any of the interests of this parish, offends not only against the living, but the mighty dead; and finally, and above all, to open your hearts to the regenerating and sanctifying influence which constituted not more the substance of that venerable minister's preaching than the

heavenly beauty of his life. If there be joy in Heaven over repenting sinners, who shall say that he who is shining as the stars among those who have turned many to righteousness, shall not find the tide of immortal joy rising still higher in his bosom, on beholding new monuments to redeeming love from among the posterity of those whom he was instrumental in guiding to Heaven? I bless God and I congratulate you that the same Gospel which that great and good man preached, is still faithfully proclaimed to you; that you have a pastor who fills so ably and honourably the place where the Patriarch once stood, and who, though he never saw him, joins so heartily with us in this public tribute to his memory.

There is one circumstance in connection with your later history as a parish, to which I cannot forbear to advert, as being not only remarkable as an historical fact, but as, in one view, reflecting high honour upon your character—I refer to the circumstance that while the first three ministers who were settled here occupied a period of one hundred and twenty-two years, the six who have followed them have occupied only thirty-seven years. And notwithstanding the frequent changes in the pastoral relation which this fact

has involved,—changes which more than almost any other are apt to be prolific of discord and animosity,—you have sustained them all without ever taking an unfriendly attitude towards any one of your ministers, or having your internal harmony interrupted for an hour. When they have believed that the finger of Providence has pointed them to another field,—however you may have expressed your regret, you have never resisted their wishes; and the consequence has been that while the pastoral relation has ceased, brotherly love has continued; and while we rejoice to hear of your welfare and account it a privilege to do what we can to promote it, we love to come back to this scene of our former labours,—for this among other reasons,—that we are sure of being met with cordial and affectionate greetings. I know I should hazard nothing in assuring my honoured brethren who are here to day, that their presence renders this occasion more interesting to you; while I hesitate not to say in their behalf, as well as my own, that we are glad of this opportunity to rejoice in your joy, and to surrender ourselves to the grateful associations of this our once happy home. There are few congregations, I imagine, who can count

so many among the living who have been their settled pastors as you can; and still fewer who can reflect that they have treated so many pastors with such uniform kindness, and are remembered by them with such undiminished gratitude and affection. If there is a feature in your character for which you are bound to give thanks to God to day, it is that you have never learned the art of contending either with each other or with your ministers; and that, so far as is known, your history, reaching back through more than a century and a half, is not marred by a single acrimonious dissension.

I recognise in this large and respectable assemblage an honourable testimony to the character of the man we commemorate—a testimony that fully corroborates the statements I have already made in respect to his usefulness and fame. I see before me not only his own surviving parishioners and their immediate descendants, but large numbers from other parishes and towns to whom he has been either personally or traditionally known, and who are glad of the opportunity thus to testify their reverence for his memory. Here too his excellent predecessors are most honourably represented by some of their

descendants, whose presence, while it is a tribute to *his* worth as well as that of their own venerated ancestors, forms a sort of connecting link between this and the earliest periods of your history. Here are men whose names are widely known, and whose influence is powerfully felt, who are more than willing to help in constructing a wreath to lay upon the veteran pastor's grave. Here are Christians and ministers of different communions, who scruple not to merge their distinctive peculiarities in a common effort to render due honour to one whose whole life was a beautiful example of genuine catholicism; whose sympathies were large enough to embrace every form of living Christianity; whose lips, though fervent for evangelical truth, could never be taught to utter that paltry word, *Shibboleth*. In the name of this parish, and I may add, in my own name also, I thank you for your attendance here to day; and I pray God that you may find your reward, not only in the interchange of grateful sentiments and affections, but in a fresh baptism of that enlarged, exalted, and truly evangelical spirit, which I cannot but regard as the genius of the place and the occasion.

I pause amidst the graves of several generations, and the reigning silence is broke by the ominous question,—“The fathers, where are they?” Do you mean those who were fathers, when the event which we commemorate, occurred,—those who welcomed it leaning on their staves, and who, after it was over, felt the more ready to die? Let us look round here among these dilapidated, moss-covered tombstones, and they will reveal to us all that remains concerning them. Their descendants are still here; the names of many of them are reproduced;—but as for every thing else, time has thrown upon it its oblivious pall. Do you mean those who were fathers when my ministry commenced more than one-third of a century ago, or even those who could be reckoned as such when it closed here twenty-seven years ago? Not one of them all survives. What was then the active generation has advanced and crowded them off the stage; though the graves of some of them still look fresh, and their monuments tell of a comparatively recent departure. I ask the invisible inquirer again,—Do you mean the fathers in the ministry,—those who officiated here a century ago to day, and helped the man

whom the oldest of us remember only in connection with the flourishing of the almond tree, to put on his armour for the noble conflict of a long life? Or do you mean those who thirty-seven years ago to day stood here, and commended you and me to God's blessing, and solemnly charged us to mutual fidelity; or those whom my honoured predecessor was accustomed to meet in his latter days as members of the same ministerial Association? In the former case, their names have not indeed perished, and yet it must be acknowledged that even tradition has grown careless concerning them. In the latter, I thank God that though almost all have fallen, an honoured remnant is left; and I will not dissemble that it is to me one of the grateful circumstances attending this occasion, that I am permitted to meet and welcome here my revered and beloved friends, Doctors Cooley, and Ely, and Osgood, with whom I have, for so many years, taken sweet counsel. I am sure you will join me in thanking God for their long and useful lives, and imploring of Him that their peace may be as a river, till of *them* also it shall be said—"The fathers where are they?"

While I am speaking of the host of Dr. Lathrop's friends and associates who are gone, and of the few that remain, I cannot forbear to mention the name of one venerable survivor, who stands out from among all the rest, as having been in intimate ministerial relations with him earlier than any other man now living—I refer to the REV. DANIEL WALDO, who, at the age of ninety-four, has been exercising his ministry, for the last few months, vigorously and acceptably, in the chief council of the nation. From 1792 to 1808 he was the minister of West Suffield; and, during that interval, he contracted an affectionate intimacy with Dr. Lathrop, the remembrance of which quickens his pulsations to this hour; and unless I greatly mistake, the intercourse which he had with him, is to be traced, even at this late period, in some of his own mental operations. It has been my privilege, for the last few years, to know him well; and I cannot forbear to say that what I know of him increases my regret that he should not have been among your honoured guests to day. I doubt exceedingly whether there is another minister now on the stage, in any country, or of any communion, who, within six

years of having completed his century, combines the same bodily vigour, the same elasticity of mind and spirit, the same burning thirst for knowledge, and I may add the same ability to interest and edify an audience, as does this patriarch Chaplain of the thirty-fourth Congress.

I will detain you with but one word more; and that shall be a word spoken directly to Dr. Lathrop's descendants; of whom I am glad to see before me so full a representation. Of the first generation it is mournful to think that all have passed away. On my visit here in 1818, he had four sons,—all of them respected and honoured in the different stations they occupied. On returning hither, a few months later, I missed the youngest son,—*Dwight*, whom I had seen before, an inmate of his father's family,—a man of much general intelligence and of a quiet and gentle spirit, who, in the interval, had fallen a victim to a malady, which had been for years silently working its way to the seat of life. Then there was the eldest of the four,—*Dr. Seth Lathrop*, who commanded general respect, not less by his sterling integrity, his friendly disposition and manners, and his exemplary Christian life, than by his acknowledged professional skill—

he was here during my whole ministry, but died shortly after it closed. Next in the order of age and of departure was *Joseph*, a respectable farmer and citizen in a neighbouring town. And the last to die was his son *Samuel*, whose influence was felt in the Councils of the State and the Nation, and who exercised a sort of paternal supervision of the interests of this parish, even after disease had combined with old age to paralyze his energies. None of these dishonoured their father's name; and methinks I hear you, their children and children's children say,—“Rather than that *we* should dishonour it, let our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth.” Hold fast, I pray you, to this high resolve. Let the virtues and graces of your revered ancestor be reproduced in your hearts and lives. Let the remembrance of his character be kept fresh, that you may have a bright model always in your eye. But if any one *should* prove false to his high ancestral obligations; if he should contemptuously turn his back upon the religion which that honoured servant of God so ably preached and so beautifully exemplified; if he should show himself in any way recreant to the interests of truth and virtue,—the enemy of his country or his

race;—then let him know that his glory shall be turned into shame. Before God and man he shall stand rebuked by the very record that preserves his name; by the very prayers that went up at his baptism; by the very blood that courses through his veins; and even the cold marble that marks that honoured grave, shall quicken into a swift witness against him.

A P P E N D I X .

It has been thought that a brief reference to the early history of the First Parish of West Springfield might add to the interest of this pamphlet, and at the same time serve to explain allusions made by some of the speakers, at the tables. The facts connected with the first century and a quarter of the existence of the Parish, are derived from "A Historical Discourse, delivered at West Springfield, Dec. 2, 1824, the day of the Annual Thanksgiving, by Rev. William B. Sprague."

"In May, 1695," says the Author of the Discourse, "the inhabitants of this side of the river, consisting of thirty-two families, and upwards of two hundred souls, presented a petition to the General Court, 'that they might be permitted to invite and settle a minister.' The reasons which they state, are, 'their distance from the place of meeting for the public worship of God, and the difficulties and danger attending their passing the river, beside many other inconveniences.' A Committee on behalf of the town, was appointed to state to the General Court their objections against the petition being granted. The Court appointed a committee of several judicious and indifferent persons, to investigate the matter, and report at a subsequent

session. This report being favorable to the petitioners, the Court, in November, 1696, 'Ordered, that the said petitioners be permitted and allowed to invite, procure and settle a learned and orthodox minister, on the west side of Connecticut river, to dispense the word of God to those that dwell there, and that they be a distinct and separate precinct for that purpose.'

"In June, 1698, this church was formed, and the Rev John Woodbridge was constituted its first pastor. Of his ministry but little can be collected, as he either kept no record of the church, or it was destroyed, shortly after his decease. He is represented as having been a man of more than ordinary talents and learning, much respected by his brethren, and greatly beloved by his people. He continued here twenty years, and died June, 1718, at the age of 40."

After the death of Mr. Woodbridge, the pulpit was supplied by a Mr. Hobart, and then by Rev. Mr. Pierpoint. To the latter, the Parish, in May, 1719, extended a call to become their Pastor. The call, however, was declined.

In October of the same year, Mr. Samuel Hopkins was invited to preach to them on probation; and in January, 1720, he was invited to assume the pastoral office. The invitation was accepted; and he was ordained and installed their Pastor, June 1, 1720. He is said to have been "an eminently prudent and faithful minister," a man of "ardent piety, whose heart was earnestly set upon the salvation of his people." He died, October, 1755, in the sixty-second year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his ministry.

On the 28th of March, in the following year, Mr.

Joseph Lathrop came among them, and on the 5th of July following, was unanimously called "to take the pastoral charge of the church and society." He was ordained on the 25th of August, 1756. The religious festival, by which the one hundredth anniversary of his settlement has just been commemorated, is a sufficient testimonial of the affection and reverence in which his name is held, not only by those who knew him personally, but by numbers to whom "the hearing of the ear," or a perusal of his writings, is the sole source of information respecting him.

Of his character and labors it is not for us to speak. Another has proclaimed them, who, by his intimate acquaintance with the man, and his filial reverence for him, is qualified, beyond any other person, to pronounce his eulogy. The time and circumstances of his death, and the particulars connected with the settlement of Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, as his colleague, are given in the preceding Address, and need not be repeated. Rev. Mr. Sprague was released from the pastoral charge, July, 1829.

Those who have succeeded him in the ministerial office, are the following:

	INSTALLED.	DISMISSED.
REV. THOS E. VERMILYE,	May 6, 1830,	April 29, 1835.
“ JOHN H. HUNTER,	Aug. 24, 1835,	Feb. 16, 1837.
“ A. A. WOOD,	Dec. 19, 1838,	Aug. 28, 1849.
“ H. M. FIELD,	Jan. 29, 1851,	Nov. 14, 1854.
“ T. H. HAWKS,	March 7, 1855.	

As the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Settle-

ment of Rev. Dr. Lathrop approached, a general desire was manifested that the day should be observed by appropriate exercises. Accordingly, at a Parish Meeting, held April 1, 1856, the following persons were chosen a Committee of Arrangements for this purpose, viz: Dea. Elisha Eldridge, Dea. Horace Smith, and Messrs. Aaron Bagg, Aaron Ashley, Homer Ely, Cotton Ely, Justin Ely, Nathaniel Downes, M. D., S. B. Day, Edward Southworth, D. G. White, and Edward Parsons.

Also, Edward Southworth, Rev. T. H. Hawks, Justin Ely, (to whom Nathaniel Downes, M. D., was subsequently added,) were appointed a Committee of Correspondence; and were instructed to invite Rev. Dr. Sprague to deliver the Anniversary Discourse.

It was the aim of the last mentioned Committee to secure the presence of all who sustained any peculiar relation to Dr. Lathrop, or who might be supposed to feel an interest in the services by which his memory should be honored. In attaining their object, so far as they were successful in it, they are greatly indebted to the kind assistance of Dr. Sprague.

The 25th of August was a day of great interest, and will be long remembered by those who assembled, many from distant places, to honor the memory of a good man, and an eminent minister of Christ.

There were present about fifty of the immediate descendants of Dr. Lathrop:—Dr. Woodbridge of Hadley, and Rev. Erastus Hopkins of Northampton, descendants of the first two ministers of the Parish;—all the successors of Dr. Lathrop in the ministry except Rev. Mr. Hunter;—all the surviving members of the Hampden Association, who were cotemporary with

him, viz: Rev. Drs. Cooley of Granville, Ely of Monson, and Osgood of Springfield; — Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield, more than eighty years old and quite blind, whose interest in the occasion would not suffer him to remain at home; besides many other eminent individuals, and a large concourse of neighboring clergymen and citizens, and very many natives of the town who had removed to distant parts of the country, but had now returned to join their friends and townsmen in keeping this joyous festival.

The Officers of the day were:—

PRESIDENT,

REV. THOS. E. VERMILYE, D. D.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

EDWARD SOUTHWORTH,	DANIEL G. WHITE,
AARON ASHLEY,	AARON BAGG,
HOMER ELY,	EDWARD PARSONS,

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION,

W. R. VERMILYE,	CHARLES ELY,
NATHANIEL DOWNES, M. D.	

MARSHAL,

NATHANIEL DOWNES, M. D.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, a procession was formed in front of the parsonage, and marched to the church, which was soon completely filled with a large, intelligent and

deeply interested audience. The Order of Exercises here was as follows :

- I. Voluntary upon the Organ.
- II. Invocation, by Dr. Cooley, of Granville.
- III. Anthem.
- IV. Reading of the 92d Psalm, by Rev. T. H. Hawks.
- V. Prayer, by Dr. Osgood, of Springfield.
- VI. Hymn, by Mrs. Sigourney, read by Prof. Fowler of Amherst.
- VII. Discourse.
- VIII. Prayer, by Dr. Ely, of Monson.
- IX. Hymn, by Rev. A. R. Wolfe, read by Dr. Field of Stockbridge.
- X. Benediction, by Dr. Cooley.

At the close of the services, the procession was re-formed, and marched to the tables, which were spread under the elms in front of the parsonage,* within an enclosure of evergreens. In justice to the ladies of West Springfield, it should be said that these tables were furnished and decorated by their liberality and taste.

After the collation, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE rose, and called the large assemblage to prepare for the more intellectual repast, with the following remarks :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : or, I will address you in terms more appropriate to the occasion, and say, CHRISTIAN FRIENDS :— The Committee of Arrangements have invited me to occupy the Chair as President ; a position that is often more dignified and honorable than easy and desirable. I will cast myself, however, upon your kindness, asking the company to aid me in the discharge of my duty, by their silence and attention, and the speakers by promptitude and brevity, and will dismiss all apprehension from my mind.

* These Elms, the pride of the village, were planted 80 years ago, by Lewis Day, Ebenezer Day, and John Edwards Ely.

It was a happy conception, with whomsoever it originated, by this celebration "to call to remembrance the former days" of this town, and to raise a fresh memorial to the worth of that great and good man, who, one hundred years ago, in the vigor of his days, and the ripeness of his faculties, assumed the pastoral office of the First Church in West Springfield. Our duty is somewhat like that of Old Mortality; to repair the decaying tomb, and retouch the fading lines that convey to after times the simple, truthful record, not indeed of a martyr's death, but of a life of eminent piety and usefulness, crowned in a good old age, by a death of peace and hope. With this holy object this vast multitude has collected from all the region round about, and some from distant parts:—here are aged men, contemporaries and students of him who is departed, to tell us what he was: here are his successors in this ministry, all who have followed him being yet alive, and five being present: and here are men distinguished in the various walks of professional and secular life, come to pay each his tribute,—and with each, with all, it is evidently a labor of love.

It was not my privilege to be personally acquainted with Dr. Lathrop. He had died several years before I became pastor of this church. Yet no one could live, as I did for years among those who knew him well and were fond of telling what they knew; no one could observe that wide and deep impression his character and preaching had evidently made upon the whole community; no one could read his writings, and not become familiar with the striking features of the intellectual and religious man. And, if I were to express in a single sentence the opinion I have formed of him, I should say, that besides fine natural endowments and sincere piety, his marked and eminent characteristic was what Locke calls "*large, round-about common sense.*" Though most desirable for practical life, and really a most *un-common* quality, he certainly possessed it in an unusual degree. It was this which enabled him so quickly to penetrate character, and unmask pretension. It was his common-sense view of men and things that endowed him with so keen a perception of what was absurd and ridiculous, and gave play, and sometimes point and edge, to the many witty sayings of his that are yet current;—it was this that made his mind robust, his manners simple; that kept his piety fervent as it was, yet free from all fanaticism; that made his very style of writing tasteful and unaffected, direct and

vigorous — the graceful drapery of well-compacted and manly thought. And I think this very gathering speaks volumes in attestation of his true greatness. He could have been no common man, who, from this secluded spot, sent forth an influence, while living, that was felt in the pulpits and highest colleges in the land, and in commemoration of whose virtues, — though he has been nearly forty years in his grave, and a generation has come up that knew him not, — it has been thought appropriate and right to set apart this day. It is given to no common man to make his mark so decisively on his age as Dr. Lathrop did on his contemporaries and on this town. As the river that winds so gracefully through your rich meadows, and the hills that encircle the spot are the same now as then, so with almost the same truth may it be said, the parish remains undistracted, — the same doctrines are heard in your pulpit, while many around have departed from that faith: and the conservative, orderly, upright character still belongs to the people, — beyond a doubt the result of such agencies. And if something may be due to those who have followed him, yet his name, and his teaching, and his example deserve largely the praise.

See, then, the power of individual influence. One man created an impression here which, through the changes of a hundred years, has not been lost, over the minds and hearts of the generations that have followed. Will it ever be lost in time? Will it be lost through eternity?

But we see here, also, a striking illustration of the value of the church of Jesus Christ, and of the christian religion. These we commemorate. These have given to this town, and this whole region their elevated character. What does not our country, what does not New England especially, owe to them? It was the good seed of protestant evangelical religion that was planted in this land after its discovery. With the first colonies came the minister, and frequently the entire church organization. They had, and they prized an educated ministry. They would have the means of rearing them, and they founded schools and colleges. The clergy, from their better education and the affectionate deference of the people, took the lead; and to them are owing, in a very eminent measure, your churches and sabbaths, your systems of town schools and colleges, the respect for law and right, the social order and general intelligence which so peculiarly characterize New England communities. Flippant impiety

may ridicule the somewhat precise manners of those venerable men of the olden times, and may hate and strive to overthrow "the standing order." But those men did their full share in making this republic what it is : in laying its foundations broad and deep in the earliest settlements, in encouraging the battle of freedom in revolutionary times, and in carrying out, through successive years, the great principles which now constitute the power of a Protestant church and the bulwarks of a free State. Let the obligation be recognized and acknowledged. It is to pay such a tribute to one of these noble men, who "being dead yet speaketh," that we are assembled this day. But my friends, I trespass. It is not my place to make speeches, but to call out others to do so. And I will first call upon the *Rev. Mr. Hawks*.

Mr. HAWKS said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren and Fathers,—The part in this day's proceedings which seems most naturally to fall to me, and which is certainly very much in harmony with my feelings, is to extend to you, on behalf of the First Church and Parish of West Springfield, and the inhabitants of the place generally, a cordial *welcome!*

We are made glad to-day by your presence. You have responded, not so much to our invitation, as to the promptings of your hearts, in coming hither, and uniting in these Anniversary services. Reverence for the venerable man whose virtues are here held in honorable and lasting remembrance,—with whom some of you were associated in ministerial labors, or whose successors in the ministerial office you were; filial affection urging you to cast a fresh wreath on the tomb of a sainted ancestor; love for your early homes and the places hallowed by the precious memories of childhood and youth:—these are the feelings which have brought you hither.

First of all, we welcome you, descendants of him in honor of whom we observe this day, whose piety and good deeds, whose high endowments and moral worth, have been so ably set forth by the speaker this morning,—himself the most fitting person to render this grateful tribute, because he was chosen of God to wear the mantle of the ascending Prophet.

We welcome you, the successors of this good man in the ministry of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here you entered into his labors; here you gathered precious harvests, the seed of which, in part at least, he had sown. You have come back to the scene of your earlier toils and triumphs, to praise God for what he here

wrought by your instrumentality, but, most of all, to give your testimony to the truth of His declaration, that, while "the name of the wicked shall rot, *the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"

And you, Fathers, we welcome, who were associated in ministerial duties and in friendly intercourse, with the Pastor and Teacher who, a hundred years ago, was placed over this people in the Lord. You recall him as he was in private life, in the pulpit, and in your Association. And you have not felt that you could withhold your tribute of respect to his eminent virtues, and of praise to the grace of God which made him what he was. We bless God that we behold your faces here to-day; and that we have this opportunity of making it manifest, that good men and able ministers of Christ need not die, before their services are gratefully remembered, and their names are held in honor.

We welcome you, too, descendants of those venerated men who, at an earlier period, here preached the Gospel of the grace of God. We are happy that the ministry of Woodbridge and of Hopkins may not only receive an honorable place in the proceedings of the day, but especially that sons, who so well bear their names, can speak on their behalf.

Sons and Daughters of West Springfield, who have left your homes to come back once more to the place of your nativity, we bid you welcome! Welcome to the old roof-tree in whose shadow you played in life's sunny hour, to the fireside where you once kneeled, to the church of the living God where you worshiped, and to the graves of those you loved!

Welcome, one and all, to this beautiful valley, to the refreshing shade of these broad, o'er-arching elms, to our homes and to our hearts! When you go from us, may you carry with you pleasing recollections of this festival occasion; and our prayer shall be that the blessing of God may rest upon you.

The several speakers were then called out with appropriate remarks from the President.

Mr. WILLIAM M. LATHROP spoke on behalf of the family, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF WEST SPRINGFIELD:—
In behalf of the descendants of Dr. Lathrop, I desire to present our grateful acknowledgments for the honor conferred on his memory by

this day's celebration. We have come up here, some fifty and more in number, in common with other of the sons and daughters of West Springfield, to join in this public tribute of respect: and while it has been most delightful to us, assembled beneath these familiar shades, to meet so many old friends, and to revive the early recollections which are associated with the time and the place, the occasion is especially gratifying, as testifying to the respect, the veneration, which is still entertained by the people for their ancient pastor. To a large portion of those composing the parish at the present time, he was personally unknown—and by others he is remembered only as an old man in the down-hill of life. But this demonstration shows that “though dead he yet speaketh”—for “the children rise up and call him blessed.”

May his example ever be had in grateful remembrance! May the truths which he taught, and which he illustrated in his daily life, continue to be sacredly cherished! And so may this people, in the future, as in times past, be eminently favored of Heaven!

Rev. JOHN WOODBRIDGE of Hadley spoke as follows:—

As a descendant of the first minister of West Springfield, I rise in obedience to your call. The eminent preacher and divine, whose picture is now before me, and who one hundred years ago was ordained as pastor in this place, I well remember. I have met him in private circles,—I have repeatedly heard his voice in the pulpit; and I was early accustomed to regard him with peculiar veneration. His judgment, his taste, his large acquirements, his urbanity, the ease and gracefulness of his diction, and the excellence of his instructions were extensively and highly appreciated. You do credit to yourselves, by honoring his memory. I can add nothing to the tribute, which has been so filially and justly paid him by the preacher of the day.

The circumstances under which I appear before you, refer me back to earlier times than those of the venerable Lathrop. I must speak (and you will pardon the seeming egotism—you have compelled me), of some whose name I bear, and whose blood flows in my veins.

The Rev John Woodbridge of this town was my great-grandfather, esteemed in his day as an able and faithful servant of Christ. He died at the age of forty, leaving a young and helpless family. He was the son of the Rev John Woodbridge of Wethersfield, Conn.,

the last of whom was the son of the Rev John Woodbridge, the first minister of Andover in this State. My grandfather was the Rev. John Woodbridge of South Hadley, who, according to Farmer's "Genealogical Register," was the ninth John Woodbridge in the ministry, through as many successive generations. There have been not a few other ministers, several of whom are now living, of the same family name and pedigree. But enough of this. The descendants of the Puritans, whether ministers or laymen, may well blush that they are no wiser and better.

New England was mostly settled by Puritans. What we need is a return to their principles, and a revival of their unpretending yet glorious virtues;—their simple faith, their reverence of the Bible, their devotion, their patronage of the institutions of learning and religion, their simplicity of manners and equipage, the strictness of their morality, their industry, frugality, temperance, their manly courage, their self-sacrificing patriotism, their undying attachment to liberty and sound government, their wise exercise of parental authority, their zeal for the interests of coming generations and their christian philanthropy, embracing all the tribes and families of men. In remembrance of the prayers and example of our progenitors, let us so live, and labor, and serve our generation, that we may be prepared, when dismissed from the present scene of action, to join them and the worthies of every nation and clime in the holier, higher employments and joys of that better country, which is on the other side of the ocean of time.

Rev. ERASTUS HOPKINS of Northampton was called upon, as a descendant of Rev. Samuel Hopkins, the second minister of the Parish. He said:—

He rejoiced in the opportunity of standing before such an audience, on an occasion so full of interest. He had, however, expected that the service, thus suddenly devolved on him, would have been performed by Rev. Dr. Spring of New York, a more prominent and worthy representative of the Rev. Samuel Hopkins.

He (Mr. H.) though familiar with other portions of our country, and somewhat with other lands, was compelled to say that few if any were the places, outside of New England, where a gathering, so full

of hallowed associations and historic instruction, could be had. The assembly, the memories, the exercises of the occasion made him proud of New England. And when he thought of his own education amid such scenes and institutions as the day commemorated, and of the line of devoted and pious ancestry from which he was descended, his pride was humbled into thankfulness and a deep sense of the responsibilities which they conferred.

He had been bidden to speak of his ancestry. Among that band of pious and noble men who came with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, and selected the site and laid the foundations of the city of Hartford, now so full of beauty and prosperity, were two of his ancestors—John Hopkins and William Edwards. Their families became united in the third generation, by the marriage of Rev. Samuel Hopkins of West Springfield to Miss Esther Edwards; of whose characters such worthy and honorable mention had been made that day. Among their descendants, or by direct marriage alliance, were found a large number of distinguished clergymen of New England; so that we can trace to the humble pastor of West Springfield and his pious wife an honorable portion of that hallowed influence under which the institutions of New England have been formed. The son of the West Springfield pastor was the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., for over fifty years the pastor of Hadley, and the grandfather of the speaker.

As he (Mr. H.) looked upon the assembly and the occasion, he was impressed with the moulding peculiarity of New England history, the recognition of which was a just and noble tribute to the christian sagacity of those whose lives and deeds were this day commemorated. Whenever a new settlement appeared, there appeared also a christian pastor and a christian church. New England is settled—not as the West is peopled, by isolated individuals, or families, moving in advance of society, to be followed hereafter by the gospel, working at a disadvantage to overcome habits of laxness, if not of wickedness—but it was settled by orderly and organized *communities*; communities that carried into the wilderness the seeds and organism, if not the full blessings of civilization and christianity. These became the educational elements of society, nurturing its infancy, and infusing themselves through its entire structure and growth.

These families and communities accord with the true law of social life for man. Isolated, he is but partially a man; and having taken unto himself a wife, he is yet lacking, until, as a happy father, he

caresses the first born pledge of virtuous endearment and love. His being is then blended with wife and child, and all the filaments thereof are woven into society. It is at this point of experience that, for the first time, with all the fountains of social life and love unsealed, he stands forth a MAN, and under the gentle influence of wife and child is led to new experiences, and to find his happiness and home amid those elements of social law, authority, subordination and love, which constitute the earthly epitome of heavenly order and the source of the sweetest and most appreciable Gospel illustrations of his relations in the great family of God. Thus it is that when these families are gathered into an orderly community, embosomed in an homogeneous christian church, with a well trained, consistent christian pastor, we have the perfection of earthly society. In such communities, every man strengthens his neighbor, every family its fellow, and the institutions of religion, education and freedom become united in the unbroken alliance of a three-fold cord.

Thus was New England settled. Thus was the first settlement at Plymouth: a community and church of christian families with christian teachers, formed, while yet upon the ocean, into a civil community, by the brief, simple and *first republican* compact, made and signed upon the chest of Elder Brewster, in the cabin of the Mayflower. In like manner was Boston settled, and Hartford, and Windsor, and Springfield, and this beautiful and cherished town, and Northampton, and Hadley; and thus with their infancy were incorporated the principles of Religion, as well as the co-ordinate principles of Learning and Liberty. Not only did all these higher blessings cluster around the christian pastor, whose superior education made him the leader and guide of his flock; but he was the best conservator and promoter of their temporal prosperity, and strikingly incorporated into the history of his community the demonstration that Godliness is profitable for the *life that now is*. In the christian pastor of New England's earlier days, regarded as the representative of the institutions of which he was both the product and support, we have the solution of the enigma, why, with natural advantages so inferior, has New England attained a position, in point of thrift and wealth, so superior? No investment of her means had she ever made more *profitable* than the frugal maintenance which she had given to her christian pastors and leaders. Their cost to the town of West Springfield, for the past one hundred and fifty years, would

probably be extravagantly estimated at \$150,000. Would the town, for that sum ten times told, part with the wealth which had resulted from its accruing knowledge, sobriety and industry—to say nothing of the untold wealth of domestic affections and christian virtues?

He (Mr. H.) would not detain them to enumerate many direct illustrations, known to him, of the influence of the more scientific and inquiring mind of a christian pastor upon the material prosperity of his flock. He would confine himself to one, and that, in keeping with the motives which called him forth, should be ancestral. His grandfather, the Pastor of Hadley, in a spirit of thoughtfulness for whatever would promote his own and his people's prosperity, procured a small supply of a certain seed, which he committed to the culture of his son (the speaker's father,) then a lad. And now the product of that seed of broom corn—already become one of the great and enriching staples of this valley—bears graceful and accumulating testimony that that pastor was profitable for the life that now is. The profits of that single crop would, over and over again, cancel all the cost to this valley of its entire christian ministry, from the days of its earliest settlement to the present hour.

In conclusion, Mr. H. urged the assembly to revere, cherish, and transmit the institutions of their fathers. He had visited, that morning, the graves where for a century had reposed the ashes of his great grand-parents, and, in the prosperity and peace which he saw around him, he recognized, with filial piety, a fair measure of their hallowed influence. He desired to leave the scenes of the day—as he hoped all would leave them—a wiser and a better man.

The President, after giving a spirited tribute to Dr. Lathrop's liberality of sentiment, towards all Christians, called upon Rev. Dr. OSGOOD of Springfield to speak, as the representative of Congregationalism, and as a member of the Hampden Association, to which Dr. Lathrop formerly belonged.

Dr. OSGOOD said he had no ancestors to talk about, and could speak only as simple, Samuel Osgood. He proceeded to speak of the character of the man whom the occasion commemorated, and then, turning to the picture of the old church, which he was

disposed to regard as a fancy sketch, he said that it reminded him of an anecdote. Dr. Lathrop once told him that a child who attended meeting in the church for the first time, on returning home, undertook to describe it, as follows: "The men were all shut up in the hog pens, and there was a man a hollerin, way up in the chimbley, and on the roost there was a lot of gals squallin." He testified strongly to Dr. Lathrop's patriotism, in the time of the revolution, and then passed to a warm tribute to the people of West Springfield, as a pastorate. He had known West Springfield for forty-seven years, and he had never known so good a parish. He had assisted in the settlement of five ministers over them, and they have uniformly treated them, whether going away or remaining, with the most cordial kindness and friendship. He hoped it would please God, and please the pastor and the people, that the present incumbent of the office should remain until his (Dr. Osgood's) body was under the clod.

The Old School Presbyterian church was represented by Rev. Dr. LELAND of South Carolina, who was unexpectedly present, and whose immediate departure has made it impossible to obtain a fair report of his remarks.

Dr. LELAND said he was not altogether unaccustomed to New England. Though living far distant, he had never forgotten the scenes of his youth. The scene and the occasion, when the sentiment in which they had birth were considered, and the spirit which inspired them, he thought were unequaled. It is not uncommon to assemble for the commemoration of the heroes and the great ones of this world, but this assembly is commemorating the life of the Christian minister, under the influence of a religion which is the glory of New England. God honors his faithful servant by exhibiting to the eyes of the world the results of his labors.

Rev. A. A. WOOD of New York, a former Pastor of the Church, appeared on behalf of the New School Presbyterian Church. He said:—

From my heart, sir, I respond to this call. I am no stranger to these faces, or to this spot. I feel at home beneath these noble old

trees. For years they stretched their branches lovingly over me, and now they seem to recognize me as I come back to them. I see a hand of welcome in every one of their twinkling leaves.

There is a double tie which binds me to West Springfield. I have been made a citizen here by a double adoption—ecclesiastical and domestic. When, eighteen years ago, I came a stranger to this place, I received from its hospitable people an invitation to make my home among them—in their pulpit and their dwellings—their houses and their hearts. “I think,” said one of the noblest of men—one who never spoke words without meaning—one to whom you long looked up for counsel—whose lips were as full of wisdom as his heart was of kindness—one whom I ever honored as a father, and whom it was afterwards my privilege to call such—a worthy son and representative of the man whose memory we are met to honor to-day—“I think,” said he, “that you may promise yourself a comfortable and useful ministry here.” As to its *usefulness*, the results can only be wholly known when the records of time are read in the light of eternity. But as to its *comfort*: I can truly say, and I rejoice this day to say it, that in a ministry of more than half a score of years, I received nothing but the most constant and unvarying kindness from all this people. My memory does not retain to-day one unfriendly act or word from a single individual among you all.

But there is another tie that binds me to this spot: and this is a chain of four golden links—a wife and three children. Here have been formed the tenderest associations of my life. All that gives delight and joy to my home has here found its source and spring. But while I speak of these visible links, I may not forget that there were two others—treasures of my house and heart, who have found their last bed in yonder graveyard to sleep there till the morning of the resurrection shall bring the broken and scattered household together.

By the memories of the past, by the presence of the living and the loved, and by the precious dust of the dead is my heart bound to yours.

But, sir, you have reminded me that in passing away from this place and people, my excellent associates in the ministry with myself have gone into different parts of our Master's vineyard, and are now serving churches of different names. There are Presbyterians of what are called different schools, and there is one representative of the Dutch church. But in all this apparent diversity, I recognize a complete christian unity. All of us look to one Lord, hold to one

faith, are baptized with one baptism. I see before me to-day a band of sisters; one is an Ely, one a Bronson—one a Vermilye—one a Sprague and one a Wood, but, sir, they are still Lathrops all—and just as much so, as if they had never left their childhood's home beneath these trees. If I am called a Presbyterian of the New-School, sure I am, that the church with which I am now connected recognizes no foundation newer than the New Testament. Each one of us who once occupied yonder pulpit holds still to the same pure gospel which we sought to proclaim while we were yet among you. Not one of us has wandered from the truly orthodox and yet catholic spirit of him whose memory you are met to honor, and who, from the seats of blessing and glory, looks down to-day upon the children and children's children of his people.

We have been called to think of times a hundred years ago. We have sought to bring before us those noble men, who, in the fear of God and in hope of the future laid the foundation of our institutions, and of him especially—one of the first and noblest of them all—who more than almost any other man fills my idea of a christian pastor. They have passed away. Their sons who sat at their feet, and grew up under their influence, have also passed away. I miss many from among you who welcomed me to this place, and were the first to call me their minister. Venerable and beloved men, faithful and true—ripe in years and in wisdom—they are not with us now. I behold only their familiar features in you, their children. May yours be the heritage of their virtues as of their dwellings and their fields!

A hundred years ago!—we feel their influence. The hand of the past is shaping our thoughts and characters. But who shall say what changes are to be wrought in the hundred years to come. We shall not be here—but the river shall still roll on its quiet way, and these blue heavens shall look down on these fair green fields as lovingly as they do to-day. We shall not be here—God grant that, through his grace, we may all be found in that greater assembly, which shall know no other change than from joy to joy, and glory to glory forever!

Hon. WILLIAM B. CALHOUN of Springfield, was called upon as the representative of the Bar.

He thought it strange that he should be requested to talk about law. Dr. Lathrop was always known as a peace-maker, and he had

doubts whether lawyers would be very much gratified with such a character. The people of West Springfield have always been a law-abiding people. "Is there a lawyer here now?" "No." Let the same influence be exerted here always that Dr. Lathrop exercised, and the same answer will always be given to the same question. He liked this character. Though he was nominally a lawyer, he had never practiced law. He admired the law, and loved the study of it, but its practical pursuit had not been in accordance with his tastes. He then remarked upon the long pastorate of Dr. Lathrop, upon its effects, and animadverted upon the too frequent disposition to change. A stationary ministry was, in his view, a most important one. He closed with a sentiment in which "the law and the gospel" were happily associated.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, one of the Editors of the Springfield Republican, was called out to represent the Press, and spoke as follows :

I acknowledge, on behalf of the Press, the kind words extended to me as its representative, and I only regret that some more pleasant and pliant tongue than mine has not been chosen to respond to them. Nay, I regret something more than this—that, save as a representative of the Press, I have no legitimate part nor lot in this matter. I was not born in West Springfield. I was not bred here. I never lived here for a day. I have not even a thirtieth cousin here. West Springfield has been to me but little more than a picture; and though I have lived for twelve years on the opposite side of the river, I have not learned anything of the life that illuminates this picture. A thousand times I have looked over to these quiet dwellings, embowered in these grand old trees, and seen the loaded wains creeping about the meadow, and all has seemed so peaceful and so still, that I have longed for the repose of its days and the dreamless sleep of its nights. I have no doubt that there is plenty of life and bustle here, but I have not chosen so to think of it. To accommodate a couplet from Coleridge, I have chosen to regard it

"As idle as a painted town,
Upon a painted meadow."

It has been to me a kind of Canaan, on the other side of Jordan, and as Jordan has been a hard road to travel, for a man who cannot

afford to hire a team, I have only come over here occasionally to spy out the land, and carry home, not grapes, but pickled peppers, from the house of my venerable and venerated friend, Sewall White. May he live a thousand years, and may his peppers grow as large as pumpkins! But, sir, I appreciate the spirit of this occasion. It has the sympathy, the admiration, the homage of my soul. The sentiment which has called this assembly together occupies a high place in the human heart—a place sanctified by the purest Christian love. I honor this occasion as the tribute of intellect, and labor, and social life, no more to a Christian man and a hallowed memory, than to Christianity itself. It is an honor to the dead, and an honor to the living, but more than all it is an honor to that power of Christian love which has united the two by such noble and tender ties. Allow me, sir, to close with this sentiment:

West Springfield: true to the memory of the just, and just to the memory of the true.

“The cause of Education.” To a call to this sentiment, Rev. EMERSON DAVIS, D. D., of Westfield, responded. He said:—

I hold in my hand an interleaved Almanac for the year 1756, filled out by Rev. John Ballentine, the pastor of the church in Westfield. If any one has any doubt in regard to the date of Dr. Lathrop's ordination, this will settle the matter.

Mr. B. says, August 18th, 1756: “I attended a fast in West Springfield preparatory to Mr. L.'s ordination. I preached in the forenoon and Mr. Merrick in the afternoon.”

“August 25th, attended the ordination of Mr. Joseph Lathrop. Mr. Gay of Suffield prayed; Mr. Breck preached; Mr. Bridgham offered the ordaining prayer; Mr. Reynolds of Enfield gave the charge; J. B. the right hand of fellowship, and Mr. Merrick prayed.”

It will be seen that Mr. Williams of Longmeadow took no part in the exercises. He was the eldest minister in the County, and you will wonder he was not present. I was myself astonished at the silence of the record respecting Father Williams, but on examining his history I find that during the summer of 1756, he was chaplain

of the army near Lake Champlain, and could not be present, if he had been invited.

There were then only nine churches in the county ; there are now thirty-five. Seven of them had settled pastors ; East Granville was destitute. Mr. Morton, an Irishman by birth, was settled at Blandford ; he was 42 years old. Mr. Ballentine, a native of Boston and pastor at Westfield, was 40 years old ; Mr. Williams of Longmeadow was 64 years old ; Mr. Breck, pastor of Springfield, was 43 years old ; Mr. Merrick, a native of Springfield and pastor at Wilbraham, was 46 years old ; Mr. Bridgham, a native of Boston and pastor at Brimfield, was 46 years old, and Mr. McKinstry, son of Rev. John M. of Ellington, and pastor at Chicopee, was 33 years old.

These men then took the lead in the moral, educational and religious affairs of this section of the State. There were then in the county about 20 district schools : there are now 271. They then furnished the means of education to all the children as they now do. The school house has sustained the church as the church the school house. What a change has been wrought in one century ! I have not time to discuss this great subject on this occasion. You have only to look up and down the valley of the Connecticut, and see the schools, the Academies and the College, to be convinced of the progress that has been made in a work in which the few pastors that then ministered here took an active part.

The President then introduced Prof. FOWLER of Amherst, to speak on behalf of "the College"—and, by a humorous allusion, made known to the audience the fact that the Professor was once his College Tutor. Prof. FOWLER said :—

MR. PRESIDENT: You have courteously introduced me to this respected audience as the representative of "Colleges," and have alluded to the circumstance that I was your teacher in Yale College.

Sir, scholars have gone forth from the Colleges who have "grown wiser than their teachers are ;" and you in your own person furnish an illustration of that fact, in your "better" preparation for this occasion, and all occasions. Your allusion brings up many pleasing reminiscences of yourself and your class-mates, who are shining

lights in the land, who seized the torch of knowledge presented to you in the House of your Alma Mater, and are now transmitting it to others.

The clergy of New England have by their acts or their influence, directly or indirectly, founded the Colleges, for the purpose of furnishing competent clergymen for Christ and the Church. These Institutions have accomplished the purpose of their founders. They have trained up and sent forth men clad in the armor of truth, to "lead the sacramental host of God's elect" in the wars of the Lord. And, in turn, they have repaid these Institutions and their teachers with affectionate gratitude. In the Christian camp, every Achilles had his Chiron, every Alexander his Aristotle, with whom he is willing to share the glory of his triumphs, even though the pupil surpasses the master. The glory of Colleges is derived from the character of their alumni, such alumni as have ministered at the altar here.

Over the gate of a city in Scotland was the inscription, "LET GLASGOW FLOURISH THROUGH THE PREACHING OF THE WORD." What was there a matter of aspiration and desire, is here a matter of reality. West Springfield has flourished through the preaching of The Word, whether by the lips of Woodbridge, and Hopkins, and Lathrop, who have joined the church triumphant in heaven, or by the lips of Sprague, and Vermilye, and Hunter, and Field, and Hawks, who still belong to the church militant on earth. It has flourished in the intelligence of its people, in their social virtues, in their Christian benevolence, in their homes of peace and contentment, in the character and success of their emigrant sons and daughters. It is meet, therefore, that we should come together this day to render honor due to those who have preached the word faithfully and successfully.

I rejoice in being present on this occasion. Four years ago this summer, I was in the north of England, hurrying on in my journey to Scotland. At the annual convocation of the University of Durham, I was very strongly urged to return to the south of England, in order to be present in Oxford at the "grand commemoration," held in honor of the founders and benefactors of that University. I consented to go, and through favor obtained admittance to the theater. Here as many as five thousand were assembled in a single room, besides the thousands who could not gain admittance, comprising

many of the sons of Oxford, and many of the learned and noble and beautiful and pious of England. It was a *grand* commemoration in honor of the departed dead, some of whom had been sleeping in their graves for centuries. But I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, it did not so touch my heart into tenderness, as does the commemoration this day in yonder church, and here beneath these noble elms, with their gothic arches, on the borders of these meadows, near the banks of that beautiful river, with these happy faces, and these affectionate and pious hearts before me, the sons and daughters of buried generations.

We came here to pay due honors to the dead, and we shall, I trust, go away with our virtues strengthened for performing our duties to the living.

The President gave as the next toast, "The Ladies," and called on Rev. HENRY M. FIELD to reply. Mr. FIELD said:—

That, sir, is a very pleasant sentiment, yet it is a little embarrassing to reply to it. Sometimes we can say least, where we feel most. But I can join heartily with the other pastors of this church, who to-day have come back to their old flock, in expressing our warm attachment and gratitude to the ladies of West Springfield, who have shown us such kindness, and done so much to make our home among them pleasant. I have done but little to repay these kind-hearted sisters—except that I have married a good many of them! One year we had nineteen weddings, and I may boast that they all turned out well! I claim that all the hearts whom I joined in holy matrimony have been happy. I appeal to them if it be not so. If there are here any whom I married, who have not been happy, they are at liberty to speak and tell their sad lot! Not a voice? The vote is unanimous. It is a declaration of universal happiness. I feel rather proud of this as one of the fruits of my ministry. So far at least it has proved successful.

One thing else I claim as a matter of just pride. As I came from the common, and rode along under this magnificent arch of elms, I noticed, between the grand old trunks, a few young trees that were planted by my own hand, and that are to-day fresh and green. There may they stand for a century to come, and flourish long after

I am laid in the dust. In this matter I think I may, without boasting, ask you to follow my example.

The people of this town are rather slow to move, but when they do start, they are pretty sure to carry through what they begin. It took a good many years before they could make up their minds to have a new pulpit. But when they undertook it, it was finished the same season.

When I was here I used to ride about to visit the schools, and to attend meetings in the different districts. I went to Ashleyville, and my soul was stirred within me at sight of the school house there—a dingy, rickety, weather-beaten affair, that was ready to tumble to pieces. My heart was set on getting a new one. So, on Thanksgiving Day, when ministers think they can take a little wider range than on Sundays, I thought I would give the old tumble-down building a shot. So I brought up my artillery, and fired away. This made quite a commotion in the church. There was a general shaking of heads, and winking to each other, but the point was well received. At first the project moved slow. Some of the old folks thought—as they should never be children again—and as in some cases their children had grown up out of sight—we might wait till the next generation. But others were more enterprising. There were two good men who took hold of it, Moses and Aaron, [Moses and Aaron Ashley,] and they saw it through. And now it is as beautiful a school house as you will find in all the valleys of New England. This example I commend to our good friends in Tatham. Do not you think they feel much better in Ashleyville since they got their new school house? There, I see now the Aaron that worked so hard to build it. Look how his face shines! That is the reflection of a good action. So you will all feel happier the more you do to improve and embellish your native town.

Dear, good, kind friends, I count this day as one of the happiest of my life. I find myself again among a beloved people, among my old neighbors and friends. My heart has warmed to the very grass under your feet. It has warmed toward these majestic elms which spread their broad arms above us, giving to our village both shade and beauty. It has warmed to that home behind us [the Parsonage] where we passed four long—no, not long—four short and happy years. It has risen to God in devout thankfulness for that kind Providence which permitted to us, even for that brief time, such a

tranquil and happy existence. As I have sat here on this platform, my heart has overflowed with tender memories. There rises to me a crowd of dear familiar faces; and in my thoughts are blended together the living and the dead. Pardon me, my friends, if, while I return your cordial greeting, I think not of you *alone*. I remember others who are not here. Ah! how often has the toll of yonder bell stirred the stillness of the valley, and a funeral train, descending from the hill, moved slowly under these elms, whose leaves seemed to droop and quiver as they passed, bearing the precious dead to their long home. And seeing *you* brings *them* afresh to mind. At the church to-day, I met Deacon Smith. It did me good to see his honest face. And there was Deacon Eldridge. I was glad to take him by the hand, and to see that he still stands strong. But there was another who is not here to-day—one who, from the first hour that I came to this town, to the hour I left, was a true, constant, faithful friend. When I went away, he was very sad. Yet he did not murmur, but only said he had hoped that I should remain at least while he lived! Alas! he had not long to remain. His race was nearly run. A few months after, I saw him again, but he was laid in his coffin. When I came to attend the ordination of your pastor, I found a crowd assembled at his door, to bear him to the tomb. It was a melancholy satisfaction to be able to pay a last tribute of respect to one whom I honored and loved. And to-day, I cannot but turn aside for a moment from this festal scene, to drop a tear on the grave of Deacon Merrick.

And there was another who would have been the most honored one in this celebration, if she had lived to see this day—the mother and grandmother of that large family who are chiefly interested in these scenes. [Mrs. Samuel Lathrop.] She lived in yonder dwelling under the trees. [the old Lathrop mansion.] Under that hospitable roof I found a home when I came among you, and to me she always seemed like a mother. And while these joyous hours are flying, let us give one tender recollection to her gentle spirit.

My friends, happy indeed is your lot. Truly the lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places, and you have a goodly heritage. This valley is the Paradise of New England. Here your lives glide away as gently as yonder river. Beside these great natural advantages, you are blessed with the memories of venerated men and beloved women—fathers and mothers in Israel—who have gone before

you—and whose sainted memories invite you to “follow in the same path to Heaven.” Let not these examples be lost upon you! May the citizens of this town always preserve their high character for religion and intelligence, and mutual kindness, and thus show themselves worthy of their noble and pious ancestors!

Judge TERRY of Hartford appeared as the representative of the Bench. He said:—

Allusion has been made to Dr. Lathrop’s simplicity of style and that he attracted the young. In the year 1795, he contributed to a periodical published by Mathew Carey of Philadelphia. I was in the habit of selecting Dr. L.’s articles to read, being then a youth, and when at school at Westfield Academy, I walked over to West Springfield to hear Dr. L. preach. His text was “Show thyself a man.” He made a man appear like a man, and the character so elevated that a virtuous boy would say “I mean to be *a man!*” Great men are simple in style.

The high character given to New England by Mr. Hopkins, was not over-drawn. The influence of our clergy has been powerful in establishing its character and making it the most desirable spot on the face of the earth. Its religion is not exhausted in acts of devotion merely: it gives thought and energy to the whole character. Go where you will in this country, and you can trace the footsteps of the Yankee. In traveling to the South I met Yankees at almost every stage, and having arrived at Tuscaloosa, I did not expect to meet them—but within five minutes after I had left the stage, I was cordially greeted by one from Hartford. I turned to a Southern gentleman, and said to him, now I understand what the phrase “universal Yankee nation” means. It is that *Yankees are diffused all over the nation.* Yes, said the gentleman, and they are pretty clever fellows, too. I have heard said, that if an instrument of superior power were to be invented, so that you could discover the soil, climate and productions of the moon, and they were found to exceed any thing on this earth, and a company were to be formed to go up and take up the land, they would find *the Yankees had got there before them.*

At this stage of the exercises, the following letters, addressed to the Committee of Correspondence, were read by Rev. A. A. WOOD :—

From Rev. Daniel Waldo, Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, August 6th, 1856.

MESSRS. EDWARD SOUTHWORTH AND ASSOCIATES: Dear Friends, I give you sincere thanks for the kind invitation to attend the meeting appointed on the 25th of August, and regret exceedingly that preceding engagements will forbid my attendance. But I assure you, gentlemen, my heart will be in unison with yours to rejoice in an event, which has caused the unadulterated truths of the gospel to be vindicated and extended, as far as his voice or pen are known. Though I was his junior, yet his genuine urbanity almost annihilated the disparity of years. I never passed an hour with him without being exhilarated and enlightened with some sentiment I wished never to forget.

Riding with him from East to West Springfield, when we came in sight of his old meeting house, I said to him, a stranger passing through here would think that house a distillery. Smiling he said, "If it *was*, I should have more people there;" and added, "I must make use of that thought;" and I presume he did; how I know not. But this was a fact, he was not afraid to press any remark or Providential occurrence into the service of his Master.

The Doctor was librarian for the town. One of his young students from the South came to draw a book, and selected *Sherlock on death*. Struck with his choice, the Doctor asked the reason why he took that book. The youth replied: "I dreamed last night that I died, and went to judgment; and the trial of character was by throwing a line. And if it fell straight they were happy; but if crooked, it went hard with them." "Did you throw the line?" "Yes, sir." "And how did it fall?" "Not so straight as I could wish." The book proved salutary to him.

I once exchanged pulpits with the Doctor, and returned to enjoy his conversation in the evening. Among other subjects, one on giving an account of our stewardship came up. The Doctor said, "the thought of giving up my account is overwhelming. Such imper-

fections in my best services, wandering thoughts, and sinful desires; if no open acts of rebellion occurred. Who can stand before infinite purity without an advocate? Not one." For a moment I almost shuddered; and thought, if these are the fears of the fruitful green tree, what will become of the dry and fruitless bramble! A second thought afforded me some comfort; the name of the advocate was Jesus, and he saves all that cast themselves heartily on his mercy, and put no confidence in their best services.

I feel confident that the day will be filled with the most appropriate exercises.

Please to accept of the most respectful regards of your grateful friend,

DANIEL WALDO.

Messrs. E. Southworth, Theron H. Hawks, Nathaniel Downes, Justin Ely.

From Rev. William Allen, D. D., of Northampton.

NORTHAMPTON, August 22d, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I give you many thanks for the honor of your invitation to be present at West Springfield, on the day for commemorating the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop over your parish. He was a man of a high and excellent character; and as such I was happy to speak of him about a quarter of a century ago, in a biographical work relating to eminent deceased Americans. As the pressure of my engagements may prevent me from meeting with you on this occasion, permit me, with my pen in hand, now to say to you a few words.

What an emphatic, suggestive name is that of your town—*West Springfield!* We think of the new and growing *West*. Your town is indeed the *nursery* of good citizens. It is, also, peculiarly the nursery of ministers—a rich *Field*, in which noble plants *Spring* up, and whence they are transplanted to our great cities, where they flourish as trees of righteousness. Being somewhat of an anti-quarian, I am not accustomed to speak of the living; and, therefore, I will say nothing of a *Sprague*, who, in the pulpit, has for years announced divine truth to thousands of attentive hearers, and by his pen will announce it to the thousands of future ages; nothing of a *Vermilye* and a *Wood*, who are acceptable teachers of heavenly wisdom in the greatest city of our Western World; nothing of a *Field*,

whose field as an "Evangelist" is indeed now our whole country. Of the very eminent Dr. LATHROP, deceased, whose settlement is to be commemorated, I need say nothing: he is worthy of all the honors you can pay him. But of his two *ancient* predecessors I will say a few words.

Your first minister, JOHN WOODBRIDGE, was settled two years before the beginning of the last century, that is, in 1698;—but lived only twenty years in the ministry, dying in 1718, aged 40 years. He sprung from memorable men. His earliest ancestor in this country was *John Woodbridge*, the first minister of Andover, who died in 1695, aged 81 years. *His* son, *John Woodbridge*, died before him in 1690, the minister of Wethersfield; and *he* was the grandfather of your minister in West Springfield. The descendant of your pastor, bearing the same name, still lives at an advanced age, but as yet toiling vigorously in his work,—the eminent Rev. Dr. *John Woodbridge* of Hadley.

Two years after the death of Mr. Woodbridge, that is, in 1720, was settled your second minister, SAMUEL HOPKINS, who died in 1755, aged about 55, having been a prudent, faithful minister 35 years. The next year Dr. LATHROP was settled. Mr. Hopkins was born in Waterbury, the son of John, who died Nov. 4, 1732. He was a graduate of Yale in 1718, and ordained June 1, 1720. As he died Oct. 6, 1755, aged 61, he had been 35 years in the ministry, during which period he baptized 210, and admitted 660 persons into the church. He wrote 1500 sermons. His wife was Esther, the sister of President Edwards, whom he married June 28, 1727, and by her he had four children. A daughter married John Worthington, an eminent lawyer of Springfield, and died Nov. 25, 1766, aged 36.—His son, Dr. Samuel Hopkins, was the minister of Hadley from 1755 to 1811, several of whose grandsons, one bearing his own name, live in Northampton.—Mrs. Esther Hopkins died June 17, 1766, aged 71: she was of distinguished talents and attainments, filling her station with uncommon usefulness and dignity.

Mr. Hopkins wrote a small book, which is of great interest and value, and which on several accounts is not likely ever to be forgotten. It is entitled, "Historical Memoirs relating to the Housatunnuk Indians," published in 1753, two years before his death. These were the Mohegan Indians, who lived on the Housatunnuk river in Berkshire, chiefly at Stockbridge. It gives an account of

the life and labors of Mr. John Sargeant, their missionary preacher, and an interesting description of the Red Men of the Valley.

I conclude with the utterance of one wish and prayer—that in your town, which has been the nursery of such a body of eminently learned and pious Ministers, all the precious truths and principles of the Gospel, which they here planted, may take deep root, and bear in the great harvest day abundant fruit unto eternal life.

I am, gentlemen, yours with great respect,

WILLIAM ALLEN.

To Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, and J. Ely.

P. S.—The following is an account of one branch of the descendants of Rev. SAMUEL HOPKINS of West Springfield:

His daughter Hannah, married, January 10, 1759, *John Worthington*, LL. D., of Springfield; and died November 25, 1766, aged 35. Her husband died April 25, 1800, aged 80. Their four daughters, born in 1760, 1761, 1764, and 1765, were Mary, Hannah, Frances, and Sophia.—1. Mary Worthington married in 1790 *Jonathan Bliss* of the Province of New Brunswick: their son, William, is now chief justice of Nova Scotia, and their son, Henry, a lawyer in London.—2. Hannah Worthington married in 1791 *Thomas Dwight* of Springfield: he died in 1819, aged 60; she died in 1833, aged 73. Their daughter, Mary, married John Howard in 1818; and her daughter, Hannah, married William H. Swift in 1844.—Another daughter of T. and H. Dwight, Elizabeth, married Charles Howard in 1824, and had ten children.—3. Frances Worthington married in 1792 *Fisher Ames* of Dedham, the eminent lawyer and statesman, who died in 1808: she died in 1837, aged 72. Three or four of their children are now living.—4. Sophia Worthington married in 1799 *John Williams* of Wethersfield, who died in 1840, aged 78: she died in 1813, aged 47. Of their children, John Worthington Williams was born in 1803, and Ezekiel Salter Williams in 1806.

W. A.

From Rev. Ebenezer Jennings, D. D.

REV. DR. SPRAGUE: Dear Sir—I received from Rev. Dr. Leland, your kind invitation to attend the proposed meeting at West Springfield, August 25th. On no similar occasion could I have so great an

interest. But my health and the infirmities of the flesh, while I am now completing my 80th year, must be my apology for not being personally present on that occasion; but I cannot but be "present in spirit." I would now add a few remarks, if they could add the least item of interest on that occasion, and to be recited or not, at your discretion.

It was in the year 1801, I completed my studies in Divinity with the venerable Dr. Lathrop. The house of their present worship was then building on that "novel" spot. Often I walked up with others, to see the progress of the work. Fifty-five years ago this very month, I received my license to preach the gospel, at the house of Dr. Lathrop, and the certificate, with his signature, now lies before me. In 1802, fifty-four years ago, on my earnest request, Dr. L. consented to come to Dalton in Berkshire, and preach my ordination sermon, as well also, as to visit his College classmate, the Hon. William Williams, then resident in Dalton, and for many years previous, the Clerk of the Court in "Old Hampshire County." I might just hint, that the orthodoxy of Berkshire was then a little more rigid and severe than what was then often termed the "river town" Divinity. The knowledge that Dr. L. was to preach called together an increased number of the clergy and laity. But the sermon was so evangelical, that Dr. L. lost no clerical credit by coming to Berkshire. But his pupil was for a little while subject to some suspicion. The veneration I had for Dr. L. from his clerical fame, at first cast a fearfulness and embarrassment over my mind, in any conversation with him. But I soon found from his kindness and disposedness to familiarity, that he felt himself to be but a man. And now the one hundred anecdotes that he related, and the kind and discriminating remarks he made of his ministerial brethren in that then extended County, which made me almost familiar with all of them, have come up in unnumbered times before my mind. And now I reflect, where are the ministerial brethren of whom he spake? Not one living to my knowledge, except Dr. Cooley, whose name was often mentioned in the family, and by the Hon. Samuel Lathrop, as being his College classmate.

In the one hundred years this day, from the settlement of Dr. L., it will be safe from criticism, to say that no minister in that large County has exercised so great an influence as that of Dr. L. For in his long ministerial life, and the multitude of his publications, to

what a vast number of minds has he spoken ; not, indeed, in thunderings and lightnings—not in “the fire and the wind,” but in the still small voice that has whispered in the ear of guilt, and called the offender back to God. He went through no battles in Theology, but let his doctrine and his teaching distil as the gentle dew :—and let me say, his students in divinity, and they were not a few, all went away with the deep impression on their minds, wrought by himself, that we should all cultivate an enlarged, liberal and charitable feeling towards those who might differ from us on some of the dogmas of Theology. And now I reflect, where are all those who pursued their sacred studies with him ? Alas ! they, *too*, have gone down to the grave, and I, certainly with few exceptions, am this day left alone.

To the people of that favored Parish I would say, and without a spiritual impress, from the instability of the pastoral relation, they may never expect to enjoy the labors of one pastor, no, not 67 years ; no, not 50 ; and it would be a wonder if even for half that period. Yes, I see, I realize to-day,—age instructs me—that “one generation goeth, and another cometh.” Our impulsive feelings would not have it exactly so ; but such is our present destiny from infinite wisdom.

We have called up to-day the man we venerated and loved, I trust—the faithful ambassador of Christ ; and by this showing to-day, he has virtually filled up his one hundred years. I am glad he is not yet forgotten. We could not claim for him an exemption from the general law of mortality ; and he would probably say with Job, “I loathe it, I would not live alway.” He has gone down to the grave, “With all his blushing honors thick upon him.” We followed him there to perform the last office of humanity. Thrice, in different years, I have gone to his grave, and stood in silence till the cup of my reflections was full to overflowing ; and went away, as “sorrowing, that I should see his face no more !”

Let me say now, to his relatives, to those of his Church and Parish, whose age must carry them back to the time of his later ministrations, you have for years heard his voice, and some of you, I well remember, go yet to his grave now and then, and drop the tear of gratitude to God, that He gave you a pastor so skillful in “dividing the word of life,” and so faithful in teaching and training you up in righteousness for the world to come. And now let this passage of scripture, this day, come over us all in a figure :—“If I

forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Farewell, and the God of Peace be with us all. Yours kindly and most respectfully,

EBENEZER JENNINGS.

DALTON, August 18th, 1856.

From Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., of Sheffield.

SHEFFIELD, August 4th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I thank you most heartily for inviting me to assist in the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of the venerable Dr. Lathrop. I should join with the greatest satisfaction in this testimony, for I have a profound respect for his memory. I am able to recall his person and demeanor, so simple, so sage-like and modest; for I had the privilege of seeing him in his old age. It was in my youth, of course, and in the company of his successor, Mr. Sprague, who is to address you on the coming occasion. I should like to hear what that *young* man has to say *now*, of the good old time. The good old time—it is ever good to keep it in remembrance: and especially in a busy and bustling age, which is running to haste—and to nakedness of all old associations.

But I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of being present with you. I am engaged on that very day, to preach in New York. Expressing then—which is all I can do—my sympathy in this memorial of the past, I am very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, J. Ely.

From Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., of Deerfield.

DEERFIELD, August 4th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to the Centennial Celebration in West Springfield, on the 25th inst., I received on Saturday last, and thankfully accept. The two volumes of sermons, published by Dr. L. about sixty years ago, inspired me with high regard for the author, which was afterward confirmed and increased by a personal

acquaintance with him. Though in my eighty-first year, totally blind, and so deaf that I must be very near in order to hear and enjoy public speaking, still, relying on the kindness of the Committee to give me as favorable a seat as may be, my strong desire to unite with you and others in this tribute of respect to one whom I have so long delighted to honor, will prompt me without hesitation to attend, if an all-wise Providence shall not otherwise order.

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL WILLARD.

Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, J. Ely.

From Rev. Z. S. Barstow, D. D., of Keene, N. H.

KEENE, N. H., August 16th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: It would give me pleasure to meet you, and to hear my good friend Dr. Sprague address his quondam flock, on so interesting an occasion as that of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of his venerable colleague—the Rev. Dr. Lathrop; yet, if I am able to leave home, I must attend our meeting of the General Association at Exeter.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

Z. S. BARSTOW.

Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, J. Ely.

From Hon. John A. Shaw of Bridgewater.

BRIDGEWATER, August 21st, 1856.

NATHANIEL DOWNES, Esq.: Dear Sir—I received your note of the 19th, inviting me to be present on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Dr. Lathrop, on the 25th.

My recollection of that reverend and venerable man, calls to mind some of the most favored moments of my life. My short acquaintance with him but confirmed what I had previously heard of his saint-like character and truly Christian spirit.

It would give me much satisfaction to contribute my feeble aid in doing honor to the memory of that distinguished and good man, but it will not be convenient for me to be present on the interesting occasion to which your polite invitation refers.

With a lively remembrance of the friendship and kindness of those few persons with whom I became acquainted, during my short residence in West Springfield thirty-eight years ago, and with thanks that I am not forgotten, I am with respect, &c.,

JOHN A. SHAW.

From Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., of Cambridge.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, August 16th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I sincerely thank you for your kind invitation to me, "to be present and assist in doing honor to y^e memory of Dr. Lathrop," a man distinguished "in his day and generation."

I have a profound veneration for the memory of Dr. Lathrop, whose acquaintance and friendly regard I had the privilege of enjoying, but the present state of my health forbids my taking part with you in person on that fit and happy occasion; which I the more regret, as my intimate and much valued friend Dr. Sprague, is to commemorate the worth of his distinguished predecessor—a service most congenial to his feelings and his talents.

But though I cannot be with you in person, I shall be with you,—Providence permitting,—in spirit and in fervent wishes for your best welfare. Very respectfully, gentlemen, your friend and servant,

CHARLES LOWELL.

Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, J. Ely.

From Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield.

PITTSFIELD, August 30th, 1856.

NATAHNIEL DOWNES AND EDWARD SOUTHWORTH: Dear Sirs—I have just returned from a short vacation, and find your kind note unanswered. Had I been at home, no ordinary duties or pressure of duties would have kept me from being with you on an occasion so honorable to the memory of a great and good man, and so honorable to a people who, generations after his death, feel the impress of his great heart and mind. I most sincerely regret my unavoidable absence.

Yours very truly, J. TODD.

From Rev. Timothy Williston of Strongsville, Ohio.

STRONGSVILLE, Ohio, August 14th, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—As you will doubtless attend the commemorative festival to be held at West Springfield, on the 25th inst., and as I probably shall not, (though, if consistent, I should love to be there,) you will allow a clerical brother, though almost a stranger, to drop you a line respecting that celebration. I address *you*, simply because I happen not to know any body residing in West Springfield.

My only claim to a share in the proposed commemoration, results from the fact, that West Springfield is probably the spot to which most of the Willistons in the United States (my late venerable father, the Rev. Dr. Seth Williston, included,) can trace their origin. As far back as 1691-2, there lived at Westfield, a Joseph Williston, who, in 1699, married Mary, the widow of Joseph Ashley of Springfield. On a place inherited by her from her father, (Joseph Parsons of Northampton,) and probably *situated* (so says the record,) *in West Springfield*, this Joseph Williston and wife resided. If it be not absolutely certain that this remotest known ancestor lived on the *west* side, it is certain that several of his descendants have done so. That this Joseph Williston was a man of some note, is inferable, perhaps, from this: on the probate records of 1734, his name is recorded thus—"Joseph Williston, Gent." But then

"What can ennoble sots, or fools, or cowards ?

Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards !"

By widow Ashley, Mr. Williston became the father of Joseph Williston, Jr., and Nathaniel Williston ; and by his second wife—Mrs. Thomas Stebbins of Springfield, daughter of elder Ebenezer Strong of Northampton,—the father of John Williston. From these three sons of his, I believe, have sprung most of the Willistons found on this side of the great water. Among the Willistons of whom West Springfield was the *nest*, and Joseph Williston the progenitor, are Rev. Noah Williston of West Haven ; Rev. Payson Williston, D. D., of Easthampton ; Rev. David Howe Williston of Vermont ; Prof. Ebenezer Bancroft Williston, of the Vermont Military Academy, and afterwards of Middletown, Ct. ; Hon. Samuel Williston of Easthampton ; Rev. Ralph Williston, (Episcopal,) of Williamsburg, N. Y. ; Rev. Seth Williston, D. D., of Durham, N. Y. ; and Hon. Horace Williston of Pennsylvania. I would add here, that a few

bearing the name of Williston, slumber in West Springfield's *oldest* grave-yard; as I ascertained in 1849, by a laborious personal search.

Should these genealogical scraps and reminiscences seem, in your judgment, adapted to add, in some slight degree, to the interest of the commemoration, you are at liberty to use them. It seems more likely, however, that you'll deem them too trivial for so brilliant an occasion as yours will doubtless be; and should you leave them to repose among your papers, instead of giving them some humble niche in your festival, I shall be the last man to quarrel with your judgment. Let us hope, dear sir, that the proposed commemoration will not only serve to enliven and invigorate, physically and mentally, those who attend; but that its moral influence and results will be decidedly happy.

Very respectfully yours,

TIMOTHY WILLISTON.

From Hon. Moses Chapin of Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 20th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I just received your note of invitation for me to be present at the anniversary on the 25th instant. The attractions of the occasion powerfully move me to attend. And yet obstacles are in the way which I cannot remove. I shall not be with you in person, but the warmest sympathies of my heart will be there.

It would well repay for a journey to your pleasant town, to meet once more so many of the few survivors of my companions and neighbors of former days, as will then congregate. And even the men and women of former generations, who once moved about your streets, and assembled for your Sabbath worship, and who now repose in your grave-yards, will, in imagination, be present to give interest to the anniversary.

But the thoughts of all will be chiefly turned toward him who is the object of the convocation. Comparatively few now living are familiar with the appearance of the pastor, the preacher, and the learned divine, who one hundred years ago took charge of the spiritual interests of the church in your parish. His tall, erect form—his dignified and commanding look—his intelligent and benignant

countenance—and his companionable qualities, were seen and appreciated while he was living; but these could not, like the productions of his capacious and well-stored mind, be perpetuated in the printed volume. As a minister of the gospel, he had no superior. He was solemn, earnest, copious, and gifted in prayer. His delivery of sermons, though not eloquent, was forcible. The intonations of his voice were so natural and appropriate, and the matter of his discourses was always so rich, sensible, and attractive, that he gained the attention of all, even of the young. He cherished an ardent desire for the salvation of his parishioners, and was unwearied in his labors for their spiritual good.

No one has more cause to cherish his memory than myself. For the first sixteen years of my life he was my pastor—he administered to me the rite of baptism; and during my childhood and youth, I was favored with his counsel and instruction. For several months he was my teacher in the Latin and Greek languages. So thoroughly had he learned, and so retentive was his memory, that he was as familiar with these studies of his youth as if he had but lately reviewed them. When I left his instruction for college life, he affectionately dismissed me with his counsel and benediction. Truly his memory should ever be dear to me.

And among the departed, intimately associated with the occasion, are his wife, who was greatly beloved, and his sons, who were men of rare excellence, and who for many years filled stations of the highest usefulness in your community.

I could dwell long on the interesting incidents of the past, which will be remembered at your meeting. But it is unnecessary. I will conclude by expressing my wish, that all who assemble may experience the gratification, which I am sure I should feel could I be present with you. Accept the friendly regards of your former townsman,

MOSES CHAPIN.

To Messrs. E. Southworth, T. H. Hawks, N. Downes, and J. Ely.

From Rev. Augustus L. Chapin of Amsterdam, N. Y.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., August 23d, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of a circular containing an invitation to attend the celebration on the 25th inst.

Gratifying as it would be to visit the place of my nativity, and participate in the exercises and enjoyments of the occasion, yet it will not be practicable. You may, however, be assured that, though not present in person, I shall be with you in spirit, and it will be my prayer that He, who has been the God of our fathers in generations past, will be with you, and make it a season of great spiritual benefit. It is always instructive to retrace the dealings of God with his people in years gone by, and refresh our memories with the names and virtues of those who have held important places of influence and responsibility among us, but are now numbered with the dead:—and while we honor their memory as our benefactors, we are affectingly reminded of our own mortality, and the importance of pursuing with greater alacrity the grand end of life. That the occasion before you may be thus improved—and that the God of our fathers may continue to be the God of their children for many generations to come—follow them with His richest blessings, and prepare them at last for the kingdom of his glory, is the desire and prayer of

Yours Truly, AUGUSTUS L. CHAPIN.

Messrs. E. Southworth, Theron H. Hawks, Nathaniel Downes, Justin Ely.

From Alonzo Chapin, M. D., of Winchester, Mass.

WINCHESTER, MASS., August 19th, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: The papers have notified me of the contemplated gathering and celebration to take place in your town, on the 25th of the present month. I still cherish, with interest, the memory of the great and good man, my first and revered pastor, Dr. Joseph Lathrop, the anniversary of whose settlement you are to celebrate, and feel that it is right thus to do him homage. Perhaps, no man in our country has done more to give permanence to the ministerial office than he. "He being dead yet speaketh," and verily "his works do follow him." Allow me to propose the subjoined sentiment:

West Springfield—Great cities cease not to send for her Divines: her *missionaries* have gone forth into all the world. Her name shall live while others are forgotten.

Very truly yours,

ALONZO CHAPIN.

Mr. Sewall White, West Springfield.

The Committee also received the following poem, purporting to be "a collation of names for the collation, or a little theological philology, by MATHER BYLES":—

• The name of SPRAG, in Shakspeare's phrase,
Means vigorous, strong,—A MAN OF MIGHT,
But SPRAG or SPRAGUE,—in both these ways
We catch at once the meaning right.
What arm more powerful do we know,—
Arm, that for truth deals heavier blow?

VERMIL is but VERMILYE short
And marks a ruddy, healthful glow;
As used AT LENGTH its true import
Denotes a bright and genial flow.
A heart of warmth and heavenly love—
Is it not kindled from above?

In heats, of doubt there is no shade,
That shade of forest trees is good:
So when of heat and strife afraid,
We hail the cool, refreshing WOOD.
See ye not how the branches rise,
And wave us upward to the skies?

Of ocean broad, or field, or mine,
Say which doth noblest products yield?
My voice outbreaks, and so doth thine,
" 'Tis wide, EVANGELISTIC FIELD."
As its good fruits, can gems or gold
Such high and priceless value hold?

Our feet are fastened to the ground,
And the blue depth our vision mocks;
But lo, high up strong wings rebound,
And wide the view of keen-eyed HAWKS.
Long may he mount with pinions strong,
And keen discern the right and wrong.

How may the truth, thick sown with care,
In this WEST FIELD, unknown to dearth,
SPRING up, and fruit eternal bear
In the great harvest-day of earth:
When LATHROP and his SONS shall reap,
And ENDLESS JUBILEE shall keep.

After the reading of the letters, Mr. SEWALL WHITE addressed the assembly :—

Commemorating important events by celebrating the days on which they happened, is not of recent origin. The ancient people of God observed such seasons, and we have come together to sanction and perpetuate the pious example. We have assembled to pay due honor to the memory of Joseph Lathrop, who, a century ago, was ordained the third Pastor of the First Church in West Springfield ; and this day completes thirty-seven years since the speaker of the day, William Buel Sprague, was ordained colleague with Dr. L. Six ministers have been his successors, who are still living, and five of them are present. We bid them a cordial welcome here to join us in this interesting occasion. Without exception, they enjoyed the confidence, respect and affection of the good people of the Parish, and they left it in peace.

Some young clergymen have said that it was nothing to write such sermons as Lathrop's, for the language was so very simple. (Why don't they do it ?) The late Dr. Milnor, thirty years rector of St. George's Church in New York, said that the best theological works in his library were written in West Springfield by Joseph Lathrop. When a distinguished man dies, death itself makes a new demand for his works, and they will be perused with more deep, fixed attention, and his influence will thereby be felt beyond his years. There is not an individual in the first parish in this town, who for any length of time sat as a hearer to Dr. L., who believed that the world would be burnt up in 1843, as predicted by Miller, or that conversation can be carried on with the dead through a medium.

In a world like this, the lapse of a century brings about great changes ; the manners, customs and habits of the people are altered, and improvements made in the arts and sciences. Important discoveries have been made in the last fifty years. Within that period of time, stupendous works have been undertaken with success, the mountains have been leveled—dense forests cleared away—canals cut—and rivers have been turned out of their old beds into new channels, and the news communicated with the speed of lightning through the whole length and breadth of the land. A man who has seen eighty winters, knows right well that what he says will be

heard with the most callous indifference, and if he is severe upon the conduct of the young, he may indulge the hope that they will pardon the fault, since they all know that garrulity is the besetting infirmity of old age.

After all the improvements of the day, morals are dangerously lax, and a great decline of all just reverence has taken place throughout the whole country. Old ministers are crowded out of the pulpit, and aged lawyers shoved away from the bar. Men are in a haste to be rich—young girls are in a hurry to be married—boys, we have none—passengers in the cars travel twelve hundred miles in forty eight hours, and although in three years' time, three hundred persons have been killed by railroad accidents and five hundred and odd wounded, greater speed is called for.

We live in New England, and have happy homes; and it is the place in which to live and die. The Pilgrim Fathers sleep in her soil, and they made New England what she is by the gifts they bestowed upon her; prayer was the refreshment of their spirits before they left Old England. We have some in our midst, blessed be God, who follow the example of the Puritans, and daily offer to Him the grateful thanks of fervent hearts for blessings received.

The Sabbath here is still regarded, and we have men who build churches, and fill them in summers and in winters, in rain and in sunshine, and there is quiet around our rural churches on the Lord's day. The church spire, pointing to heaven, is the emblem of the Pilgrim's religion, and it seems to say unto each one of us: "Set your affections on things above—not on the earth."

Ladies and Gentlemen, this occasion is one of deep interest, but at the same time it awakens solemn thoughts, and calls up many serious reflections. There is not an individual present who will ever witness a similar occasion.

Where are the graves where dead men slept a hundred years ago ?

Who were they who wept, a hundred years ago ?

By other men who know not them,

Their lands are tilled—their graves are filled,

Yet nature then was just as gay, and bright the sunshine as to-day.

I offer as a sentiment:—The memory of the late Joseph Lathrop, who for sixty-four years was the faithful Pastor of the First Church in West Springfield.

The assembly then joined in singing, to the tune of
 “*Auld Lang Syne*,” the following:—

SONG, COMPOSED BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Oh brightly hung the bending sky,
 O'er fields that smiled below,
 And grandly trailed the river by,
 A hundred years ago!

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 Oh grandly rode the river by,
 A hundred years ago!

Green grew the meadows, newly shorn,
 Beneath the noontide glow,
 And thickly stood the tasseled corn,
 A hundred years ago:

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 Oh thickly stood the serried corn,
 A hundred years ago!

The earth and sky are fair and bright,
 And grand the river's flow,
 As when they drank the summer light
 A hundred years ago:

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 As when they brimmed with summer light,
 A hundred years ago.

But where are they—those iron men—
 Those maids with brow of snow—
 Who dwelt beside the river then—
 A hundred years ago:

A hundred years ago to-day—
 A hundred years ago—
 Whose life ran with the river then—
 A hundred years ago?

Alas! in yonder hallowed close,
 In kindred group and row,
 The mounds rise thicker than they rose
 A hundred years ago!

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 Oh fewer mounds were in the close
 A hundred years ago!

So here to-day we gather flowers,
 Those sacred mounds to strew—
 Sweet memories of the golden hours,
 A hundred years ago:

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 Bright memories of the golden hours
 A hundred years ago.

And on one blest, beloved tomb,
 Our fairest wreath we throw,
 Of flowers the sleeper taught to bloom
 A hundred years ago!

A hundred years ago to-day,
 A hundred years ago;
 Sweet flowers the teacher taught to bloom
 A hundred years ago!

The President then reminded the company of the solemn thought that, while they should not all meet again, the events of the day would remain to be rehearsed perhaps at the end of another hundred years; but their consequences, and the results of each day of life, would not cease then: they would reach onward through eternity.

The exercises were closed by the apostolical Benediction.

Before the exercises were closed, the President conveyed to the assembly an invitation from Mr. CHARLES ELY to visit his house in the evening. From three to

four hundred availed themselves of the invitation, including a large number from Springfield. The whole of his elegant residence was thrown open, and a splendid and generous entertainment was provided for them. It was a fitting close to the day.

The Hymns mentioned in the Order of Exercises on page 62, are here inserted :—

H Y M N, B Y M R S. S I G O U R N E Y.

Give honor to the hoary head
 In ways of wisdom found'
 Bright, crowning rays of glory lend,
 And with its locks of silver blend,
 Encircling it around.

Give honor to the sainted dead,
 And full of reverence bring
 Unfading memories from the dust,
 Their love to man, their loyal trust
 In their anointed King.

Give honor to the sacred Guide,
 The planet of his sphere,
 Who, to all hallowed duty true,
 While four score years their courses drew,
 Led on his people dear.

Give praise to God—from whom proceeds
 Each gift and purpose high —
 Strength to the Pastor, kind and pure,
 Strength to the aged, to endure,
 Strength to the saint to die.

Give praise to God—with whom do dwell,
 In heavenly peace and rest,
 The souls of those who served Him here
 With humble faith, with holy fear,
 And soar'd above the cloud and tear,
 To be forever blest.

HYMN, BY REV. A. R. WOLFE.

Come let us sing a grateful song,
 To Him, who giveth length of days,—
 Who made our fathers bold and strong,
 To do His will and speak His praise.

The memory of the just is blest;
 They never die who work for God;
 Though in the dust their ashes rest,
 Their spirit lives and walks abroad.

Such is our Pastor's influence found,
 Whose life and deeds we joy to name;
 A hundred years have rolled their round,
 A hundred years his deeds proclaim.

Long may his worthy life inspire
 Our children's hearts in coming time,
 And kindle them with strong desire,
 To make by faith their lives sublime.

And may we, on this hallowed ground,
 Still hope in God—our fathers' trust;—
 True to their principles be found,
 And bless the memory of the just.

For the complete success of the Celebration, much was due to the generous aid of Messrs. Julius Day, J. O. Moseley and Nathan Loomis.

The Committee desire to acknowledge their obligations to Rev. T. H. HAWKS, for his assistance in preparing the Appendix for the press.

JOSEPH LATHROP,
 EDWARD SOUTHWORTH, } *Committee*
 NATHANIEL DOWNES, } *of*
 } *Publication.*

NOTE.—The name of CHARLES BIRCHARD, Esq., one of the Committee of Arrangements, was inadvertently omitted in the publication of the Appendix.