1874

Centennial, Congregational Church, Bluehill, Maine

Congregational Church (Bluehill, Me.)

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CENTENNIAL.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BLUEHILL, MAINE.

BANGOR:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL S. SMITH & SON.
1874.
Memorial Services.

The Congregational Church in Bluehill completed its first century Oct. 7th, 1872, but the thought of a public recognition of the fact not being reasonably entertained, it was deemed best to defer the matter to the close of its one hundred and first year; when however the anniversary again came around, prevailing sickness with other obstacles, rendered a further delay unavoidable, so that Dec. 31st, 1873, was the time finally fixed upon, it being thought a fitting observance with which to close up the record of a year.

Some weeks previous to the observance, a circular letter of invitation was sent to absent and former members of the church and parish; also letters of special invitation to former pastors, and to churches and clergymen in the vicinity, many of whom responded, either personally or by letters of grateful acknowledgment and pleasing reminiscence. Upwards of three hundred dollars was also received in various sums, to be held in trust for the Church as a thank-offering and memorial of her absent Sons and Daughters.

The meeting house was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers; festoons and wreaths were profusely hung above and below; heavy medallions bearing the names of the Pastors of the Church, the date of organization, &c., together with appropriate mottoes, adorned the gallery and walls of the audience room, while in the recess at the rear of the pulpit, beneath the motto "Led of God," and wreathed in evergreen, hung a life size portrait of Rev. Jonathan Fisher, the first, and for forty one years, Pastor of the Church.

The afternoon of the appointed day was devoted to hearing an able and instructive historical address by Rev. Stephen Thurston, D. D., Secretary of M. M. Society, a former member of the Church; speeches, the reading of
letters, music, &c., followed by a collation and social chat, made up the order of the evening. Brief addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Tenny of Ellsworth, Thurston of Searsport, Rev. Messrs. Ives of Castine, Houston of Deer Isle, Raymond of Bluehill, Prof. Fletcher of the Eastern Normal School, Rufus Buck, Esq., of Bucksport, and others. Letters were read from ex-pastors Stone and Bunker, also from Revs. Josiah Fisher, M. L. Richardson, H. A. Wines, E. A. Rand, Prof. Jotham Sewall, of Bowdoin College, Rev. Dr. Pond, of Bangor Theological Seminary, and from many of the absent sons and daughters of the Church. An original historical poem was also read by Augustus Stevens, Esq., of Bluehill.

Excellent and appropriate music was furnished by the efficient choir of the church, C. C. Clough, Esq. leader, Miss S. E. Stevens, organist.

The correspondence, decorations, and general arrangements were carried forward by efficient committees, under the supervision of Rev. A. H. Tebbets,* acting pastor.

For the bountiful collation, served to the many who were present, as well as for the general success of the enterprise; much praise is due to the hearty and united effort of the ladies of the society.

* Mr. Tebbets who had been acting pastor of the church since July, 1872, was ordained to the work of the ministry the day following the centennial, January 1st, 1874.
The desire to know something of one's ancestry is an instinct of human nature. It crops out in early childhood, as seen in the earnest solicitations of little children to be informed of the early life of parents and grandparents, of things long passed, of what they saw, or heard, or did, or suffered, when they were young.

History is replete with lessons of wisdom and warning. How oft did Israel of old dwell on the history of their ancestors—God's dealings with them from the calling of Abraham—all through the patriarchal age—their sojourn in Egypt—their wondrous deliverance and settlement in the promised land? What lessons of warning, of admonition and of encouragement did they derive from this source? Of their sacred songs were they the theme, and the inspiration. Hebrew poets never seemed weary of celebrating in song, the marvelous history of their progenitors.

We are assembled to take a cursory view of the history of the Congregational Church in Bluehill—its small beginnings—its early struggles—its successes and trials.

But let me first speak of a few of the early settlers of the town. The first pastor of this Church was remarkable for his taste and skill in collecting and putting upon record the facts of early history, so that probably there are accessible to the historian, better and more reliable materials for a full history of this town, than any other in this region.

From this source we learn the first white settlement in Bluehill was made in 1762. In April of that year, Joseph Wood and John Roundy came from Beverly, Mass., and landed near the Falls. The next year they brought their families—each having a wife and six children. The place
was first called East Andover, then Newport—but was not incorporated until 1789, when it took its present name.

Four or five years after their arrival, Mr. Wood said to Mr. Roundy, “I hope we shall live to see plowing in this town yet,” to which Mr. Roundy replied, “I shall not wish to live any longer than to that time.” This incident indicates the dark prospect before them. Mr. Roundy however, lived to see many fields under good cultivation, which at that time were covered with dark and dense forests.

The third family was formed by the marriage of Col. Nathan Parker, from Andover, with the eldest daughter of Mr. Wood. Subsequently there soon followed other families by the names of Foster, Holt, Darling, Osgood and Coggsins. They came from Andover and Beverly. In three years from the coming of Messrs. Wood and Roundy, nine families had come to the place. The Wood's, Parker's and Osgood's seem to have been prolific families, and have done much towards furnishing the inhabitants of the town, while the names of some of these early settlers are not found among the living of this place.

But what sort of men and women were these? That they must have been a robust, hardy and resolute race, is unquestionable, or they never would have undertaken to rear and support families on the rugged, hard soil of this town, in a climate so severe and uninviting, and so far removed from the privileges of christian civilization. We admire their pluck, and have no small respect for their sinewy arms and muscular powers. They were needed in the exigences of their condition, and most worthily and successfully did they ply the energies with which Heaven had endowed them, and soon the wilderness became a fruitful field, and smiling habitations adorned the landscape, and became the homes of domestic bliss.

But what were the moral stamina of these pioneers? They had been reared in the old towns of the Bay State—under the influence of the schools and religious institutions and the Puritan preachers of that day. They brought with them a high respect for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Christian ministry—their value and importance in the right training of their families. Hence we find them taking
early measures to secure the preaching of the Gospel. In 1768 only six years after the woodsman's axe was first heard in their forests, we find in their town records, the following vote: "To raise money to hire a person for to preach the Gospel to us and for to pay his board."

In the call for this meeting they assign as a reason for raising this money "so that we may not bring up our children like the heathen."

How widely different this procedure from that of multitudes, who in this age make their homes in new places, utterly regardless of religious privileges for their families, willing to bring up their children like the heathen.

In 1784 we find this upon their records. By reason of the war (i. e. of the revolution) we have had no meetings from the year 1779, to 1784, five years of destitution. In 1785 a committee was chosen to hire a minister for a year.

It seems at this time they had a house of worship which they called a meeting house, and there was a vote passed, to work on the meeting house the first and second Monday in May. The record does not say where this house was located, but credible tradition says it was near the tide mill some two or three miles from the village, towards Sedgwick. Whether this house was built expressly for a place of worship, or for some other purpose, and purchased or hired for religious worship, does not appear.

But it is interesting to know that at this early period of their history they had a house consecrated to the worship of the living God. Here the little band of neighbors met from Sabbath to Sabbath to render homage to the unseen and the Eternal Jehovah. Can you not with a little stretch of the imagination behold the little group of plainly attired worshippers, and hear them —

"Chant these artless notes in simple guise?
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise;
Or plaintive Martins, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame."

Nor need we doubt that they rendered worship as acceptable as ever went up from splendid churches or magnificent cathedrals. People of such moral tastes and principles,
could not long be satisfied without the privileges of a
church organization, where they could have the Sacra-
ment administered. Hence we find that in about ten years
from the arrival of the first settlers, this church was gath-
ered October 7th, 1772. They were assisted in this service
by the Rev. Daniel Little, a missionary from Wells. The
reasons they assign for entering into a church state, and
the confession and covenant adopted are deeply interesting.

We whose names are underwritten being by the provid-
cence of God at a very great distance from the Christian
societies to which we formerly belonged, and more than a
hundred miles from any church, think it our duty to form
into a church state.

The nearest church at that time was at Phipsburg, the
next nearest at Brunswick. Probably it cost a hundred
miles travel to reach them in those days. The Church in
Bluehill was the twenty-fourth Congregational church in
the State. Whether there were any of other denomina-
tions I know not. The confession of faith and covenant
adopted at that early day are blended in one document.
They are highly evangelical, and they pledge the members
to a holy life, and close with the following prayer, "Now
may the glorious and gracious covenant keeping God for-
give us all our offences, assist and bless us in this our
covenant and accept us now and forever, in Jesus Christ
our Lord, Amen. This document was signed by eight
men, and the wives of six of them were voted into the
privileges and under the watch of the Church."

Thus the little church of fourteen members was launched
upon the stormy ocean of life, destined to meet a pretty
full share of the conflicts and trials incident to the church
militant; and still destined to be a light and a blessing to
this community.

It has already been stated that prior to this, means had
been taken to procure preaching a part of the time. On
the records of the church are found the names of no less
than twelve ministers who had labored with the people
prior to the coming of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, who became
their first pastor. June 17, 1794, Mr. Fisher first arrived
at this place. He preached sixteen sabbaths and then
returned to Boston. July 8, 1795, he arrived the second time and remained till October 31st. During this visit he received a call to settle as the pastor of this Church and people. November 27th he gave an affirmative answer.

The conditions of settlement seem to us in this day quite peculiar. The compensation agreed upon was as follows: The possession of the first minister's lot of three hundred acres of wild land (worth in that day about three hundred dollars) two hundred dollars in cash and a barn thirty feet by forty, as a settlement. For annual salary two hundred dollars in cash, the clearing of five acres of land and cutting and hauling of fifteen cords of wood for the ten first years. Afterwards two hundred and fifty dollars cash and the cutting and hauling of thirty cords of wood annually for a salary, with leave of absence five Sabbaths each year.

The whole amount of his salary did but a little exceed three hundred dollars, yet on this small sum with such other trifling perquisites as stand connected with the pastorate, he contrived to live comfortably, rear a large family and use hospitality. He and his good wife must have been a marvel of economy.

June 2d, 1796, Mr. Fisher arrived for the third time in Bluehill; July 12th a council met for the purpose of his ordination. After the customary examination, the ordination took place the following day, July 13th, 1796.

The public services of the occasion were in an open field a few rods from the head of the Bay, the Rev. Peter Powers of Deer Isle, preached the sermon, and the Rev. Jonathan Fisher became the pastor of the Congregational Church in Bluehill.

The candidate, the council, and the congregation of that occasion now "Sleep their last sleep." But one soul remains, it is supposed, who as an eye witness can tell us of the scenes and services of that memorable day. Respecting all else, silence reigns, the silence of the grave.

The house of their early worship near the Falls did not long meet their wants. As early as 1790, the town — let it not be forgotten that the town and parish then and many years after were identical — the town was the parish
and the parish the town. In 1790, they passed a vote respecting the location of a meeting house. April 1791, this vote was reconsidered and another place chosen, the size of the house was fixed at 50 by 40 feet and one hundred pounds raised by vote for building it. In 1792 another slight change was made in its location; and a vote was passed that the town be divided into classes for carrying forward the work of building the house. Those were days of weakness and slow progress. It took them as long if not longer to build a house for the worship of God, than Solomon to build the temple. It was before the town from year to year, and various methods and styles of architecture were discussed. At a meeting in 1792, the Selectmen were employed to procure one barrel of rum, also molasses and sugar sufficient for framing and raising the meeting house. Who will affirm that there has been no improvement since that day?

I cannot learn from the record when the house was completed, or that it was ever dedicated. Evidently it was not in a state to be occupied in 1796, as Mr. Fisher was ordained in the open field. In 1797 the pews were sold, but the money thus raised was to be employed in finishing the house. In 1807 seventy dollars were raised to purchase materials for painting the house. When first occupied as a place of worship does not appear.

After the settlement of their pastor no special changes occurred till early in 1799, when it is recorded, in connection with a particular dispensation of the doctrines of free sovereign grace, eternal election, regeneration, and justification by faith, a spirit of opposition was excited on the part of some, and of serious alarm on the part of others. Shortly after, however, there was general attendance upon the preaching of the gospel. The spirit was poured upon the people and sinners flocked to Christ. A glorious revival soon crowned the labors of the youthful pastor, and gave joy to him and the angels.

Fifty-seven were added to the church that year (1797.) A year memorable in the history of this church and others in this region. I have often heard the fathers speak of the great revival in Sedgwick that year. It was the year
in which my venerated brother was brought into the Kingdom to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ for almost three score years. Not only Sedgwick but Deer Isle and Mt. Desert were the theatre on which were displayed scenes of marvelous grace and power.

But the day of adversity is often set over against the day of prosperity. Heavy trials awaited the church in Bluehill.

Here I must be permitted, as a faithful historian, to refer to some events not altogether pleasant. I should regret to wound any Christian brother's feelings. I hope I may not, I shall endeavor to keep strictly within the line of historic truth and fact.

I refer to the great change which came over this region extending through many towns, through the influence mainly of the late Rev. Daniel Merrill, of Sedgwick. A Congregational Church was organized in that town about twenty-one years after this church in Bluehill was organized, and Mr. Merrill was ordained as its pastor Sept. 17, 1793. He was an ardent, earnest laborer and God greatly blessed his early ministry. Some few years after the great revival of 1799, a change came over his views in regard to Christian ordinances, and having preached largely on the subject through the winter of 1804 and 1805—he with a majority of his church were baptized by immersion; a Baptist church was organized and Mr. Merrill re-ordained and installed as its pastor, and he continued to preach in the same house as before. His new views became very dear to him, and scarcely Peter the hermit showed more zeal in the cause of the crusades than Mr. Merrill in the propagation of his Baptist sentiments. The autumn after his change he preached before the Lincoln association—the sermon was printed and I have seen and read it since I have been in the ministry. Its subject was the “Kingdom of heaven distinguished from Babylon.” In the discussion of this topic, he took this position: the Baptist church was the kingdom of heaven—the Pedobaptist, which he had just left, was Babylon. He went so far as to shut his pulpit door against all but preachers of his own denomination and tried to prevent his church from hearing any
other. The natural result was that the Sectarian spirit became ripe and rank in all the region. Mr. Merrill was an educated man and the people of the region were less enlightened than now, his influence was wide spread, it reached and shook this church in Bluehill to its centre.

In 1805, no less than twenty-eight members seceded from the Church, dissatisfied with their baptism. February 18, 1806, seventeen who had thus withdrawn were formed into a Baptist Church and afterwards generally held meetings by themselves. Nor did the work of secession stop till the number reached forty-seven. Without one unkind reflection upon any Christian brother I may say that it is impossible that such a change should come over a church without great affliction to its pastor and the members who remained with him. These seceding members had been brought into the Kingdom, most of them, surely, by the blessing of God on Mr. Fisher's labors. He was their spiritual father, having begotten them through the gospel, as such he loved them — they were dear to his heart and when they turned away from his teachings, took themselves out from under his pastoral care — his heart must have been wrung with anguish. Every pastor who has had a similar experience, even on a small scale, will readily conceive that his sufferings must have been of a very grave kind. Yet well do I remember that this good man, Sabbath after Sabbath, fervently prayed for the blessing of God on the new Church which had sprung up by his side, thus showing how grace triumphed amidst his trials.

Yet these circumstances under which the new Church arose may explain, not justify, the intense denominational feelings which characterized this place in former years, and which led to some acts on both sides not in harmony with Christian charity. We may rejoice that a better state of feeling prevails and that Christians holding to the great vitalities of the gospel, though differing in form of its articles, may love and live as brethren and strive together for the furtherance of the gospel.

No other very special changes occurred in regard to Mr. Fisher's success in his work till 1816, except that the records give much evidence of great faithfulness in Church
discipline. No small share of trials came on the Church in this matter. Some former members seem to have an aptitude in making trouble and occasioning much painful labor to the brethren and their pastor. In 1816, God granted to the Church another gracious visitation, large numbers in the town were brought into the Kingdom, forty of whom united with this Church. Another refreshing was granted in the autumn of 1834, as the fruit of which forty-two were received into fellowship.

But the time approached when the venerable pastor was desired to give place to a younger man. At a meeting of the Church September 25th, 1837, a call was voted Mr. Albert Cole to become their pastor. October 24th, 1837, he was ordained by a council called for this purpose, sermon by Dr. Pond. Of the eleven members of that council six have died as well as the youthful pastor then ordained. Mr. Fisher was dismissed by the same council.

Mr. Cole's ministry though brief, was a successful and a happy one. He was favored to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. The year next succeeding his settlement was one of Zion's prosperity, sixty-seven were added to the membership of the Church. The records show that much pains were taken to promote the spiritual prosperity of the members, to bring them into an active working condition. On the first Sabbath in 1842, the house of worship erected with great toil and difficulty the last part of the previous century, was consumed by fire. Denied, by vote of the town, the use of the town house in which to worship God, the people found straightened accommodations in the Academy. But even here God blessed them. In 1842 a gentle refreshing was granted from the presence of the Lord, some ten or twelve persons indulged hope of forgiveness and acceptance.

But during this year the health of the pastor so declined that he was compelled to suspend labor, and the Rev. Jotham Sewall was engaged to supply the vacancy. In October the pastor requested on the ground of failing health and the improbability of ever being able to resume pastoral care, that his pastoral relations should be dissolved. Probably few pastors have been more beloved than was
Mr. Cole. Here the record says "after much painful deliberation voted to comply with his request." At the same meeting the Church voted a call to Mr. Sewall to become their pastor, January 11th, 1843, almost thirty-one years since this new and beautiful house was dedicated. Mr. Sewall preached the sermon. The Sabbath following six ladies were admitted to the Church. Mr. Sewall was installed as pastor and Mr. Cole dismissed, August 24th, 1843. Rev. John Maltby preached the sermon.

Nineteen were gathered into the church during Mr. Sewall's short pastorate. He was dismissed June 11th, 1847, for want of competent support. The following year July 22d, 1848, Mr. Harvey M. Stone was called to the pastoral care of the church; and he was ordained November 2d, 1848, the present speaker gave the Sermon.

God blessed the labors of this Pastor. March 29th, 1851, I find it recorded—"The revival that has been in progress between four and five months is going forward, evidently the spirit of God is with us." Soon the Church was called to examine candidates for membership. April 27th, twenty-four were received into the Church; during his brief ministry, forty-two were added. At his request and against the expressed wishes of the Church, Mr. Stone was dismissed, March 9th, 1854, and was soon settled in Waldoboro'. The same year a call was given to the Rev. Samuel H. Merrill, then of Oldtown, to take the pastoral care of the Church and Society.

He came and labored a year or more, but on account of the state of his health, declined to settle. He has recently died, smitten down in his pulpit, and died in a few days.

The pulpit was subsequently supplied somewhat from the Bangor Seminary, and Mr. Henry H. Miner was engaged to preach one year. In October, 1858, the Rev. Wales Lewis was invited to the pastorate, but he declined the call on the ground of the inadequacy of the salary offered.

February 1859, the Rev. Benjamin D. Henry was engaged to preach one year.

June the 3d, 1860, the Rev. Samuel Bowker was called to take the oversight of the Church and Society, and was
installed September 25th; the Rev. Sewall Tenny preaching the Sermon.

In the beginning of the year 1866, the Church was quickened, and much revived; some conversions occurred, the interest in the Church increased 'till in February, when the Evangelist, J. U. Parsons came and labored three weeks with great apparent success. A large number of persons obtained hope in the pardoning mercy of God. In May following, thirty-one were received to this Church; two of whom have become preachers of the Gospel. July following eighteen more were added. During Mr. Bowker's ministry, no less than sixty united with the people of God; but August 20th, 1867, Mr. Bowker was dismissed by advice of mutual council, on the ground of inadequate support.

Since the dismissal of Mr. Bowker, no pastor has been settled; the Rev. John W. Savage supplied the pulpit one year, and the Rev. Philo B. Wilcox, from one to two years; the Rev. Arthur H. Tebbets labored here the past year, and is engaged for the coming year.

This narrative brings us to the present time; in reviewing it, we learn that during the ministry of Mr. Fisher, two-hundred and sixteen were admitted to the Church. During the ministry of Mr. Cole, sixty-seven, that of Mr. Sewall, nineteen, that of Mr. Stone, forty-two, that of Mr. Bowker, sixty, eleven were received at other times, when the Church had no pastor. The Church had twenty-three members when Mr. Fisher was settled—thus making the entire membership four hundred and thirty-eight.

Mr. Fisher's pastorate exceeded forty-one years; Mr. Cole's about six years; Mr. Sewall's labors covered about five years, having preached here a year before he was installed; Mr. Stone's pastorate covered five and one-third years; Mr. Bowker's ministry almost eight years. These four short pastorates covered nearly twenty-five years; the Church then has had sixty-six years of pastoral care, leaving over forty-five years in which they were destitute of it. Still they had preaching a very considerable portion of the time in which they had no pastor. Supposing the average expense of these pastorates may have been five hundred dollars a year; for the first forty years, it was much less.
Then this people have paid thirty three thousand dollars for sixty-six years of ministerial and pastoral labor; what has been the return for all this? Has the expenditure been a wise one? has the preaching of the Gospel been worth to this people what it has cost them? these are inquiries of much practical interest; what has been its influence upon the intellectual character of the people? your first pastor having enjoyed the advantages of the oldest and most renowned university in the land, came to this place when it was young and small, in its plastic and forming state. He justly appreciated the value of education, and exercised a fostering care of the schools. Through his influence very largely, the Academy was incorporated in 1803, and with true paternal affection did he watch over it, and labor to promote its prosperity and usefulness. And it has done much for the intellectual cultivation of the people, so that they have a most respectable standing as an intelligent, cultivated community.

Then his pulpit ministrations were full of instruction, well fitted to expand the intellect, to enlighten and train up around him a people of vigorous intellectual development. Thus all Mr. Fisher's successors in the pastorate, have been the friends and patrons of education, and helped forward the intellectual growth of the people. It is impossible to describe accurately what would have been the intellectual state of this community if no Gospel ministry had been here sustained. But there is no reason to doubt that it would have been comparatively dwarfed and crude, and yet proud and unteachable. No people can long sit under the preaching of an intelligent ministry without feeling the quickening of their intellectual powers—the energising and expanding of their capacities. The ministry is one of Heaven's appointed instrumentalities in training up a people to a robust, intellectual manhood.

Then what has the Gospel as here preached, accomplished in restraining vice and elevating the tone of morals?

Father Fisher's moral standard was unusually high, or more properly he took uncommonly elevated views of the inspired standard—the law of God. Nor did he fail to inculcate the elevated views he entertained.
He was none of your timid, squeamish, mealy-mouthed preachers, afraid to rebuke sin, lest those who had committed sin, should take offence. No matter which command of the decalogue had been violated, the third, fourth, seventh or eighth, his pulpit rung out not only divine love, but also the divine threatenings against the violation. Vice stood abashed, and many a transgressor publicly confessed his sins and promised amendment. In all matters of business he was a pattern of impartial rectitude. I have heard him say on receiving a sum of money, though not enough to pay all his debts, he divided it among his creditors proportionately to each one's claim. In his public teachings, he drew clearly the line of demarkation between right and wrong, honesty and fraud.

I can almost seem to hear that deep toned, round, full voice, sounding just as it did more than half a century since, when I was a frequent hearer, uttering with awful solemnity, God's laws and requirements in regard to moral questions, teaching the various departments of human relations and pursuits.

Think you this could have been pursued for forty years with the same people without a restraining and elevating influence upon them? Impossible! especially when this public teaching was sanctioned by a most blameless life.

Has not the general morality of the place illustrated the benign influence of such a ministry?

When the temperance reform struggled into existence, who were among its earliest, warmest, and most laborious promoters? were they not the ministers of the Gospel? whose pulpit did not speak out in no measured, doubtful terms respecting the evils of intemperance, the awful sin of drunkards and drunkard makers? Whose pulpit did not send forth its clarion notes against a traffic which spread desolation and woe through the land? and what has been the result in every town where the Gospel has been faithfully preached? Wonderous changes have been effected in the drinking usages of society. Many fountains of pollution, crime and death have been dried up, numerous homes of poverty and wretchedness have become the smiling habitations of peace and plenty, multitudes have
been rescued from the grasp of the grim monster intemperance, and still greater multitudes have been preserved from falling into his deadly embrace. As vice is always more expensive than virtue, there is not the least reason to doubt that the pulpit of Bluehill has saved to the people many times more than they have paid in its support. Aye, this one reform in the use of inebriating liquors, undoubtedly saves to this town far more than the gospel has ever cost them. But the highest and most important influence of the gospel is upon man's spiritual and external interest. Its design is his recovery from sin, the cleansing of the soul from the last stain of moral corruption, and fitting it for the society of the supernal regions. The change wrought by the gospel is marvelous. It finds man the vassal of sin—in bondage to moral corruption—prone to evil as water to descend, or the sparks to fly upwards. Oh, the depths and intensity of human depravity—the terrible debasement it works in human character—the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint—from the sole of the foot even to the head, no soundness in it! then they are alienated from God and in array against their rightful Sovereign. No insurrection against civil government—no armed rebellion was ever so universal, and inveterate, as that rebellion against God and his government which prevades the human family.

Such the gospel finds the race. It undertakes their recovery from the terrible malady of sin, and their restoration to their allegiance to God, their rightful Sovereign. It takes them from the rough quarries of moral corruption and hews, and trims and fits them, to become polished stones in God's spiritual temple.

To change the figure it recovers them from the slough of moral impurity, purifies their souls, and by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, renders them meet for that world into which no impurity comes. It delivers them from bondage, and gives them the glorious liberty of the Son's of God; and they look up with a hope radiant with immortality. They come into sympathy with God—delight in his love and service, and cheerfully toil for the good of their fellowmen. Old things pass away; all things become new. Great things doth the
gospel for it's obedient receivers. The ministry is heaven's chosen method of applying the gospel. The word preached is the ordinary and most effectual means of awakening and winning souls to him who takes away the sins of the world. It is by the blessing of God on the labors of his servants in this field that some hundreds have been won to Christ. They have been helped by the preached word in their conflicts with sin and Satan; and in their onward course to heaven. A large majority of this number must have finished their course and entered into rest. Others are soon to enter. All who were won by the labors of the first pastor, will very soon meet him in the celestial hights, and around the throne of God and the Lamb, unite their voices with his in that song which will forever reverberate through that temple of which the Lord, God, and the Lamb, are the light and glory. Suppose now we ask those ransomed ones, if the Gospel is worth what it cost to support it.

Say ye glorified ones—now drinking water of the river of life and plucking fruit from the tree of life growing on it's banks—you who have washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—you now shining as the son in the Kingdom of your Father—say ye redeem'ed and exalted ones, did the gospel while on earth cost you too much? What is the response we get? Does there not come rolling down from the vaults of heaven, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying Alleluia for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready. Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. A thousand times, yea ten thousand times more than it cost has the gospel been worth to us.

Perhaps a more particular account of the men who have here held the office of pastor, may be reasonably expected. In the history of this church, the first pastor Rev. Jonathan Fisher, stands out in high relief, as the most distinguished and remarkable man ever connected with it, indeed as the most remarkable man in the town! and did more for its
enlightenment and moral elevation than any other man. I should be surprised if there is an intelligent man in town who would dissent from this opinion; he was decidedly a man of mark.

Mr. Fisher was born of respectable parentage in New Braintree, Mass., October the 7th, 1768, one hundred and five years ago last October. His father was an officer in the revolutionary army, died in the service of his country in 1777, when his son was in his ninth year. His mother, blessed with small means found it necessary to scatter her children, and this son spent some years in the families of different relations.

His school privileges were very limited in early life, but his desire for a public education was so strong that at the age of eighteen he commenced fitting for College, helping himself in the mean time by teaching school for three dollars per month.

He entered Harvard College in 1788, and in due time graduated with honor. But he continued to reside at Cambridge three years as a resident graduate, pursuing the study of the languages, and Theology. He became familiar with Greek and Latin, Hebrew and French, and continued his linguistic studies—as few do—all through his ministry.

The time and circumstances of his coming to Bluehill and settling here have been already described; I will therefore only speak briefly of the man and the minister as I knew and esteemed him.

The rank he took in college and the attainments he made in erudition were evidence of large intellectual faculties. Not that he would rank with the first class of minds; they are of rare production. But he would stand high in what may be called the second class of intellectual powers. He had mind and scholarship sufficient to make one of the most instructive preachers of his day.

As a Preacher, he brought forth out of the treasury of God's word, things new and old. Few I am confident, have ever instructed a people so fully and on such a variety of subjects. He seemed to have more comprehensive views of the fullness and richness of the word of God—its
exhaustless treasures of wisdom and grace, than most ministers, and he was skillful in developing those treasures and thus enriching the minds of his hearers.

As a Speaker, Mr. Fisher never seemed to aim at the grace of oratory. His manner was simple, grave and impressive. I remember no gesticulation. His voice was round, full and heavy; and when rising in his pulpit, and looking around upon his audience with an air of gravity all his own, he said “Let us pray,” his voice filled the house and fell upon his hearers almost as a voice from the unseen world. It was adapted to impress one with the solemnity of approaching in prayer the infinite majesty of Heaven. I would go a mile to hear that sound again.

As a Theologian, he was sound in the faith. Having studied Theology in Cambridge, where Orthodoxy was even then declining, there was for a time some apprehension that he might be lax in some points. It is said that one of the council on this ground objected to his ordination. But whatever might have been the apprehension at this time, his preaching soon relieved it, and his soundness in the faith was never after doubted. Nor did he hold the fundamental doctrines of the gospel as mere abstract truths of no practical value or as unfit to be preached. He regarded them as instinct with life and energy—the grand instrumentality to be employed in awakening and winning souls. The first, most extensive and glorious revival under his ministry followed almost immediately a series of discourses on some of the doctrines most uninviting, and repellent to unsanctified minds.

He wielded the sword of the spirit with a skillful hand, and God made it effectual. At first, some were offended, and some awakened and alarmed—but scores soon fled to Christ, and found peace in believing.

Such a fact ought to put to silence that growing number of preachers who speak highly of doctrines and inveigh against them as themes for the pulpit. Woe to the Churches and to the world, when the leading vital doctrines of the gospel shall be ignored and excluded from the pulpit; the gospel would be shorn of its power, and its glory would suffer and eclipse.
For elevated moral principle and strict adherence to it in daily life, I know not the man, have never known him, who excelled the first pastor of this Church. The love of right as he understood it was of supreme authority. He would no more intelligently and allowedly trample upon it, than with a mill-stone about his neck he would cast himself into the sea. Indeed I verily believe that he had the martyr spirit, and would in other days have gone to the stake for a principle. When I heard he had once been accused of lying, I exclaimed—Farther Fisher lie! I would almost as soon think of Gabriel's lying!

As a pastor the Church records exhibit abundant evidence of unwearied effort on the part of Mr. Fisher to secure the purity of the Church. Offences which most, in this day, would call trivial and would judge had better pass unnoticed, were brought before the Church as matters of discipline, and public confession, required. Perhaps those days were charactized by a quicker sensibility to moral evil than the present, which may account for the more lax opinion of this free and fast age. The leniency of the public mind towards crime and criminals is one of the proofs of a declining moral sense of the present day.

For the sick, the bereaved, the poor, the suffering of every kind, Mr. Fisher had a heart of sympathy, and a hand for relief. He was a most unselfish man! liberal in his charities. While living on a salary of about three hundred dollars, I knew him to subscribe one hundred dollars for one charitable institution.

A poor family lost their house by fire, he gave them several dollars in money. These are specimens which I happen to know.

Thus his liberality abounded in his narrow circumstances not to say deep poverty. As the father and head of a family, Mr. Fisher has been thought unsocial, austere, and arbitrary. It is true he had not the familiar and affectionate manner of some good fathers. A little more of the suaviorem modo would have been an improvement. But whoever succeeded in engraving moral principles upon a rising family? Whoever trained a family to habits of a purer morality? His aim was to train them for God and
eternity; and he had the joy of seeing all that reached maturity gathered into the Church, and he died with the cheering hope of meeting his entire family in Heaven.

As an example of industry, he was probably never excelled. Of all the cardinal virtues he was a living exemplification.

Indeed, he walked among his people as a holy man of God. Few excelled him in elevation of moral character. Who but omniscient God can fully estimate the amount of good he accomplished by his teaching and trials and living example.

But a little more than a quarter of a century has passed since the good man entered into rest. When he was dismissed from his pastoral care, this people were charged to deal kindly with him in his declining years, and when called to lay his lifeless remains in the grave, to erect over them a humble stone, to tell the passer by: Here lies the man, who for more than forty years preached the everlasting gospel to this people. I rejoice to know that this charge has been regarded, and that they have raised a respectable monument over his grave. In doing this they have honored themselves no less than their venerated friend.

Of the succeeding pastors I must speak very briefly. Their pastorates were brief, and my acquaintance with them comparatively slight.

The Rev. Albert Cole, as I remember him was an exceedingly genial, agreeable christian gentleman, of deep vital piety. His heart was in his work, and he was well adapted to the work of his chosen profession. He loved the gospel, and loved to preach it. He loved his people and earnestly sought to win them to Christ. As a preacher he was more pleasing than powerful—ever respectable but not great. He was plain, earnest, and persuasive, and God blessed his labors and gave him souls for his hire. While I have no particular knowledge of his pastoral habits and labors, I judge from what I know of the man, he must have moved among his people as a messenger of mercy—always aiming to do them good, always received by them with the glad welcome of a beloved friend. It was among the mysterious and afflicted providences that his health so
soon declined, and his ministry was so brief. But it was highly useful and successful and a rich reward awaited him.

The Rev. Jotham Sewall came to this people in the maturity of his manhood, and gave them in his preaching the ripe fruit of his ministry. Comparatively few are better preachers than he was at that time. He was I doubt not, faithful and unflinching in the exhibition of the great principles and doctrines of the gospel. He was unquestionably a good man, swayed by supreme regard to the glory of the infinite one—and desired to win and save those to whom he ministered.

The Rev. Harvey M. Stone soon succeeded Mr. Sewall. He was fresh from the seminary, and gave to this people the ardor and vigor of his youth. He had a fine personal presence—was an uncommonly good speaker, and was therefore attractive, and often quite impressive in the pulpit. He was sound in the faith, and of highly respectable abilities, and God blessed his labors. Important additions were made to the Church. After a season some disaffection arose, and hence having a call to another Church, he asked to be dismissed. As evidence that he was respected and beloved by the Church, I refer to the fact that they tried to induce him to recall his resignation, but without effect. Since leaving Bluehill, Mr. Stone has been the pastor or stated supply of no less than four, perhaps five churches. About six years elapsed between the dismission of Mr. Stone, and the settlement of Rev. Samuel Bowker, who labored here about eight years, and was the means of considerably enlarging the Church. He excelled more in pastoral care than in the pulpit, was very attentive to the out door duties of his profession, and has rendered a service which I doubt not will be gratefully remembered in Heaven. A decline of means in the parish rendered his support so difficult, that he requested a dismission, and removed to another field of labor.

In respect to all these pastors, I think it may of a truth be said, that they were good, sound men, and preached the gospel faithfully, and have been a blessing to this people.

So it may be said—so far as I know—of the men who preached for a longer or shorter time, though not settled
as pastors. Much gospel truth has been preached to this people—much ministerial labor here performed—such as imposes on them solemn obligations to abound in the fruits of righteousness; much culture should produce much fruit:

Having spoken freely of the ministers who have here lived, and labored, I should if time permitted, delight to say something of the laymen who have stood at the head of society a half century since. Such men as Deacon Hewins, and Stevens and Parker, and Reuben Dodge and Nehemiah Hinkley, to say nothing of the generation succeeding them, were men I used to honor, and whom I still hold in pleasing remembrance. I think they were a blessing to the place, and an honor to their kind. They did much for their own generation, and left influences to operate after their decease, which have blessed the community. They were men of good report, and a good report "makes men live long although their life is short."

Bluehill has had many such in the different walks of life, and they have given to the town a character and reputation worthy of respect. The soil was planted with goodly seed. The early settlers were largely, I know not but wholly men of character, men who laid good foundations for the superstructure of society. None can well overestimate the importance of such a beginning in a new settlement.

The first generation puts its own image and superscription upon the character of a town whose influence is felt for ages. The people of this place have much cause to thank God for the character of their ancestors, who here invaded the forest and made their homes. Had they been men of latitudinarian principles and loose practices, Bluehill this day might have been a hissing and a byword in the land.

But I must hasten to a close. Time flies. One hundred and eleven years have passed since the first white man's settlement was made in this town—a little more than one hundred since the organization of the Congregational Church. Three generations of the human family have in this time gone to eternity. Not one of the first settlers of this place is left—nor do I know of more than one of
the second generation.* Most of the third generation are in their graves, and very many of the fourth and fifth. All this in a century but little extended.

How short is a century! Those whose lives span three fourths of a century, can realize its brevity. What then is life, when three generations pass in a century?

"Not a moment flies"
"But puts it's sickle in the field of life,"
"And mows its thousands with their joys and cares;"
"We are born! We laugh! We weep!"
"We love! We droop! We die!"

And Yet
"That life is long, which answers life's great end."
"The man of wisdom, is the man of years."

Yet brief as is a century, it gives birth to mighty changes. Look over Bluehill—its broad and cultivated fields, its bleating flocks and lowing herds, its smiling cottages and well filled barns, its beautiful and shaded village, with its large and furnished mansions, its neat and tasteful churches, and compare all this with the dark, dense forest, where roamed the deer, and the moose, the wolf and the bear, when your fathers first put foot upon these shores. What a change in a century! !

How rapidly the wheels roll—bringing change after change, in quick succession. Look over the world, and mark the revolutions of a century. In this time, our nation has been born, and now numbers its forty millions, and ranks as one of the great powers of the world.

Look at Europe—how often has it been upheaved, as by mighty earthquakes—dynasties overthrown—the boundaries of nations changing ever and anon, the weak made strong and the strong weak. The civil power of the Pope wrested from him—Italy free, and the Roman Catholic countries open to free gospel, and even all heathendom made accessible to the missionaries of the cross, and the vast enterprises set on foot, to give the gospel to all the world! What wondrous progress has been made in secur-

* Mr. Isaac Parker ninety-three years of age—sixteen years old when Mr. Fisher was ordained.
ing the rights of men—slavery crushed, and the right of suffrage accorded to the people. Free government and free gospel, making rapid progress in the world—and very much already done to usher in the latter day glory of the Church.

We live in a fast age; steam and electricity helping forward the world in various improvements with unprecedented rapidity. Turn back the wheels of time just one century, and make the condition of the world just what it then was, and we should feel that the shadows of the dark ages were gathering upon us, and sigh again for the sunlight of the nineteenth century.

Who can tell what another century will do for the world? It has been a cherished opinion with some divines that the millennium will be the seventh thousand year from the creation of man. That period will commence in one hundred and twenty seven years. Another century will carry forward the history of the world to the confines of that period. Suppose the cherished opinion of these divines should be correct—respecting this I have no well defined and settled opinion—but supposing it be correct, is it not quite possible, when great events are brought forward with unprecedented rapidity, and when the gospel is being diffused with accelerated speed—that another century may bring the dawn of that glorious day? And that the full orbed sun may rise at the opening of the seventh thousand year?

A century hence, what shall be the condition of this Church? This will depend in no small degree on the fidelity of the present generation of its members. If they faithfully sustain the ordinances of religion and the discipline of the Church, if they insist on a ministry sacred in the faith, and they themselves so live as to impress on the next generation the supreme importance of truth and holiness, they may do much to make the light of this Church to shine brightly a hundred years hence. Their responsibility in this regard is great.

A century hence, where shall all we be found? One thing we know. These tabernacles will be taken down
and laid in the grave. The living will—perhaps heedlessly trample over our sleeping dust. Our very names will be forgotten. Those then on the stage will not know that we have here lived and acted our little part.

Our last sleep will continue ages after that period. But where will be our souls? Ah where? This will depend on the simple question of our acceptance or rejection of God's method of saving sinners.

Let me invite all with affectionate earnestness to believe on the Son of God, that they may have life.

Now is the accepted time—now the day of salvation. Come to the Lord Jesus just now—and live forever.
By AUGUSTUS STEVENS.

It's an hundred years and eleven by the sun,
Since that Beverly boy in a sloop came down,
And selected a site for this ancient town.
'Twas a wilderness then; and the budding trees
Were only stirred by the passing breeze:
Not a spade had touched the moss covered soil,
Nor the woodman's axe in his labored toil
Had swung in the twig, or bush, or tree;
But they stood in their free-born majesty.
He brought strong hands and a noble heart;
He must build a home for his better part,
That was waiting the dip of the boatman's oar
In the waves that washed on that Beverly shore:
How his proud young heart must have throbbed by the scene
As he stood by your "fore falls" the ocean between,
Himself, and the joy, and the pride of his life,
And pondered, and asked; will this spot suit my wife?
'Twas a hard looking place we've no doubt, and the view
Would have little enchantment for such boys as you:
But the stock; and the stuff boys were builded of then
Had the ring of the mettle, you found in the men.
For months here alone—save himself and his God;
He wielded his axe, He uplifted the sod:
What trials he met with—what struggles endured
The record he left us, says never a word.
Then what raptures of joy and what thrills of delight
Must have stirred his young heart as a sail hove in sight
And he knew e're the sun in the Heaven went down
There'd be tidings from home in that Beverly town;
And then too—one other had followed his lead
And for this addition he stood much in need.
What wonder; they stood and together surveyed;
And said if “they lived until ploughing was made”
It would amply repay the privations endured;
They would leave all the rest, to a merciful God,
Yet they lived each his own plough to guide
And to grind their grown grain by the flow of the tide,
Yes they lived; and they toiled; and their numbers increased;
And they yearned for a pastor, a shepherd and priest—
Nor waited they long;—nor prayed they in vain,
For the Servant of God, soon followed their train:
“Lo I come” said one “Little” I will tarry awhile,
With the Manna of Heaven your souls to beguile,
“You are welcome, quite welcome;” Sir Joseph replied,
“Of our hospitalities freely partake; and beside
I will call brothers; Roundy, and Darling, and Holt;
And together the blessing of God we’ll invoke.”
It was puritan blood that flowed in their veins
And they knew that the gospel they ought to maintain,
Nor would they, they said in this wilderness stay,
“Have their children grow up in an heathenish way,”
So each year of their stores, they laid something aside;
And gave it to God—in the strength of their pride,
And close on the hearth where their tender box stood,
They builded an altar to freedom and God,—
No matter whatever—what evils betide;
Their love for the gospel never once died,
And when to fourteen had their numbers increased
They called here a council—it good men embraced,
And drew up a covenant so forcible written
We believe—we’ve no doubt, it was favored of Heaven;
They must never—no never be caught in the lurch
They must nourish and water this gem of a church.
And now how has time in its circles run,
Since then it’s an hundred years and one.
Let us follow awhile in their pilgrimage road
Our worthy old sires in their zeal for God—
We will wind through those bridle paths, scarce then complete,
To the field near the mill where in council they meet,
With the blue sky above them the green sward beneath,
They ordain to the gospel their worthy young Chief—
No doubt ’twas a day of thanksgiving; and there;
With their teacher; and preacher; they send up a prayer
To the Father in Heaven to guard them with care,
And there as they gathered, those good men’s hands pressed
On the head of the pastor, as he bowed on this desk.*
Old oaken memento; here it is brought;

*The Pulpit used at the ordination of Mr. Fisher in 1796.
For the part that it played on that wilderness spot,  
We will use it once more as in days that are passed, 
One more consecration—may it not be the last. 
I am warned by this passing moment of mine  
That I must press forward in foot-prints of time,  
With that band of God's warriors so gallant—sublime;  
To the crest of yon hill-top that o'erhangs the glade  
Where the chief Corner stone of their temple is laid—  
And there one by one in the progress of time  
Each timber was raised and brought into line,  
And here we are told each Man, Woman and Child  
Of the township were gathered by pleasure beguiled,  
And we doubt, if the "rum" was needed to raise  
Their spirits to God—it was fashion those days.  
Their temple they finish—we scarce could endure,  
Such a singular piece of architecture:  
The stairs to the pulpit so steep and so high  
Like the ladder that "Jacob" saw; hung in the sky,  
The high sounding board that over it hung  
Gave voice to the preacher and choir when they sung,  
And well we remember that "Fisher" of men  
As he rose in his desk—"let us pray" he said then,  
And up through the sounding board, temple and tower;  
What an earnest affectionate prayer he did pour,  
Right strait to the ear of omnipotent God;  
Not a sentence was wanting, not even a word;  
The Roman, the Pagan, the Heathen, were brought,  
The downfall of "Satan" eager besought;  
It was none of the prayers you so often hear given  
That die more'n a million miles from Heaven.  
So strict were his views, and so straight was his walk  
That he guarded and guided each Lamb of his Flock.  
Of his trials and struggles this day you've been told  
By one to him dearer than apples of gold.  
We shall never forget, in our youthful days,  
Those pastoral calls, that this good man made,  
The old folks he admonished to prepare for the Skies,  
While us boys we're called in for a short catechise.  
That old catechism must be studied with care—  
For its teachings were truth and its precepts were rare;  
It began with creation and downward it ran  
To the total and final "chief end of man."  
Ask your modern boy now, what's the chief end of man?  
And he'll answer a 2-40-pacer and span,

*Stepheh Thurston, D. D.
Ten per cent, and a bonus, and get all you can;
This, this my old fellow, is the "chief end of man."
Ah this modern boy's catechism, hardly will do,
Although his deductions seem simple and true.
The year is fast passing—we can not pursue
All the sayings and doings of this good man and true.
He lived—'till the fire his old temple laid low,
He lived—and saw this one built by you.
He has gone—and his spirit upward has passed
Where the Lambs of his flock will be gathered at last.
The years of his pastorate forty and one,
Yet the days of his usefulness scarcely begun.
Yes, we know that his spirit ascended on high,
But the impress he left here—never will die.
In a grove in yon Cemetery they guarded with care,
There's a tall granite spire ascending in air;
It was reared by the people whose footsteps he led
To this prophet and pastor, and shepherd that's dead.
On a disk in the granite, a large book is raised
And these words "Know thyself," by the chisel engraved.
"Know thyself," was his motto intended for you,
"Know thyself" to the church and the parish be true.
And now just one word to the parish and church
Lest the outer-door Deacon be left in the lurch.
You are gathered to-night, and I'm sure you look young
For a parish whose years are an hundred and one.
To this outer-door Deacon much praise should be given
For his vigilant watch o'er this gateway to Heaven,
Although his theology's not quite so steep,
Nor his orthodox views so strong and so deep;
Yet we doubt if this charge at his door should be laid
For he's kept outside watch while the inner ones prayed.
Then render—all thanks that on earth can be given
And pray—He receives the remainder in Heaven.
To the Church. We'll not strain your theology much,
It's only to give here a finishing touch;
So here by the Altar let us call from the Sky
The spirits of those that ascended on high.
We ask them to cease from their blessed employ,
And come down and behold this centennial of joy.
For we know that in the "good Book" we are told
There is joy when a Lamb is brought into the fold—
If there's joy when one soul is brought into bliss
Ought there not to be joy o'er a meeting like this.
Here gathered to-night are your daughters and sons
To close up the century you so nicely begun.
To recount all the blessings so fondly bestowed,
And to follow along in your pilgrimage road
Through many a summer the grass has grown green
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate strain
Long we to-night, for your presence again.
Come, come, from the silence so long and so deep
Touch the chords of our hearts while your memory we keep.
Could they speak, their story we'll try to unfold,
They'd appeal to the heart that is strong and cold—
They would point down the century yet to come,
They would urge by the love of their memory and home
That you guard well the altar they planted in prayers,
Keep it free from pollution from stains and from tears
They would say this the blessing so fully bestowed,
To our children's children is better than gold—
They would charge you in accents so strong and so clear
Never to falter and never to fear.
They would bid you God speed in this hour of your joy,
And urge you your talents and time to employ—
So that each coming year in the century to come
Will find you united, triumphant and strong—
They would charge in simplicity, hope and in love
That you enter the road that will meet them above.
And standing to-night by the bier of the year
They would say children's children you have nothing to fear.
Your boat in condition is staunch and is strong,
Keep your hands on the oars and keep moving along,
And onward right onward press in the fight
And your triumph and victory sure will be right.
Once more—go stand by the graves of those worthy old sires,
In humility and reverence drop there your tears;
Their moss covered hillocks are scattered around,
And their tombstones are fallen and lain on the ground.
Go right there young man, in the strength of your pride
And show you remember the fathers that died.
Go, rear one more shaft and inscribe thereupon
The names of those Beverly boys Joseph and John.
LINES,

Written for the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Congregational Church at Bluehill, Maine, by J. G. Harvey, Portsmouth, N. H.

One hundred years; 'tis but a dream,
A fleeting moment—one short span,
We stop to ponder o'er the past,
Its history to briefly scan.
The tiny seed—the sturdy oak,
The little babe—the gray haired man;
Behold the transformation scene,
The working out of nature's plan.
'Tis God in nature who controls
The destiny of all things here;
We are but actors on life's stage,
We act our parts, then disappear.
The hundred years that's past, though brief,
Entwines itself to memory dear,
We linger round the sacred past
With those, who unseen, still are near.

A hundred years to come; it seems
Almost eternity—an age;
It's record stands before us now
Like as a blank, unwritten page.

None in the flesh now standing here
Shall see its happy final close,
Still onward rolls the wheels of time,
It marks its progress as it goes.

But we its monument must build,
Each one must do his humble part,
One stone erect, one name to carve,
Built from the promptings of the heart.

Upon the unwritten scroll each soon
Must leave the impress of his hand,
A noble mark, a blot or stain
Must 'gainst our future record stand.

With purity of mind and thought,
Oh let our aspirations be
To labor e'er for God and man,
Through time and through eternity.
Centennial Hymn.

By MARIA F. WOOD.

We come O God to praise thy name,
To bless thee on our way,
For all the mercies of the past,
Blessings of grace, thy bounteous hand,

Hath in abundance strewn,
Throughout a century's passing years,
Still make them Lord our own.

A hundred years has come and gone
Since first that little band,
In holy compact gathered here
Obeying thy command.

Though few in number, strong in heart,
In faith in earnest zeal,
Each in his place, served well his God,
And sought the nation's weal.

A hundred years—Time's chariot wheels
With rapid haste roll on,
Bearing us onward toward that land
Whence tral'ers ne'er return.

Our friends are there, they'll greet us soon
When safely o'er the tide,
And loud hozannas chant to Him
Who for our sins hath died.