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A HALF CENTURY OF CHURCH LIFE

Haydenville, Massachusetts
Congregational Church
1851-1901





Joel Haydon

A Half Century of Church Life

Exercises Held in Observance

OF THE

*Fiftieth Anniversary of the Organization
of the Congregational Church*

IN

HAYDENVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

May 29, 1901

Prepared for Publication by the Pastor

REV. SANFORD S. MARTYN

THE DAY AND THE GATHERING.

THIS volume is a tribute to the occasion it records, to those who entered into the early church life it narrates, and to the fidelity that since then, through vicissitudes of flood, death, and financial embarrassments, has sought to carry on and hand down intact to others the church so auspiciously begun half a century ago.

Although the day observed for the anniversary exercises was stormy without, yet the large and enthusiastic gathering that filled the house both afternoon and evening, the music, the addresses, the social mingling at the collation generously provided by the ladies of the church, united to leave many pleasant and sacred memories behind.

"The church is God between four walls," said Victor Hugo. May the history these pages re-tell, which is really but a repetition of this coming of the Divine into human worship and glorifying it, bring its own cheer to those personally interested in it and something of helpfulness to others whose interest it may perchance awaken.

S. S. M.

The following extracts are taken from the full and appreciative report of the proceedings, published by the *Springfield Republican* in its issue of the next day :

"The fiftieth anniversary exercises of the Haydenville Congregational Church yesterday were well attended, notwithstanding the forbidding weather. At the opening of the exercises at two o'clock a good-sized audience was present and the attendance increased until the church was filled. Old-time residents arrived on every car, and many reunions and cordial greetings between old friends took place in the vestibule of the church and in the vestry at the supper hour. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, plants, and streamers of evergreen. Upon the organ appeared in white figures the dates 1851 and 1901. The tablet in memory of Joel Hayden and the veiled tablet in memory of Miss Hattie J. Rice, the missionary who lost her life in China, were bordered with flowers. The returning residents of other days found the church edifice well kept and glistening white in its new coat of paint. A new bell summoned the people to assemble. The program was an extended one, filled with the interest of reminiscence of other days, and unusually attractive in its musical features. The occasion was one of the greatest pleasure for former residents and other visitors, as well as the people of the church and village, and the committee were praised for the fitting observance of the anniversary of the historic old church, carefully planned and skillfully carried out.

"Rev. S. S. Martyn, the pastor, presided.

"Among the visitors, most of whom were former residents, were the following: Otis Lawrence; Mrs. Allen Strickland and daughter, of Westfield; Mr. and Mrs.

Charles Graves, of this city; Miss Elizebeth Elder, of Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Ray, of Florence; Miss Martha Gardner; Mrs. Thomas Talbot, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Hayden and widow of Governor Talbot; Mrs. S. M. Crosby, of Boston, daughter of Governor Hayden; Mrs. Jeanette Francis, of Boston, daughter of Governor Hayden; Joel Hayden, of Boston, and Thomas S. Hayden, of Northampton, sons of Governor Hayden; Miss Anna Hayden, who is spending the summer in Haydenville; Mrs. Belle Hayden, of Cambridge; Mrs. S. W. Reed and Mrs. Lucy S. Sanderson, of Northampton, sisters of A. D. Sanders; Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Purrington, of this city; Mrs. William Noble, of Florence; Mrs. Alice Vaughn; Mrs. W. H. Hosford, of New Britain; R. B. Hills, of Boston; Mrs. H. G. King, of Lorain, Ohio; Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Trow, of Northampton; Mrs. James P. Kimball, of Amherst; Mrs. Judith Munyan, William Robinson, of Northampton; Mrs. Alice Wentworth, Rev. J. W. Lane, of North Hadley; Rev. Dr. H. T. Rose, pastor of the First Church at Northampton; Maj. H. M. Brewster, of this city; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Paige, of New Britain, Conn.; Joseph A. Skinner, of Holyoke; Miss Mary L. Rice, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. J. C. Wright, Mrs. Myra Chapin, Christopher Clark, Dr. J. N. Davenport, and Miss Netta Davenport, of Northampton; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Warren, of Florence; Mr. and Mrs. Lyman D. James, Mrs. Henry L. James, Henry W. Hill, of Williamsburg; James Keene, of Easthampton; Mrs. L. B. Field, of Leeds, and Mrs. E. G. Snow, of Hyde Park. The former pastors present were: Rev. G. H. Buck, of Crown Point, N. Y.; Rev. W. S. Hawkes, of this city; and Rev. G. W. Phillips, D.D., of Rutland, Vt.

"The marble tablet which was unveiled in memory of Miss H. J. Rice is three by two and one-fourth feet in dimensions, with a border and a spray of ivy above the inscription. The inscription in full follows: 'In loving memory of Miss Hattie J. Rice, daughter of Chauncey and Maria H. Rice. Born in Haydenville, May 11, 1858;

entered missionary service in China under the China Inland Mission, January 1, 1893; died July 13, 1900, at Feng Dai Hsien, province of Shansi, China—a martyr to the Boxer uprising. “And white robes were given unto every one of them.” “Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple.” Member of this church for twenty-five years.’”



Copy, on the next page and following, of the Order of Exercises as printed and distributed through the house, and as carried out in full, with the exception of the substitution of the name of Rev. H. T. Rose, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Northampton, for that of Rev. Peter McMillan, who was unable to be present.

1851

1901

FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH
HAYDENVILLE, MASS.

WEDNESDAY

MAY 29, 1901

ORGANIST - - - - MISS MABEL C. GILLETTE

CHOIR

MR. E. C. PURRINGTON

MISS HATTIE A. LAWRENCE

MISS JESSIE M. PURRINGTON

MR. ROBERT P. PURRINGTON

NEVIN QUARTETTE

(Haydenville)

MISS HATTIE A. LAWRENCE

MISS JESSIE M. PURRINGTON

MISS LILLIE B. ANDERSON

MISS MIRIAM F. MUNYAN

Assisted by

MR. R. L. BALDWIN, Organist (Northampton)

MISS EMMA S. HOSFORD, Soprano (Boston)

MRS. R. L. BALDWIN, Contralto (Northampton)

and

MESSRS. THOS. S. and LEROY F. PURRINGTON

AFTERNOON EXERCISES

2 o'clock

- ORGAN VOLUNTARY Nuptial March, Guilmant
 MISS MABEL C. GILLETTE
- HYMN, No. 916, "How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's Hill"
 CHOIR AND CONGREGATION
- INVOCATION AND SCRIPTURE READING
 REV. JOHN PIERPONT (Williamsburg)
- WELCOME
 REV. SANFORD S. MARTYN
- RESPONSE
 REV. WINFIELD S. HAWKES (Springfield)
- ANTHEM, "I was glad when they said unto me" F. Lynes
 CHOIR
- HISTORICAL SERMON
 THE PASTOR
- PRAYER
 REV. G. M. WEBBER, D.D.
- HYMN, No. 918, "I love Thy kingdom, Lord"
 CHOIR AND CONGREGATION
- GREETING AND LETTERS FROM FORMER PASTORS
 REV. GEORGE H. BUCK
- Unveiling of a Tablet to the Memory of Miss Hattie J. Rice, our Martyr
 Missionary in China:
 SOLO, "Eye Hath Not Seen" Gaul's Sacred Cantata, "The Holy City"
 MRS. R. L. BALDWIN
- REMARKS
 REV. R. M. WOODS (Hatfield)
- "Over the Stars There is Rest" Franz Abt
 NEVIN QUARTETTE
- SKETCH OF A. D. SANDERS (Died 1862)
 DR. W. M. TROW (Northampton)
- QUARTETTE, "Awake! Arise!" T. C. O'Kane
 PURRINGTON BROTHERS
- REMINISCENCES
 BY OLD RESIDENTS AND FRIENDS
- HYMN, No. 941, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"
 CHOIR AND CONGREGATION
- POSTLUDE, Grande Offertoire de Concert, W. Eugene Thayer

Collation will be served by the Ladies in the Church Parlors
 at 5.15

PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE

PASTOR

REV. SANFORD S. MARTYN

DEACONS

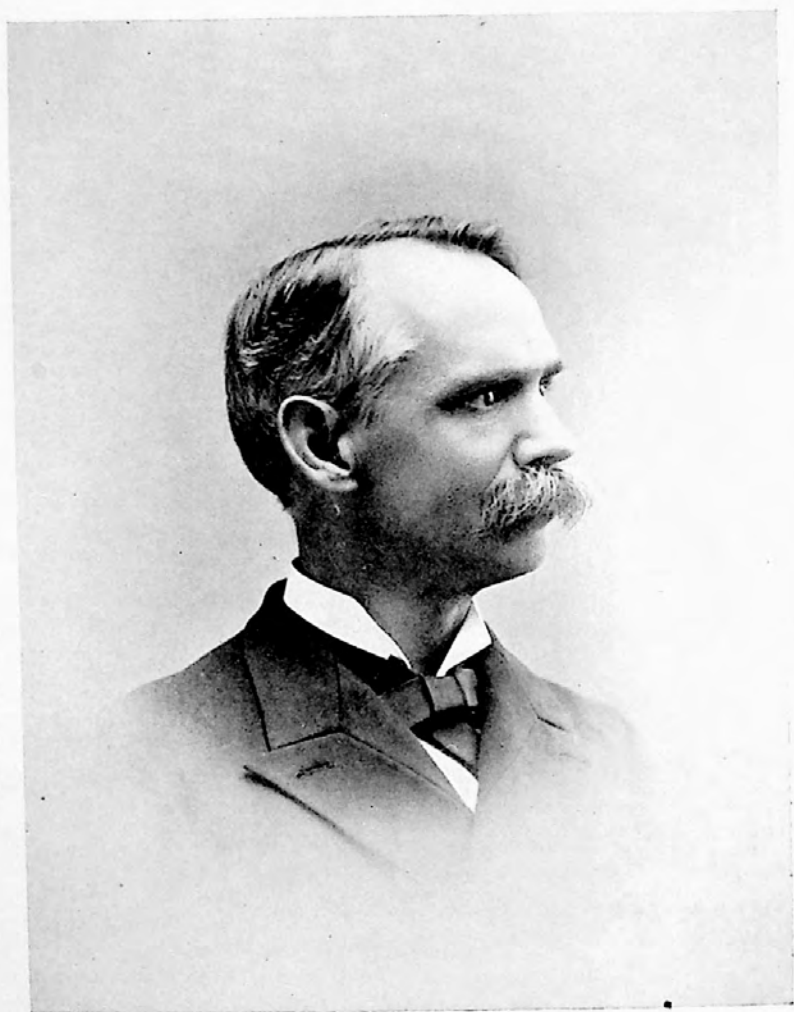
C. D. WAITE
W. M. PURRINGTON

H. C. SMITH
JOHN E. BENNETT

ALVIN LAWRENCE
GEORGE M. PAGE

C. J. HILLS

CHURCH CLERK
H. C. SMITH



Sanford S. Martyn

THE EXERCISES IN FULL.

THE following were the exercises in full, introduced and interspersed with the uplifting music.

AFTERNOON.

Rev. John Pierpont, pastor of the Congregational church in Williamsburg, the oldest in town, offered the introductory prayer and read Scripture selections from Acts ii: 42-47; Eph. iv: 11-16; and Rev. xxi: 1-6.

In extending the welcome, the pastor, Rev. Sanford S. Martyn, spoke of the spirit of the occasion as voicing its own greeting, one more fitting than anything he might frame, as if voices long hushed were speaking, and old scenes were peopling the hour with living forms and words from out the hallowed past. It was faith joining past and present in one, and bidding a welcome home again to those whose feet had returned to the familiar and sacred haunts of other days.

The response, given by Rev. Winfield S. Hawkes, a former pastor, spoke of the many associations connected with such gatherings, so multiplying on every hand, and looked at the early formative influences thus signified as yet making themselves felt in the present and shaping the lives of those who later may have entered into those labors. He felt the power of such a past and was glad to visit this scene of his earlier labors and be privileged to respond for those present, to the welcome given by the church and its pastor on this auspicious occasion.

THE HISTORICAL SERMON

BY THE PASTOR, REV. SANFORD S. MARTYN.

The historical sermon, prepared and delivered by Mr. Martyn, was as follows:—

Text—Deuteronomy xxxii: 7: "Remember the days of old, . . . ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."

"Fifty years a church! What memories cluster around such a life, what rich associations, all interwoven together and still continuing as living realities! For the church whose history they recall is not so young that it has not its accumulated experiences to fall back upon; it is not so old that its past and the actors therein are but a name, with no personal relations to the present. Lives yet in the flesh have covered much if not all of that history; it is part of themselves.

"Such a story the semi-centennial anniversary of the church in Haydenville is repeating in our ears today. If it be not that of some ivy-clad cathedral or of some honored church reaching back into the hoary past, it yet shares with these venerated churches the living principles that constitute the bone and sinew of Christian character; and the life it portrays is dear to those who have drawn from it, as a child from its mother, their spiritual food and strength.

"The daily life in Haydenville has been the typical life of a New England village—marked by honest toil and attended by a fair degree of the rewards of thrift. Good schools, and two well-stocked libraries belonging to the town and housed in comely buildings, have lent their attractions and aid. But behind it all has been the quickening gospel, potent still, as ever, to uplift and bless.

"Upon consulting the published accounts as appearing in the *History of the Connecticut Valley: Massa-*

chusetts, Volume I, we find that the town of Williamsburg (of which Haydenville is part and was the first settled portion) was incorporated in 1771, and that as early as 1785 Haydenville appears as a manufacturing site, a sawmill preceding the various industries that have since appeared. In 1831 the names of the brothers, Joel and Josiah Hayden, appear as prominently identified with the business growth of the Haydenville village, which about that time, or a few years later, received its name from them, the Haydenville post office having been established in 1839, with Josiah Hayden as postmaster. But in 1848, conterminous with the starting of the brass manufacturing industry, which has since continued the chief business of the place and is now known as the Haydenville Company, the larger life and enterprise of the village began.

"With this larger movement arrangements were made for the formation of a village church. The proprietors in the new business, Joel Hayden and A. D. Sanders, and others more or less actively connected with it, were God-fearing men, who sought to carry into their business and the community at large Christian principle and living. Preaching services had already been held in the button shop, of which Mr. Hayden had been one of the proprietors; and after the establishment of the new enterprise they were continued in the brick schoolhouse that stood upon the hill on the road to Skinnerville, just above and opposite the brass works, which were upon the same site as now and occupied the button-shop building. Older inhabitants among us remember those earlier meetings. Among the singers in the choir were Augustus Luce and Mrs. Joseph W. Page, both of whom also sung in the church choir; and among the other worshipers at that time were J. W. Page,* Mrs. Augustus Luce, and E. F. Miller, then a mere youth. All of these yet move in and out among us, the latter still engaged in vigorous, busy life.

* Since deceased.

"The first entry in the records of the new church is as follows: 'At a meeting to consider the propriety of forming a church in Haydenville, held in the vestry of the Haydenville church, January 21, 1851, the persons present were called to order by Joel Hayden.' At an adjourned meeting, three days later, follow the organization of the church and the adoption of the 'Articles of faith, covenant and by-laws,' with the names of the associating members attached — ten in all. These names are: Joel Hayden, Braddock Davol, Silas Warner, Albert D. Sanders, Thomas H. Ives, Quartus L. Dickinson, Robert H. Fairchild, Washington Shaw, Elam Graves, Quartus Kingsley.

"Eighteen more came by letter March 4, and twenty-six during the year — twelve of them on confession of faith and fourteen by letter, seven, or one-half of the latter, from the Methodist church. None of the names of these earliest members appears on the present roll, which begins its first date November, 1864, and its first name is that of Edwin F. Miller, who is thus the patriarch of the church in priority of membership. The early church records appear in the handwriting of A. D. Sanders, who was the first clerk. He and Thomas H. Ives were elected the first deacons, but Mr. Sanders declined to serve. The church was a union movement. The large number of Methodists helping to make up its membership has ever been a striking feature, and indicates the essential union spirit that from the first has animated the church — its blest inheritance.

"The society was formed first on March 4, 1849, and its name, as given in the warrant for the first meeting, was 'The Haydenville Church and Society.' This continued as the name until March 8, 1855, when the present name was adopted: 'The Society of the Haydenville Church.' The first steps taken by the society were to build a meeting house and provide preaching. The large and stately building which still houses the church was soon erected. The site was that occupied by what was known as the

'Longley place,' where Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Luce were living, and from which they removed to make way for the new building. The choice had in great degree leaned towards the spot on South Main Street, later and still owned by Deacon C. D. Waite, including a portion of his home lot and also the site of his store, the latter now occupied by the Haydenville savings bank. The street was then new, having been cut through land owned by Cyrus Miller, whose farm included the whole region on that side of the river, from the brass company's property down through what is now the lower village to the silk mill, then just built by Joel Hayden as a cotton mill. The first recorded occupancy of the building is March 1, 1851, when the society held its regular annual meeting in the vestry.

"But surrounding circumstances and what may be gathered otherwise show the want felt for a more regular and complete church organization. This would be so for the purpose of ordaining its minister, if for no other reason. The movement had started in and by itself rather than out of any church or churches. The result was a church virtually Congregational, as by a natural development. Mr. Sanders was a Congregationalist and threw his influence, by no means small, that way. Mr. Hayden, although a Methodist, also deemed that to be the best course in view of all the interests involved, while his brother, Josiah, himself also a Methodist, deeming that there were a large number on the hills more or less needing providing for, and in great degree Methodists or leaning that way, thought it best to continue his relations with the Methodist Church existing in Williamsburg village.

"The 'principles,' as they are termed, adopted at the meeting which completed the church organization, lodge the church authority in the local membership and make that a complete church—which is the essential Congregational idea. The calling of a council of Congregational churches for ordaining the pastor-elect, and which also recognizes the new church, follows the other leading

Congregational usage—the fellowship of the churches. The society had engaged Edward Sweet as preacher, and then extended a call to him to become pastor; but he hesitated in giving his decision. Then the church is formed and extends to him a call, the society concurring—also the Congregational way—when he accepts, and is ordained; the church is recognized at the same time, and thus falls into line as a Congregational church, March 4, 1851, the date of organization and recognition. In point of fact, however, the name Congregational nowhere appears. Nor has it ever appeared in the church records, where the name is, 'The church in Haydenville.' Thus again is the union character of the church apparent, though its life and church connections are Congregational.

"Both church and society also thus became merged in a dual organization—the one, for the external and legal, the other, for the internal and spiritual interests of the whole, after the New England custom. In 1890-91 a movement was made to incorporate the church, but it was not thought best to make the change. The same dual union, therefore, two in one, remains the accepted and working order.

"The original 'articles of faith, covenant, and by-laws,' patterned after the usual evangelical statement of those days, still remain in force, with the addition of an amendment, January 1, 1866, suspending absent members who do not report to the church at least once in two years, and with the change by vote, January 12, 1877, of the number of the prudential committee from two to three; also with a change later, making the election of deacons for three years.

"The rule forbidding the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage by church members indicates the high moral ground held by the church from the first on the moral issues of the day. Those at the head of affairs in the place were true to a wholesome, upright living, and also to liberty and progress. The

men who have worshiped with this church as parts of it, but whose bodies lie mingled with the dust, stood for broad and Christian purposes—men who contributed of their interests, labor, and substance to its welfare and to that of the community. Among them were not only Mr. Hayden and Mr. Sanders, but also Deacons Ives and Graves, Quartus Kingsley, Captain Sereno Kingsley, Cyrus Miller, Jacob Hills (prominently connected with the brass company under the Haydens, and the father of the president and of the secretary and treasurer of the present company), Charles S. Warner, Edward Warner, and others, not to speak of the godly women, without whose faith and labors the church would have lacked its heart power and sadly lagged in zeal. The many still living among us, both younger and older, or who have removed from the place, have also shared the common labors. Nor should mention be omitted of the members of the society, who have likewise given their aid and practical wisdom, not least of whom was the former treasurer of the savings bank, B. S. Johnson.

“The church and town were early brought into sympathy with the cause of the slave, and gave their leading citizen, Joel Hayden, one of the early and pronounced anti-slavery men, to be lieutenant war governor under John A. Andrew, from 1863 to 1865, inclusive, during the war for the Union. If, as the records show, Haydenville furnished one hundred of its own citizens for that war and the entire town two hundred and fifty soldiers—a surplus of twenty above all demands—four of whom were commissioned officers, the influences that served to form the Haydenville church and again flowed from it must be credited with no small part of the loyalty that thus flamed forth. The number of soldiers furnished, equal to one-eighth of the population of the town, and the war expenses met by the town, equal to \$9.50 for each man, woman, and child, are the town's war record—a record that well warrants the *History of the Connecticut Valley*, already mentioned, in saying that such

records 'prove that the heroism of the fathers survives in their children.'

"In the dark hours of that conflict the loyalty of Rev. Cyrus Brewster, then pastor in Haydenville, so consumed him that he could give little thought to aught else than patriotism and loyalty to freedom, as the paramount Christian duty of the hour. And all the pastors too—they have not been wanting in like zeal for the right, having left their mark upon the church, each in his own way. Their names are as follows:—

"Edward Sweet, 1851-54; E. W. Cook, 1854-58, still living; Cyrus Brewster, 1858-63, not living; Rev. Dr. George W. Phillips, 1864-68, still living, and orator of this occasion—affectionately remembered by his first parish and greeted back by them from his honored Vermont pastorate; M. B. Angier, 1868-70, not living; James P. Kimball, 1870-76, not living; Winfield S. Hawkes, 1876-78, living and present; D. W. Marsh, D.D., 1879-82, a returned missionary, not living; C. B. Bruce, 1882-84, not living; C. T. Reed, 1887-90, still living; E. J. Klock, 1891-94, still living; George H. Buck, 1894-1900, still living.

"These, with the present pastor, complete the list—four not living, the rest alive. During the interval between the ministry of Mr. Brewster and Mr. Reed, Prof. G. N. Webber, D.D., of Smith College, very acceptably acted as stated supply; Prof. H. M. Tyler, of the same college, assisting, as also Prof. J. H. Sawyer, of Williston Seminary. The pastoral changes show calls away to larger fields, also reverses hampering the church finances in regard to others.

"The deacons have been Thomas H. Ives, 1851-70, a faithful, godly, and esteemed man, and dying in office; Elam Graves, 1853-79, especially active in the Sunday school and long its superintendent, also in office until his death; Dr. W. M. Trow, 1870-76, resigning to remove from Haydenville, also the second church-clerk until 1876, efficient and trusted—the Christian physician; O.

W. Lawrence, 1876-79, succeeding Dr. Trow, active in good works, but removing to Springfield. The present deacons, ready helpers of the pastor, were first chosen, — C. D. Waite and H. C. Smith in 1879, and W. M. Purrington and J. E. Bennett in 1891.

"The church from the first has been warmly evangelical, though not controversially so. There have been seasons of revival, especially during the first twenty-five years. Notable accessions have taken place, as twenty-four in 1861, under Mr. Brewster's ministry, fifty-nine in 1865, under Mr. Phillips, and fifty-six in 1851, under Mr. Kimball; there have also been other goodly additions since, though not so large.

"The total membership of the church to the present time has been 561. The total amount raised for benevolence, as reported in the church records, has been, in round numbers, \$13,265. The flood tide of prosperity during the fifty years may be said to have been reached under Dr. Phillips and Mr. Kimball, when the benevolent contributions amounted to \$492 in 1867, and \$617 in 1871; the membership reached 192; and \$1,500 and parsonage made up the salary paid to Mr. Kimball.

"One minister has gone out from the church, N. Fay Smith, son of Deacon H. C. Smith, and dismissed in 1899 to the Congregational church in Northfield, where he resides as Bible instructor in the Moody schools there — Mount Hermon and the training school. There also went as a boy from the membership of the church Rev. William A. Trow, of Sherburne, New York, son of Dr. W. M. Trow. The church has also given a martyr to the cause of missions in China, Miss Hattie J. Rice, massacred July 14, 1900, by the Boxers in the province of Shansi. A tablet placed in this house to her memory by her brother and sisters, and which these anniversary services unveil, is an eloquent witness to her consecrated Christian service and to a life yielded up for Christ.

"Turning again more directly to church affairs, we find that the commodious parsonage, built in 1856, and

located on the commanding and handsome parsonage grounds on the knoll back and to the east of the church building, also attests the growing prosperity of the young church in those days. It was the first house built on that street, the choice of site being that of Mr. Cook, the first occupant. The street, now so thickly settled and so well known as Mountain Street, was then but a rough passageway to the cemetery, which was first a pine grove consecrated by the presence and the prayers of the Hayden brothers' father, who used to resort there for private devotion and had expressed a wish to be buried there. His wish was fulfilled, and later the cemetery was laid out, becoming the beautiful sleeping place of the dead, as we now behold it.

"How strange it seems, by way of contrast, to think of that street, now stretching half a mile away, as only part of pasture and meadow land half a century ago! What would Haydenville be without it and its pleasant homes, and without the graceful trees on its sides and within its dooryards?

"With the ordination of the first pastor and the recognition of the church took place also the dedication of the new church edifice, free from debt. The fathers of this church believed in the principle, 'Pay as you go;' and that has been the policy and habit of the church and society from that day to this. No debt has hung like a nightmare over them to weigh them down and smother out their lives.

"The triple occasion of dedication, recognition, and ordination was no small affair. It was the first service held in the just completed audience room, which was packed to the utmost. Rich upholstery, sent up from New York by Joel Hayden's son, Thomas F. Hayden, who was in business there, added its glory to the scene. There, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, was the sofa stretching across the back part of the pulpit, and which, having served its day, now rests with self-satisfied dignity in the church parlor—if not the 'greatest thing in the

world' after Drummond's description, yet probably the longest and largest production of the kind that most of us have ever seen! Only the august dimensions of the old New England theology could match its generous proportions. But like that theology it was also equal to the occasion, and was well filled with worthy divines; for among them was the preacher before the council, President Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, and, seated within its spacious depths, Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, of the First Church of Springfield, who also gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor. May it rest in well-earned repose until the centennial anniversary of the church calls it again to honored service!

"The choir gallery was crowded with a large choir, reënforced by two bass viols, a large and small one, or a 'double bass' and a 'cello,' the larger played by Elijah Luce (yet living, and going to his daily tasks in the brass works), and the other by Thomas H. Ives. A violin also lent its strains. J. W. Page, Miss Anna Hayden (now Mrs. S. M. Crosby, of Boston), and Augustus Luce were among the leading singers. The choir was 'dressed in uniform,' as they called it, the women wearing black silk dresses with flowing sleeves and white undersleeves. The rehearsals for the gathering are described as great events. Indeed, the large voluntary choir in those days seems to have been very popular. A trio of singers, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. John Munyan, and Mrs. Page, were especially attractive, because the latter was the shortest and used to stand between the other two, who were quite tall. Evidently half a century ago had its humors and charms, quite as much as does the present.

"The musical taste of those days must have descended to this, as the singers with us today were all brought up in this church, coming back to pay their glad tribute of song.

"The first marriage in the church building, September 21, 1857, was that of Spencer R. Kingsley and Miss Emeline L. Sheldon, now the widow of Jacob Hills. Thus the events of those days were not so distant after all.

"Reference has been made to the caliber of the leaders early identified with the place. The Sanders fund of \$5,000, left for the church and society by Mr. Sanders, whose acumen made him a sagacious and successful partner and coadjutor of Governor Hayden, perpetually attests his warm interest in the church.

"Governor Hayden's impress is upon the whole church and place. He has been described as like a father to the village, with a father's pride in all its success. When the funds for completing the building of the church edifice were trembling in the balance, he purchased four pews at the appraisal suggested by himself, of \$500 apiece, and agreed to assume all the indebtedness 'beyond the amount appraised on the pews which might be incurred.' We can hardly wonder that the next item in the church records quickly reads: 'Voted to accept the proposition.' And the brunt of the church and society expenses was always cheerfully assumed and borne by him until his death.

"Dampness and lack of room rendering the vestry under the audience room injurious to health and inadequate, larger quarters were provided in the shape of the present Sunday-school and prayer-meeting rooms and the church parlors, in the addition erected in 1873 in the rear of the audience room. The organ and choir gallery were changed from the old position at the end opposite the pulpit to that in its rear, and a new organ, the present one, was provided. The cost of these repairs so extensive was, as given in the society records, \$11,177.50. Of this amount \$1,800 was for the cost of the new organ, after allowing \$500 as the proceeds from the sale of the old one.

"As the repairs were nearing completion, and while the people still worshiped with a curtain hung between the pulpit and the unfinished choir gallery, occurred the death of Governor Hayden. The tablet erected to his memory by his daughters, and placed on the east side of the church walls, tells simply the rest.

"Then, as if one blow were not enough, came the flood, Saturday morning at half-past six, May 16, 1874 — the bursting of the Mill River dam, and that wall of water moving like a forest wave down upon the waking inhabitants of the peaceful villages, and sweeping one hundred and fifty to death in its mad surge. It was permitted him who pens these lines, then in his early ministry and never dreaming that after years would see him pastor here, to visit the scene two or three days later and behold the desolation wrought. And desolation it was! The extensive buildings of the brass works—gone! The huge boiler of the shops—lodged on the terrace of the Governor Hayden residence, as if in mute appeal to the dead proprietor for protection! Where were garden spots—wilderness, and bowlders, and sand, as at creation's dawn! 'Will there be preaching tomorrow?' some one was heard asking the Haydenville pastor, Mr. Kimball. 'No,' was the reply; 'God preaches the sermon tomorrow.'

"The church and village that had been so prosperous never have quite recovered from the disaster. Sunlight and storm must ever mingle in this life. The Haydenville church has not escaped. There was lost to the town the foundry, standing opposite the railroad station, and taken possession of by the brass company during their rebuilding; also the prosperous silk works at Skinnerville, whose public-spirited proprietor, William Skinner, was also lost to the church by the removal of himself and his business to Holyoke. From the latter place, as from an outlook, Mr. Skinner has made his interest felt in his old church home by contributing, in 1894, \$500 toward repairing and renovating it, the total repairs costing \$1,000, and seen in the present frescoing and decorations,—the old tall and graceful spire having, in 1886, given way to the present one for the sake of safety.

"With the flood came also a change in a large portion of the *personnel* of the operatives of the place from native to foreign, and especially affecting church life and conditions. The recent hard times have also left their mark.

"But day comes again after night. Through cloud and sunshine alike, faithful and earnest souls have kept aloft the gospel banner, so that this fiftieth birthday finds the church, which has invited in its friends and old-time members and officers to help celebrate the event, still clothed with bodily vigor and ready for its work. The business tide that ebbcd has turned and again begun to flow. With the sweet tones calling to worship, of the bell contributed in honor of their father by the three daughters of ex-Governor Hayden, Mrs. Jeanette Francis, Mrs. ex-Gov. Thomas Talbot, and Mrs. Crosby, and with the ready home response for repairing and repainting the exterior of the church edifice, adding its encouragement, the future calls to fresh hope and zeal.

"One looks out upon the attractive streets and well-kept lawns of Haydenville, on the pleasant homes nestling beneath the trees, upon the hills that keep guard around, and back again upon the church building seated in quiet dignity upon the goodly site where the fathers located it; and as the associations of this jubilee anniversary mingle themselves with the scene, there recur the blest words of old, that like sweet music break upon the ear:—

"'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

"'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

"'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

"'For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee.'"

The sermon was followed by a fervent prayer, offered by Rev. G. M. Webber, D.D.

Rev. George H. Buck, for six years the pastor immediately preceding Mr. Martyn, brought greeting in behalf of the former pastors, referring especially to his

own ministry here, to the unseen and unmeasured influences of a pastor's work, and to the sacred friendships he is permitted to share. Letters from the former pastors, E. W. Cook, C. T. Reed, and E. J. Klock, with one from the widow of D. W. Marsh, D.D., were read in the same connection, conveying fraternal and affectionate greetings, and bringing the remembrances of old associations; also from Rev. Wm. A. Trow, extending to the church which received him into membership during his childhood his still warm and filial interest, and from Miss M. E. Blanchard, also a former member, and Mr. Dorman T. Warren, one of the proprietors of the Gold Pen Manufactory, formerly located in Haydenville, and having for many years afterwards as his nearest neighbor in Montclair, New Jersey, the first pastor of the church, Rev. Edward Sweet.

*Tablet given by the
society*

TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYR-MISSIONARY,
MISS HATTIE J. RICE.

REV. R. M. WOODS' ADDRESS.

The pastor: "A sad but pleasing task now awaits us—the unveiling of the tablet placed in this house in memory of our martyr-missionary, Miss Hattie J. Rice, who is her own best witness to what this church gave through her to the Master's cause. There will be a solo, 'Eye hath not seen,' sung by Mrs. R. L. Baldwin, after which Rev. R. M. Woods, Congregational pastor at Hatfield, will deliver the unveiling address."

Mr. Woods said:—

"Though invited to speak at the unveiling of this tablet, I am deeply sensible of the fact that I am not the speaker at all. It is the tablet that speaks. It is the tablet that will speak, telling its story of heroism, singing its song of thanksgiving, kindling in the souls that receive nurture within these walls the inspiration of service. I am not the speaker; at best I am but an interpreter, offering to you the messages which the tablet voices to me.

"And first this tablet seems to me to make a confession: the church in Haydenville cherishes the cause of Christian missions. Though the tablet was given to the church, which was not the immediate agent in its erection, yet the church accepts it, and it stands on these walls a witness to the loyalty of this church to the cause of Christian missions. It is as if this church said: 'This sainted soul who died for Jesus' sake was one of us. Her work was our work. We not only approve it, we claim it. What she did we did. Her Christian life began with us, in our midst it was fed; here there grew up in her heart the ideas of service which made her what she was.



Your loving sister,
Katie J. Rice

All the glories commemorated on this tablet are the fruit not only of the soul-life of this Christian heroine, they are the fruit of the life of this church in which she was reared. Witness our faith in Christian missions.'

"I have said this tablet is a confession ; it is also a pledge—a pledge that this church will ever love and sustain the sacred cause for which this life was given. And what can Christianity be but a missionary religion? Love makes it so. God is love, and because God is love, His Son was sent into the world, the first missionary, to deliver the world out of its sorrow and sin. 'He that loveth is born of God.' Christianity is love, and Christianity must send its sons and daughters, as missionaries, out into the world, so long as the world cries for help, weighed down under its appalling load of ignorance and sin.

"Again this tablet makes a declaration: there is nothing so precious as a noble personality. That personality is emphasized by this tablet, which thus makes an important declaration of value. It speaks of the surpassing worth of a pure and saintly soul. In the ninth chapter of Proverbs there are set before us some of the things which wisdom has provided in her honor. Like a magnificent queen she hath builded her house and hewn out her seven pillars ; she hath killed her beasts, she hath mingled her wine, she hath furnished her tables, she hath sent forth her maidens. The church in Haydenville has given us royal welcome today. She extends to us her hospitality. She exhibits her treasures. But what does she glorify most of all? It is the personality of the fathers and mothers that gave the church being ; of the sons and daughters that have gone forth to do their church honor ; of the maiden whose martyrdom this tablet commemorates. After hearing the address of Miss Lilavati Singh on the results of higher education in India, delivered at the late Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, General and ex-President Harrison made this remark, 'If I had given a million dollars to foreign missions, I

should count it wisely invested if it led only to the conversion of this one woman.'

"Finally, this tablet gives utterance to a prophecy. Its theme is the redemption of China. Much as we may honor this young martyr of the cross here in Haydenville, we must not forget that it is in the very province of Shansi, where she gave her life, that the greatest honors await her. When the International Council of Congregationalists met recently in Boston, one day was devoted to a pilgrimage to Plymouth. Some of us who joined the company remember what was said by one of the English brethren present. He said the Pilgrim Fathers were not Americans; they were Englishmen. Their home was England; England they loved. But for Christ's sake they exiled themselves. For Christ's sake they crossed the sea, they faced the wilderness, the winter, and the savage. For Jesus' sake they suffered and died, and homesickness had a place in their sorrows. Yes, the Pilgrims were Englishmen, but where is their monument? I remember the painting commemorating their pilgrimage which adorns the House of Parliament in London. But their real monument is not in England. Their monument is this great Republic, with all its Christian institutions. This church is their monument. You and I are their monuments, and so is every citizen of the land who enjoys its bounties and reposes in its Christian freedom. So the real monument of Miss Hattie J. Rice will be raised in China, in the province of Shansi, and behind the voice of this tablet and all monuments of earth is the voice of the Saviour, 'She hath done what she could.' 'Where-soever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.'"

The selection, "Over the Stars There is Rest," sung by the Nevin Quartet, touchingly closed this office of love. The tablet was given in memory of Miss Rice by her sisters.



Truly Yours
A. D. Sanders

SKETCHES OF A. D. SANDERS.

The afternoon addresses closed with tributes to the character and influence of A. D. Sanders, given by Dr. W. M. Trow, also by Rev. J. W. Lane, Congregational pastor at North Hadley.

Dr. Trow's tribute, effectively emphasized by Rev. Dr. Webber, to whom, owing to the ill health of Dr. Trow, it had been passed to present, was a personal recognition from one who knew him well, and who, in a letter to the pastor, writes, "You need not fear that you will overestimate either Mr. or Mrs. Sanders." Dr. Trow's sketch, as forwarded by himself, is as follows:—

"Albert D. Sanders was born in Whately, in 1816, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Sanders. At the age of sixteen he went to Northampton, and was employed in the drug store of Deacon J. P. Williston until he was twenty-one. He then went to Haydenville and worked in the store of the Haydenville Button Company. His business ability was recognized by Joel Hayden, and Mr. Sanders became influential in the affairs of the company. In 1847, Joel Hayden and Mr. Sanders built a cotton mill (the factory at present owned by the Nonotuck Silk Company). This mill employed about 100 hands, and its product became widely known and was in much demand. Mr. Sanders was one of the owners and the first general manager. Mr. Williston, of Easthampton, who had been associated with Joel Hayden in the button business, bought Mr. Hayden's interest, in 1848, and that business was moved to Easthampton. Mr. Hayden and Mr. Sanders then, in addition to their cotton business, began the manufacture of hardware and plumbing goods in the button factory. Thus the extensive Haydenville brass business was started, and is still carried on in the same

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building and its extensions. Mr. Sanders possessed exceptional business ability and enterprise, and at a very dark time in general business affairs, he was a tower of strength to the mill interests of Haydenville, and preserved, by tremendous endeavor, the prosperity of the village. The strain of this adverse period was very severe upon him. He became broken in health and died in 1862, at the age of forty-six. Mr. Sanders married Jane E. Tyleston, daughter of Elisha Tyleston, of Haydenville. They had no children, but adopted two girls and a boy. The boy was Everett Sanders, who is now living in Minnesota. One of the daughters died several years ago. The other is Mrs. Lawrence, of Pittsfield. She is at present visiting Mr. Sanders' sisters, Mrs. S. W. Reed and Mrs. Lucy S. Sanderson, of West Street, in Northampton. Dr. Trow paid a most earnest and appreciative tribute to the moral worth of both Mr. and Mrs. Sanders. Mr. Sanders not only contributed very largely to the support of the church in the way shown by Rev. Mr. Martyn's historical sketch, but he was kind and charitable in all the affairs of life. In all his benevolent acts he was supported by the same spirit of humanity and generosity in his wife. It was said that the hungry and the perplexed never went from their door unfed or unassisted. Mrs. Sanders' death occurred a few months before that of her husband. Upon his death Mr. Sanders left a fund of \$5,000 for the church and a fund of \$5,000 for the school. Dr. Trow said of his business integrity, that of him the saying was common and especially true, that 'his word was as good as his bond.' "

Rev. Mr. Lane's words were in the form of reminiscences, and although impromptu, yet were most happily received by the audience. He said, as revised by himself :—

"I have been asked by Deacon C. D. Waite, once a Whately boy, to say something of my knowledge of this church, and especially as supplementary to what has been read of Albert David Sanders — also a Whately boy —

one of its founders, by whom probably it was first suggested, and by whose influence, for the sake of union, it became a Congregational church.

"When I was pastor in Whately, from 1860 to 1878, our church relations were intimate, with frequent exchanges and councils, at one of which, October 12, 1865, George W. Phillips was ordained your pastor. Two of the deacons whom I married are on your program today. Having known this church since it was nine years old, it still seems to me young. I used to hear of it as a union church. When I first exchanged here, July 8, 1860, this building was a compromise, having an altar-rail back on a step, for kneeling at the Lord's Supper, as in a Methodist Episcopal church. Some of the Hayden family had this preference, and Josiah continued to attend his church at Williamsburg. The altar rail was removed when the chapel was built, and the new organ faced the congregation. The old organ from the gallery, built for Governor Hayden by Johnson, of Westfield, when he was making his reputation, and with an interior finish of every wooden pipe to meet the approval of Mr. Hayden's mechanically critical eye, remodeled by Mr. Johnson, was bought by E. C. Allis, of Whately, who died on the day he had set to go for it, and I fulfilled my promise to collect subscriptions to pay for it. No organ has a sweeter tone for me, with memories of Haydenville and Whately.

"The flood came. We were soon here from Whately to do what we could. The chapel, before dedication, was first used as a temporary shelter of the dead, for care before burial. I helped Mr. Kimball at these first burials in your cemetery, one of which was of a son of one of the Hayden family. The church and people in Whately gave family Bibles to the surviving families of Williamsburg who lost theirs in the flood, when they had done what they could otherwise.

"My first exchange, July 8, 1860, with Mr. Brewster was, I think, effected by Mr. Sanders, at whose home I went between the services. I had met him on some of

his frequent visits to his old home in Whately. These visits had sometimes been on, or for over, Sunday, till his father, good Deacon David Sanders, in his undoubted conscientiousness, suggested that it might seem too much like Sunday visiting. But Mr. Sanders ever seemed a man of sterling integrity, of unaffected piety, a constant attendant on church and at prayer meetings, where he sometimes took part. I knew of his acts of benevolence, especially toward missionary objects, towards which he had parental training as well as the influence of J. P. Williston, in whose family, as a boy, for some time he lived, and from whom he may have acquired some of his skill for business.

"I may say, on the best of authority, that it was a very happy copartnership between Mr. Hayden and Mr. Sanders, and that the one admirably supplemented the other. I remember the sorrow when Mr. Sanders' devoted wife died, December 15, 1861, and, his home broken up, he more frequently visited his parents and friends in Whately; and when, in the early part of the Civil War, under a stress of business which, in one department, amounted to a crisis, his health gave way. He went to a water-cure, and was recovering from sleeplessness when typhoid fever broke out, and he suddenly passed away.

"This overwhelming affliction, in the death of their only son, was borne with wonderful calmness and resignation by his parents, both invalids and greatly depending on him—his father in his last illness, and his mother unable to walk for forty years. His two sisters and a brother-in-law must now care for those parents. For their sakes his body was brought to the old home, where I conducted a service, before the more formal one in this church, when Mr. Brewster preached from Acts viii: 2, 'And devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him.' But in the home service what should I say but words of Scripture comfort, telling of Him who was made perfect through suffering? I remember repeating stanzas beginning—

“‘With silence only as their benediction,
 Good angels come
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb.’

I remember saying that, in his dealings with us, God never makes any mistakes, and we should learn to say, Thy will be done.

“And there was one at that service who, had he lived, was to become the second Mrs. Sanders; one worthy of him—intellectual, refined, gentle, strong, affectionate, faithful—her superior rare, her equal to me unknown. She had borne a like sudden sorrow in the death, seven years before, of a graduate of Amherst—a student of Humboldt, in Germany, and in the scientific service of one of the southern states. She afterward told me of the comfort that came from the thought that ‘God never makes any mistakes.’ But hers was a path of sorrow and discipline, with which I was intimately acquainted, and in some cases almost amounting to tragedy, as one after another of her family were snatched away till seven were taken, and hers was the ninth funeral I had in her old home.

“By the discipline of sorrow I have been drawn to a closer intimacy with Mr. Sanders’ family than to almost any other of which I have been pastor. Some interest may have come in that his parents and myself were natives of New Hampshire, but much more from experiences in common. Both these parents inherited money from their son. Deacon Sanders gave all his legacy to missionary objects before he went to meet his son. He made many life members of missionary societies. The only certificate I ever had framed hangs in my study, showing that I am a Life Member of the American Missionary Association, by donation of Deacon David Sanders. He also, as deacon representing the second church in Whately, gave the deed of lot and building to the first church, facilitating the union of the two.

"This short sketch of his parents may account in part for what Albert David Sanders was. Of his liberality and generosity to church and school you know. It was said at the time that his legacy to this church, by current rate of interest, was intended to pay the \$300 he paid annually while living. What he did in many benevolences with his right hand, his left did not know, nor did other people, save incidentally—never by his proclaiming. It seems fitting that, for the encouragement of others, some of these things done should be told in remembrance of him."

Brief Reminiscences were given by deacons H. C. Smith and Wilbur M. Purrington, of the Haydenville church.

A pleasing feature of the closing of the afternoon exercises was the response given to the invitation to the old-time singers in the choir to join it in singing the closing hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," when, amid the applause of the audience, Augustus Luce, George W. Marks, Mrs. Mary Purrington, and Mrs. L. Clark Presby passed up the aisles into the choir gallery and took their places there, where so long they had joined in leading the music of yore.

EVENING.

At the close of the collation, the evening exercises began with the half-hour musical service, as arranged on the program, and which was given by the choir and those assisting. The regular addresses of the evening then followed.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS OF REV. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, D.D.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Phillips, in delivering the anniversary address, feelingly referred to the associations stirred within him as he came back to this, his first pastorate, and looked into the faces of old friends, and shared the associations and inspiration of the occasion that had called them together. He was glad to see that the church, thus happily celebrating its birth, was still seeking to do well its work, and he would find, in its past and present, the suggestion for his theme—*The True Church for the Times*. He would take for the basis of his remarks the words to Peter, contained in Matthew xxi: 18: "Upon this rock I will build my church."

In elaborating his theme, Dr. Phillips said:—

"At the moment when these words were spoken, Peter had just made a great affirmation touching Christ, namely, that he was the Son of the living God. That proposition, our Saviour says, is the foundation of the church. Peter is not the rock; Christ is not the rock; but the spiritual insight of Peter, divining in Christ the quality of God in human life—this is the rock on which organized Christianity rests, just as foundation walls, to stand, have to be laid on bed rock or solid earth. Christ organized no church, framed no creed, drafted no covenant, ordained no church official. But he did send the

twelve and the seventy into the vicinage to get the material ready out of which churches might be made. Immediately after Pentecost, germinal churches sprang up, with the simplest form of organization. The church was not intended to be a mechanism like a piece of carpentry, but a growth out of the regenerate social nature of man. There have been as many types of churches as of social and civic conditions, where the Christian teaching has gone. A church for India, or China, or Africa, cannot be successfully duplicated in England or America. The test of value of a church in a given place is the present and practical Christian results it has to show in the setting of the broad stamp of the Christ-life on persons and society in that particular community.

"The thought I have to offer is the working model of a church of Christ for our time. Such a church will be an alliance of all Christians, through the spiritual life-force in them, for the work Christ would do if here, under the existing conditions. This church in Haydenville was started in that way. It was a federation of fragments of churches, of various types, and may fairly claim to have been, in its inception, fifty years ago, prophetic of what is now the note of progress, in all directions, among all Christian bodies. This federative movement is the spiritual counterpart of the mighty drift of business, at the moment, into the so-called 'trust.' A way must be found to harness and to utilize the combined force of neighbor churches. In the modern town, specialization has gone so far that it uses up too much money and other force to keep the complex machinery running. I see no reason why the sheltering roof may not cover, and the embracing arms of a single church alliance may not surround and conserve, everything pure, and true, and humane, and devout, of which human nature is capable. Our individualism since the Reformation has multiplied sects beyond all reason. These pitiful little schisms are dribbling out partial views of truth, and attempting, in a feeble way, to do good, like rills from a spring, losing themselves too

soon in a desert, instead of flowing together like tributaries of a broad river, on which great ships may come and go, laden with the commerce of the world. Love works ever toward unity. A church for the time and for all time means love in action, and the law of its life is and must be coöperation. Against socialism and separatism we invoke that other spirit of Christian communism in the church which will not narrow itself to a sect, but which holds itself as a part of a completed electric circuit, through which pulsates the spirit of love, as Christ lived it. Forces must be combined and harnessed for the best results.

"Is there a force adequate to unify all forces, moral and spiritual? Have we an organization inclusive enough to take in regenerate thought and life, and benevolent impulse, and local civic reform? I think we have. A force that stays is the great necessity—an institution flexible, but ever the same in its essence to gather into itself and master society, as moved by the Spirit of God. The state cannot do this. The town hall cannot do this. Schools of the new learning, trades and mercantile boards, the press—not one, nor all, of these are equal to the task of focusing the best life and conscience of a community and directing it against whatever is bad. Is the church of Christ, unified and harnessed in a given place, able to do this? This is just what, for fifty years, this village church has been attempting, with more or less success, to do. And if you cannot move on into your second half-century with purpose and intent to do these same things on a larger scale, there is no very flattering prospect before you. The appeal I make to you is that you make your church instinct and vital with the mind and spirit of the Master; a church hospitable to every good thing; a church easily harnessed and giving place for whoever is truly and profoundly Christian; a church full of zeal, not so much to exploit itself as to make whoever comes into touch with it a promoter and a sharer of its delightful fellowship."

HON. STEPHEN M. CROSBY'S SKETCH OF
LIEUT.-GOV. JOEL HAYDEN.

MANUFACTURER.—CHRISTIAN.—CITIZEN.—PUBLIC MAN.

Hon. S. M. Crosby, of Boston, son-in-law of Joel Hayden, found a congenial task, to which he brought a full knowledge from close personal and business relations, in speaking of Governor Hayden and his place in the community, the church, and the state. Mr. Crosby in his early life was identified, as superintendent, with the cotton mill, under the ownership of Governor Hayden and Mr. Sanders. The following is his address, which was a thorough and discriminating analysis:—

"When your committee, who have in charge the exercises of this anniversary which you are so successfully celebrating today, did me the honor to invite me to address you, they very truly said that among the reminiscent sketches of the men who fifty years ago were instrumental in founding this society 'a large place would be given to so great a benefactor as the late Governor Hayden.'

"To lay a grateful tribute upon the grave in yonder cemetery, where, after his busy, useful life, he has slept more than a quarter of a century, to recall to the memory of some here present that noble, striking presence, that energetic, kindly, vigorous man, who moved through these streets the vitalizing, directing force that planted, sustained, and developed the several industries here, till this was, in the height of his power, one of the model and most beautiful villages of the state, and to tell to those who knew him not a brief story of the early privations and struggles, the indomitable industry, the steady progress, the financial success, the local affection, the pub-

lic confidence, and the political honor which marked his well-rounded life, is the duty assigned me. A loving duty, willingly undertaken, though I wish it might have been intrusted to more competent hands.

"Joel Hayden was born in Cummington, April 14, 1798, and died in New York City, November 10, 1873. He came of sturdy old New England stock on both sides. On his father's side he was seventh in descent from John Haidon, who came with William and James Haidon, presumably his brothers, in the ship 'Mary and John,' and located in Dorchester, then a part of Braintree, in 1630. Here he was made a 'Freeman' in 1634, and the town records still bear evidence of his energy and possession of several parcels of real estate.

"The family first came into notice in England in the person of Thomas de Hayden, who was a 'Justice Itinerant' in 1221, reign of Henry III. From him all the several lines appear to have descended. They seem to have been a well-to-do, substantial race, conservative in politics, and standing well at court. A chronicle of the family quaintly says, 'As a rule, they have been staunch churchmen, pious and devoted in their way, the builders, repairers, and endowers of churches; friends of the clergy, respected for their moral characters; the advocates of advanced views, benevolent in dispositions, promoters of good order, and charitable benefices,' every word of which applies truly to him of whom I speak tonight.

"Josiah, fifth in descent from John, came with his wife, born Ruhamah Thayer, from Braintree to Williamsburg, the first of the name in this town, where he died December 29, 1810. His son, the so-called 'Rev. Josiah,' born at Braintree, January 9, 1760, was the husband of Esther Halleck, and the father of Joel.

"On his mother's side, Mr. Hayden was descended from Peter Hallock, one of thirteen Pilgrim Fathers who landed at New Haven in 1640, thence removing the same year to Southold, on the eastern end of Long Island, where he went, the first one on shore, on a spot called

Hallock's Neck to this day. He possessed himself of land by purchase from the Indians, on a part of which, more than two hundred years after, the original homestead was occupied by one of his descendants, while various others of them, prosperous farmers, were settled in the neighborhood. The Hallocks were a doughty race, stalwart, brainy men, breeding many ministers full of religious enthusiasm and polemic zeal—good fighters—of whom one, Captain Joseph, died commander of a ship of war, like Nelson in the moment of victory, and another, the late Henry Wagner Halleck, was at one time 'General-in-chief of the whole land forces of the United States' during the war of the Rebellion.

"Ship-builders and merchants, too, were among Peter's descendants, the list culminating in honor in these later days in Fitz Greene Halleck the poet, honored after death by a noble granite monument in the graveyard of his native town, and a bronze statue in Central Park, New York, unveiled by the President of the United States, who, with the members of his cabinet, the great living poets of the time, and other distinguished citizens, was escorted thither by the celebrated Seventh Regiment; no equal dignity ever bestowed upon a poet in this country.

"William Halleck, born in 1730, fourth in descent from the original Peter, seems to have been originally a sailor, but having narrowly escaped with his life ('without even his hat' says the record), from a disaster in which his vessel was lost, he renounced the sea and settled where apparently he could be as remote from all its dangers and allurements as any spot in New England, up here in the neighboring town of Goshen.

"Nine children were born to him, of whom one, Esther, born in 1769, became the wife of Rev. Josiah Hayden and the mother of Joel. Possibly some who hear me may remember her. She died in this village in 1862 at the great age of ninety-three, and sleeps beside her husband and son in the family lot in your

cemetery. Why Joel's father was called 'Reverend' in the record, is not clear. It is believed in the family that he was a Baptist exhorter and at one time a missionary to the Seneca Indians. Certainly his son Josiah, whom many of you so lovingly remember, could, in his younger days, sing the Indian songs of the tribe, but where or how learned no one knows.

"Neither preaching nor farming seems to have satisfied Rev. Josiah's activities, so about 1812 he built a mill at Cummington for making some kind of cotton or woolen goods. The use of the mill has been several times changed. The first one was burned but rebuilt, and it is now owned, I believe, by Mr. Stevens. The original bell is yet in existence, I am told, and still summons to daily labor if there is any there to be performed. Here Joel doubtless received the first impressions which directed the energies of his mature life.

"The nineteenth century just closed, during three-quarters of which Mr. Hayden lived, was one of the most wonderful in accomplishment which the world has ever known. In no like period of which history remains, has there ever been such advance in unlocking the secrets of nature, such adaptation of new discoveries to promoting the physical comfort, the intellectual enlargement, the social unification of the human race. Not only the great triumphs which have annihilated distance and time by the use of steam and electricity, or of physical pain by that of anæsthetics, or solved the problems of the Heavenly bodies by telescope and spectroscope, but in the countless minor matters which minister at once to comfort, safety, health, and happiness in our homes and daily life. With the incoming of the nineteenth century there sprang into existence a race of strenuous men, whose fathers having established liberty and freedom of conscience, and trampled down class distinctions and limitations, were free, each for himself, and following the bent of his own powers, to strike into new fields of effort and to develop whatever of ingenuity, inventive genius, honor-

able ambition, or business faculty he might possess. Serving himself so best to serve all others, by bringing within their reach things never before possessed, making what had been luxuries for the rich, the simple, easily obtained necessities of life for all. Forming the crude material of earth into things of use, necessity, and beauty; opening the doors of knowledge to everyone without distinction of race or color; chaining every power of the universe to the chariot of progress, and making the wilderness and desert to blossom as the rose.

"One such man was Joel Hayden. Inured to toil from earliest boyhood on his father's rocky farm in Cummington; working in the little mill, getting only such education as could be obtained from the village school, and with no capital but his stalwart frame, his clear, active brain, his honest heart, and his fear of God, he was launched into the great sea of human affairs to work such passage and make such port as he might.

"The family legend runs, that when old enough to leave the parental home, now somewhat crowded with nine children, of which he was the oldest son, his ambition was to be a teacher of singing—an honorable position in the eyes of a boy, when that person competed indignity with the minister in the long Sunday services, and doubtless far eclipsed him in popularity with the young members of the congregation. But the hard-headed old father, who better gauged the capacities of the boy, stifled that immature longing, and, taking him to Pittsfield, apprenticed him to the Pomeroy's, then a firm of celebrated gunsmiths and locksmiths. A few mornings after his introduction to his new career he was found by a younger brother, sleeping quietly in the front room of his father's house; a long, dark, night tramp having brought back the homesick boy to the familiar roof. What passed we do not know. Fathers were positive and energetic in those days; the discipline which King Solomon recommended was not then unknown or outgrown. At all events, he was marched back to Pittsfield

and to his work, and did not again return for three years, or perhaps until his trade was learned. Presumably what he suffered at that time he never forgot, for years afterward he said to a young daughter, who was being taken back to her distant school from an uninvited return to her home, 'When your heart gets up in your throat so you can't speak and it chokes you, you may come home.'

"Having finished his apprenticeship with the Pomeroys and learned his trade as a 'Gun and Locksmith,' as he always called himself, he went to Middletown, Connecticut, and worked for the Norths, who were in the same business and made arms for the government. Here he met his first wife, Isabella Weir Smith, born in Ayer, Scotland, November 22, 1799. They were married, May 6, 1823, and he soon thereafter moved to what is now this village, where he bought a water privilege and small factory, which had been built by his uncles, David and Daniel Hayden, and then commenced the steady, energetic devotion to manufacturing, which ended only with his death. First, he opened a jobbing machine shop and an iron foundry, doing all kinds of work required by those living in the towns in this vicinity, making even power looms it is said, probably for the little mills in the county. Here his thoroughness, his ingenuity, his inventive skill soon made itself known, and business grew upon his hands. In 1827, Mr. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, who, with his wife, was introducing in a small way the manufacture of covered buttons, sent him a sample of the moulds used, to see if he could make them. This he not only did, but improved them, devised machines for cheapening and perfecting them, introduced labor-saving devices for much of the hand work in the manufacture, and thus gave a great impetus to a business which has made many fortunes, built at least one beautiful village, and founded or fostered great institutions of learning.

"This was conducted on joint account with Mr. Williston for twenty years, when he sold out his interest to

his partner and turned to other fields which would employ his abilities in wider forms. He built, in 1848, the cotton mill at the lower end of the village, a mill which in the beauty of its location and surroundings, the thoroughness and stability of its construction, made it a source of admiration and pride at the time, and have enabled it to resist the destructive influences of time, tempest, and flood for more than half a century. This established and running smoothly, his restless energy craved further exercise, and finding a little brass finishing establishment struggling for life in New York, he bought it, moved it into the then unoccupied button factory, devised new machinery, invented new methods and developed a business, which at the time of his death was one of the largest of its kind in the country, while the reputation of its products had no superior. Fortune blessed him, but only as the honest fruit of untiring industry, inventive genius, and patient persistence in perfect work. Shams, veneers, or makeshifts were never tolerated by him. Until a thing, no matter what, was well done, it was never left undone; and day, night, meal time, or rest were disregarded till what he had set himself to do was accomplished to the extent of all the power he possessed.

"Hand to hand with prosperity came liberality with him, and this beautiful church, the schoolhouse next it, the shaded, well-kept streets, and all the lovely beauty of the village which he left, bore witness to his kindly helpfulness and example, while all the organizations which make for Christianity, temperance, and philanthropy found a ready response from him to their calls for aid.

"During all the labors and struggles of his earlier days, he had in Isabella Weir Smith, a most devoted wife, a loving helpmate, a trusty adviser, and a judicious friend. She bore him eleven children, of whom eight lived to mature manhood and womanhood, and six survive unto today. She endured the hardships of his days of narrow means and incessant labor without a murmur, was hospitable

able, charitable, kind to the poor, deeply religious, refined in appearance, courteous in manner, beloved and respected by all. Her untimely death, August 4, 1852, prevented her sharing fully with him the wealth and honors which were then beginning to cluster thickly about him, but she left her impress, which he never failed to gratefully recognize, upon his fitness and capacity for all that came to him.

"But all his time, during these busy years, was not devoted to the prosecution of business or the acquisition of property. He found time for all the duties of good citizenship in local, state, and national affairs. His influence and activity was always felt on the side of public as well as private integrity, morality, and temperance, and while he lived this village which bears his name was kept singularly free from all the vices, immoralities, and follies which are so often the bane and dishonor of even our best country towns. As the community came to know and to trust him he was called again and again to serve in official positions of constantly increasing responsibility and honor. He never sought an office, preferring always the quiet of his home and the all-engrossing occupation of his business affairs, but he never refused the use of his name when a principle was involved and when the people turned to him, as one who was without selfish ambition and who would stand firm as a rock for what he believed to be just and right. His political career began in 1841 when he was first elected a selectman of this town, to which office he was twice reelected.

"He was an original anti-slavery man, one of the 'charter members,' an Abolitionist when it cost something of personal and popular approval to be one. He was elected representative to the general court in 1843 and again in 1844, when, says the veteran editor of the *Hampshire Gazette*, 'Abolitionism was about as unpopular as it could be;' elected after sharp contests in which every voter possible was brought to the polls. 'I well

remember,' says Mr. Gere, 'the excitement of those contests.'

"About this time he joined Deacon J. Payson Williston, of Northampton, in contributing money to establish and carry on the *Hampshire Herald*, the first anti-slavery paper in Western Massachusetts. In the national elections of 1842 and 1844 he led the forlorn hope of the Liberty party, as candidate for congress in the seventh or western district, in the revolt against the subserviency to slavery of the Whig party—succeeding at the first election in defeating a choice under the majority rule.

"In 1844 he was nominated for county commissioner, with two others, on the 'County Temperance Ticket,' so-called, and was the only one elected, another trial being necessary to fill the board. He served the full term of three years and declined a reelection, but three years later, in 1850, the fierce struggle between the Whigs and the 'Coalition' being on, he was taken up as a 'Free Soiler' and again triumphantly elected. In 1853, he again declined reelection and gave himself once more to the more grateful and congenial pursuits of home, interrupted only as they might be, by performance of his duty as an Overseer of Harvard college, to which office he was twice elected, under the law as it then existed, by the senate and house of representatives in joint session, covering the period from 1854 to 1860.

"But in 1860 the gloomy shadow of the great war cloud which was to burst the next year filled the land with forebodings and dread. The people who lived in this councilor district turned instinctively to Mr. Hayden, as one whose heart knew no fear nor compromising, and who would be firm to stand by and uphold the executive in whatever position the state might be called to take. The convention was held in Westfield, and after a stiff fight with the friends of a distinguished citizen of Springfield, who was put in opposition, Mr. Hayden was nominated and elected for 1861, and again for 1862. Then

the war was on in earnest. Some of my older auditors remember the anxieties, the excitements, the horrors of those days. The great war governor, Andrew, wanted men about him, only men whose spines were as unbending, whose courage was as unfaltering, whose hearts were as pure and unselfish as his own, and the people of the whole state responded by electing Mr. Hayden lieutenant-governor three years in succession, to fill out the full term of Governor Andrew. Calm, dignified, and cool—undismayed by reverses, unexcited by successes—he gave his steady support and sympathy to the chief executive, till the return of peace gave each the opportunity to lay down the heavy burdens they had borne and to close with thankful honors their political careers.

"During the quarter of a century in which Mr. Hayden was thus almost constantly in public service he grew steadily in the approval, respect, and love of those brought in contact with him, whether of the same party or not. Modest almost to bashfulness, he rarely took part in any discussions, seldom spoke but in a brief, simple way to express his opinion or his judgment. He was a good listener, hearing all sides carefully, and had the rare faculty of thoughtfully maturing his conclusions before he gave any utterance to them. So wise and thorough was he in this, that he had very rarely occasion to change any decision which he had once reached. No suggestion of personal advantage as a motive for action could ever be breathed to him by the boldest advocate of any cause; whatever did not recommend itself to his honest, truthful heart could obtain no support from him; this was the secret of his success.

"No man ever lived more free from personal vanity; from a dictatorial spirit, more absolutely democratic, in its best sense, than he. There was no representative of wealth, power, or dignity that could obtain from him anything more than the courteous recognition of a well-bred man; there was no wreck of humanity so poor, so degraded, so miserable as not to receive his kindly word,

his sympathy, his help if he was in a position to render either. If he knew pride at all it was in the moral, social, intellectual, and religious welfare of the people of this village. In all his business enterprises he never allowed success to be obtained at the cost of injury to the people inside or outside of his workshops. He was particular in the selection of his help, and would not tolerate in his employ a man whose influence was detrimental to the moral interests of the community. He was the friend of the poor, retaining their affection to the end. He was to the people of this village as a father to his family, respecting all, loving all, caring for all, and knowing no distinctions. Bred in the strict tenets of Methodism, he knew no sectarianism. He clung to no creed, but grew each year more liberal, more catholic, more free. He contributed largely to the formation and support of this, a union church. When the incoming of a foreign element made other forms of worship desirable, he assisted liberally in the erection of the Catholic church and always worked earnestly with the priest in charge, for the uplifting and welfare of his flock. In all ways he ever sought to assist, elevate, and improve, but only by persuasion and example, never by control or by command.

"He was no orator, as Brutus was—he could not hold a listening senate or a vast convention by the magic of his voice—just a plain man of the people, untutored in the lore of schools, but endowed with an instinctive faculty, perfected by the practice of his life, of getting at the heart of things, of separating the true from the false, the right from the wrong, and then throwing all the quiet, determined energy of his nature to assist the one and to repress the other.

"He was fortunate in the time in which he lived.

"'Where deeds, not words, measured a worthy life;'

"When history was made by the heroism and integrity of men's lives, and by their consecration to high ideals, to calls of human brotherhood, to God-fearing principles.

"Every new summons to public duty, or political preferment, came to him as a surprise. Why he should be wanted for such service, he never seemed to understand. He never sought it, he never thought of himself as specially fitted or competent, but being called, he set himself with the same earnest persistence with which he grappled with a mechanical problem in his factory, to grasp all the detail, all the requirements of the place he was chosen to fill, and then to perform its duties without fear, without favor, with no other motive than the public good so fully, so satisfactorily, that there was left for his successor only the hope to be equally true and equally successful. And then, the term of his office having expired, he reapplied himself to his affairs in this village with no consciousness of dignity, with no assumption of superiority, just the same good neighbor, simple citizen, ready helper that his fellow townsmen had always found him to be.

"Within five months just passed, three notable events have occurred in Boston. On the 24th of December last, a great concourse of distinguished citizens filled the vast auditorium of Trinity church to join in heartfelt sorrow in the funeral services of Roger Wolcott. A great hush was upon the city. Business suspended as far as possible, while flags at half-mast and the grief manifested in looks and speech told how universal was the mourning which the sad occasion caused. Then by the spontaneous offerings of thousands of people of the state, young as well as old, a large amount of money, exceeding \$40,000, was given, mostly in small sums, to be expended in some durable, fitting memorial of his worth and of their love.

"Again on the 18th of April another vast assemblage, presided over by the Governor of the commonwealth, crowded into Symphony hall to listen, with the accompaniment of appropriate music by the finest orchestra in the land, and by one of its most distinguished vocal clubs, to a commemorative address by the junior senator of the state in memory of the noble, unselfish

life of the same great citizen. An address so full of tender, personal recollections, of just and eloquent eulogy, of earnest and discriminating description of what he had stood for and been in the community, that it will take place among the classics of such orations and be the study and delight of generations to come, not only for its intrinsic beauty, but for the great and inspiring lesson that it teaches.

"Roger Wolcott was a man 'born in the purple,' — of distinguished lineage, whose ancestors had held high position, public and private — reared in abundant wealth, with all the advantages which a luxurious home, tender training, careful culture, and the largest education which the great university of this country and of Europe could afford; who never knew the necessity of using either body or brain for his support or for those who were dependent upon him; whose manly, handsome form was developed by generous sports and exercises, but never by an hour of necessary bodily labor or toil, and yet who resisted all the temptations to a life of ease, of personal indulgence, of sybaritic selfishness, such as the great proportion of our 'Gilded Youth' are so willing to abandon themselves to, and gave himself by diligent study and patient, careful preparation to fit himself to be useful in the time in which he lived. His was the royal road to preferment, but he trod it with steady, unfaltering steps. Soon the people recognized his perfect integrity, his spotless life, his clear judgment, his unselfish aims, while the singular fascination of his manner and his personal beauty attracted all who met him, and with a confidence which was never misplaced and never hesitated, his fellow citizens advanced him by leaps and bounds to the chair of lieutenant-governor and governor; and were waiting impatiently to see what further and higher service they might call him to, when in middle life, and in the midst of his powers, the grave closed suddenly over him, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, leaving the state mourning like Rachel, 'who would not be comforted.'

"And all this was just and right. Roger Wolcott deserved it all. He was one of the best types which our country ever furnished, of what the well born, wealthy, educated young American owes to his native land and can repay to it, if he will but realize his obligation and devote himself conscientiously to his duty. Now contrast, or rather compare, the conditions under which the lives of Joel Hayden and Roger Wolcott commenced. Where the latter had wealth, family, station, brilliant and liberal education, the former had the scanty means, the incessant toil which a small rocky hillside farm required, the limited education of the common school of 100 years ago, the early confinement in the little mill and at the mechanic's bench, no capital but his active brain, his skillful hands, and his tireless industry. Each had the legacy of honest ancestry, and each the natural equipment of manly, stalwart figures, handsome, finely-chiseled features, and dignified, courteous manners, and each the priceless blessing of good, physical health upon which no trace of dissipation, vice, or folly ever left the shadow of a stain. Pure, noble lives, faithful, earnest, and useful.

"It has been well said that 'there are times of progress when the law of Christian brotherhood shines out in the great services of gifted men and women and in the mutual regard of the multitude. A man like King Alfred measures his duty to the people about him by the elevation of his rank and the greatness of his ability. 'To make the most of himself for the common good was the law of his life.' Such a man was Roger Wolcott, no less a man was Joel Hayden. I do not think that Governor Hayden ever realized that he was a king among men, was ever conscious that he had great ability. He remembered the narrow conditions of his early life. He appreciated keenly the lack of broad and liberal education, but he had an innate, over-powering conscientiousness of right and wrong, and in whatever he interested himself, mechanics, business, politics, or morality, he set his

standard always to achieve only what was honest, true, and for the greatest good of all, and so thus gave and gained the rewards of high living.

"Just now the grass is springing green for the first time on the grave of Roger Wolcott, and the recollection of his personality and his career is fresh in the minds of all. For nearly eight and twenty years the dews and rains of summer, the frosts and snows of winter, the endlessly recurring circles of the seasons have swept—Nature's benison and requiem—over the spot where Joel Hayden's neighbors and friends, bearing him from this little church with tear-filled eyes and breaking hearts, but without ostentation or parade, in the same simple way in which he always lived and walked among them, laid him to his eternal rest. Another generation has come and almost gone since then. Those of us who knew him in his days of vigor and of usefulness are few in number and soon to be enrolled with that vast, silent majority which he so long since joined. Where is his memory to be when we are gone? Is it not fitting that before our lips are closed in the silence which knows no breaking, we shall speak in loftiest eulogy of which we are capable, of the deeds, the accomplishments, the value of such a man? The world of the twentieth century is not that of the nineteenth, but it is well for the men who are to carry on the wider enterprises, the vaster activities, the greater conquests of the future, and to enjoy the increased comforts, luxuries, and knowledge which are within their reach—it is well for them to remember that they are but entering into the fruits of the labors of those who have preceded them; that such things as they possess are possible only because of the courage, the self-denial, the unselfishness, the greatness of those who have gone before. In the same poetic spirit in which the writer of the Genesis of the world spake, may we not say,

"'There were giants on the earth in those days.'

"'The same became mighty men, which were of old men of renown!'

"Can the new generation 'bear the armor of Achilles?' Will they move with equal steps along the paths which lead to like results, to like successes, and to like benefits to mankind?"

"Scientists tell us that nothing in the universe is ever lost; conditions change, expressions and forms vary, but that the force, the power, that which is the essence of all created things, never goes out of existence. Can this be true of material things only? Must it not be equally so of the moral forces which God has liberated to control, develop, and enrich the lives of men?"

"I have heard it said recently in a sermon that 'Christianity is life; it is to consist of virtue, of public spirit, and of private benevolence.' If that be true, then Joel Hayden, who was actuated only by such motives, whose whole career was a shining example of them all, has passed only from the Christian life which is mortal here, into that which is immortal, and somehow his example, his influence, will live and bear fruit, when monuments and memorials shall have crumbled to dust.

"Our fathers' God, from out whose hand,
The centuries fall like grains of sand,"—

the farmer's boy, the millionaire's son, are both alike in Thine eye, if they only have been true to the call of duty as it came to them; if they have but done the work Thou gavest them to do, and have kept the faith.

"Who shall say which, if either, of these two men was greater, nobler than the other? Which, gauged by the equipments and opportunities of their lives, accomplished most? Which is entitled to the highest honor?"

"To each of these, His servants, the Lord entrusted five talents, differing as widely in environment as the world could furnish; can we doubt that in his home-coming, the same glad welcome of the Master rang out to each, through the vaults of Heaven,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant?"

RESPONSES FROM SPEAKERS OF THE VICINAGE.

The responses given by Prof. H. M. Tyler, of Smith College, Rev. H. T. Rose, Prof. J. H. Sawyer, Principal of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, and Rev. E. G. Cobb, though brief, brought the good-will of the vicinage and its best wishes for future growth and prosperity. They are as follows:

Professor Tyler's remarks:—

"My dear Friends:— It is with great pleasure that I stand before you this evening to express my congratulations and bring my good wishes. My interest in Haydenville has been of long standing. I can remember how, even as a boy, I used to hear of you as a community of peculiar enterprise and prosperity, and the report of the man who had the title of governor, and whose energy and business sagacity were doing so much for this beautiful village, roused great admiration in our minds as it reached us in the quiet town across the river. We used to hear of this church, in those days about the time when Brother Phillips came here, as remarkable for its enterprise and life, and as admirably equipped for the work which it had to do. And then afterward, when I came to live in Northampton, and you were in the habit of sending for me, from time to time, to preach to you, I of course felt increased respect for your good judgment, and, as I met you more frequently, was drawn to you more closely. I have found peculiar pleasure in my relation to the people of Haydenville, and am glad to rejoice with you this evening in celebrating the record of your work.

"You have been peculiarly favored in having not merely an enterprising and prosperous village and a well-appointed and vigorous church, but you have been the

Protestant church of the village. Your community has not been divided into a number of small sects, but the whole Protestant population has found this their place of worship. It has been a great influence uniting you, drawing you together. You can feel, as you could not otherwise, your relation to each other. I congratulate you on the spirit of neighborliness which could thus have free sway among you. It is the Christian idea to gather all the disciples of a community into close connection with each other. You have been able, from your position, to do much toward realizing that ideal.

"I rejoice with you, then, that the half-century's history has been so fruitful in good. I trust that the future has for you yet fairer prospects, and that the blessing of God may bring you to yet larger success."

Rev. Mr. Rose:—

"Called unexpectedly to fill a vacancy in the program, my remarks must needs be brief and informal. I am glad to convey to you the salutations of the mother church of the region on your happy anniversary. Never has a greeting been brought you more hearty and hopeful than the one I bring today.

"We congratulate you on the unity, courage, and success which distinguish your history; on your fidelity to the faith delivered to us by the fathers; on your patience and fortitude in times of trial, illustrating the perseverance of the saints; on your opportunity and high purpose for the future. Especially do we felicitate you on your desire to commemorate the names and services of some of your own communion who have fought the good fight and finished their course. By these memorials you not only celebrate their virtues, but you separate and individualize your own church. You endow it with a history, beauty, ideals of its own. It attains thus to a life apart from other churches, while it holds the common faith in the goodly fellowship of Christ's people.

"Your work lies yet before you, and is far from completion. Compared with the life of the older churches, you are yet in the bloom of youth. The mother church, whose greetings I bear to you tonight, is now awaiting the coming of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. A few years more and she will keep, it is hoped, a festival of thanksgiving and renown. To that celebration, no doubt, all her children will be invited. Meantime, in the love of our Master and with a hearty sense of gratitude for His grace and favor, let us address ourselves to our several tasks, undiscouraged and confident, and united in the common membership of the church above, which is the mother of us all."

Professor Sawyer:—

"Members of the Haydenville Church, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I thank you for the kindness shown by including me among your guests of this day and evening. I am introduced to you as coming from Easthampton, and I do not see any other person from Easthampton named on this program. Therefore I shall make bold to assume that I appear before you as the representative of my town. It is certainly most fitting that Easthampton should be represented in an occasion like this, for the connection between this village and that has always been close and friendly, and most helpful to Easthampton. In this town of Williamsburg, before there was a Haydenville, Samuel Williston found his wife, and of that woman it may with truth be said that her presence in any community was a benediction. Here in Haydenville, as you have already been reminded, Samuel Williston, in partnership with Joel Hayden, began the manufacture of covered buttons, and the manufacture of covered buttons was the beginning of Easthampton and of the institution of learning there established. Later, Mr. Williston was connected with Governor Hayden by the marriage of members of their families. From time to time Easthampton has received from Haydenville those who have added very much

to the life of our village — artisans, merchants, manufacturers, — townsmen of strength and worth. Williston Seminary has enrolled upon its books many pupils whose homes were in this village, and of those whom I have known I can speak in terms of highest commendation. Some of them are prominent today in the business interests of this village and are active in the life of this church and parish — my life-long friends, as I am most happy to believe.

"Someone has said that if a man would succeed in life he must begin by having a care to find a good father and mother to be born to. In the same way we may say of a village or a town that, if it would have an honorable and successful history, it must begin by getting good men and women to found it. This was surely the good fortune of both Easthampton and Haydenville. What better could a village ask for its beginners than such men as the Haydens, Joel and Josiah, William Skinner, Deacon Sanders, Jacob Hills, Sidney Johnson, and other men, good and true, some living, some resting in the cemetery, to lay its foundations and shape its business plans and corporate life?

"When I came to Easthampton, Dr. Phillips was pastor of this church, and for a time I knew little else about the church. When a more personal acquaintance was offered me and I began to appear in your pulpit, the Rev. James Kimball was your pastor. But from the beginning of my acquaintance, one feature of this church interested me much: I learned from the men who had removed to Easthampton from Haydenville that those who were directing the life of this village had decided that the village needed a church and only one church at that time, and although there were representatives of divers denominations, all were persuaded to unite in what we may call the essentials of the Christian religion, and to omit mention of those matters on which they were divided in opinion. I am sure we will all agree now in commending their good judgment. I have heard of a

colored man in Kentucky who named his youngest child Judas Iscariot. When he was asked for an explanation, he said that he already had sixteen children when that child was born, and sixteen children was a powerful big family for a man to take care of in Kentucky. So he did not know what to do with the new baby. Now he said that he had read in the Bible about Judas Iscariot, and the Bible said of him that it were better for that man if he had never been born. That was what he thought of the pickaninny, and so he named him Judas Iscariot. If the founders of this village had divided in their religious and denominational preferences and established three or four different churches, I am sure the time would very soon have come when it would have been said of some and perhaps all of them, it were better for that church if it had never been born. This church has been the center of your village life. After the great disaster came to this community, this house, fortunately spared from the flood, was the rallying point. From this organization your neighborhood life was reorganized, and the hope and the courage necessary for your trials came to you.

"I have always enjoyed my visits to Haydenville, especially those connected with your meetings in this house, and when I meet my neighbors in our accustomed place of worship in the neighboring town, it is a pleasure to think that the same hour finds you gathered in the place of prayer, worshipping the same God, having the same faith, the same baptism, the same hope through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Rev. E. G. Cobb, the patriarch pastor of the region, his pastorate with the Florence Congregational Church covering thirty-five years, spoke the closing words, and urged, from a pastor's long experience, practical and earnest care in providing for the pastor's wants, and a large-hearted, broad-minded attitude towards the whole community, in order that a church may thus reach its

highest good and gain those who in heart love the same Saviour of us all. Why not throw open more widely the doors to this class and welcome them in? We all believe in the same God, and should see the common ground on which we can stand, and not magnifying the differences that separate. Nothing seems more foolish than that the children of God, who expect to reach the same heaven, will not worship under the same roof, working together to learn and do His will.

The day's reunions, all too short in their stay, ended with the benediction pronounced by Rev. William C. Martyn, a son of the pastor, followed by the organ postlude.