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AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D.

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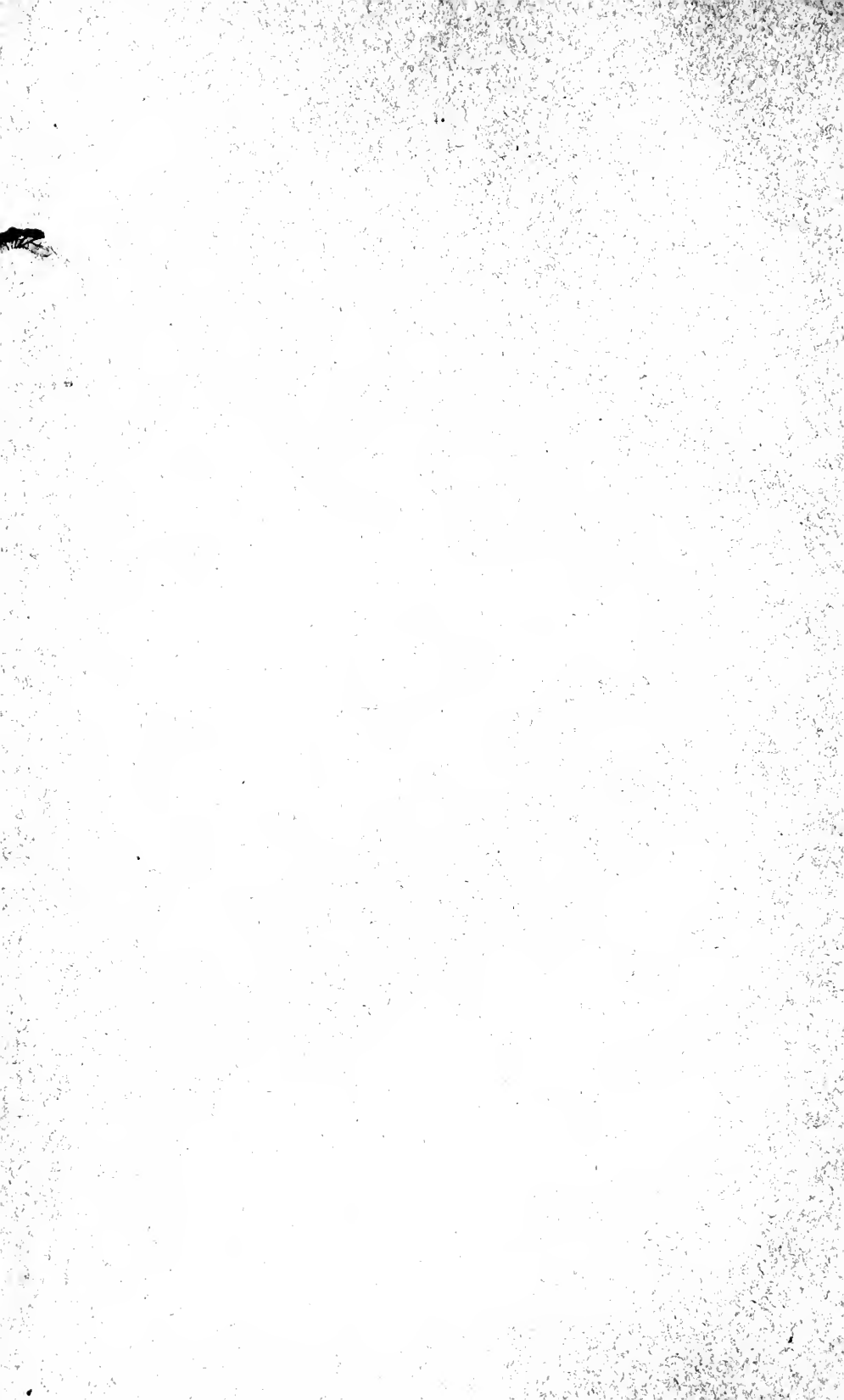
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

NATHANIEL BOUTON, D.D.,

FORMER PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF  
CONCORD, AND LATE STATE HISTORIAN OF  
NEW HAMPSHIRE;

ALSO,

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY

BY

PROF. HENRY E. PARKER, D.D., E. E. CUMMINGS, D.D.,  
AND REV. F. D. AYER.

EDITED BY JOHN BELL BOUTON.

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1879.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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My father, of his own accord, would never have written a line of autobiography to be published either before or after his death. He shrank from disclosures of himself. In his sermons and addresses no reference to his personal history or private feelings and tastes can be found. His family knew about him but little more than they saw for themselves, except, when with his younger children, in moods of playfulness, he would recall some incident of his boyish days for their amusement. He was always reserved upon the subject of his early life. This reticence sprang from no wish to conceal anything in his past; it was all honorable to him, and will bear the light it now receives; but boasting was abhorrent to his nature, and he never sought to pose before others as a model man. He was not in the habit of quoting his own experience as an infallible guide for his children or anybody else. He had little faith in the power of mere words, but he believed in the force of good example, and that he set before us continually. His daily life among us was our best lesson.

The accompanying "brief narrative," as he called it, was written at the request of his children. As his useful and honorable career neared its close, they were desirous to know more of its beginning. Though prepared exclusively for his descendants, it has been thought proper to make this autobiography public, in the belief that his many friends would be pleased to read it, and that some who did not know him personally might find the record instructive. It inculcates the virtues of an unswerving faith in Providence, of devotion to duty, of the strenuous application of all one's powers and faculties to a definite object in life. My father always deemed himself a child of Providence. He adduces many facts in this Memoir which confirmed him in that opinion. In gratitude to the guiding hand of a higher Power which he ever recognized, he dedicated himself to the ministry. He considered his unstinted pastoral labors in Concord only inadequate payment of the great debt he owed to God. Her children now know, as they never knew before, why he lavished his bodily and mental resources on the parish for forty-two years; why, in comparison with the First Congregational Church of Concord, all else was secondary. It was only a partial discharge of the obligation that rested on him.

It follows from what has been said, that his home and family life did

not occupy the first place in his thoughts. Though an affectionate husband and kind father, and fitted by nature, more than most men, to appreciate tranquil happiness in the domestic circle, he sought in it not an end but a means. He reversed the common rule. He did not toil in order to earn the rest at home made doubly sweet by his exertions; but he took a sparing amount of relaxation with his family for the purpose of gathering fresh strength, to be spent in parochial duties. His habit of early rising and retiring, his careful diet, his regular exercise, were all preparatives for the appointed work. He aimed to make his sermons better and all his labors more effective by keeping his body healthy and his mind bright. So it happened that, during the most active years of his life, his faculties were never quite unbent at home. Signs of his mental pre-occupation were always visible.

Notwithstanding the paramount claims upon his time and abilities as pastor, he was far from neglecting any real duty to his household. His ideas of the parental relation were perhaps more of the antique type than those now prevalent. While he loved his children and made every sacrifice in his power for their good, he was never foolishly indulgent to them. His paternal administration was firm but strictly just. His children found in him a wise and faithful adviser and the truest of friends. His anxiety for their welfare and happiness never abated. Long after the little flock had been widely scattered, his love and thoughtfulness followed them constantly. In his frequent letters to them, and particularly in those he wrote to each child on his or her birth-day, my father never omitted the prayerful wish that was dear to his heart. He chiefly desired for his children that they should lead useful lives, serving God in whatever station they might be placed. He would never have sought for them, any more than for himself, earthly riches or honors apart from those highest objects of existence.

His habitual subordination of all other interests to those of his people led to an act of great self-denial in 1866. He had modestly formed the opinion that he was getting too old-fashioned for his pulpit. Though still vigorous in body and mind, he imagined that he was preaching with less power and satisfaction to his hearers than formerly. He therefore determined to resign his pastorate, and to do this without asking or expecting from the church a pension or any provision whatever for his declining years. At his age (67) it seemed rash to quit voluntarily a position in which he had passed the best part of his life, and trust simply to the watch and care of Providence. He had no certainty of support from any source for the future, but he did not hesitate to execute his decision. Firmly convinced that he was best serving his Divine Master by making way for a younger and fresher man, he severed his pastoral connection with the First Congregational Church. Fortunately he was not kept long waiting for the active employment his mind required. In the office of State Historian, expressly created for him by Act of the Legislature of New

Hampshire, approved by Governor Smyth, he found profitable use for most of his time as editor of the *Provincial Records*. He had cultivated historical studies with much delight in moments of leisure for many years previous, and was peculiarly fitted for the task before him. He passed in this new sphere of usefulness eleven contented years. The ten volumes of *Provincial Records* (four-fifths in his own handwriting) which he collated, edited and published in that time, form an enduring monument of his industry, fidelity and painstaking care. During this period he preached as acceptably as ever in many communities which desired his occasional services. For seven years after he withdrew from his long pastorate, about two-thirds of his Sabbaths were thus occupied.

The completion of the *Provincial Records* left my father without those regular pursuits which seemed indispensable to his well-being. He who was never known to be sick when his energies were taxed to the utmost, fell ill not long after the cessation of his absorbing work. For a time he seemed to keep up his health and spirits by the composition of the autobiography. That duty performed, and nothing else offering itself as a ready vent for his zeal to be up and doing, he quickly succumbed to the forced inaction. After a life of incessant toil, he could not sit down to repose. The disease that mastered him has its name in medical science. The physicians spoke of it as the result of, or allied with, a general decay of the bodily powers. But I think he would have lived longer had there been more hard work for him to do.

This autobiography was left without any instructions to the editor. Only such personal and private matters have been omitted as have no direct bearing on the formation of my father's character and are not essential to a full understanding and appreciation of his life-work. Every word has been preserved that would bring into high relief the spiritual and moral lineaments of the man. Some interesting passages have been left out because they appear fully enough in the touching and admirable memorial discourse of Professor Parker, which is bound up in this volume. That review and estimate of my father's life and services, with the beautiful and pathetic tributes of Rev. Dr. Cummings and Rev. Mr. Ayer, who knew him long and well, fitly supplement the autobiography. They leave to filial love and reverence the desire to say no more, but to rest satisfied with these presentations of one who, as Head of the Family, Pastor and Public Servant, was ever just and faithful and true.

New York, December, 1878.

J. B. B.





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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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## PART I.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

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JOHN BOUTON, the common ancestor of all of the family name in this country, came from England in 1635. Arriving at Boston, he *Ancestry.* probably went with the Connecticut Colony the same year to Hartford; thence he removed to Norwalk, and there settled, as one of the original proprietors of the town, in 1651. The name is understood to be of French origin, although it is found in English genealogy. It is variously spelled in the ancient records, Bowton, Bowten, Bowtin, Boughton, Boutin, and Bouton.\* The current tradition and opinion are that the Boutons of France were of the Huguenot religion; and that, fleeing from persecution, they became associated with the Protestant dissenters in England. Certain it is, that our ancestor, John Bouton, was of the true Puritan blood in this country. In reckoning our descent from our honorable and honored ancestor, I trace back six generations in a line. My father, William, was born in 1749. He married Sarah Benedict, of Norwalk, and lived in the old family residence, built by his father Joseph. In this house were born to my parents fourteen children, of whom I was the youngest (June 20, 1799). It was a story and

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\* The French stock is traced back authentically as far as 1350 to Jean Bouton, seigneur de Guintiguie, son of N. Bouton, seigneur de Savigny. Many of the name appear in the French military and court records of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and later centuries. Nicolas Bouton, born 1598, bore the titles of Count de Chamilly, Baron de Montague and de Nanton. His son Noel Bouton, born 1636, advanced the honors of his house and was created Marquis of Chamilly and (in 1703) Marshal of France. See *Dictionnaire des Généraux Français, Dictionnaire de la Noblesse, &c.*

a half house in front, with a long, slanting roof behind. It was taken down by my brother, Deacon John Bouton, and a new house built on the same spot. The premises are now owned and occupied by my nephew, John B. Bouton, of the seventh generation from our common ancestor.

I should mention that this ancient house was situated on a home lot of about four acres, with an apple orchard and a garden. Besides, my father owned about thirty acres of tillage, pasture, and wood land, on which were raised corn, potatoes, and hay sufficient for family use. I remember to have heard him say he felt very thankful that, during the hard times of the Revolutionary war, and always since, he had been able to give his family a comfortable support. In the Revolution, my father was serjeant of a guard along the shore, where British marauders came from Long Island, and my mother, in her later years, received a pension from the Government on his account. They lived together on the old homestead fifty-nine years. Here both died—my father in 1828, aged 79, and my mother in 1844, in the 93d year of her age.

When about nine years of age, my father said he wished me to study English grammar. In the schools of Norwalk, at that period, *Reminiscences* the principal branches taught were reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Geography and *Childhood.* English grammar were not taught. Few masters were able to teach grammar; especially they did not understand parsing. However, as my father wished me to learn grammar, I committed to memory the rules contained in a little book called, I think, "Murray's Abridgement." I got along so well in arithmetic that the master would often send larger and older scholars to me to show them how to do their sums. I kept at, or near, the head of the school in spelling.

My impressions of family instructions and order are very distinct. Both father and mother were members of the Prime Congregational Church in Norwalk, and constant attendants on public worship on the Sabbath. The distance to the meeting-house was two miles. My parents rode on horseback—mother on a pillion behind. The children went afoot. How early I began to attend church I cannot remember; but I was very constant from seven years of age to fourteen, or while I remained at home. In the afternoon of the Sabbath, about 4 or 5 o'clock, my father's rule was to hear the chil-

dren at home recite the "Shorter Catechism," as it was called. Family worship, with reading of the Bible and prayers, was held morning and evening, to which, on Sundays, singing was added. The children also recited the Ten Commandments, and were taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer on going to bed, as also the familiar little petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep." I could not go to sleep without saying my prayers. I distinctly recall seasons of tender religious impressions when I was very young. At one time, under the preaching of our minister, Rev. Mr. Swan, I was affected to tears, and left the church with many good resolutions. These early instructions at home and at church are remembered with gratitude; they kept me from being what might be called a "bad boy." Indeed, my conscience was quite tender, and when I had done anything that I knew was wrong, it troubled me till I could make satisfaction. I have always been strictly temperate. My temperance resolutions were put to a severe test when I was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. I was then old enough to work and to earn something. The pottery business was at that time extensively carried on in shops at the "Old Well," so called, and I engaged with one of the workmen to make up clay balls for him to turn into various kinds of vessels. He agreed to pay me five dollars a month. In the shop where I was employed were twelve or fifteen hands, and the rule of the shop was to drink liquor twice a day—at 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M.—and the youngest boy was sent to the store to buy it. That task fell to me. I daily went. Then, as all were expected to drink, my turn would come. I declined; I excused myself. They said, "Drink!" I said, "No!" They laughed at me; they bantered me; but I stood it out and never drank a glass. I record, as a singular after-experience, that the man who at that time employed me, and who daily drank his portion of the liquor which he sent me to procure, became himself an inebriate, and failed in health and in business; but he lived just long enough to hear me preach a discourse, fifteen years later, in which I depicted the terrible evils of intemperance, and alluded to the perils through which I had passed in my boyhood. He said, "It was all true." I never smoked a cigar in my life; to which abstinence, in part, I ascribe the uniform good health I have always enjoyed.

Certain remarks which my father made, now and then in my

boyhood, had an influence on me all my life. Unconsciously to myself, they molded my opinions and character. One time, while digging in the garden, my father said: "Thaniel, no matter what work a man does, provided it is honest!" I never forgot it; I have always spontaneously, as from principle, been the friend and advocate of labor. "No matter what, if honest!"

Between the age of thirteen and fourteen, I began to think of a trade. But what to choose, I was entirely at a loss. Just here *Apprentice-* Providence was my guide. My father took a news-  
*ship.* paper called the "Republican Farmer," printed at Bridgeport, by Stiles Nichols. The papers were distributed to subscribers weekly by a post-rider, who carried them in saddle-bags. He usually made his appearance at our house at a certain hour of the day. The paper often contained some interesting story, which was continued from week to week. In such case I was anxious to get it, and would run out to meet the post-rider at the given time, and catching the paper, would run home to read the story; as my father then had but few books, the "Republican Farmer" became to me a stimulant for knowledge. In the spring of 1813 an advertisement appeared—"Wanted at this office, an apprentice to learn the printing business." As soon as I read it I said: "I will be a printer." Asking my father's consent to make application, I rode to Bridgeport, a distance of fifteen miles, and offered myself to Mr. Nichols for an apprentice. I was not only young, but small of stature. He looked me over, inquired my age, etc. As I was the first who applied and was earnest about it, he agreed to take me on trial; I was greatly pleased. I hastened home, which I reached about noon on the same day. As soon as practicable, I was fitted out for an apprenticeship at Bridgeport. I liked the business, and gained the good-will of Mr. Nichols and his family, where I boarded. In due time, my father came to Bridgeport, and I was regularly bound according to legal form, by indentures, to serve my master seven years till the age of twenty one, and he was bound to instruct me in the art and mystery of printing. All was satisfactory; I was elated with the opportunity thus offered of reading and acquiring knowledge, which, otherwise, was beyond my reach. In about two years I could do the work of an ordinary journeyman, and now and then, I would write a short article for the paper, concealing, however, the authorship. The proprietor and editor, Mr. Nichols, was an elderly gentleman of

respectable position in society, kind and obliging in spirit and manner. I do not remember that he ever spoke an unkind word to me, or found fault. He liked me and I liked him.

I now come to a period of great consequence in my personal history. I may call it the turning point of my life. I see in it the

*Religious* gracious over-ruling hand of my Heavenly Father.

*Experience.* Thus far I had been preserved from evil courses and habits into which many boys and young men of my age and acquaintance had fallen. My conscience was sensitive, yet I had no distinct religious convictions; no clear sense of duty toward God; few thoughts relative to my future and immortal destiny. I was now over fifteen years of age. Some time early in the spring of the year 1815, I made a visit to my home in Norwalk. My father was aged and infirm, and as he had always been concerned for the spiritual welfare of his children, he took the opportunity to talk with, or rather to, me on that subject. Just before I set out on my return to Bridgeport he said, in substance: "My son, I have given you as good an education as I was able; I have done as well by you as I could, have been anxious for your spiritual welfare, and have often prayed for you." Then, with tears in his eyes, he added: "My son, you are now old enough to be a Christian." Soon after this I left and took the stage for Bridgeport. But those last words of my father were constantly in my mind.

Just about this time a young man, Peter Lockwood, came from Yale College to Bridgeport, his native town, and commenced a series of religious meetings. He was very zealous, a ready speaker, and his earnest exhortations and prayers produced a deep impression on me. His meetings, which were held in school-houses or private dwellings, were fully attended. Once a week also, with some young friends, I went to an inquiry meeting at the house of the pastor, Rev. Elijah Waterman, who conversed with us personally, and gave suitable counsel to each. I remember one evening, when about forty were present, after talking and praying with us, he dismissed us, but none were disposed to go. He sat still to hear more, then talked and prayed again; then intimated that the time of service had expired. We arose, but lingered; the impression on every heart was heavy. It was what was called "Conviction of Sin," a deep consciousness of personal guilt in the sight of God, and as an accompaniment a sense of ill-desert and of the justice of God in our

condemnation. This was my case. My sixteenth birthday was now at hand, June 20, 1815. On the morning of that day, as I arose, I resolved that I would give myself, without reserve, wholly and forever to the service of God, my Maker and Benefactor; that Christ henceforth should be accepted and owned as my Saviour, and that in whatever condition I was placed religion should be my chief concern. In the printing office was a little recess back of the chimney, where one could be entirely alone and unseen. As I entered the office early in the morning, I chose that secluded spot for my dedication to the Lord. There, in and by prayer, I endeavored heartily to give myself, body and soul, for time and eternity, to be the Lord's. In the act of doing this I felt a conscious relief. The heavy burden of conviction seemed lifted off, and peaceful serenity followed. Yet I was not in that joyful frame of mind of which I had heard others speak, and therefore was not confident that my self-consecration was accepted. Soon after this, however, as on a Sabbath evening, near sunset, I was going to a meeting, I had a new and joyous experience. The sun, the sky, and the fields all seemed to be praising God. My heart joined in the song. In this happy condition I continued some time, thence inferring that my dedication to the Lord was accepted. Still I was not one of those who felt sure. I was afraid of deceiving myself, or of being deceived. My sense of personal unworthiness and guilt outweighed my experience of peace and joy. I could only hope in Christ. The hymn was applicable to me:

" 'Tis a point I long to know :  
 Oft it causes anxious thought,  
 Do I love the Lord, or no?  
 Am I His or am I not?"

However, I further resolved to engage at once in every Christian work, and especially to try to bring others, my relations, and young companions, to a knowledge and experience of religion. I began to take a part in social religious meetings, and was one of a band of eight or ten young men, who met once a week for prayer, and who engaged to go out and hold evening meetings in neighborhoods out of the village. We began the same sort of work that now belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Distrustful of myself, I delayed for several months to make a



public profession of religion. But on the first Sabbath in December, 1815 (I think), I united, with many others, with the First Congregational Church in Bridgeport, Rev. Elijah Waterman, pastor. The whole number who united with that church as a fruit of the revival, if I remember rightly, was ninety nine.

Almost every leisure moment I had, morning, noon and evening, I now spent in examining the Bible. I very carefully studied the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, and, almost without intending it, I committed to memory very many passages of that epistle and others, which I retain to this day.

Of the characteristics of my religious experience I have thought much of late, as being in contrast in many respects with what is current at the present day. I passed through a painful experience of what was termed the "law-work" on my heart. I felt myself a sinner before God, utterly condemned by the law which I had broken without excuse. I had an abiding sense of accountability to God. At times death and judgment to come were before me. I knew, I felt, the justice of God. I had no claim on Him for mercy. These convictions were not of any particular or heinous sins, but that I was a sinner all over. I had never loved nor served God. I had never been grateful to Him for the thousand blessings bestowed on me, and I used to wonder that he should spare me. Yet it was not so much a fear of punishment or of hell that troubled me, as it was a sense of total unworthiness and sinfulness before God. It was usual at that time in preaching to dwell much on the law of God, on the nature and desert of sin, the duty and necessity of true repentance, on the danger of delay and of self-deception in indulging a "hope" of pardon. Although Christ was held forth as a ready, willing and all-sufficient Saviour, yet he was a Saviour only for those who felt themselves lost, and who applied to Him with a penitence that was deep, sincere and radical.

In contrast with all this, very little is said at the present day of the condemning power of the law. God's mercy is magnified, while His adorable justice is kept out of view. Sinners then were called upon to "submit to God." Now "Come to Jesus" is the song—"Come just now, Jesus loves you." Little or nothing is said of the danger of self-deception or of a false hope. The Christian's life is represented as strewn all the way with flowers, while the Christian's cross-bearing and yoke are ignored. Then conversion

was thought to be a great change wrought by the power of the Spirit of God. Now it is as easy as to turn your hand over or to walk across a room. Then "Questions and Counsel" were applied to young converts for self-examination. Now only "believe and trust in Jesus, and all is well." I note these differences because they mark a change in the current thought and style of preaching, and the views entertained then and now of certain great doctrines of the Gospel. I do not attempt to decide which of the two is the better; but time will determine whether the latter method is as effective to make vigorous, stable and devoted Christians.

Resulting directly from this change there came to me another experience. My mind became aglow with religious thoughts and feelings; new desires and aspirations were awakened. *Purchase of my Indentures.* I began to think of a college—could I ever reach it? Obstacles presented themselves which seemed insuperable. I was an indentured apprentice, bound to serve four years more. I had no means by purchase to take up my indentures, or, if I could, to prepare myself for a college. Yet the idea of an education grew upon me; I desired it, that I might be suitably qualified to preach the Gospel. That became my absorbing thought. I ventured to open my mind on the subject to the Rev. Mr. Waterman; he encouraged me. After much thought, I concluded to speak to Mr. Nichols, and to ask him for what consideration he would allow me to take up my indentures. He said he would consider my request, and give me an answer. In about a week he called me to him, and in a very friendly manner, said he would be glad to have me remain with him till my full time was out; that he would do well by me, and that I might hope at some time to become an editor; but that, if I thought best to seek a higher education, he would take one hundred and seventy-five dollars for my time, and give up my indentures.

What now was to be done? Where would \$175 come from? The thing seemed impracticable. Here, again, I gratefully recognize the good providence of God; He appeared as the guide of my youth, and opened the way for me. After consulting with my father, he, approving, said he had two acres of wood and, which he was willing to sell and to give the avails towards the purchase of my time; for the rest, the plan was proposed to raise it by a subscription among the Christian people of Bridgeport and Norwalk

who knew me, and in a brief time, to my surprise and joy, the whole amount required was raised. My father sold his land for \$64, and \$111.00 was raised by subscription, from ten dollars down to twenty-five cents. The money was given into my hands, and paid in full to Mr. Nichols on his delivery of my indentures.

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PART II—EDUCATION.

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I LEFT Bridgeport, I think, in the month of September, 1816. I was 17 years of age. I had good friends in Bridgeport, who encouraged and aided me; among them was Mr. *Preparation* Lambert Lockwood, with all his family. He was *for* the father of Mr. Peter Lockwood, whose useful services I have referred to and who became my life-long friend. Repairing at once to my father's house in Norwalk, I commenced studies preparatory for college with an earnest will. Having been accustomed during my apprenticeship to stand at a case for setting type, I fancied I could study to better advantage standing than sitting; so I constructed a standing-shelf on which to rest my books; then I undertook to commit to memory all the rules of the Latin grammar. This I accomplished rather superficially in one week.

In the meantime, I made application to Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Darien, who kept a private school, and he consented to hear me recite twice a week. The distance was four miles, which I rode on horseback. I recited to him three months; then, winter setting in, Rev. Mr. Swan, pastor of the Congregational church in Norwalk, who had, from the first, kindly encouraged me, offered to hear my recitations in Latin; to him I recited usually three times a week. With his consent and advice, during the winter I attended frequent meetings among the young people, in different parts of the town, at which I exhorted and prayed. I found a neighborhood of colored people who were very ignorant, and never or rarely attended

public worship. I visited them, held evening meetings with them, and gave tracts to such as were able to read.

The distance from my father's house to Rev. Mr. Swan's was about two miles. This I traveled on foot, but in the latter part of winter, I received invitations from various Christian families who lived nearer, to board with them. Among these were Ebenezer Phillips's, Nathan Benedict's, and Stephen Lockwood's, whose names I mention with pleasure, because of the great advantage I derived from association with them, and because, also, they remained ever afterwards kind, loving, and most estimable friends.

While boarding with Mr. Phillips, an accident occurred which nearly cost me my life. The harbor of the river being frozen over, I attempted to cross on the ice, on my way to recitation. I passed safely two-thirds of the distance, when I fell through in a depth of water up to my armpits. No one was in sight to help me; I shouted; no one appeared but a little child, who looked on wondering. I attempted to raise myself on the ice, but it gave way. I tried again and again. Finally I made one desperate effort and threw myself breastwise on the ice, which bore me up, and then cold and dripping I hastened as fast as possible to Mr. Swan's. My entrance in that plight threw the good women of the house into quite a panic. They ran to my succor; a blazing fire was kindled, and I went through the operation of drying, if not of toasting. A good Providence spared my life, for which I have ever praised His name.

In the spring of 1817, I very unexpectedly received an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Bonney, pastor of the Congregational *New Canaan*. Church in New Canaan, Conn., to attend an academy there, taught by the Rev. Mr. Daggett, with the assurance that both my board and tuition should be free. I accepted the invitation. Provision for board was made by the voluntary offer of friends to take me from two to four weeks each in turn. I commenced boarding at Rev. Mr. Bonney's, by whose instruction and example in the ministry I was much profited, whose wife was a model Christian lady, and to me as a mother in Israel.

While at New Canaan I pursued the same course as to religious meetings as at Norwalk, resulting in cases of special interest and of conversion among the young.

It was my good fortune, at New Canaan, to board in several

excellent households, among which I recall those of Deacon Isaac Benedict, Deacon Seth Hickok, David Lockwood Sr., and Jr., Mr. William Carter. I also visited at Deacon Daniel Bouton's, a relative of my father.

At the academy with me was Wm. Beecher. He was a son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, whom I met once at Mr. Daggett's, and whose plain manners but instructive discourse much interested me. Happily, this early introduction to Dr. Beecher attached me strongly to him in after-life, when I had occasional opportunities to meet him and to hear him preach.

I record with gratitude to the good people of New Canaan, that my acquaintance with their homes was of much benefit, as it gave me some of the varied aspects of domestic life, and placed before me admirable examples of industry, economy, and of exemplary and intelligent piety.

After attending the academy in New Canaan about six months, I received a very cordial invitation, through Rev. Sylvanus Haight,

*Wilton.* of Wilton, to go to that place and attend a school taught by Mr. Hawley Olmstead. Mr. Haight kindly assured me that board would be furnished me a whole year in some of their best families, and Mr. Olmstead said that my tuition should be free, and I gladly accepted the offer. Entering the school in 1817, I pursued my studies at the rate of ten and twelve hours a day. My first boarding place was with Rev. Mr. Haight, then with Capt. Wm. Selleck, Mr. Levi Scribner, Matthew Marvin, Esq., Mr. Nathan Hubbell, a Mr. Middlebrooks, Mr. Elias Betts, and some others whose names I do not recall. All these treated me with great attention and kindness. In the school was Jared B. Waterbury, about my own age; we soon formed an intimate acquaintance, ripening into the closest friendship. Under the instruction of Mr. Olmstead, I went over all the studies then required for entering the sophomore class in Yale College. The standard was then indeed much lower than now. I have regretted that I did not take more time in fitting, but necessity was upon me.

I feel deeply grateful to Hawley Olmstead, Esq. He was a gentleman of superior native ability and manly presence, scholarly in all the branches which he taught, of large and liberal views, and I doubt not of a truly Christian spirit.

I have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings of my youth,

that I came under his tuition, and still more, that I gained his confidence, and in after years enjoyed, I believe, his friendship; nor can I omit to acknowledge my indebtedness to Rev. Sylvanus Haight. He was a devoted, earnest, and useful pastor—generous, kind, and sympathetic, and aided me much, both by counsel and personal interest in my behalf. By particular request, I was present at the commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the organization of the church in Wilton, in 1876. It was a time of great interest to the people there, and the gathering was large. I was invited as a survivor of the pupils at school in 1818, fifty-eight years before. In a brief address I gave reminiscences of that period so interesting to me, and thanked the good people of Wilton for all the favors shown me in my youth. I told them I was glad to pay a debt of gratitude which I had never forgotten, and for which I had often thanked the Father of all our mercies.

In the judgment of my teacher, Mr. Olmstead, I was prepared to enter the sophomore class in Yale College, but here a most important preliminary inquiry arose. How are my college bills to be paid? Neither my father nor any of my kindred can meet them. Again I recognize the good providence of God. About 1815 or 1816 the Connecticut Education Society was formed, to aid indigent young men who had the ministry in view. Of its operations, however, I knew nothing; but the ministers who had thus far befriended me, took counsel in my behalf. Rev. Mr. Swan, Mr. Fisher, of Darien, Mr. Bonney, of New Canaan, and Mr. Haight, of Wilton, agreed to pay at least one hundred dollars a year into the treasury of the Connecticut Education Society, provided I could be received as a beneficiary. Accordingly, when the time came to enter college in 1818, I presented myself for examination without much fear that I should fail. Happily I was accepted, and took my place in the sophomore class, which numbered eighty-two. Many of the members had enjoyed advantages in preparation far superior to my own; some were brilliant scholars. As soon as I came into the recitation-room, I saw and felt that I stood at a disadvantage. Yet I was not discouraged, though at times much mortified by mistakes in reciting. I did not envy any for superior scholarship, but resolved to make up for deficiencies by application. Pursuing this course, always ready to perform my part as well as I could in all the college exercises, I passed along from

one term to another very comfortably, and held rank among the first quarter of my class. I was monitor one term, president of the Society of Brothers in Unity, and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. During the whole of my college course, I was not absent from any recitation, lecture, or prayers in the chapel, unless out of town, and never had to give an excuse for not being prepared; nor did I ever receive any reproof or reprimand. For excelling in English composition, I received from the Faculty of the college as premium a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and other poems, and Thomson's *Seasons*, presented to me by President Day, with his autograph. In regard to college expenses and bills, I most gratefully remember that somehow all my wants were supplied. I always had money enough to meet incidental expenses; my term bills were regularly paid, or remitted agreeably to the arrangement before mentioned, and I had the benefit of a scholarship of \$60.00 for two years.

Among the memories of college life, I first recall the names and characters of the honored president and professors. My class was *Recollections of College Life*. the first one under the entire administration of President Jeremiah Day, a man of singular elevation and purity of character, of calm and benevolent disposition and aspect, of unassumed dignity in gait and demeanor, of few words, always marked with wisdom; and held in the highest esteem and reverence, with love, by all the members of college. Next to him was Professor Benjamin Silliman, M. D., eminent for his knowledge of the natural sciences, a fully developed man, six feet high; his countenance and eyes brilliant with intelligence, and attractive by their benevolent expression, fluent and eloquent in speech, enthusiastic in his professional studies and duties. Professor James L. Kingley, professor of languages, won the respect and good-will of students by his profound and critical knowledge, and also by his ready wit. Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, professor of rhetoric and elocution, next to President Day, I loved, on account of his amiable disposition, courteous manners, eminent purity, and zeal for the spiritual welfare of the students. Professor Alexander Fisher was held in the highest estimation as a deep thinker and profound scholar, and as giving promise of high distinction in the departments of mathematics and natural philosophy. In his lectures he was distinguished for perspicacity and depth. Profound was the

gloom which spread over the college and the city of New Haven, when the news came of his death by shipwreck on the coast of Ireland, April 22, 1822. He had taken voyage for Europe in the ship *Albion*, with a view to enlarge his knowledge of his favorite studies, and to complete the philosophical apparatus of the college. The ship was wrecked in a terrible storm. It was commonly reported and understood, that at the time of his death he was engaged to be married to Miss Catharine Beecher, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. She never married.

Before Professor Fisher, I might have named Rev. Eleazer T. Fitch, professor of divinity in the college and preacher to the students; a man of almost excessive modesty, but of high intellectual and spiritual culture. Of the tutors of my class, I retain a pleasant memory; particularly of those who taught the division to which I belonged. William T. Dwight was a son of the former president, Rev. Timothy Dwight. He was a gentleman well qualified for his position, and an example of good manners. Josiah D. Wickham was a fine scholar. Rev. Lyman Coleman was another of our tutors, who has made an honorable mark for himself by his literary labors.

In the spring term of 1820 commenced what was then considered the greatest revival of religion that ever occurred in college; it also pervaded New Haven. About 900 persons were reported as converts in that city. The ministers mostly employed in this great work were Rev. Asahel Nettleton, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, then pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., and Rev. Samuel Merwin, pastors of churches in New Haven. Drs. Beecher and Nettleton often preached to the students. The sermons of Professor Fitch, and the earnest labors of Professor Goodrich in conversation and counsel with inquirers were very effective. The pious students of the college at the same time were active, earnest, and prayerful. Of this great revival I kept a journal, from week to week, marking in it my own feelings, and such services as I was able to render. I have the names of thirty-two students converted at this time, of whom twenty became ministers. Among them were several of the best scholars who, in after-life, were eminent for usefulness. Of my classmates, Samuel H. Cowles, the champion athlete of the college, was humbled like a child, and consecrated all his energies to the service of Christ. A tract written, I



believe, by my friend Jared B. Waterbury, was published with the title of the "Ringleader," giving a detailed account of Cowles's conversion. Rev. Eli Smith, D.D., stood among the first of his class. As is well known, he became a missionary of the American Board in Syria, translated the New Testament into Arabic, was a companion of Rev. Edward Robinson, D.D., in his travels in Egypt and Palestine, and to his information much of the value of Dr. Robinson's publications is due. Hon. Henry White, the valedictorian of his class, was among the converts. He still resides in New Haven, honored by all, an able lawyer, and upright judge. My esteemed roommate, Rev. Dwight Baldwin, still living, a missionary at the Sandwich Islands, was a long time under conviction of sin. He was one of the most steady, moral, and amiable members of the class, and yet no one seemed to pass through a more distressing experience of what he called the hardness of his heart. He did not gain peace and hope till after he left college, but as he wrote me afterward, when he yielded his heart to God, he found light and joy. He then devoted his life to missionary work, and has been eminently useful more than fifty years. Among other subjects of the revival was Edward Beecher, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher. He was the first scholar of his class and afterwards pastor of Park street church, and subsequently of Salem street church, Boston, president several years of Jacksonville college, Illinois, and author of various theological and literary works. Rev. George W. Blagden, D.D., also was awakened under a sermon by Dr. Nettleton, and has long been known as the beloved and honored pastor of the Old South Church, in Boston. To which number I add my early friend, Rev. Thomas T. Waterman: he fulfilled an able and successful ministry in Providence, R. I., and other places, of about forty years.

Under the circumstances in which I was supported in college, I felt that I was under obligations to do all in my power to repay my *My Vacations*. benefactors, not in money, but in service for their spiritual good. Consequently, all my vacations were spent in one or more of the places where those gentlemen resided. In Norwalk I held meetings once or twice each week, and there was gathered a company of young Christians who worked together in delightful harmony, and who were my steadfast friends; for like purpose I visited New Canaan and Wilton. After commencement (1820), I spent a

large part of a vacation in Bridgeport, with my friend, Mr. Lambert Lockwood. My whole time was spent among the young people, calling their attention to personal religion. After returning to college a letter informed me that at the next communion lesson twenty-two united with the church.

In the summer vacation of 1820, I passed a week in a village called Hotchkistown, two miles from New Haven, where a deep religious interest was awakened. I have the names of twenty-three who professed conversion, and who afterwards, I learned, "ran well" in the Christian life.

After graduation at Yale the question arose, what should I do next? Shall I now postpone theological studies, in order to gain *Andover* means of support? Shall I take a school for a year *Theological* or so? These and such like questions pressed upon *Seminary*. me. I had determined with other classmates to pursue theological studies at Andover, but an outfit and support while there required money. Where and how could I obtain it? Here again, the Lord was my helper and guide. On advising with the ministers and friends who had so generously aided me, they all united in saying "do not stop—do not postpone your preparation; go on; we will help you." To my great surprise and joy, the band of young Christians in my native town, before referred to, took the outfit into their own hands. I was presented by them with a complete new suit of clothes, and with fifty dollars in money; and with several others in like dependent circumstances, I received from the Faculty at Andover, promise of assistance from the funds of the seminary.

I was there admitted into the junior class. My roommate was Erastus Maltby, a college classmate whom I held in high esteem for his piety, genial temper, and regular habits. We roomed together through the whole course of study.

The professors in the seminary at that time were Rev. Ebenezer Porter, D.D., professor of sacred rhetoric; Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., professor of Christian theology; Rev. James Murdoch, D.D., professor of ecclesiastical history, and Rev. Moses Stuart, D.D., professor of sacred literature. I soon found out that these were all learned, able, and godly men. Dr. Porter was mild, affable, courteous, elegant in his style, and eloquent in delivery of a sermon. Dr. Woods was of a heavier mould, of a clear, logical

mind, with broad views on all theological subjects. Dr. Murdoch was a well-read student of Church history. Becoming acquainted with him in his family, I formed then, and cherish still, a sentiment of respect mingled with sympathy for him. Professor Stuart was "sui generis." He was an enthusiast in his profession. He gloried and revelled in Greek and Hebrew; he went to the root of things; he infused much of his spirit into his pupils. He taught and made them believe that "hermeneutics," or the right exegesis of the Scriptures, was the very foundation of all true theology.

Our class, the first term, consisted of sixty-one members, from different colleges and all sections of the country. Those, besides my own college classmates, whom I held in much esteem, were Jacob Abbott, who afterwards became eminent as an author; Milton P. Braman, the best writer in the class, and many years a pastor in Danvers, Massachusetts; John P. Cleaveland, long known as an able teacher, and successful preacher; Royal Washburn, of clear head and loving heart, whose life was brief; Charles White, of Dartmouth college, who became president of Crawfordville college, Ind., and my ever esteemed friend John K. Young.

On arranging my plans for seminary life, I resolved to give attention to every subject in its order, as laid down in the course. My favorite study the first year was exegesis. I devoted much time to each lesson in that department. In the whole work of the ministry, these exegetical studies have been of essential advantage to me. In the department of Biblical theology I took great interest, and gave each topic careful investigation. On the subject of proofs of the existence of God, which came early in the course, I was for some time quite confused; I did not clearly apprehend the process of reasoning; my mind became intensely excited; I could not sleep; but at last, in wakeful hours of the night, I saw the evidence, reasoning simply from effect to cause. It inspired me; I saw God in person as an intelligent First Cause, all powerful, wise, and glorious. Since then, I have never had a doubt on that subject.

When we came to metaphysical inquiries on free moral agency, original sin, etc., I took much satisfaction in examining into the operations and laws of mind. Having been brought up on the doctrines of the Westminster Assembly Catechism, I was troubled in reconciling some of those tenets with the freedom of the will and accountability which seemed to me almost as first truths, and which I

could not deny. Hence, my ideas on these topics were considerably modified. While I fully believed in man's dependence for all good on the "Grace of God," I learned that that grace became effectual by the willing reception of it in a free agent. Consequently, in all my preaching, I have insisted strenuously on duty and obligation, admitting no excuse for sin or disobedience in any form, but at the same time teaching that Divine Grace was assured to all who sought it. In short, I embraced heartily the system of theology as taught at Andover, by Dr. Woods, and have seen no occasion to change essentially on any doctrinal point since then.

In the department of sacred rhetoric, I aimed to acquire such habits of speaking as would render my ministry effective and acceptable. To this end I carefully studied the principles and rules of elocution, and practised speaking and reading aloud in my room. I also frequently went away from the seminary some distance, where I could declaim without being heard by others. Thus, I aimed to gain compass of voice.

I do not recollect that I ever failed in any part assigned me in any department, during my whole theological course; nor did I lose a single day or hour of study by ill health. This fact may be ascribed, in part at least, to my habits of exercise.

In relation to my standing in my class, I can truly say I thought very little about it at the time. I made no comparisons; I felt no ambition to be above others. My aim was to do as well as I could, and I had no concern for anything else. I sought no appointments; if they came to me, I endeavored to do my duty honestly and punctually. The first year I was appointed monitor of my class; the next I was chosen president of one division of the Porter Rhetorical Society. I was one of the committee of the Society of Inquiry. I wrote and read before that society an historical sketch of "Methodism," and also correspondence with some of our foreign missionaries.

## PART III.—ORDINATION.

AT the time of closing my studies at Andover, I had formed no definite plans for the future. My general purpose was fixed—to *Invitations from Boston, Mass., and Concord, N. H.* preach the Gospel. With other classmates, I had already received license to preach from an association of ministers, who met in Andover, a short time before the close of the term. But where I should find a field of service, I left to the guidance and determination of Providence. Before leaving the seminary, Dr. Woods had sounded me on the subject of a foreign mission under the American board; he spoke particularly of Syria and Palestine, the field afterwards assigned to my classmate, Rev. Eli Smith. I told him I had always cherished a desire to be a settled pastor. Several of my classmates had decided to go to the great West, which was then opening most important fields for missionary services. I favored that idea, but still had reached no decision.

At the close of public service, after delivering the valedictory address, as I passed from the chapel, I was met by a committee of gentlemen from Boston, Rev. Benjamin B. Wisner, D.D., Hon. Samuel Hubbard, and Deacon John C. Proctor, who informed me of a plan to establish a new church in Boston, at the North end, and that they would be glad to engage me, to begin the enterprise by preaching and visiting in that part of the city. After hearing this statement and proposed terms, I engaged for three months' service, and to enter on the work after a short visit to my parents and friends in Connecticut. Passing out, I immediately took a carriage, then in waiting, with my nephew, S. W. Benedict, who had come on to attend the commencement exercises, and rode on our homeward way, that evening, as far as Billerica. Singularly enough, I thus missed an interview with Samuel Fletcher, Esq., a committee from the first church in Concord, N. H., who had come thence on purpose to inquire for and engage a candidate for the ministry of that church, then vacant by the resignation of Rev. Asa McFarland, D.D. I had been recommended to him by the professors and others of the

seminary, but he cautiously reserved calling on me, till he had heard me on the stage. Of this, however, I knew nothing, until a day or two after my arrival in Norwalk, I received an official letter from him, inviting me to preach as a candidate for that church. This placed me in a trying position. I accordingly told him of my engagement at Boston, for three months, and said that I could give no answer to his invitation till that time had expired.

I commenced service in Boston, in a chapel on Charlton street. In the meantime, Mr. Fletcher had entered into correspondence with the previously named committee in Boston, urging the claims of Concord church for my services. I kept to my work. One evening, Rev. Dr. Wisner called, and gave me full notice of the affair between them and Mr. Fletcher. He said the committee were aware of the delicate situation in which I was placed; that they appreciated the importance of Concord as a field of usefulness, and while they personally desired my continuance with them, they were willing to submit the decision of the question entirely to me. They would release me from engagement to them, if I had a preference for service in Concord. I took the matter into careful and prayerful consideration. I consulted with Dr. Porter and Dr. Woods; I went to Concord to see Mr. Fletcher and inform myself, privately, of the extent of the field there; the character of the people; the prospect of usefulness. I had heard that Concord was a difficult place, because it was the capital of the State, and there were many lawyers and educated men, who were critical, and not easy to suit. Several students from Andover had preached there, but were not acceptable. I was distrustful of my ability, and hesitated. At Concord, where I arrived by stage, early in the evening, I met Mr. Fletcher, and Hon. Samuel Morrill, at the Columbian Hotel, then kept by John P. Gass. Of them I made many inquiries, and received much information. The result was that I agreed to supply the church as a candidate seven weeks, and to begin on the last Sabbath of October.

I here add, that the new enterprise in Boston went on to success. Out of it grew the Salem street church, in which, subsequently, the Rev. Justyn Edwards, D.D., from Andover, was installed as pastor.

I commenced services at Concord under embarrassment. I had but four written sermons to begin with, and, of course, I must study

and write as I went along. On the forenoon of the first Sabbath, the *My Candidate-* Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, principal of the Asylum  
*ship* for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Connecti-  
*at Concord.* cut, preached by invitation a very able and elo-  
quent sermon in behalf of that institution. The General Court of  
New Hampshire was then in session, and great numbers of the  
members were in attendance at church. Following Mr. Gal-  
laudet, in the presence of many distinguished men of the State, I  
was afraid; I trembled. My sermon was from the text, Luke x.  
42: "But one thing is needful," etc. I hardly know how I got  
through, but, for better or worse, I was obliged to go on. Boarding  
in the very agreeable family of Mr. Fletcher, whose house then  
stood on the spot now occupied by the Pleasant street Baptist  
church, I gave the forenoons and evenings of each day to the pre-  
paration of sermons; afternoons I made short calls on families in  
the village as introduced. During my stay, I rode into several of  
the outer districts of the town, accompanied by some member of  
the church, and was introduced to many families and persons. The  
whole town was then embraced in the parish—rather, the families  
that then composed the First Religious Society were spread over  
the entire territory of the town; many of them three and five miles  
distant, and some six and seven. The society consisted of two  
hundred and twenty-three taxable members, most of them heads of  
families, and the church membership was three hundred and sixty.  
The meeting-house in which I preached was the only one then in  
town. It was very spacious, with galleries, and the usual congrega-  
tion on the Sabbath averaged about seven hundred and fifty.

There was a small Quaker meeting-house, in which only two or  
three families of that sect were accustomed to worship. A few  
Methodists were in town, who held occasional meetings on the east  
side of the Merrimack river, and also at Stickney's hill, in the  
southwest part of the town. A small Baptist church was also  
organized, which met for worship in the old Town-hall, or in school-  
houses mostly in the West Parish, conducted by Rev. William Taylor.

Thus situated, I did what I could. I found the preparation of new  
sermons a hard task, and I was obliged in one or two cases to seek  
relief by exchange; but I fulfilled my engagement. I now record,  
what will appear singular to the present generation, and what some-  
what troubled me, at the time, *viz:* During my whole stay in Con-

cord of seven weeks, only two gentlemen (Mr. George Kent and Judge Samuel Green) called on me, socially, at Mr. Fletcher's, and when I left town, I did not know from anything that had been said to me, privately or officially, whether my services were acceptable to the people or not. I received no flattering commendations. One good old lady in a remote part of the town had asked me if I would not like to be their minister. Deacon Jonathan Wilkins remarked to me after my last sermon, that "seven weeks was rather a short time for a candidateship." And, as I was leaving Mr. Fletcher's house, he was pleased to ask for my address, in case the society should wish to write to me. I had, however, noticed that the congregations on the Sabbath were large and attentive, with apparently a growing interest; I therefore presumed that my services were not displeasing to them; I had, moreover, this comfort—I was conscious that I had served them as well as I could.

Leaving Concord, I concluded to spend two or three months in study, as a licentiate, at Andover. I was fortunate in securing a *The Call to Service*, room in Dr. Porter's house, and thereby enjoyed the advantage of frequent conversations with him, and with his excellent wife, a very devout, kind, and motherly woman, who, having no children of her own, took a livelier interest in such of the theological students as came within her acquaintance. There I waited to hear from Concord; devoting my time to study, and particularly to the preparation of sermons. My suspense was soon relieved; early in January, 1825, I received the following communication:

CONCORD, January 1, 1825.

MR. NATHANIEL BOUTON.

*Dear Sir*:—It has become our duty, in behalf of the Congregational church in this town, to present to you the result of their proceedings in relation to yourself, as candidate for the office of their pastor; and we cannot better express their sentiments and wishes than they have expressed them in their records, from which the following is an extract:

"Concord, December 24, 1824. At a church meeting duly notified and holden at the meeting-house in this place:

"*Voted Unanimously*, That this church approve of Mr. Nathaniel Bouton as a candidate for the ministry here;

"*Voted Unanimously*, That this church give Mr. Nathaniel Bouton a call to settle in the ministry over them as their pastor.

"*Voted*, That a committee of three be raised to communicate this call to Mr. Bouton; and Samuel Fletcher, Nathan Ballard, Jr., and Nathaniel Ambrose are chosen."

And now, dear sir, permit us to say that we have endeavored to discern the indications of Providence, and that we hope and trust they have led us



to you, as our guide and teacher in spiritual things. We earnestly request you to give to our claim a favorable consideration, and communicate to us your answer as soon as it shall be consistent.

Should you accept of our invitation, we can agree on the time most desirable to yourself for your induction to the office. On our part, we are ready at any time.

Commending ourselves and our cause to the great Head of the Church, and beseeching Him to grant you all needed wisdom, we subscribe ourselves

Your brethren and friends in Him,

SAMUEL FLETCHER,	} <i>Committee</i>	
NATHAN BALLARD, JR.,		} <i>of the</i>
NATHANIEL AMBROSE,		

With the foregoing letter from the Committee of the Church, came the following from a Committee of the Religious Society :

CONCORD, January 3, 1825.

MR. NATHANIEL BOUTON.

*Dear Sir* :—We enclose you a copy of the votes of the Congregational Society in this place at their last meeting. You will do us the favor of giving an answer to the proposals of the society, as soon as may meet your convenience. We hope you will give such an answer as will accord with our feelings, as we are confident that a favorable one would be highly gratifying to the whole society.

We are, sir, with sentiments of esteem,

STEPHEN AMBROSE, GEORGE KENT, SAMUEL A. KIMBALL, EPHRAIM FARNUM, *Committee.*

[Accompanying this was a communication from Francis A. Fisk, clerk of the society, as to salary, etc.]

After much deliberation and consultation with the professors at Andover and others, I returned the following answer to the foregoing communications :

ANDOVER, January 29, 1825.

TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY IN CONCORD.

*Beloved brethren and friends* :—After serious deliberation, after carefully observing the indications of Divine Providence in regard to duty, and especially after looking with earnest prayer to the Head of the Church for His guidance, presence and blessing, I have, with a deep sense of the importance of the station and the responsibilities of the work upon which I am to enter, concluded to accept the call to the office of a minister among you.

And now, in prospect of the great work before me, I desire, first of all, to commit myself to the blessing of the Divine Redeemer, and through him to your confidence and affection; and I beseech you for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together in your prayers to God for me, that I may be eminently instrumental of good to you, to your

children, and to the Church of God ; that I may be faithful even unto death, and finally receive the reward promised to those who " turn many to righteousness.'

In the bonds of the Gospel I am very affectionately yours, etc.,

NATHANIEL BOUTON.

SAMUEL FLETCHER, NATHAN BALLARD, JR., NATHANIEL AMBROSE, STEPHEN AMBROSE, SAMUEL KNOWLTON, GEORGE KENT, SAMUEL A. KIMBALL, EPHRAIM FARNUM, JR.

*Note.*--As my labors among you may be expected to be such as will demand some relaxation on my part, and especially as I shall wish to visit my parents and others residing at a distance, I presume that you will cheerfully grant me liberty of absence three or four weeks in each year.

My decision being thus made, and feeling the importance of making preparations beforehand for entering on the pastoral charge, I proposed to defer the time of ordination about three months, and in the meantime to devote myself to preparatory work. The time fixed for the ordination was the 23d day of March, 1825.

During this period of residence in Andover, one event occurred of which I have a distinct recollection, and which I here place on record with some minuteness, because of its providential relation to the great cause of Home Missions in our country.

I was, at this time, in frequent intercourse with members of the seminary, and especially of the senior class. The subject uppermost with some of them related to their future fields of labor ; some were impressed with *Origin of the American Home* the importance of the great West for missionary service, for planting churches as new settlements were formed, and thus molding a Christian population. With a little company of these brethren I met occasionally for prayer, asking divine wisdom and guidance. About the last of January (24th), Mrs. Bartlett, wife of Hon. William Bartlett, of Newburyport, died ; and out of respect to Mr. Bartlett, as one of the chief founders of the seminary, a number of the students attended the funeral ; I went. We took stage for Newburyport, and on the way the conversation turned on the subject of missions for the supply of new settlements in our Western country. Of those in the stage who took part in the conversation, were Aaron Foster, and, I think, Mr. Hiram Chamberlain, and it became earnest and animated. In the midst of it the thought flashed on my mind, *we need a National Missionary*

*Society for this great work.* I gave utterance to that thought then and there. In the evening after the funeral, Mr. Chamberlain called on me at Dr. Porter's, and renewed the conversation held in the stage. He says that in this evening interview, holding a key in my hand, I struck it on the wall, and said with great animation: "Why not strike a high key at once, and say a *National Domestic Missionary Society?*" A few weeks later, Mr. Foster, in his turn, delivered a declamation in the chapel before the students, on the same subject. I was present and was greatly pleased, both with the matter and manner of his address, because it was a lucid and eloquent restatement of the thoughts advanced in the stage ride. A wider interest was awakened in the subject. Dr. Porter took it up. The Society of Inquiry in the seminary discussed it, and step by step the *Idea*, the *Germe*, of a National Missionary Society continued to grow and spread, until it was fully realized in the organization of the American Home Missionary Society in the city of New York, May 12, 1826. See a full account of the origin and organization of this society, as prepared by me, and published by the society in pamphlet form, and in the Home Missionary Magazine of November, 1860.

The day appointed for the ordination soon arrived. The council called for the purpose assembled at the old Court House in Concord, *Entrance upon the Ministry.* on Tuesday afternoon, March 22d, 1825. It consisted of eleven pastors and their delegates; it was organized by the choice of Rev. Daniel Dana, D.D., then of Londonderry, as Moderator, and Rev. Abijah Cross, then of Salisbury, as Scribe. The churches invited to the council were the Congregational Churches in Boscawen, West Boscawen, Salisbury, Canterbury, Loudon, Chichester, Pembroke, Dunbarton, Hopkinton, Henniker, Bradford, Londonderry, Presbyterian Church, Amherst, and church in Andover, South Parish, Mass. The Moderator conducted the examination in a very methodical and thorough manner, asking questions on all or most of the doctrines of theology, my views of church government and order, and my religious experience.

The examination and creed were unanimously approved by the council, and the parts assigned and performed as follows: Introductory prayer by Rev. Ebenezer Price, of West Boscawen; sermon by Rev. Justyn Edwards, D.D., of Andover, Mass. (2 Cor., v. 17); ordaining prayer by Rev. Walter Norris, D.D., of Dunbarton; charge to the pastor, by the Rev. Asa McFarland, D.D., my prede-

cessor, whose pastoral relation to the church was the same day dissolved; Rev. Abraham Burnham, of Pembroke, presented the right-hand of fellowship; Rev. Daniel Dana, D.D., addressed the people, and the concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Nathan Lord, then of Amherst, afterwards president of Dartmouth College.

Some reminiscences of the occasion are to this day fresh and interesting. The day was fair, mild and pleasant; snow had all disappeared, the ground was settled, traveling good; the temperature was as mild as is common the first of May. The occasion, itself, was rare; the young people of that generation had never witnessed an ordination; hence, the attendance from the town and from the vicinity was very large; many coming on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, some eight, twelve and twenty miles. The late Doctor Dixi Crosby informed me that he attended with a party of young people from Gilmanton. The appearance to me of the council was venerable and imposing; Drs. Wood, Harris, and Dana were then old men, of hoary locks, and long experience in the ministry, and I was as a child before them. In going from the Court House to the old North Church, the council walked in procession, two and two. I walked with my predecessor, Dr. McFarland. Dr. Edwards, who preached (2 Cor., v. 17), was in full manhood, of majestic presence, of strong emotions, with a deep bass voice, and his sermon was one of great ability, with occasional flashes of eloquence, which held the attention of the vast assembly. The right-hand of fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Burnham,\* was prepared by him for the occasion, and was, in every respect, one of the most appropriate I have ever heard. I remember, also, that a large choir of singers was present, led by my friend, Samuel Fletcher, Esq., and the closing hymn was sung with such spirit and effect as greatly to raise the devotions of the people. Though it has been sung at nearly every anniversary since, yet it has never seemed to me to reach the melodious and rapt spirit of that occasion.

" Father! how wide Thy glories shine,  
How high Thy wonders rise;  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands thro' the skies."

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\* Subsequent to this the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by Dartmouth College.

## PART IV—MINISTRY.

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BEING thus installed in office, my first great concern was, how I could best perform all the duties that properly belonged to it. A large parish, equal to seven miles square, was before me. I must meet all reasonable expectations in the pulpit on the Sabbath; I must make the acquaintance of the people at their homes in the remote, no less than in the nearer sections of the town; I must particularly visit the sick and afflicted; I must attend and superintend all occasional meetings for prayers; I must join the association of ministers around me, and take my part in public services; I must evince my interest in the schools of the town, as well as in Sabbath schools—in short, I felt more deeply than ever before, that a great work was upon me—and I asked, “Who is sufficient for these things?” I called for counsel on my predecessor, Dr. McFarland, in whose judgment I had much confidence—and I will add here, that all my relations with him were of the most friendly character. I asked him what I should do? He replied, very deliberately, “Do all you can, and you must leave the rest undone.” This advice did not relieve the difficulty, for what I saw must be left undone was the thing that troubled me. I, however, came to the conclusion that for the present time my chief work would be in my study, in the preparation of two sermons a week, with which to meet the people, and so subserve their highest interest. These sermons, according to usage, must be written in full. To prepare them would tax all my powers. As religion was confessedly in a low state through the town; as the church needed to be brought into a higher spirituality and activity; as very few additions to it had been made for several preceding years, I thought it best to preach on subjects adapted to awaken new life and zeal in the church, and thus, with God’s blessing, to promote a general religious interest in the town. In the preparation of sermons, my practice was to choose my texts and subjects early in the week; to study carefully the original—the exegesis—to meditate and to read such commentaries and other books as would aid me; then draw out my own thoughts in a regular plan, and begin on my

first, or forenoon sermon, Wednesday afternoon or evening, and finish the writing Thursday evening. Pursuing a similar course for the second sermon, I would usually commence writing Friday afternoon or evening, and finish Saturday evening.

While the first six months of my ministry were thus chiefly occupied, I was called to a trying experience of sympathy and anxiety, as pastor, by unusual sickness among the people. In the spring season, April, May, and June, the measles, of a severe type, were prevalent in every part of the town, especially among children. About the middle of July the dysentery set in and became a fatal epidemic, spreading and raging, not only in the main village, but in the rural districts on the west side of the river. The first instance was in a family near Horseshoe Pond, and the disease was attributed to stagnant water; soon another occurred, of a child at a distance, and some ascribed it to eating green fruit; then an adult person, who was remote from the pond, and had eaten no green fruit. The disease spread without known cause. In the months of August and September it was general, and in many cases fatal. One morning it was reported that three persons lay dead in one small neighborhood. The deaths averaged one a day. Sixty funerals took place in August and September. During this period many families were in mourning. I considered it my duty to do all I could, by visitation and prayer, to administer comfort to them. I spent a portion of each day in such service, on foot or on horseback, going to families near and remote. In one house, at Horse Hill, so called, four children were sick at a time. It was a sad sight. I continued these visitations until it pleased my heavenly Father to prostrate me also with the same disease. It came upon me the latter part of August. It was not, however, in a severe form. I was confined to my bed or room about a fortnight, and was kept out of the pulpit the first Sabbath in September. In this sickness I found I had the sympathy and prayers of my people; but from another cause, and in another quarter, it was a matter of very much concern. I was engaged to be married early in the month of September, and my sickness hung as a cloud over the expected event. However, with many thanks to Him "from whom all blessings flow," I was restored, and I was married\* on the 11th

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\* He was thrice married—as above, to Miss Harriet Sherman (daughter of Rev. John Sherman, of Trenton, N. Y., and great grand-daughter of Roger

of September, 1825, to Miss HARRIET SHERMAN, at Lebanon, Goshen parish, Conn., by her adoptive father, Rev. Erastus Ripley.

Being now settled, in a two-fold sense, in the conjugal as well as in the parochial relation, I found it important, first of all, to lay out

<i>General</i>	my work, to pursue some regular plan of study
<i>Methods of</i>	and of labor, as I had done when a student in col-
<i>Work.</i>	lege and at Andover. My aim was so to system-

atize my work that I could attend to it without hurry or distraction ; so, also, that I could make progress in knowledge and in every branch of service. My leading motto was, *one thing at a time* ; and to give undivided attention to that one thing while it was before me. I also formed the purpose to be punctual to all appointments and engagements, both in the parish and out of it. Of course, I found it expedient to change my plans from time to time, as circumstances changed, but yet, in no case, to leave things at random. My methods of work might vary, but still I had a system, which I pursued till the object was accomplished ; and to this I attribute, in a great degree, whatever of value I have achieved or success gained.

The first plan, of which I have a minute, is as follows :

*Course of Study in Summer.*

- Every day.*—Rise with the sun. Walk, or exercise in some way, one hour. Private devotion—exegetical reading of New Testament.
- Monday.*—Visit the sick, afflicted, in the forenoon, with miscellaneous reading. Read classics, one hour after dinner. Read philosophy or poetry, evening.
- Tuesday.*—Exegesis, New Testament and history, forenoon. Classics, one hour p. m. Parochial visits. Philosophy, evening, or a lecture.
- Wednesday.*—Exegesis, New Testament, one hour after breakfast. Classics, one hour after dinner ; history ; philosophy.
- Thursday.*—Exegesis, New Testament ; theology ; preparation of sermons ; Classics after dinner ; philosophy ; visits.
- Friday.*—Exegesis, New Testament. Writing sermons, all day.
- Saturday.*—Exegesis, New Testament. Writing sermons.
- Saturday Evening.*—Revision of sermons ; devotional exercise.

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Sherman, of Connecticut), by whom he had two children ; June 8, 1829, to Miss Mary Anne P. Bell (eldest daughter of Gov. John Bell, of Chester), by whom he had five children ; Feb. 18, 1840, to Miss Elizabeth Anne Cilley (eldest daughter of Horatio G. Cilley, Esq., of Deerfield), who survives him, and by whom he had six children. Nine of the children are living—viz., Elizabeth Ripley, wife of Prof. J. C. Webster, of Wheaton, Ill. ; Nathaniel Sherman, of Chicago, now in Europe ; John Bell, of New York City ; Harriet Sherman, wife of Hon. J. W. Noyes, of Chester ; Samuel Fletcher and Christopher Bell, of Chicago ; Sarah Cilley, wife of Gen. J. N. Patterson, Martha Cilley, widow of J. G. Cilley, and Jane Louise, of Concord. The children deceased are Mary Anne Persis, widow of Gen. Louis Bell, of Chester, William Horatio, Joseph Bradbury, and Annie Cilley, of Concord.

This plan, however, was necessarily varied, and a more general arrangement for each week was made, which provided five days for study in the forenoons, and afternoons devoted to parochial visits or miscellaneous reading; Tuesday for lectures and visits in school districts out of the main village; Wednesday afternoons and evenings for Bible classes; Thursday, Friday and Saturday for preparation of sermons.

As already intimated, my first great work was to *preach the Gospel*. I had full faith in the system of doctrines which I had embraced, as *Preparation* clearly taught in the Scriptures, and it was my duty *of* to preach as I believed, plainly, earnestly, whether *Sermons.* men would hear or forbear. I had faith in the power of the Gospel to convert men—"to turn them from darkness to light; from the power of Satan unto God;" and hence I can humbly affirm that this was the chief aim and distinctive characteristic of my ministry. My usual course, after selecting my subject and text, was to ask myself—What do you wish to accomplish by it? Having settled my aim, then I proceeded to mark out my plan.

I would study my text exegetically, in Greek or Hebrew, according to my means and ability; then lay down my proposition, theme, doctrine, or duty; I would meditate and read until the whole subject became clear in my own mind; then write at continuous sittings, as fast as I could, till the sermon was finished. I usually allowed thirty or thirty-five minutes for an ordinary Sabbath discourse; but if the subject required large discussion and proof, I had no hesitation in taking the time requisite, even if forty minutes or an hour. Experience taught me that an important subject, earnestly and instructively presented, would always command the unflagging attention of the people, and they would be gratified to hear a subject fully discussed and applied. I can testify that sermons that have cost me most study and labor in preparation have been also best received and appreciated. The people well know when they are fed. My habit was to devote an hour Saturday evening to a review and correction of what I had written, and implore upon it the blessing of God's Holy Spirit, again, before entering the pulpit, and again, after preaching.

One other item of experience: Through the first year of my ministry, my preparation of two sermons for the Sabbath generally



carried me into Saturday evening, till eight or nine o'clock. This I found unfavorable; I was not fresh and vigorous for the following day. I therefore determined to finish my second sermon before tea on Saturday. Still later, I resolved to finish my sermons before dinner, and to spend Saturday afternoon in open-air exercise. This habit I maintained till the close of my ministry; and I found it of great advantage to my health and vigor.

As I advanced in age and experience, many services devolved upon me, *ab extra*. I had repeated invitations to preach or deliver addresses on public occasions, such as ordinations, anniversaries, etc. In order to meet such occasions, my habit was to commence the preparation as soon as practicable, after I received notice of the time when the service would be required. For example, I was desired to preach on the 100th anniversary of the organization of the Church in Concord; on the second centennial of the settlement of my native town (Norwalk, Conn.); on the fiftieth anniversary of the General Association of New Hampshire; to deliver a discourse before the New Hampshire Historical Society, and on the fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Female Charitable Society. These, and all such discourses, required special research for facts and illustrations. I would therefore begin my work one, three, or six months in advance of the time for delivery, and appropriate certain days each week, or certain hours each day, to collect materials for the occasion. Thus, I was at least six months preparing for the centennial in Concord (1830), and for the bi-centennial in Norwalk (1851), as also for the half-centennial of the General Association (1859), and the discourse before the Historical Society. By adopting this plan, I was never crowded or hurried. I omitted no regular parish work; I may say, I only switched off from one line of service to another, and when the work was done, returned to the former regular course. This plan extended to extra services of every kind, and the result was, I never failed to fulfill an appointment, or was obliged to make excuse. It enabled me also to prepare various papers for publication, as the Spirit moved thereto. I took time by the forelock, and put in the work without friction with any thing else, and without special weariness or exhaustion. On this system I undertook to write the history of Concord, a labor which required a score of years to gather and arrange the material, and three years to compose the volume. I resolved at the outset, that the work should

not interrupt or interfere with my weekly labors for the pulpit, nor with my ordinary parochial duties. It did not perceptibly. I gathered facts as I went round among the people, and placed them on file. At stated times I examined the old Town Records, and took notes. I kept an eye on all the passing events of the town; much of this work at first was performed *con amore*, and not with a definite purpose to write a history. But when the time arrived to put the abundant materials of twenty years' collecting into a history; when I resolved to take up my pen and write a volume, that should not interfere with my other work—" *hic labor, hoc opus.*" That was a toil to which, I confess, human endurance was hardly equal. I favored myself somewhat by writing out only one sermon a week; preaching extemporaneously, and now and then "turning over the barrel," as the phrase is—that is, using an old sermon with new trimmings. My history went on till, after three years, the work came to its termination. It was a little too much; towards the close, I found myself becoming nervous and uneasy. After writing an hour or so, my hand would tremble; I thought the pen was tired of my fingers, and wouldn't make a good mark. Then I would lay it down and walk awhile across the room, or run out into the open air. But thanks to the good Providence that watched over me, I finished the composition of the history, in just about three years, and wrote the whole with one gold pen—nor was I hindered in this, or any part of my work, by a single day's sickness.

My practice of studying the Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, exegetically, impressed me with the importance of expounding *Expository* ing the Word consecutively; first, ascertaining the *Preaching.* meaning; then deducing from it a series of propositions, doctrine or duty, promise, or threatening—in short, whatever truth was contained therein, and so without minute criticism, making a direct application of it, as God's revealed truth, to my hearers. This, none could gainsay or resist. Experience taught me that no one mode of preaching was on the whole more edifying, more instructive, more impressive and practical.

Thus I expounded the Gospel of Matthew, the greater part of the Gospel of John, the whole of the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles to the Galatians and the Ephesians, the Epistle to the Hebrews, wholly written out, in twenty-six discourses, the Epistle of James, the First Epistle of Peter, and the First Epistle of John. I

also expounded a large number, about one-fourth, of the Psalms of David, selecting such as seemed most applicable to the edification and wants of my people. I undertook also to preach biographical discourses on Scripture characters, beginning with Adam, Cain and Abel, Noah, Abraham, and so on, as far as Samuel. But I found that these discourses were not so generally acceptable or useful, owing, as I imagined, to want of skill on my part in delineating character, or want of application to the circumstances of the people. As soon as I discovered this I gave it up.

I have always regarded sound doctrine as the basis of sound piety. Faith must have an object; that object must be some

*Doctrinal* truth; it may relate to God, to His perfections, *Preaching.* His government, His law, His promises; or to Christ, His character and offices; or to the Holy Spirit, His personality and work; or to man, his fallen state, character, duty, destiny; or to immortality, heaven or hell. I have observed that sound doctrine, heartily believed, leads to right practice, and tends especially to produce steadfastness in religion. I therefore endeavored to indoctrinate my people in what I considered the most important or fundamental truths of revealed religion. In order to do this, in about five years after my ministry began, I commenced a system of theological, or rather biblical, discourses on evidences of the being of God, His attributes, the divine inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. I followed in the main the course I had studied at Andover, and wrote out in full forty sermons of this character. At another period I preached a series of discourses, about twenty, on the Articles of Faith, or Creed, adopted by the Church; I also expounded the Ten Commandments in a course of twenty-two sermons, which, at different periods, were twice repeated. I also delivered a course of sermons on the Lord's Prayer, taking each petition in order as a theme; and seventeen sermons on the formation and evidences of Christian character, or "fruits of the Spirit," as enumerated in Gal. v. 22-24. I find, moreover, extending through the whole period of my ministry, about eighty sermons on the distinctive character, offices and titles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; these were mostly preached on communion seasons. Add to these, eleven on the Beatitudes spoken by our Lord, Matthew v. 1-12; eight on the practical virtues of Christians, as enjoined in Philippians iv. 8; and eight on the Second Epistle of Peter, 1, 5, 6, 7, and 8 verses.

Soon after my settlement I ascertained that, beside the young people belonging to the families of my charge, there were large numbers of others not in the habit of regular worship in church. They were mostly persons employed at trades, or day labor, clerks, apprentices, many young women engaged at work in families or in shops. These were generally from out of town, and having no seat in the meeting-house, and no friends to provide for or look after them, I judged it very important to bring them under religious influences. Accordingly I early appointed a third (evening) meeting, to be held on the Sabbath, at the Old Town Hall, located where the present City Hall stands. It would conveniently seat about two hundred persons. My discourses or addresses at this meeting were always unwritten, but carefully premeditated and arranged. I selected topics suited to the age, situation and needs of my hearers; and spoke in a plain, direct and familiar manner. In doing this, I had the advantage of my experience and training while fitting for college, and afterwards. It was easy to speak, and I can humbly and gratefully testify that no part of Sabbath services was more effective in fixing attention, producing deep, serious and lasting impressions—issuing in numerous cases that came to my knowledge of conversion to God. These meetings were largely attended by all classes of people. The old hall was usually filled, and often crowded. To give variety to instructions in the services, I occasionally introduced general topics that required a series of discourses. For example, Scripture characters of young men, Joseph, Joshua, Samuel, David, Daniel, Paul, before and after his conversion, Timothy and others. I preached on the miracles and parables of our Saviour; discourses on passages of Scripture in which the word “youth” or “young,” or “blessed” or “woe,” was used. I explained the doctrinal part of the Westminster Assembly’s Shorter Catechism in a series of lectures. Thus the first convert under my ministry was awakened, as also the second and the third, and scores of others which came to my knowledge. Thanks to God for his abundant grace!

The first was Mr. Henry S. G. French, a native of Boscawen, who subsequently graduated at Yale College, and became a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Siam. The second was Samuel Shute, and the third James Moulton, Jr.—the latter deacon of the church for many years.

## PART V.—GENERAL PASTORAL WORK.

In 1825 there were twenty-one school districts in Concord, in all of which resided families and church members, under my charge.

*Lectures in School Districts.* Of this number eighteen districts were out of the main village, at a distance of from two to six miles. I judged it highly important to devote to this portion of my charge such a measure of service as would reasonably satisfy them for the want of advantages which those nearer the centre enjoyed, and which also would tend to bind them more closely to the church, whose prosperity was the common interest of all. Fifteen of the above districts were so situated that it was convenient to attend lectures in their school-houses from time to time. Accordingly I early arranged for a lecture once a week, in course, in these districts. My plan was to make an appointment on the Sabbath for a given district, at two or three o'clock in the afternoon: usually on Tuesday. Starting from home—commonly on horseback—at an early hour, I aimed to call on all the families in that district before the lecture was to commence. I was sure, of course, to be invited to take dinner, with some family, where it would be most convenient. These calls were necessarily short; but they gave me opportunity not only to see the inmates and to pass social compliments, but to learn their particular circumstances, whether poor or with competence, sick or afflicted, and also to speak a few words on the subject of religion, and often to pray with them. The result was that all, or nearly all, both parents and children, would attend the meeting in the afternoon. If a school was kept, it would be suspended for the hour, and all the children would be present. The meetings thus held were appreciated by all the inhabitants of the district. The time for their turn was anticipated with interest, and often it was evident that salutary and lasting impressions were made. As a general rule, each district was visited about three times in a year. This service, for the whole parish, was continued about seven years. After the organization of the West Concord Church (1833), the districts embraced therein—five in number—were assigned to

their pastor ; so, also, those in East Concord, in 1862 ; but during the whole period of my ministry, I sustained lectures, in turn, in school districts where members of my parish and church resided, and as many others as I could.

Another service was early instituted, to which then, and ever afterward, I attached great importance. God blessed it to the instruction, the conversion, and the salvation of a large number of young people. Soon after my settlement, in the summer of 1825, I formed a class of young ladies, living in the main village, for the study of the Scriptures. They met, at first, once a fortnight, on an afternoon, in the Old Town Hall, from 30 to 40 in number. My plan was, to them, entirely new. The class began with the Gospel according to Matthew. I prepared myself, by a thorough exegetical study of the lesson, with written references, notes, and illustrations, and requested them beforehand to study each lesson as carefully as they possibly could. In reciting, I called on each scholar in course to read a verse ; then I raised questions relative to the leading fact or sentiment contained therein—the doctrine, duty, promise, threatening—the meaning of particular words or phrases, referring at the same time to parallel passages. If the scholar was not ready for an answer, I put it to any one, or more generally answered the question myself ; proceeding thus, all the members of the class became interested in the study. They were encouraged to ask as well as to answer questions. As we proceeded opportunity would occur to make particular or even personal application of truths taught in the lesson, and thus sometimes impressions would be made, tender, salutary, and lasting. So useful was this exercise that I soon after extended it to other portions of the parish, forming classes in East Concord, West Concord, and the “Horse Hill” district ; also a class for gentlemen, in the main village.

Sabbath schools were instituted in the parish previous to my settlement, but subsequently they were greatly extended and enlarged in number. As the parish was large, and hence it was impracticable for all the children and youth to attend in one place, it was deemed expedient for accommodation to establish schools not only in the centre, but in as many of the school districts as there could be found teachers to instruct them. Fortunately, these were not wanting ; the Bible classes had trained up a goodly number, both male and female, who were competent

and zealous to engage in the good work. A Sabbath School Society was organized for more systematic and efficient action, and there were sixteen schools conducted by the church and congregation, numbering in the aggregate, for the year 1832, 925 scholars. From these, subsequently to the suspension of Bible classes, many were gathered into the church. Of the whole number added during the first twenty-five years of my ministry, three-sevenths, or 132, were connected with Sabbath schools, and about the same proportion, seventy in all, in the remaining period; these were besides, or in addition to, the members of Bible classes.

In the ministration of the Word, I always endeavored to improve particular and special occasions, such as sudden deaths, extraordi-

*Improvement* nary accidents, and whatever concerned the  
*of Occasions.* moral and spiritual interests of my people.

On return from my vacations I gave a relation of interesting facts and incidents which had occurred, with proper reflections and application, which discourses were always listened to with interest. I always preached a discourse on the anniversary of my ordination, and never failed to preach to my own people on each annual Thanksgiving and Fast Day, and on these occasions had large and appreciative audiences. Also, after attending the annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., of the American Home Missionary Society, the N. H. Missionary Society, and others of like nature, I gave a detailed relation of the proceedings and spirit and influence of those meetings, and I here avow that I never preached a political sermon with a view to a party political end, but I did maintain and defend the Government of my country in the dark days of treason and rebellion.

Among other means employed for the instruction and help of those who became personally interested for their salvation was an  
*Meetings for* appointment for "inquirers," as they were  
*Inquiry.* called. This appointment was on Monday evening of each week, at the pastor's house. It was first instituted in the fall of 1825, and continued, with only occasional intermission, through the whole period of my ministry. I regarded it as of special importance to all in the congregation who desired, for any reason, to make inquiries and converse freely on religious subjects; but more especially designed to aid and guide those who were awakened to concern for their own spiritual welfare, asking "What

shall we do to be saved?" This meeting made me acquainted with all of this class, in the incipient stages of their concern, with their peculiar difficulties and hindrances; the various shades of character of each; the inner workings of their minds, or rather, I may say, the "diversities of operations" of the Spirit on their hearts. To me the meetings were eminently useful, as suggesting appropriate topics for sermons, and also bringing before me the ever-varying shades of religious experience.

In the midst of a wide-spread religious interest among my people, about 1831, I judged it desirable to institute a new and hitherto-untried means of instruction and grace, in order to meet more fully the many inquiries which were raised relative to Christian doctrine and duty. We called it a *Family Conference*; that is, once a week a meeting was held by invitation in a private house, in the main village, which all who were disposed, living in the neighborhood, were at liberty to attend. Ordinarily the parlor, or largest room in the house, would be filled. It was understood, and particularly requested that every person who attended would bring, in writing, some question in which he or she was particularly interested, which should be made a topic for conversation. The questions so brought in were deposited in a basket, at the door, and at the opening of the service were read, and then in due order, with prayer and praise, made the subject of free conversation. Having read a question, I would ask the brethren, one after another, to give their opinions. Then opportunity was offered to the ladies present to express their minds. I summed up with closing remarks, concisely giving my views on each subject. These meetings, I may truly say, were among the most pleasant, edifying and profitable, as social meetings, that I ever attended. They were continued regularly about seven years.

The particular services previously specified—district lectures, Bible classes, meetings of inquiry, and family conferences—were of *Church* my own motion, entirely voluntary, and I may say, *Co-operation*. gratuitous and extra—that is, they were not demanded by the people, but offered them. They were commenced and continued in the hope and belief that they would subserve spiritual interests, add to the number of Christ's disciples, and to the efficiency of the church. But besides these services, there were others which required and received the official aid of the church, and



the special labors of different brethren. At this point, I take pleasure in adding, that during the whole period of my ministry, I enjoyed the hearty co-operation of the church, in all measures proposed for their adoption.

As belonging to my pastoral charge, or rather part of it, it was my duty to visit the sick and afflicted. My rule, invariably, was, when I heard of a case of sickness *Visiting the Sick* in the parish, to go and inquire into it as soon *and Attending* as practicable. Governed by the circumstances of each case, as my judgment dictated, I saw, conversed, and usually prayed with the individual or family. If the sickness was protracted, the visits were repeated as often as desired, or as I judged expedient. Like visits were made in cases of providential affliction. Particular attention was paid to the aged, who were not able to attend public worship; and poor families in the parish were never passed by. I early adopted a practice—the propriety of which some doubted—of visiting families within a week or ten days after a child-birth, to offer my congratulations, to pray with the mother, and to commit the little one to the care and arms of the blessed Saviour. I have reason to believe that these visits were welcome to the mothers, and served to endear the children the more to me as they grew up. At funeral services my practice was to adapt the substance of what I said and did to the circumstances of each occasion; usually reading select Scriptures, with singing, if convenient, offering what I deemed appropriate remarks and prayers. This general rule admitted of much diversity. In some cases the service would be embarrassing, on account of the character of the deceased, or circumstances of the occasion. The common maxim, “to say nothing of the dead except good,” sometimes came in conflict with pastoral fidelity and responsibility. Once I attended the funeral of a drunken father, who fell by the wayside upon a sharp axe, which he was carrying, and bled to death, having at the same time a bottle of rum in his pocket. He was found dead by an intemperate brother, who drank up the rum. I judged the funeral occasion a fit one to give a solemn warning against intemperance, and made a direct address to the brother, the children, and all concerned. Whether they liked it or not, I thought it both proper and a duty.

In the early years of my ministry, from 1825 to 1830, it was a

uniform custom at funerals to treat the mourners, bearers and others with spirituous liquor before going out to the grave, and often after their return. Occasionally the drinking would be to excess. At one funeral, in 1829, a brother of the deceased (who was himself intemperate), was so much intoxicated that he could not walk straight.

At marriage occasions in families, the service was usually short, simple and uniform. After receiving the certificate of publishment *Marriages*, which the law of the State required, the parties intending marriage were requested to rise; then I offered a brief prayer of invocation; directed the gentleman and lady to unite their right hands; then I pronounced the usual form, which was followed by a prayer of blessing on the parties, for their temporal and spiritual prosperity.

Immediately after this service, I congratulated the bridegroom and bride, wishing them happiness in their new relation, and saluted the bride—save in exceptional cases—with a kiss.

When marriages were solemnized in a more public manner in a church, the service was more formal. I then commonly used a printed form with an introductory address, and prayers more copious suited to the occasion. The marriage fees varied, at the option of the bridegroom, from one to two, five, ten, or more dollars. On three occasions I received a fee of twenty dollars, the first of which was from Hon. Ezekiel Webster, brother of Daniel Webster, at his marriage (2d) with Miss Achsah Pollard. I have the more reason to remember it, because of the exceeding embarrassment I felt in his presence, on account of my youth and inexperience. The ceremony took place August 2, 1825. It was the fifth in order, and before my own marriage.

Though my pastoral relation did not require it, yet I judged it expedient, because useful, to take an active part in all suitable measures to promote the cause of education. Hence, *Superintendence of Schools*. in the second year of my ministry (1827), I accepted the appointment to act as one of the superintending school committee of the town. The duties of the committee included the examination of all who proposed to teach in our schools, with a certificate of qualifications, and a visit and examination of each school twice, both in summer and winter. The committee consisted of three. In the examination of teachers, we met and acted together.

In visiting the schools, first at the beginning of a term, and secondly, at the close, the committee provided that two, at least, should be together. We kept minutes of the recitations and progress of each class, made suggestions or orders, as we deemed necessary or useful, both for the teachers and scholars, and having thus ascertained by personal inspection the state of each school, we prepared a written report in detail, which was presented and read at each annual town meeting. I served on this committee fourteen years in succession (from 1827 to 1841); and subsequently, after an intermission, about four years more. At first no compensation was paid for this service, beyond horse-hire, and the most that I ever received for a year's service was twenty-five dollars.

About the year 1835, many of the citizens desiring higher advantages for the education of their children than the common schools afforded, combined their influence and means for the erection of a building for an academy, in which not only the higher English branches should be taught, but also studies preparatory for college. Into this project I heartily entered; helped raise subscriptions for the building, and subscribed at first one hundred dollars, and afterwards twenty-five dollars more. These sums were equal to any subscription that was made for the purpose, except that of Hon. Isaac Hill, whose second subscription was thirty-three dollars instead of twenty-five dollars. I was chosen president of the board of trustees of the academy, and delivered an address at the dedication of the building, on the 16th of September, 1835. The academy, commencing under the instruction of Mr. T. D. P. Stone, was well sustained under successive teachers, and of great advantage to the whole community about nine years.

In 1834, a young man by the name of David Osgood, living in East Concord, died, and by will, left a legacy of two hundred dollars, to be paid to me in trust; the interest of which was to be expended in the education of indigent children and youth of Concord, at my discretion. I had become intimate with this young man, who was unmarried, the owner of a small farm, of only moderate education, but of excellent moral character. The particular bond of our intimacy, and I may say, our friendship, was that he was exactly of my age—born the same year, month, and day. Ascertaining this fact, we were disposed to talk over our experiences in life, and so sprang up a close attachment. I accepted

the trust of the legacy, and investing the principal (two hundred dollars), from time to time, have annually received a six per cent. interest therefrom, without the loss of a single dollar. That interest has also been regularly appropriated to aid in the education of such children or youths as I judged to be promising, as well as needy; and in looking over the list of their names through a period now of more than forty years, it gives me great pleasure to find that some have attained useful and honorable positions in society, and not one is known to have been unworthy the gift. The whole number assisted to this date, January, 1878, is fifty-three; of these three became respectable physicians, two preachers of the Gospel, and two distinguished academy teachers. Several girls, who were aided, are now among our excellent women.

In regard to other ministerial services, I have only to observe that my practice was "to stand in my lot," and be ready to perform duty *Other Ministerial Services.* to which I was called, whether in Concord, or elsewhere. During the period of protracted meetings, from 1830 to 1845 and later, exercises of this kind were held in nearly all the towns within the county. I attended whenever able, and preached, as I now recall, in Dunbarton, Pembroke, Canterbury, Loudon Village, Pittsfield, Boscawen, Franklin, Salisbury, Hopkinton, Henniker, Warren, and in other places more remote, as Laconia, Lebanon, Exeter, and Andover, Mass. At these times I spent usually from two to five days, and preached as often, taking my turn with other brethren.

I regularly attended the meetings of the Hopkinton association of ministers, to which I belonged; was never absent unless necessarily detained, and I do not remember ever to have failed to take my part. I generally attended the annual meeting of the general association, and always when I was appointed as delegate; four times I acted as moderator.

In the course of my ministry, aid was solicited for many objects of public benevolence. These ordinarily were submitted to the *Aid to Public Benevolent Objects.* judgment of a committee of the church, or directly to the church itself. The more important of the number were foreign missions, in connection with the A. B. C. F. M., the New Hampshire, and American Home Missionary Societies, the American Bible, Tract, and Education Societies. These were permanent. Others, of subordinate impor-

tance, local or temporary, were presented from time to time, and collections in church, or subscriptions, were made in their behalf. Of all, however, I kept an account, and at the close of each year, or on my anniversary, made a statement of what had been done. Referring to my minutes, I find that the total of sums contributed for the various objects above stated—allowing for defective statistics in some years—amount to \$22,948, or an average of about \$546 each year. Compared with the sums collected by some larger and more wealthy congregations, this sum may appear small; but it should be noted that, subsequent to the organization of the churches, west, south and east, the old church and congregation were reduced in number and ability.

It had been my practice on the return of each anniversary of my ordination, or the ensuing Sabbath, to preach a sermon on some *Fortieth Anniversary*. topic suited to the occasion—either in relation to the pastoral charge, or to the duties and responsibilities of the people, and also to give a summary of matters pertaining to the church and society within the year. These anniversary sermons always cost me extra study and labor in preparation, and were looked forward to by the people with interest. The congregation was, then, unusually large. The sermon preached on my twenty-fifth anniversary contained a summary of my ministry up to that time. On the approach of the fortieth anniversary, March 23, 1865, a movement was made, on the part of the church and society, to celebrate the event by appropriate public services. The arrangements comprised, not only the anniversary sermon which should give a summary of the forty years' experience, with results—but also invitations to the sister churches in the city to unite in the service; also to individuals within and out of the city, and a general invitation to all the citizens. It was also proposed to give a reception in the Town Hall, in the evening, for other commemorative exercises, with reminiscences and addresses from various persons. Among the contributions to the "reception," was a hymn written by my friend and "son in the Lord," Rev. Ezra E. Adams, D.D., which was sung with beautiful effect by the choir, in words as follows:—

With their labors, hopes and fears,  
 With their raptures and their tears,  
 Gone into the silent spheres,  
 "Forty years!"

Laud the pastor's work to-day,  
 Who, to such as went astray,  
 Pointed out the better way,  
 "Forty years!"

Watching at the bed of pain,  
 Praying he may not in vain  
 Tell men of a Saviour slain,  
 "Forty years!"

Fellowship of kindred souls  
 Welcome into many folds,  
 Warning from perdition's shoals,  
 "Forty years!"

List—the echo from the street  
 Trod by his most willing feet,  
 In his walks of mercy meet,  
 "Forty years!"

From the pulpit and the pew,  
 From the aged, honored few,  
 Who his true and just life knew,  
 "Forty years!"

From the still and solemn mould  
 Of the youthful and the old,  
 Whom our arms did once enfold,  
 "Forty Years!"

O'er the dear and blessed past  
 One fond glance of memory cast ;  
 Say one *farewell*, to the last  
 "Forty years!"

[During the reception service, or accompanying it, highly valuable presents in money and other forms were made to Dr. and Mrs. Bouton by the people of his charge, by citizens not of his congregation, by personal friends, in and out of Concord, and by the members of his own family.

The following verses, containing also a reference to the silver wedding of the pastor and his wife, which was celebrated at the same time (the two anniversaries being little more than a month apart), were written for the occasion by Miss Eliza Nesmith, of Lowell, Mass. :

"*Jesus Saith Unto Him, Feed My Sheep.*"

John, XXI. 17.

When God unlinks fond hands to take  
 Some dear one home to Heaven,  
 What tender thoughts the last words wake ;  
 What anxious care is given  
 Lest some sweet parting pledge we break ;  
 Some consecrated trust forsake !

And so when the one dearest friend  
 Must from His followers part,  
 A charge to us His last words lend—  
 Through Peter's troubled heart—  
 "Feed ye my sheep, on my lambs tend!"  
 Such is the message Christ would send.

O! Pastor, with thy forty years  
 Of working for our Lord!  
 Of patient watchings, doubts and fears,  
 While holding forth His word;  
 How much this faith thy task endears—  
 'Tis Christ's last wish till He appears.

Full forty years to feed His sheep,  
 Glad thus thy love to test;  
 Through joy and sorrow proud to keep,  
 Untired, His last request.  
 O! for such service may'st thou reap  
 Rewarding mercies, rich and deep!

And as thy children gather round,  
 This silver wedding-day,  
 Be earthly cheer by Heaven's peace crowned—  
 Peace not to pass away.  
 So when the summoning call shall sound,  
 Calm, midst thy flock, thou 'lt still be found.]

Two years more were nearly passed away, when I began seriously to think of resigning my pastorate. Not because I was conscious *Resignation of my* of any failure of my physical or mental powers, *Pastorate.* or that the people desired it; but the changes had been so great in the church and society, and in the town at large, that it was evident that my relations to the whole were affected and modified thereby. I had been the minister of the whole people; now not less than sixteen new religious societies were established. Those who called and settled me were nearly all gone. A new generation was on the stage, between whom and myself was a wide space in age. My judgment was, that it would be better for the church and society—better for their growth and prosperity, to have a new administration; in short, a younger man, who would be more in accord and sympathy with the age and generation around him than I could be. I thought I saw indications among the younger class, that such a change was desirable to them. Moreover, the good Providence that had guided me thus far now again held out tokens favoring a change. To resign my charge, I knew would be painful. To expect another settlement would be presumptuous. To remain without service would to me be a burden unendurable. While deliberating on this matter, and

desirous only to do that which would best subserve the interest of the church, and which at the same time would not leave me without employment, I heard again His voice, "This is the way, walk thou in it." I heard; I obeyed. Without a doubt as to my true pathway, I followed. What the voice dictated shall soon be told. But, with clear judgment as to my duty and the welfare of the church, I gave notice, on the last Sabbath in October, 1866, just forty-two years after I preached my first sermon as a candidate, that I would resign in March following, the anniversary of my ordination—and, that, in the meantime, they might be looking out for a successor. I also wrote a letter to the society, giving my reasons for resignation, and asking them to accept it; also to the church expressing my regard for them and request that in due time they would unite with me in calling a council to dissolve my pastoral relation, agreeably to ecclesiastical usage. In the letter to the church, I said: "I beg to assure you that in these steps toward a dissolution of the relation which I have so happily sustained these forty-two years—steps which, though painful, yet my judgment fully approves—my regard for your welfare is unabated, and, I trust, will be unceasing. Continuing, as I hope to do, to reside among you, I shall ever deem it my duty and privilege to co-operate with you in measures to sustain and advance the cause of our Lord and Saviour." Agreeably to these preliminaries, the pastoral relation was dissolved by a council, on the 12th of September, 1867.

The council put on record the following minute, viz :

"The council cannot sanction the dismissal of Rev. Dr. Bouton, without putting on record their high estimate of him as a Christian man, a preacher, and a pastor. We rejoice that the Great Head of the Church has granted him such a measure of grace, that he retires from the pastoral office with the undiminished confidence and affection of his people, and the respect of the whole community. Our prayer is, that the evening of his life may be as happy as his previous life has been useful.

(Signed)

J. M. R. EATON, Scribe of Council."

Before detailing my subsequent labors, I will append a summary *Summary of Facts and Results*. of facts and results, and of my pastorate, so far as I have been able to collect them, from memory and from records.

1. I estimate that I have preached about 7,180 times.
2. In the first twenty-three years of my ministry, I lost but one Sabbath by ill health.



3. Failing about four Sabbaths in 1848, I was able to preach every Sabbath during the last of my ministry.
4. I never failed to preach the annual Thanksgiving and annual fast sermons to my own people.
5. There were received into the church by profession.....624 }  
    "          "          "          letter.....148 } 772.
6. I administered baptism to children.....423 }  
    "          "          adults.....206 } 629.
7. Solemnized marriages.....504.
8. Attended funerals.....779.
9. Kept a record of all the deaths in the town till the close of 1866.....4,251.
10. Of my sermons and public addresses, there have been printed, by request of the hearers, the following, viz :

*Printed Sermons and Addresses.*

1. Fourth of July address at Salem, Mass., 1824 ; at Concord, 1825..... 1825.
2. Thanksgiving sermon, Concord..... 1826.
3. Election sermon, before Legislature of N. H..... 1828.
4. Sermon of installation of Rev. John Smith, at Exeter..... 1829.
- 5 and 6. Centennial discourses on organization of first church in Concord. 1830.
7. Sermon on private prayer }  
    8. Sermon on social prayer } in *National Preacher*..... 1833.
9. History of education in N. H., before N. H. Hist. Society..... 1833.
10. The Bible first printed in English..... 1835.
11. Discourse to young people..... 1835.
12. Temporal prosperity—temperance discourse..... 1837.
13. On the death of President Harrison..... 1841.
14. Ornaments of women—funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Buxton..... 1842.
15. History of temperance reform in Concord..... 1843.
16. Experience in the ministry—before Alumni at Andover, Mass..... 1844.
17. The Fathers of N. H. ministry—before General Association of N. H. 1848.
18. Permanence amid changes—25th anniversary..... 1850.
19. The "good land" in which we live—Thanksgiving..... 1850.
20. Second centennial discourse, Norwalk, Conn..... 1851.
21. Funeral of the Rev. Daniel O. Morton, Bristol, N. H..... 1852.
22. "Crown of glory,"—funeral of the Rev. Josiah Prentice, Northwood, N. H..... 1855.
23. The fear of God in youth—funeral of Mr. Luther Moulton..... 1857.
24. Half century discourse—Gen. Asso. of N. H., at Boscawen..... 1859.
25. Father Ward—funeral discourse, Brentwood, N. H..... 1860.
26. Days of adversity—against secession and treason..... 1861.
27. Fiftieth anniversary of Concord Female Char. Society..... 1862.
28. Forty years' ministry anniversary..... 1865.
29. "Seed sowing"—funeral of Rev. Asa P. Tenney, West Concord..... 1867.
30. Prospect and review—funeral of Rev. Enoch Corses, Boscawen..... 1868.
31. Death's lessons—commemorative of Mr. Geo. Hutchins and wife... 1869.
32. The good-will of my Saviour—funeral of Rev. Aaron Foster, East Charlemont, Mass..... 1870.
33. Growth and development of Concord, in fifty years past..... 1875.
34. Semi-centennial of Merrimack Co. conference of Chs..... 1877.

*Articles printed in Periodicals.*

1. Exposition of Romans, VIII. 18-23. *Spirit of Pilgrims*..... 1832.
2. Scripture doctrine of Election. *Lit. and Theol. Review*..... 1835.
3. Doctrine of the Trinity.\* *Spirit of Pilgrims*..... 1833.
4. Vindication of Christian Ministers. *Am. Quar. Reg.*..... 1838.

\* This was also published in pamphlet form, and as a tract.

5. History of the N. H. Hist. Society. *Am. Quar. Reg.*..... 1838.
6. Exposition of Romans, vii. 7-25. *Bib. Journal*..... 1842.
7. Discourses on the Commandments, I., II., III. *Bib. Journal*..... 1842.
8. History of the origin, etc., of Amer. Home Miss. Society. *Home Miss.* 1860.
9. Memoir of Hon. Chandler E. Potter. *Hist. and Gen. Reg.*..... 1869.

*Volumes Published.*

1. Help to prayer—compilation..... 1832.
2. Sinners directed—abridged from Baxter's Directory..... 1832.
3. Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth McFarland, pp. 313..... 1839.
4. History of Concord, N. H., 8vo, pp. 786..... 1856.
5. Collections of N. H. Hist. Soc., vols VII, and VIII. (edited) 1850.. 1856.
6. Lovewell's Great Fight at Pigwacket, 1725. (Edited with notes.)... 1861.

NOTE.

The publication of provincial and state papers—ten volumes subsequent to the resignation of my pastorate—will be mentioned in connection with the history of that service. I also contributed various articles, during my ministry, and afterwards, to the *Congregational Journal*, the *Recorder*, and *Congregationalist* of Boston, and a review of Brooklyn Councils, 1874-1876, to the *Christian Union*.

In resigning my pastorate I did not resign the work of preaching; I therefore held myself in readiness to perform such service when-  
*Supplementary* ever invited. Preaching the Gospel was my  
*Ministry.* chosen vocation. I hoped never to fail of opportunities to do it, as long as my ability remained. By invitation from the church in West Concord, after the death of Rev. Mr. Tenney (1867), I supplied them one year; then I preached six months for the church in Canterbury; six months for the church in Pembroke; six months for the church at Hillsboro' Bridge; about three months for the church in Candia; nearly the same time for the church in Chester; three months for the church in Boscawen, and the same for the church in Fisherville. I also supplied, at different times, the churches in Henniker and Warren; and repeatedly, at sundry times, the first church in Nashua. From 1867 to 1870, besides preaching twice on the Sabbath, in places as before named, I performed the duties of chaplain in the Asylum for the Insane, preaching regularly for them at five and a half o'clock p. m. every Sabbath. I estimate that for seven years, about two-thirds of my time on the Sabbath was employed in preaching.

## PART VI.—SERVICES AS STATE HISTORIAN, ETC.

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As intimated in the preceding pages, when I concluded to lay aside the labors of my pastorate, I had in prospect other services, which were proposed for my acceptance. My apprenticeship in a printing office for three years was a first link in the chain of my history, that connects all the intermediate links with the last, in the labors of my public life. In remembrance of the first, and in gratitude for the last, I wish now, distinctly and gratefully, to recognize and acknowledge the goodness of God. When at Andover Theological Seminary, it was known by some that I had been a printer; consequently, I was called on in repeated instances to revise articles, and to read proofs of publications in press. Thus I read and corrected many of the proof-sheets of the Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, prepared by Dr. Edward Robinson, and published in 1825. Also, I read and corrected proof-sheets of tracts of the American Tract Society, of which Rev. Wm. A. Hallock was then the newly appointed secretary. On going to Concord, my professional connection with the press was also known. This fact led to my acquaintance with John Farmer, Esq., and Jacob B. Moore, who were active members of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of which I was elected a member in 1831, and in 1834 was placed on the publishing committee; on that committee I served from year to year, through the publication of volumes IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. Of the last two volumes I was the responsible compiler and editor; preparing the greater part of the contents, and reading every page of the proof-sheets of the whole. My labor in preparing and publishing the history of Concord may chiefly be traced to the taste I acquired for literary pursuits while in the printing office, as also, for historical research, subsequently.

About the time (1866) that the VIIIth volume of collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society was published, consisting chiefly of early papers and records while New Hampshire was a province, it occurred to some of the members of the society, particularly to Hon. Samuel D. Bell, Chief Justice of the State, that all

the early papers and records of that period should be printed, in order to preserve them from the decay and waste of age, the accidents of fire, and other destructive agencies. In this matter I also felt an interest. I therefore took in hand the oldest manuscript volume of provincial papers in the State, then deposited in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and with it called on his Excellency, Frederick Smyth, Governor. I pointed out its value, and the importance of preserving the records therein. He looked it over, remarked on its decayed and mutilated condition, and promptly said—"This must be preserved."

The next step in order was to obtain an Act of the Legislature of the State for the publication, by authority, of all the papers and records relating to the provincial and early State history. A petition to that effect was drawn up, I think, by Joseph B. Walker, Esq.; signed by the Hon. Samuel D. Bell, and other prominent citizens. As a result, in July, 1866, a joint Resolution of the Legislature was passed, authorizing the publication of the papers and records and the appointment by the Governor and Council of a suitable person to execute the service. I received the nomination and appointment to the office, with a commission from the Governor, bearing date August 31, 1866.\*

In entering on the work assigned me, I was at first almost appalled by its magnitude. It was to collect, arrange, edit and publish, under direction of the Governor, the entire documentary history of New Hampshire, from the beginning of the settlement in 1623, to the adoption of the Constitution in 1784. The material for this great work was all in manuscript—much of it defaced, mutilated, torn; some of it almost illegible, and scattered in various localities, for which search must be made. The greater part was in the office of the Secretary of State, in bound MS. volumes, and in loose official papers; other portions were in the Archives of the New Hampshire Historical Society, in the town clerk's office, or Athenæum of Portsmouth, in the town or court offices in Exeter, and in the State House in Boston. Every paper must be separately examined, then copied *verbatim et literatim*. It was, upon advice, judged essential to a complete transcript that every paper published should be an exact copy of the original in words, punctuation, spelling,

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\* For further particulars, see Vol. I., Prov. Papers; introductory pages.

capital letters, abbreviations, etc.; this, necessarily, increased the labor. The number of bound manuscript volumes alone in the office of Secretary of State amounted to about sixty, containing an average of nearly 350 pages each of foolscap paper. In entering on this great task, I intended, if possible, to edit and publish one volume a year—each an octavo of about 800 pages. Now, after nearly eleven years' service,\* I have most gratefully to record that I was able to accomplish my design. Ten volumes in so many successive years were issued—from 1867 to 1877—containing in all 8,491 pages, which, by estimate, required manuscript copy amounting to not less than 22,000 pages, or 23 full reams of paper. As I was not authorized to employ a copyist, I undertook the work single-handed. Necessity, however, compelled me, at times, to engage help; and when I did so, the bills for compensation were allowed by the Governor, and paid in addition to my salary. The amount of service of this kind I cannot estimate, but, with the exception of that rendered on the first and ninth volumes, it was inconsiderable. I reckon that four-fifths of the whole were copied by my own hand. I did not lose a single day of service by ill health. In the whole work I was encouraged with the counsel and approval, first to Governor Smyth, and then by the succeeding governors, Walter Harriman, Onslow Stearns, James A. Weston, Ezekiel A. Straw, Person C. Cheney, and Benjamin F. Prescott.

I may add, that as the volumes passed through the press, I read, revised, and corrected proof-sheets of every page of each volume, and prepared also a complete index for each, both of general contents and names.

*Volumes of Provincial and State Papers.*

Volume	Dates	Pages	issued	Year
I.	1623-1686,	629,		1867.
“	II. 1686-1722 (part 1.),	“ 764,	“	1868.
“	III. 1692-1722 (part 2.),	“ 853,	“	1869.
“	IV. 1722-1736,	“ 891,	“	1870.
“	V. 1738-1749,	“ 962,	“	1871.
“	VI. 1749-1763,	“ 929,	“	1872.
“	VII. 1764-1776,	“ 799,	“	1873.
“	VIII. 1776-1783,	“ 1,006,	“	1874.
“	IX. 1638-1784 (Towns),	“ 939,	“	1875.
“	X. 1749-1792,†	“ 719,	“	1877.

\* There was a partial suspension of work in publication in the summer of 1876.

† This volume contains Journals of Constitutional Conventions, Controversy with New York and Vermont, with appendix, etc.

## PART VII.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.\*

ON account of my position in the Capital of the State, as well as for other reasons, it was convenient to call me to fill various offices *Public Executive* which required official care, labor, responsibility, and also considerable time. Of such offices *and* *Honorary Offices.* I unfortunately had a larger share than I either deserved or desired—*e. g.*: I was trustee of the New Hampshire Missionary Society about twenty years, and president of the Society, 1852-1858; member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1834; librarian of do., 1841-1845; corresponding secretary of do., 1844; president of do., 1842-1844; trustee of the "Ministers' and Widows' Charitable Fund," and president of the Board; director of the N. H. Bible Society; director of the N. H. Educational Society; trustee of Dartmouth College, 1840-1877 (resigned); secretary of the board of trustees of do., 1844-1875 (resigned); corporate member of the A. B. C. F. M., 1857; vice-president of the American Home Missionary Society; corresponding member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, 1847; also of Maine Historical Society; of Wisconsin Historical Society; of Pennsylvania Historical Society; of New Jersey Historical Society.

In my long connection—thirty-seven years—with the trustees of Dartmouth College, I became acquainted with a very considerable *Dartmouth College.* number of distinguished gentlemen, whose character and names I hold in honor. Among the trustees of the college within the same period, were Mills Olcott Esq., of Hanover, a gentleman of the old school, of high social culture, and of honorable standing in the community; Hon. Charles Marsh of Woodstock, Vt., a learned and eminent lawyer and civilian, whose opinion in most cases was law; Hon. Samuel Hubbard, of Boston, a lawyer

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\* These reminiscences are obviously fragmentary. Dr. Bouton could have extended them indefinitely. No citizen of New Hampshire was on more intimate terms than he with the public men of that State for the last fifty years. His long pastorate at the capital, his relations as President and otherwise officially to the Historical Society, and his position as State Historian, made him acquainted with the leading, active minds among his contemporaries. He took much interest in the records of families and in the fortunes of persons who had grown up under his notice. With these resources at his command, and his fondness for such recollections, it is probable that he originally intended to devote a greater space in his autobiography to this division of the work, and that its apparent incompleteness is due to some cause other than design—perhaps to a consciousness of failing health and strength.

and judge, and of elevated Christian character; Hon. Joel Parker, who, after service as Chief Justice of New Hampshire, was placed at the head of the law school in Harvard College, Mass. The successive governors of the State were *ex officio* members of the board. Of clergymen, among the trustees whom I held in high esteem as intelligent, capable, and godly men, were Rev. Zedekiah S. Barstow, D.D., of Keene, who served with remarkable punctuality and efficiency thirty-seven years; Rev. Silas Aiken, D.D., of Rutland, Vt., and Rev. Pliny B. Day, D.D., of Hollis. I always cherished a profound personal respect and esteem for the (former) president of the college, Rev. Nathan Lord, D.D. With great natural ability, he had an acute knowledge of human nature and a faculty of government with decision and suavity of manners. His administration of the college for thirty-five years was distinguished for practical wisdom and success. Great was the trial to me—even more than to some others of the trustees—when, by reason of his avowed opinions and acts in the late civil war, complaints were brought against him which rendered action necessary on the part of the trustees. My personal esteem and friendship for the president were brought to a severe test when, as I believed, a higher duty demanded that I should cast a vote adverse to his position, which, with others, resulted in his resignation. [Here occurs an interesting account of the writer's connection with the choice of Rev. Dr. Asa D. Smith, as Dr. Lord's successor. See Prof. Parker's Memorial Address.]

The first person under my ministry who came with the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" was a young man, then employed *Rev. H. S.* in a printing office—Henry Sewall Gerrish French. *G. French.* I received from him the following note, dated November 26, 1825:

MR. BOUTON:

You mentioned a few Sabbaths since, your willingness to converse personally on the subject of religion with anyone who desired it. I have for some time been thoughtful in regard to religion, and desirous to have a personal interview with you, to converse on the subject; but I have been held back by my peculiar feelings. I am unwilling to defer it any longer, and will call at your room this evening.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY S. G. FRENCH.

This young man was a modest, sincere, and earnest seeker of his salvation. He obtained a settled hope in Christ; united with the church the ensuing March, 1826; commenced study for the minis-

try ; graduated at Yale College, 1834, and Theological Seminary, Andover, 1837 ; married Miss Sarah C. Allison, a member of the same church, a young lady of beautiful Christian character. They were sent as missionaries of the American Board to Siam. Commencing labors with encouragement and success, his health failed, and he died there in 1842. His widow, with an infant son, returned. But his service in that distant land proved the opening of Christian civilization, which has spread with the intervening years, till now young men of Siam are sent in scores to be educated in our American institutions.

Among my parishioners in East Concord, was the family of Robert M. Adams. His wife was a member of the church, a bright, active Christian mother, whose heart was aglow with love to her Saviour, and desire for the welfare of her children. On a visit to the family, about the year 1831, she spoke to me of her son Ezra, then about sixteen years of age, who, she said, was very fond of reading and anxious to go to school. As a proof of his ingenuity, she showed me a little knife complete in all its parts, which Ezra had made with the tools in his father's shop. (Mr. Adams was a blacksmith by trade.) It at once occurred to me, that a boy who could make such a knife, had a capacity for something higher and better. As, therefore, the desire of the boy and the mother was to give him opportunity to go to a school superior to that in the district where they resided, I proposed that Ezra should come and live in my family, do common chores for his board, and attend a school taught by a graduate of Dartmouth College. It was agreed to and the result was that Ezra, residing in my family about a year, became a Christian. He graduated with high honor in his class, at Dartmouth College, 1836 ; served as chaplain of the American Foreign Seamen's Friend Society at Cronstadt, in Russia, and at Havre, in France, about twelve years ; then became pastor of a church in Nashua, N. H., and of a church in Philadelphia, where he was known as one of the ablest, most eloquent and successful ministers in that city ; subsequently he was appointed professor of rhetoric in a college at Oxford, Pa. My "beloved son in the Lord," Rev. EZRA E. ADAMS, D.D., in life eminently useful and honored, died at the age of about fifty-five.

One day, about the year 1850, a gentleman called at my study and introduced himself as Rev. John C. Gulliver, then pastor of



a church in Norwich, Conn. He said he had long wished for an opportunity to express to me personally, his gratitude for benefits to him in his youth. Said he, "You remember attending a four-days' meeting in Andover in 1833; I was then at Phillips Academy. I had conceived a strong prejudice against religion on account of having been pressed on the subject many times by different persons; and my mind, moreover, was in a dark and confused state. I did not know what religion was, or what I could do to gain it. I had therefore decided not to trouble myself about it, and not even to attend the meeting. But as I heard you were to preach, and I knew you were a friend of my father, I concluded to go once. Your text was, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' The discourse was addressed to the young. First, you told us that religion was a matter of our own choice; then what it was we were to choose, and why we should choose. I followed you from step to step; I understood it; I felt it; and when, at the close, you proposed that we all make the choice, then and there, and do it, by covenant form, and sign our names to it, I was willing and ready. That sermon I have never forgotten." Suffice it to say that Rev. Dr. John C. Gulliver was afterwards called to a church in Chicago, then to the presidency of Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., and is at this time pastor of a church at Binghamton, N. Y., a man of distinguished ability and usefulness.

Here I may remark, that this sermon to young people, on the choice of religion, I have preached on many occasions; two editions of it have been printed—and I have heard of more instances of conversion from it than from any other that I ever preached. At Boscawen, a class of six or seven young women were awakened at one time. Of these one became the wife of a distinguished clergyman, Rev. Horace Eaton, Palmyra, N. Y. At Portsmouth, a lady of about seventy years of age ascribes her conversion to it.

THE END.

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The subject of this memoir, after a lingering illness, for the most part happily without pain, died June 6, 1878. He was sustained on his sick bed and in his dying hour by that Christian trust best expressed in one of his favorite passages of Scripture (Psalms 17-15), now engraved upon the shaft which marks his resting place:

*"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."*

## FUNERAL SERVICES.

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From the Concord (N. H.) Daily Monitor, June 11, 1878.

The funeral of the late Rev. Dr. Bouton took place this noon, and was carried out in accordance with his wishes expressed three weeks before his death.

At 12:30 o'clock prayer was offered at the house by Prof. Henry E. Parker, of Dartmouth College, after which the remains were taken to the North Church, followed by the mourners, arriving at the church at 1 o'clock P. M. Seats in the body of the church were reserved for the mourners, and the pew occupied by the deceased when alive was draped with mourning emblems and ivy. The front of the choir was heavily draped with black, looped with the letter B in white flowers, sprigs of ivy and wheat heads, and one of the chairs upon the pulpit platform was also draped with black, as was the stand near it, surmounted with a bouquet of flowers. A bouquet of calla lilies was placed on a stand on the opposite side of the pulpit.

The casket with the remains was placed directly in front of the pulpit, and at its head was a large cross of ivy leaves and wheat heads, and upon the casket was an elegant cross of ivy leaves, flowers, and wheat heads.

As the body was borne into the church the Arion Quartette chanted a psalm, and the services began with prayer by Prof. Parker, followed with singing by the quartette of the hymn—

“Jesus, lover of my soul.”

Rev. F. D. Ayer (pastor of the church) read at some length very appropriate Scripture selections, after which Rev. Dr. Cummings spoke of the intimate personal relations which had existed between himself and the deceased for forty-six years, and of their last friendship. [Remarks given in full elsewhere.]

The quartette sang beautifully

“I cannot always trace the way,”

after which Rev. Mr. Ayer made a short address, in which he referred to the changes which had taken place in the church and community in the past fifty-three years, and delivered the messages which Dr. Bouton had asked him to speak before his death. [See extended report.]

At the conclusion of his address, Rev. Mr. Ayer offered a fervent prayer, after which the quartette sang

“Rock of ages cleft for me,”

and the services closed with a benediction by the pastor.

An opportunity was offered the congregation to look upon the face of the deceased for the last time, the quartette singing meanwhile, and Dr. Carter playing appropriate organ selections

There was a large congregation present, embracing nearly all of the clergymen of the city and many from neighboring towns, besides official representatives of the city and State, and many of our leading citizens. Among the trustees of Dartmouth College were Gov. Prescott, Rev. Dr. Davis, and Hon. George W. Nesmith.

The pall-bearers were Hon. George G. Fogg, Shadrach Seavey, Asa McFarland, Judge H. E. Perkins, A. C. Pierce, and Judge J. E. Sargent. Joseph B. Walker Esq. superintended the funeral.

At the close of the services in the church the remains were conveyed to the New Cemetery, followed by a long line of carriages filled with mourning friends, and buried in the family lot.

The North Church was desirous of bearing all the expenses of the funeral, and will do so. This was a thoughtful act on the part of a church and society for which Dr. Bouton had given so many years of his life.

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#### REMARKS OF REV. E. E. CUMMINGS, D.D.

In a ministry of fifty years, I have never been called to mingle my sympathy in a sorrow so deep and widespread as the one that calls us together to-day. It is an event which not only severs the most tender and hallowed ties of family and kindred, but it reaches to all conditions of society. Every heart exclaims, "I have lost a friend."

My own heart is smitten with grief, which words fail to utter, as I stand before you to speak of the virtues of one who has, through my almost entire ministry, been my friend and fellow-laborer.

My acquaintance with Rev. Dr. Bouton runs through a period of forty-six years, in which time we have been on terms of unbroken intimacy. We have exchanged pulpit labors once or twice each year—have lectured for each other, and held union meetings in the rural districts; visited and superintended schools, and in various ways been united in our work in advancing the cause of religion and morality. When I began my labor as pastor of the First Baptist Church, I found him manfully working in the temperance cause, and I took my stand by his side. I was a little in advance of him in the anti-slavery cause; but he was soon with me, and during that terrible struggle which threatened not only the Government, but the Church and the ministry, we stood shoulder to shoulder. And when the war of the rebellion broke out, and an expression from the ministers was called for, Dr. Bouton struck the key-note of loyalty to the Constitution and Government, and all the clergymen of Concord responded in harmony. Dr. Bouton was my friend. True, we did not think alike on a few things, but we agreed on many. Our union was not mechanical, but spontaneous and sincere.

He was a man of remarkable harmony of character, very decided, and clear in his convictions, sound in judgment, and uncompromising in his loyalty to the truth. In forming his opinion he was deliberate and discreet, and very seldom had occasion to retract.

It was our uniform custom to confer with each other on all questions relating to the good of society, and as he was my senior in age and in the pastoral office,

I always felt safe in leaning upon his judgment; and I never parted with him at the close of one of these interviews without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

My visits during his last sickness were to me exceedingly instructing and comforting. In my first calls he spoke hopefully of the future. He spoke of his gratitude to God for having allowed him to live and labor in such a period in the history of the Church and the world, and he added, "If my work is done, I am ready to depart." After this I found his mind calm and trusting in the merits of Christ. There was a beauty and a charm in his closing life which reminded me of the setting sun, which glows and sparkles as it comes forth from his chambers and rejoices as a strong man to run a race, but gathers all its charms and beauty into its setting beams. So the Christian life develops all its charms and beauty as it dissolves into the light of heaven.

Our father and friend has passed from our sight, but he has left a precious legacy in the memories of a stainless, useful life. We shall meet him no more here, but we shall meet him before the throne of God and the Lamb.

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#### REMARKS OF REV. F. D. AYER.

This is not the assembly which greeted the young pastor-elect in Concord fifty-three years ago. All the members of the ordaining council have passed on before. Most of that audience have also gone. What experiences have been passed since that day by the few who are left, and by the homes here represented! Then how little, too, was known of the story to come, and to-day none can tell it, for the lips just closed were the only ones to utter *that*.

It were proper here to recall some of the changes, civil and religious, which have marked the fifty years gone. There is much that might be said of the relations held and the part borne by our venerated father and this servant of God in these changes. Leaving these, my duty here is plain, though not easy. Like himself, always preparing for the coming, he made arrangements for this hour, and three weeks ago committed to me his wishes, which in these services we try faithfully to follow.

Said he: "Express first of all my unfaltering confidence in Christ and the Gospel. There is my trust. I thought when preaching I was preaching the truth; I think so *now*."

Here we have the key as well as the inspiration of his life. He felt his obligation to Christ, and tried to meet it. His was an intelligent faith, and definite as well. He was faithful to his convictions—ready to declare and willing to defend them. His opinions were well weighed, calmly considered, and then he regarded them as fixed. They were real things to him.

"Express then," said he, "my unabated affection to the church. I love it—I have loved it all the time. Speak then of my relations to it from your own heart."

The relation of this church to its pastors has been exceptional. No other church in the State—very few in the land—can speak the blessing of such a record. Founded in 1730, till 1867—one hundred and thirty-seven years—it

had but four pastors, all of whom lived and died among the people; and to-day we lay the precious form of this fourth one beside kindred dust with grateful memory of the past.

The length of his pastorate (forty-two years) should be noted. Many of you were born and reached maturity and called but one man your pastor; so that eleven years ago, when I came, most of you who were active had never seen a pastor installed over your church.

Of the fidelity and labor in this long pastorate, the best testimony is what so many of you are to-day, and feel you owe to this father. He was never idle. Gifted with good and even powers, he made the most of them, applied them to definite ends and continuous labors. He was genial, industrious, self-possessed, and methodical. So by daily fidelity he made the transient yield a grand residuum of the permanent, and brought together and left as the result of these years much that will endure. As a pastor, he became familiar with all these families, gathering up and preserving their histories, remembering their experiences, and following sons and daughters as they went away, to rejoice in every good thing a son or daughter of Concord did or received. He was the sharer of all your prosperities, a counselor and comforter in all your sorrows, and bore a relation in those years to the whole community which no other can hold. The changes since his earlier ministry will forbid any one pastor in the city to take the place now vacant.

The period covered by his ministry has been the most difficult and trying of any in the history of the church and city. When he came here there was but one church building, and the people gathered in the "Old North." As the town grew the church grew, and soon colonies went out and their churches, with the prayer and benediction of the pastor, were planted around the mother church. Other denominations organized churches, and now at his death in the limits of the city there are eighteen churches.

To live in peace and labor on in these changes required fidelity, patience, charity. These he had, and so still "the fellowship of the churches" is not merely a name in Concord.

The results of this ministry we cannot yet reckon. Some are seen; many are forces still at work; 772 were received by him to the membership of this church.

While pastor of this church he also exerted a marked influence upon the churches of the State, and was a help, often a pioneer, in all the religious enterprises of the State and the land. It is not too much to say that for the past fifty years no man has exerted a larger influence, or held a higher place in the ecclesiastical history of New Hampshire, than Dr. Bouton.

Everything that pertained to the weal of this community had a place in his thought and heart. He was a citizen as well as a minister, and guarded faithfully every interest of all the people, and gave his hearty support to every work or reform that seemed to him right. A generation must pass away before the name of Dr. Bouton can be uttered here without awakening precious memories of a faithful life.

When, after 42 years of service, and 137 of the history of the church, in 1867,

he laid down, by resignation, the work of this pastorate, and you called another to take it up, he welcomed the young pastor, and gave him affection as though he were his son, and gave him respect as though he were his equal.

I wish to say here, from my heart, that I have lost a friend, a father. I have never regarded his presence in the public worship or elsewhere as a restraint. It has been an inspiration and cheer to see him, devout and prayerful, in the worship he loved so well. I have always been glad to see him, and hear his heart speak to us in the place of prayer, and his counsel and friendship have been a privilege. He has loved us to the end. On the other hand, I say with unfeigned gratitude, that in these years I have never heard in any home, or from any lip, one word save of respect and affection for him.

To have lived in a community, held so many and delicate relations to all the people of it, for more than fifty years, and to depart bearing to the grave the grateful and gathered memories of all the people, never to have broken their respect or confidence, or affection for him, is no small achievement.

He outlived the church that welcomed him. Only one of all that membership remains with us—one sister beloved in so marked a sense, alone survives the pastor.

This shepherd saw all the flock safely folded before he went in.

A few months ago he began to feel the strange pressure of an unseen hand. It was a new sensation to him, who had always been so well. Till then he had been laid aside by sickness only about four weeks in all the fifty-three years. He had loved life, loved work, and loved them still. He yet had a great dread at the thought of outliving himself. He said that when his work was done he wanted to go, and hoped God would say—"Servant, come up higher." As we see now, his work was done. It seems to us completed, filled up, just as he began to fail, and he stayed just long enough to show us how an aged Christian may calmly die. Strange that he broke so suddenly, said we at first, but soon we saw it was but the fitting close of a finished life. He had worn so evenly that we did not know how thin the casket had become.

The 23d of last March was the 53d anniversary of his settlement. He was to have preached the next day, as had been his custom annually.

He failed during the week, and Sunday morning was too weak to preach, but able to attend the service. It was the last time he entered the courts of the Lord's house, which he loved so well. I know not his thoughts as he sat there—the memories tender, grateful, sad, that came thronging to the mind; the hopes and anticipations that kept him company.

Soon confined to the house, and then to the bed, he gradually went down, as evenly as he had lived, just as though this were now his work. Not in rapture, but in calmness, self-possession, the spirit mellow and the mind clear, he came to the end. His words were words of affection to all the loved ones and the friends who came—words of testimony and faith unflinching in Christ. He loved the expressions of confidence, as, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" "I know in whom I have believed." He loved the hymns of faith and hope, as, "Jesus, lover of my soul;" "My faith looks up to Thee;" "O to grace how great a debtor;" "Rock of ages," &c. The last morning of his life he

wished to be taken to the window to look again up the street he loved, but was too weak. He was strong enough to gaze with rapture on the "heavenly land." He whispered words of affection to the dear ones about him—whispered, "Satisfied," and soon the great victory was won without a single struggle, and he who had served his generation fell on sleep.

How different, dear friends, to us who stood around that bed, weeping and then kneeling in prayer as the freed spirit went home, was that hour from the hour it was to him. To us, loss; to him, glory. So we prayed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

As that spirit passed on, methinks I saw two, an aged Christian that was, now touched of immortality, and that Christian's Saviour, go through that valley, on the one side of which were smitten hearts, on the other side of which were waiting saints.

To you whose inheritance is his name, his example, there is abundant comfort in the memories of this life, in the work so well done, in the Gospel he loved and preached, in the hope to him now realized. How small a part of the righteous can die. Much of this life is left. May the same calm faith which supported him in life, which cheered him in death, be your stay in these days of trial. "The Eternal God be thy refuge, and underneath thee the everlasting arms."

It is the wish and prayer of my heart—uttered in something of the same faith and love with which the husband and father breathed it on you so calmly and tenderly that last Sabbath night in the home—that "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

## THE CHRISTIAN AMBITIOUS OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

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# MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

BY ARRANGEMENT OF THE HOPKINTON ASSOCIATION, PREACHED IN  
THE FIRST CONG. CHURCH, CONCORD, N. H.,  
SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1878.

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By Prof. HENRY E. PARKER, D.D., Dart Coll.

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*Acts 13: 36, first part of the verse. "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."*

THESE words contain a biography. Few as they are, they are the story of a man's life down to his death; the life-story of an eminent and extraordinary man. In the royal annals of the Hebrews no name stands out more conspicuous than that of King David. Romance never painted a life of such varied experience and of such striking scenes. He emerges from ruddy-faced boyhood a hero, startling us by his deeds of prowess. He goes down into the lair of wild beasts; single-handed he slays a bear and a lion. The armies of Israel and Philistia are face to face; he is the only Hebrew undismayed. He accepts the giant champion's challenge, is victorious, and lays the head of his haughty foe at his monarch's feet. He becomes the favorite and the son-in-law of that monarch. His hand, as skillful in evoking melody from the harp as mighty in wielding arms, his voice, as potent in song as in the battle-cry, are employed successfully to soothe his monarch's perturbed spirit, till the jealousy of the monarch barbarously seeks his life, and hunts him through the wilds and fastnesses of the land. The fugitive is as chivalric as he is capable and brave. His loving heart, his nobleness of soul and genuineness of character so win the heart of the monarch's son that nothing extinguishes the love inspired but death. When, in time, he is himself seated upon the throne, it is, by the achievements of war and statesmanship, to give such fame and power to the Hebrew monarchy as it possessed in his reign alone. The powerful monarch of Egypt was shut up in the valley of the Nile. The predatory Arabians were driven to their deserts. The monarch who had Damascus for his capital was subdued, and ceased to be a dangerous foe to Israel. The Mesopotamians no longer ventured away from the banks of the Euphrates to molest the country of the Hebrews. The Western Assyrians were pushed away to the realms of the North. Moab, Edom and Ammon,



Israel's perpetual foes, were conquered; and Philistia, which had held the Hebrews in such subjection that not a smith's forge, for the manufacturing a weapon of war or an implement of agriculture, was allowed in the land, had its power utterly and finally broken. Nor does David only advance his kingdom by extensive conquest; he does as much for it morally and intellectually. The priestly order is revived; the neglected rites of worship are restored; the monarch himself, foremost in their observance, greatly aids by his own lyre and pen the service of song and praise. His incomparable lyrical productions, in connection with the intellectual genius of his son and successor, make the Periclean age of Hebrew literature; which also, as always happens where one age is blessed, blessed thereby every following age.

King David's power was as absolute as that of any Oriental monarch; but he was the only one who did not make his greatness and successes simply subserve his own personal aggrandizement and self-indulgence. His kingly character is a model in its sinking self in the welfare of his realm, in its forgetting personal prerogative while giving prestige to that religion of which his nation was chosen of Jehovah to be the representative. Not a perfect man, yet, even as compared with the best of men, so true and loyal to Jehovah, the Divine affection spoke of him as the man after God's own heart.

When the halo of long subsequent years had gathered about the memory of this great king, and an admiring, gifted son of his own race will present a picture of him, as he takes his easel and pencil, what is the dazzling portrait he presents to our admiring gaze? Here you have it: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers!" That is all. "Served his own generation by—in accordance with—the will of God;" that is, piously served his own generation:—to say that was enough, in depicting the most princely spirit, the most royal character, the most kingly of earthly kings. We stand before the picture and look and wonder, it is so simple, and so strange. Of David, the greatest of human kings, the chief and inspired lyrist of all ages, the "man after God's own heart"—in telling what he did, and what he was, to say this, and only this, "he served his own generation by the will of God," is certainly a unique biography, a remarkable panegyric. But no better could be merited or given. Yet, it is so introduced by the Apostle in the address where we find it, that we cannot well resist the conclusion that he does introduce it not simply as characterizing King David, but as what should characterize *every* man in his own generation. He brings the statement in very much as if he only sought to say: "David did what it is every man's duty to do, what is the universal duty."

A few weeks ago I sat down in the sick-room of Dr. Bouton, and had my last conversation with him, my long revered father in the ministry and personal friend; we had our last Scripture reading and season of prayer together. He gave me an epitome of his life—very modestly, and recognizing God's providence over it all—gave it as a Christian would. At the end, asking me to open the Bible—that copy which had always been the one for use on his study table, and which, as I took it, he spoke of with a smile of attached affection as lovingly recognizing what had been so serviceable—"There, brother," said he, "please

open to that passage in Paul's speech in the Acts where he alludes to David."—this 36th verse of the 13th chapter—"For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God;" "that is what I have wished my life might be, a serving of my own generation by the will of God, a servant, nothing else."

Let us glance at his life, and see how far this simple yet sublime ambition to serve his generation was realized.

And, first, let us look at the providence which prepared him for rendering service to his generation. He always regarded and spoke of himself as eminently "a child of Providence." It always seemed to him that God, in a marked way, had connected Himself with every part and passage of his life.

Dr. Bouton was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, June 20th, 1799. He was in the sixth generation in descent from John Bouton, a man of Puritan sympathies and character, who came to this country in 1635, one of the early settlers of Connecticut, and an original proprietor of the town of Norwalk. According to tradition and general belief, the Boutons of England were originally French, and Huguenots, who fled to England in the times of the Huguenotic persecutions.

The mother of Dr. Bouton was Sarah Benedict, a descendant in the fifth generation from Deacon Thomas Benedict, also one of the early settlers of Connecticut, and of whom it is recorded "that with his wife he walked in the midst of his house with a perfect heart." It was not merely a matter of pride and thankfulness, but, as our friend ever regarded it, one of the Providential blessings, that he was a descendant from a worthy and godly ancestry.

The youngest of a very large family supported from the paternal farm only by care and thrift, yet always well supported, he was brought up under the wholesome influence of the frugality and industry of those days. A pious mother taught him to pray daily, the first thing at the morning's waking and the last before the slumbers of the night. He heard a pious father's voice leading the devotions of his household, as they knelt together at the family altar each morning and evening; these services varied on Sabbath evenings by an earlier hour, and by the children's repeating the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and the singing by all of Christian Psalms and Hymns. His parents carefully cultivated in him good habits, conscientiousness, and principle. His father had, on occasion, a happy sententiousness of expression, and his aphorisms, pregnant with sound sentiments and useful counsels, the son never forgot.

He seems to have had a happy boyhood in that large, affectionate family and Christian home, amid the light labors assigned him on the farm, which he has recorded were a pleasure to him, and in the healthful recreations and amusements which he entered into with the zest of a cheerful, healthy, active boy. During his entire boyhood and youth he seems to have been kept untainted from all bad and questionable habits.

In those days it was the uniform custom for every boy like him either to remain at home on the farm, or learn a trade. He chose the latter; and being fond of books, he selected the trade of a printer, as likely to furnish him abundant opportunity for reading, and for storing up that information he so ardently desired. His opportunities for education, up to this time, had not been very

great, but they were the best Norwalk afforded; his father, for some reason, seeking advantages for him which the other children had not, and which were appreciated and improved by the son.

He was hardly fourteen when he was apprenticed, after the old style of indentures, for seven years, or until he should be twenty-one, to a Mr. Nichols, printer in Bridgeport, proprietor and publisher also of a newspaper there. He always attributed his subsequent fondness for statistical, antiquarian, and historical pursuits to his having been connected with that office. He was in Mr. Nichols's office, in Bridgeport, during the latter part of our last war with Great Britain, and when the shore of Long Island Sound was exposed to occasional descents upon it by English vessels of war, greatly to the alarm of the inhabitants, who, at such times, fled inland, burying or otherwise concealing their movable valuables. Too young to enlist, our friend joined a company of boys under a Captain Lacy, who were regularly drilled, and kept themselves ready for service, as they might be ordered, in any emergency. An occasion occurred on the entrance of two British vessels of war into the harbor of Bridgeport, which threw the place into great consternation, when this company, with the other guards along the coast, were directed to be in instant readiness to repel the landing of the enemy if they should make the attempt. The signal gun agreed upon for giving notice of the disembarking of the English was one night fired, and the youthful company, with the other guards, were called out. They spent the night under arms upon the shore, but no attack occurred, and in the morning the vessels weighed anchor and sailed away. It is mentioned that the women of the family begged in tears, for fear he might be killed, that he would not go out with the company that night; but in vain; his fowling-piece and place in the company were as sturdily assumed that night, as on any previous Saturday afternoon's drill. The fearless though boyish enthusiasm then, became in later years that open, dauntless patriotism which was his marked characteristic. There occurred also at this period a couple of incidents illustrating the power of that good home-training he had received. It was his duty to sweep the office each morning, and on one such occasion he found among the rubbish a bill of five dollars. He was tempted to pocket it and say nothing about it; but the reflection that it was not his prevented, and he advertised the finding of it in the paper. The lawful owner shortly appeared with gratitude and a reward, although conscience had already more than rewarded him.

He had always at home been brought up to a careful observance of the Sabbath, and to attend divine service twice during the day. His employer rarely attended divine service himself, and never required him to attend. One Sabbath forenoon he thought he would visit a young man, a near kinsman, in a neighboring village. On reaching it, the Connecticut Sabbath quiet of the place so rebukingly impressed him with the idea that he was not spending the Sabbath in an appropriate way, that, without calling upon his kinsman, he at once retraced his steps, attending service in Bridgeport the same afternoon, and resolving that he would never again be found unnecessarily leaving the Sabbath public worship; and he never was. Down to the close of his long life he was never again voluntarily absent from Sabbath service a single half day.

He had spent a couple of years with Mr. Nichols, when there occurred an event, which, in every sense, proved the crisis of his life: and, for that matter, of his eternity, too. Though always a moral and conscientious youth, his morality and conscientiousness had not become religion. On a visit to his father, at this time, the latter had some earnest religious conversation with him, and just as he was leaving to return to Bridgeport, in bidding him good-bye, the father told him how interested he had always been in his spiritual welfare, often praying for him, and ending with simple words, but spoken in tears, "My son, you are now old enough to be a Christian." It made a very deep impression. As that Providence, who, as he felt, always followed him, arranged it, it so happened that he found on entering the stage-coach, a midshipman of the Navy and a pious student of Yale, between whom there sprang up an earnest religious conversation, which further affected him, deepening the impression already made. As the same Providence would have it, at this time there occurred a general religious interest at Bridgeport, most favorable also in its aid and influence for him; and, as the result of these combined Heaven-directed influences, he made, on the morning of his sixteenth birth-day, upon his knees in prayer, a solemn, and, as he ever afterwards trusted, a true consecration of himself (in his own words), "to the service of God his Benefactor, to the reception of Christ as his Saviour, and to religion, as, under all circumstances, to be his chief concern." Those first words of that solemn act of consecration, that dedicating of himself fully and forever "to the service of God," are the interpretation of his subsequent life. He then and there gave himself up unreservedly to be a servant of God—to render Christian service in any, every way, and any, everywhere. In consonance with this, happy and at peace himself, he at once began to seek to bring others to the same religious consecration which had blessed his own soul. By letter and conversation he sought to bring relatives, friends and associates to embrace religion also. He took part in the social meetings of the church; with some other young men of kindred spirit he held religious meetings in the neighborhood, like the young men of our Young Men's Christian Associations, with an earnest zeal never to grow cold, and an effort to do good not to cease except with life.

His becoming a Christian soon awakened in him new and higher aspirations in regard to a calling. He began to long for a collegiate education and the profession of the ministry. On conversing with his pastor, he found the latter had been thinking of the same thing with reference to him, approving heartily of his wishes. His father, too, on learning of his son's wishes, cordially sympathized with them. But there were his indentures: four years more remained before he would have served out his time. On presenting the matter to his employer, the latter, after a week's deliberation, then told him he was loath to part with him, and would do his utmost to make it for his interest to remain, but mentioned a sum for which the indentures should be canceled, if he still so desired. The offer, under the advice of friends, was accepted; his father, by the sale of a piece of the farm, meeting about a third of the sum required, and numerous friends, in Bridgeport and Norwalk, voluntarily making up the remainder. There must have been, in their view, no ordinary promise in the youth, for them to volunteer their gifts as they did.

He at once began fitting for college, studying at home and reciting twice a week, for a few months, to a gentleman keeping a private school in an adjoining town. The family pastor, a good scholar, who had also encouraged him in the course he was taking, then offered to aid him in his studies, and to him he recited during the following winter. The distance was two miles away, and several families in the neighborhood offered him a home during that period—families who became his life-long friends.

The following year he received a most unlooked-for invitation, from the Congregational pastor in New Canaan, Connecticut, to come and attend the academy there, with the promise that there should be no expense to him for either tuition or board; and the invitation was gratefully accepted. Certainly, there was something not at all common in this young man, to raise up such friends, with such unusual and extraordinary offers as these; and such circumstances were among the causes which led Dr. Bouton so habitually to speak of himself as the child of Providence—such circumstances as these, quite as much as more than one perilous accident, which befell him at different times, and came near proving fatal.

He had only been at the academy in New Canaan some six months, when an offer, similar to that which led him thither, came from the Congregational clergyman in Wilton, inviting him, free of all expense, to come and enjoy the instruction of a superior teacher instructing in Wilton. This offer he accepted, many excellent families here also giving him a home, more as to a visiting friend than anything else. The heads of these various families, in those different places, who made him their welcome guest while he was fitting for college, were, many of them, superior people, and of great value to him in many ways. He also, during all this period, kept up his earnest Christian work, which, in many instances, was greatly blessed.

He entered the sophomore class in Yale College in the autumn of 1818. Seeing no other way in which college expenses could be met, he had seriously debated whether he should not remain out a year or two, and by teaching, or in some other pursuit, earn money before taking his place in college. But the same kind clergymen who had befriended him while fitting for college, agreed to pay at least a hundred dollars a year into the treasury of the Connecticut Education Society, if he might be received as a beneficiary. This aid, with that of other friends, enabled him to meet college expenses; while he gave undying gratitude to those friends, and praise to the Divine Providence that gave them to him.

As he enters college, the young sophomore pens these resolutions:

*Resolved*—1. That I will make it a rule to rise at about five in the morning, and retire at about ten o'clock in the evening.

2. That the first exercise in the morning, and the last at evening, shall be private devotion.

3. That about ten hours in the day shall be devoted to study, two to reading, four to exercise, and seven to sleep.

4. That I will be regular and constant at prayers in the chapel, and on all the services, properly, of the college.

5. That I will endeavor to oppose vice and promote virtue among the students in all ways which my circumstances and duty will permit, and keep a strict watch over my own conduct and conversation.

6. That in all my pursuits I will aim to keep the glory of God and the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom in view.

Appended to these resolutions was the following prayer: "O Thou, who knowest all my desires, and who searchest the hearts of the children of men, let Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness, that I may be able to keep these resolutions, now solemnly made. Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil. Suffer me not to dishonor the cause of Thy well-beloved Son, but by Thy grace enable me to live 'soberly, righteously, and godly,' through Jesus Christ. Amen."

We need not wonder that, though he entered college in advance, with a hurried and defective preparation, he yet never yielded to discouragement, never remitted diligence; ranked in the highest fourth of his class; received the honor of a part at Junior Exhibition, and two parts at Commencement on graduation; delivered, in Senior year, an oration before the Religious Society of the college; was president of one of the two great literary societies of the college; was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; was not absent, during his whole college course, from any recitation, or lecture, or prayers in the chapel, unless out of town; and never had to give an excuse for not being prepared, nor ever received a reproof or reprimand; and was honored by a premium from the Faculty, and another from the president, for excellence in English composition; while as a Christian he was as consistent and as earnest in Christian work and influence as when fitting for college; and his vacations—as some grateful return to those Christian ministers who had proved such fast, serviceable friends—he spent in their parishes, aiding them much as an evangelist; and his labors of this sort were attended with the blessing of God in a remarkable degree; they were very acceptable, and accompanied by many conversions.

On leaving college, and having ultimately the ministry in view, the same practical question occurred as before entering college—how shall means be acquired for pursuing professional study in the seminary? The same friends as before stepped in, urging him not to delay; they would see that he did not lack for means; and the way was, as he delighted ever to say, providentially opened for him to the Theological Seminary.

It was in the autumn of 1821 that he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and the three years spent there were years of great pleasure and profit; so admirable were the advantages, and so congenial the pursuits. One of the long vacations of his seminary course he spent, by solicitation, in religious labor among the colored people of Salem, Mass.; and to his interest in those people at that time he attributed his subsequent interest in efforts in behalf of the colored race, first in connection with the Colonization Society, and afterwards with the Anti-Slavery Society.

Another seminary vacation he spent in missionary work upon the Island of Martha's Vineyard.

On the graduation of his class from the seminary, the eminent Faculty assigned to him the Valedictory Addresses.

On entering the seminary, as when he entered college, he carefully laid out his time, and definitely shaped, with prayer and pains-taking, the courses he would pursue, the motives which should actuate him, and the objects he would seek, that he might gain the most and best from his seminary course. There are also recorded a few brief resolutions of his while in the seminary, which are of especial interest as showing, that, beyond his careful planning and earnest endeavors with respect to his intellectual and rhetorical culture there, he, with the humble, conscientious spirit of the true Christian, searched out and deeply felt the imperfections of his heart and character, and unceasingly bent himself to their correction.

He writes: "In my intercourse with students and others, I detected in myself some glaring defects of character, which growing out of my natural temper, and somewhat, perhaps, out of the leading part I had been accustomed to take, I found it very necessary to cure. I was, indeed, habitually conscious of great imperfections; my heart knew its own bitterness, and its own carnal tendencies and propensities. I was much in the habit of inspecting my motives, and varying passions and emotions. I knew by experience what the Apostle meant, of the conflict between the flesh and the spirit; and so deep was my consciousness of indwelling sin—of 'the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life,'—so often did wrong motives and evil thoughts spring up; so far below the true Christian standard did I daily fall, that humiliation and repentance before God entered into my daily internal experience. But the particular defects I allude to," he further writes, "and which I determined if possible, to overcome, are indicated by a series of resolutions, which I made the second term of my seminary course.

"1. *Resolved*, That I will not dispute with any of my brethren, but whenever a discussion is required, I will advance my opinion with reasons for it, and then dismiss the subject.

"2. I will not contradict, but carefully guard against positiveness of opinion, always remembering that I am very fallible, and liable to be mistaken in the plainest and most simple matters.

"3. In intercourse with my brethren I will aim to treat them according to the Spirit of the Apostle's direction: 'Let each esteem others better than himself.'

"4. I will guard against hasty, uncharitable, and censorious remarks."

Long afterwards—fifty years—to these resolutions he appended the following words: "Those or such like resolutions I have found important to be kept in mind, in all stages of my experience, in all social and public relations in life. 'My sin, in this regard, is continually before me'; I am not yet cured." Few would have thought this of that man so remarkable for self-poise and self-control. I never knew him to be otherwise, even under very trying circumstances. Early in life, when in the printing office at Bridgeport, he one day heard a sudden outcry of distress, and looking out, saw the people running in a certain direction. Joining them he found that a little boy, four or five years old, had fallen from the wharf. While others looked on, he threw off his coat and shoes, and jumped into the water. Though the boy had ceased to struggle, he succeeded in rescuing him, and in bringing him ashore. Placing him with face downwards

upon his own knees and gently rolling him, the water flowed from his mouth and nose, and before long the little boy showed signs of life. As soon as he was able to walk he took him to his mother, telling her what had happened, and that he had saved him from drowning. The mother never even thanked him. His comment upon this in after years was: "I have often wondered what kind of a mother she was." So I have seen his face paled, his lips and voice quivering from the sense of great injustice done him by others, but I never heard anything severer fall from his lips, than that he wondered at their course.

Immediately after leaving Andover, he was engaged by a committee of eminent gentlemen from Boston, to commence a new enterprise in the north part of that city, which proved successful; out of it ultimately growing the Salem Street Church. Soon after he had engaged himself to this enterprise for a definite period, he received a request from the Congregational Church in Concord, N. H., to spend a few Sabbaths with them as a candidate to succeed the Rev. Dr. McFarland, who had recently resigned. This request he felt obliged to decline on account of the previous engagement with the committee in Boston. Through this committee, however, the request from Concord was not long after renewed. The Boston Committee came to him, telling him what they had been solicited to do, and saying that while they were perfectly satisfied, and desired him to remain, if he wished, they would release him from his engagement to them. The result was his accepting a release from his engagement in Boston, and coming to Concord, to preach for seven weeks as a candidate, commencing on the last Sabbath in October. At the close of this period, without having received any intimation what would be the decision of the church and people, he decided to return to Andover, and spend the winter there in further study. The first of January following, however, he received from the Concord Church and Society a request to become their pastor. This request, after careful deliberation, consultation with good advisers, and much prayer, he accepted. His winter for study in Andover, however, was to be completed, as previously planned. It was during this winter that his mind, under God, struck out the idea of a National Home Missionary Society; an idea which took hold of the minds and hearts of others, extending and deepening its hold till, as the result, the American Home Missionary Society was formed, with all the boundless benefits flowing from it. That idea alone was sufficient to crown any man's life with enduring fame.

He was ordained as pastor of the church in Concord, March 23d, 1825; here to remain as pastor—his only pastorate—for forty-two years.

And so the desire and anticipation of his life—serving Christ and his Church by preaching the Gospel—were to be answered. But the young man of twenty-five trembled as he undertook the charge; as well he might. He might anywhere, indeed. But the parish over which he was settled was very large, co-extensive with the town, intelligent, and influential. There were few parishes anywhere more important, none in the State, none requiring more ability, acquisition or labor. But he met the responsibility, and met it well; though he never could have done it except as possessed of more than ordinary ministerial capital, and this well husbanded and well expended. His physical constitution and health were excellent; always kept so by strict temperance in all things, by hab-



its of the utmost regularity in regard to diet, sleep, study, and exercise. As in college, and in the seminary, his time was anew adjusted, such hours assigned for study, such for writing, such for classical, and such for general reading, and such for visiting his people. Order and system rigidly regarded, alone enabled him to accomplish the immense amount of work he did accomplish. In those days three preaching services on the Sabbath fell to his lot, besides frequent religious services in various parts of the town during the week. At that time clergymen in all our towns were expected to superintend the schools. For many years this was a part of his duties faithfully attended to.

In his preparations for the pulpit his texts were selected early in the week, examined in the Hebrew or the Greek, the theme carefully developed and studied, and his Sabbath morning sermon written during Wednesday and Thursday; his Sabbath afternoon sermon written during Friday and Saturday; and when I became acquainted with him, in 1850, he did not allow himself to dine Saturday till the latter sermon was completed.

For twenty-five years, too, he prepared an extempore discourse to be delivered in the old Town Hall, a service always numerously attended, and attended by many who, perhaps, otherwise would not have attended Divine service at all.

Dr. Bouton's sermons were systematically planned, thoroughly studied, logically and lucidly put, plainly illustrated, practical, with a definite purpose always apparent, impressive, certainly effective. His delivery was good, his voice distinct and well modulated. If by some he would not be called an eloquent preacher, he was better; he was always instructive, and failed not to secure the true end of a sermon, namely, a religious impression. In every religious service he was appropriate and met the occasion. There were no singularities, no affectations, no extravagances. He was varied and affluent in his methods and measures. Now it was an exegetical sermon, and now a doctrinal; now a biographical, and now an historical sermon. Now he would have a series of discourses upon the articles of belief; now upon the Decalogue, and now upon the Lord's Prayer. Now he noticed anything especial in the circumstances of his people, and now anything similar in the circumstances of the nation. Now he would bring before his people some vivid and useful account of the recent meeting of the State Association, or of the American Board, or, if any marked occasion had temporarily taken him to a distance, he would be sure to find some aspect of it fit to be formally noticed, and made to give fresh interest to his pulpit. The State Fast and Thanksgiving occasions always received especial attention. Besides the regular Sabbath and week-day services of his church, there were Bible Classes, and Inquiry Meetings, and District Lectures, and Family Conferences, the latter an especial invention of his, pleasant and profitable; they were gatherings in private parlors, where, with hymn and prayer, questions of moral and religious application were brought in, and mutually, freely conversed upon.

He was always cheerfully ready to lend his presence and influence in all matters of public welfare and concern. The Temperance Cause had from the first no stauncher advocate than he.

So it was in all matters pertaining to public morals and instruction. He had

a wide and strong influence in the town, the region, and the State. He was constantly being called to sit in Ecclesiastical Councils and other religious bodies, and perform the various duties incident to such positions.

But such references as these do but very partially disclose the Christian service that he accomplished; nor does the mention of his more than three thousand written sermons, his thirty-five printed discourses, and his more than thirty-five hundred extempore but studied sermons. The number of conversions—that high and only satisfactory end of the true pastor's labors—better indicate the value of his ministry. There were years in succession of continued revival interest during his pastorate, and as many as nine different and especial seasons of revival. While he was pastor, about eight hundred were added to the church, between six and seven hundred on profession of their faith. With a rich experience of the truth of the Gospel in his own heart, and having been accustomed, from the early beginnings of his Christian efforts, to see the fruits of such efforts in conversions, he had unbounded faith in the Gospel of Christ as the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation. Under this conviction he labored, and the results he looked for, preached and labored for, came.

After the resignation of his pastorate, he still continued to preach quite extensively in towns about, and still acceptably and usefully. This period of his ministerial career he happily called his "supplementary ministry." The pastorate, however, had been his love and joy; it met his highest ambition. He was eminently a good pastor, entering into all that concerned his people with ready sympathy, tact, and adaptation. He was a wise counselor; he was a safe deposit of troubles entrusted to his confidence, and a helper in their burden; he especially interested himself in the young; he was a guide to the religious enquirer; his prayers and presence lighted up the sick-room, and knowing what grief and sorrow were himself, the tenderest ties having been sundered by death in his own household again and again, he knew both how to feel for and to comfort the afflicted and bereaved. He was thoroughly devoted to the people of his charge, their servant in Christ; it was all he asked to be. From the time he began to look towards the ministry till he finished it, he well illustrated those recent words to the young men of Oxford by the great English art-critic, whose aesthetic attainments do not surpass his Christian culture. "Having thus cultivated," Ruskin says, "in the time of your studentship, your powers truly to the utmost, then, in your manhood, be resolved they shall be spent in the true service of men; not in being ministered unto, but in ministering."

From the time the Rev. Dr. Belknap wrote his History of New Hampshire, that work without a rival or peer, as some have thought, in all the State histories of this Union, historical pursuits have not been uncongenial to the Clergy of our State. Several of our best town histories have been written by clergymen. When, fifty years ago, the young minister of the Concord church, in his pastoral visits and duties, used, in the saddle, week by week, to speed over every hill and valley, nook and corner of the wide township, he became acquainted with every inhabitant, and more and more with the items of interest in family history, and the history of the town. Sometimes the facts interested him to such an extent that he would make transcripts of them and file them away. The facts rapidly

multiplied, till, finally, the thought struck him that it would be desirable to have them permanently preserved; and then came the gradually formed purpose that he would attempt the preparing a history of the town, and he did it. A score of years were spent in the diligent gathering of materials, and then three more of untiring labor with the pen in preparing those materials for the press, when the large volume was issued;—a great service done for the town and city of his adopted home.

The historical work he did in other ways, and at other periods, was extensive; but the great labor of his life, in this line of effort, was after the resignation of his pastorate. When the desirableness of a State Historian became evident, that our State Records might be suitably compiled and put in permanent form, before they became quite illegible or lost, a work, in the view of those best acquainted with matters, of imperative necessity, it was equally complimentary to those whose discernment and courtesy led them to select him for the office, and to him for his manifest and peculiar fitness for it. During the eleven years he filled this post, issuing, nearly at the rate of a volume a year, the publication of the entire documentary history of New Hampshire from the Provincial period, the care and labor required were very great. Few could have had the ability and patience to have endured and completed it. It was, perhaps, too much even for his hitherto tireless vigor. It was the last work of his life, and it was every way a crowning work; it will be an honor to him as long as the memory of the History of the State shall last.

Other books, and numerous other publications also proceeded from his productive and useful pen.

Yet his chief honor remains to him as the faithful minister of Christ, especially to this First Church in Concord, watching over and promoting its interests for so many years; who, as the place rapidly grew, saw daughter after daughter of the parent church depart, depart with his approval and benediction, till the whole present sisterhood of churches, throughout the town and then the city, became beautifully established; who was the instrument, under God, of so many Christian conversions, both here and elsewhere, some of them of exceptional interest, some of the converts themselves becoming honored and successful ministers of the Gospel; joyful and tireless in laboring to do good, often spending the vacations of his pastorate, as he had spent those of his college and seminary life, in Home Missionary and Evangelistic labor; as an excellent, exemplary, successful Christian minister he was best known, and deserved to be most honored. And he was honored; honored by his people, honored by his fellow-citizens, honored by his brethren in the ministry, honored by numerous posts of respect and trust: for example, he was Trustee of the N. H. Missionary Society for twenty years, and its President for six; Vice-President of the Am. Home Missionary Society; Trustee and President of the Ministers' and Widows' Charitable Fund; Director of the N. H. Bible Society, and of the N. H. Education Society; President of the N. H. Historical Society, and Corresponding Member of Historical Societies in several other States; Corporate member of the Am. Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for twenty years; Trustee of Dartmouth College for thirty-seven years, the Secretary of its Board of Trust for twenty-one, and receiving

his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College twenty-seven years before his death. Thus was he honored of men; and he was honored, too, of Heaven, in that long ministerial life of his without a stain, and of conspicuous usefulness.

I had from his own lips an incident connected with his Trusteeship in Dartmouth College, which so pleasantly and vividly represents him, that I will give it in his own words. "On the resignation of Dr. Lord, in 1863, the Trustees of the College were at once thrown into a strait of responsibility and perplexity, with regard to a successor. They judged it necessary to be unanimous in their choice; but yet no one was presented who seemed to have all requisite qualifications to fill so important an office. Thrice the Trustees met to consider the question. Different nominations were made, but no one, in whose choice they were united. All became anxious. Near the close of the third session, at nine o'clock in the evening, the Trustees adjourned, to meet next morning, and try once more for their choice of a President. I was not only anxious, but became nervous, so that I could not sleep. 'From side to side I turned,' but found no rest. I tried to quiet myself by counting numbers, but in vain. I then said to myself, I will try to find a President for Dartmouth College. Is there any man in New Hampshire who will do? I thought over many names. No. Is there any man in Boston? No. In Massachusetts? No. Go to Connecticut. Do you know of one in Hartford? No. Is there no one in Yale College that will do? No. Now go to New York. Among the eminent ministers in the city, or at Brooklyn, will no one answer the purpose? All these questions, in just about this form, ran through my mind. I paused. I thought of one and another, and shook my head. At last, occurred the name of Asa D. Smith, Pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York. I held my breath. Asa D. Smith! Asa D. Smith! I clapped my hands, and spoke aloud, That is the man! Again I pondered the name, Asa D. Smith. I knew him; that is the man. My nerves were quieted. I soon fell into a sweet sleep, and awoke in the morning fresh, with the name of Asa D. Smith in mind, and on my tongue, as the coming man, sure President of Dartmouth College! This nervous soliloquy was like a vision. I *saw* Dr. Smith—himself a graduate of the College—as a young man when I first made his acquaintance; as pastor of a church in New York city; of fine personal presence; of high reputation; of honorable position; a ready speaker; of executive qualities; very agreeable manners; of competent ability and learning; of sound doctrine, and exemplary Christian life. That is the man!

"The Board met again at nine o'clock. I nominated Asa D. Smith for President—briefly related what I knew of him—with the vision of the night. Most of the Trustees knew him, and in half an hour he was elected President of Dartmouth College, by an unanimous vote. He proved to be the right man in the right place—serving the College with distinguished ability for thirteen years."

When from loss of health President Smith resigned his office, he sent the following characteristic note to Dr. Bouton, informing him, in pleasant allusion to the circumstances of his own nomination, of the necessity of making another.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,  
HANOVER, N. H., Dec. 22d, 1876.

MY DEAR DR. BOUTON :

Endeared to me by memories and associations reaching far back into the by-gone years. It must be said once more "*Ecce somniator venit.*" You must dream again; and may the angel of the Lord appear to you in a vision of the night!

Yours, most truly,

ASA D. SMITH.

The following words of Dr. Bouton, written not long since, while touching in their expression, indicate a most sweet spirit. "In resigning my pastorate, I did not resign the work of preaching, whenever and wherever I should have opportunity. I therefore held myself in readiness to perform such service as I might be invited unto. Preaching the Gospel was my chosen work; I hoped never to fail of opportunities to do it, as long as my ability remained. Thanks again to the Great Head of the Church, who found work for me to do! By invitation from the church in West Concord, after the death of Rev. Mr. Tenney, I supplied them one year; then I preached six months for the church in Canterbury; six months for the church in Pembroke; six months for the church at Hillsboro' Bridge; about three months for the church in Candia; nearly the same time for the church in Chester; three months for the church in Boscawen; and the same for the church in Fisherville. I also supplied at different times, the churches in Henniker and Warner, and repeatedly at sundry times, the First Church in Nashua. From 1867 to 1870, besides preaching twice on the Sabbath, in places as above named, I performed the duties of Chaplain in the Asylum for the Insane, preaching regularly for them at five and a half o'clock P.M. every Sabbath. I estimated that for seven years, about two-thirds of my time on the Sabbath was employed in preaching. Often since, but less frequently, I have been invited to like service; but I find as age has advanced, and—as I take for granted—my capability for acceptable service has diminished, I have only occasional opportunities; to this I humbly submit, as the wise ordering of Divine Providence; 'One generation goeth and another cometh.' Having, as I humbly trust, 'served my generation, according to the will of God,' in the ministry, now more than fifty years, I ought certainly to be willing to step aside, and allow other, younger and better men, to fill the vacancies and supply the needs of the churches. I covet no place and cherish no envy. I quietly enjoy my Sabbaths, at home, reading and meditating on things divine; and, in hours of worship, sit as a docile hearer and worshiper in the House of God. I cherish the promise:

" ' Even down to old age, I will be with thee,  
I will never leave and never forsake thee.'

" I also indulge a hope, that when my end comes,

" ' Then, in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read Thy love in every page,  
In every line,—Thy praise.' "

As of late, I have been going over, somewhat minutely, the history of Dr. Bouton's life, and reviewing my own recollections and impressions of him, I have seemed to be walking in the sunshine of a long and genial day. I have thought of his simple, courteous manners—his affable, cordial ways—his kindly smile and greeting—his serene and sunny spirit—his conversation, always instructive and agreeable, and his friendly acts. His boyhood seems to have been bright and happy, his youth ever buoyant and happy also; his mature and ministerial life he loved and enjoyed very much; and when his last work was done, and there seemed to be nothing remaining, except, with mental power and soul's emotions strong as ever, to wait for the welcome to the service of a better world, wondering himself at the perfect calm and serenity with which his spirit contemplated the speedy change—as I have thus been passing and re-passing over the whole, I have, as I said, seemed to be walking in the sunshine of a long and genial day, like one of these in this pleasant June. His was truly a complete and finished day—a fair morning, a bright noon, a calm, clear sunset; the Psalmist's gifted son long ago delineated it; "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

He has left a character and life to be admired, coveted, cherished, imitated. A very bright example is his of what one, though not possessing extraordinary or overshadowing abilities, only tireless capacity and willingness for work, with high aims, abounding good sense, and the grace of God in the heart, what such an one can become and accomplish. His life is a monument, destined to endure, noticeable, happy in its proportions, and written over with testimonials of unblemished character, devoted usefulness, and ministerial worth.

But I am trenching on forbidden ground. "Should you speak of me, after I am gone," said he to me, "do it not eulogistically. Say I have sought to be a servant. Early in life a tract published by the American Tract Society, made a great impression on me: its title was 'No life acceptable to God which is not useful to men.' I have tried to lead a life acceptable to God by being, if possible, useful to my fellow men. Say that I have sought to be a servant;—to serve my Saviour and His church; to serve my people; to serve my town and the community; to serve my state, and to serve my country." Well, then, dear friend, be it as thou didst choose. The motto on the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales "Ich Dien" (I serve), thou meritest to be thy motto more than any English Prince that I wot of. I will leave thee with the text which seemed to thee to furnish the best ideal of a life to be coveted and sought: "David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

## EXPRESSIONS OF REGRET AND CON- DOLENCE.

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*From the First Congregational Church of Concord, June 7th, 1878; Rev. F. D. Ayer, Clerk.*

*Whereas*, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from our midst by death, the venerable and esteemed former pastor and teacher of this church and society, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, we deem it fitting that the event should receive from this church something more than a passing notice.

As a church, therefore, we desire to express our deep sense of the loss we have sustained in his death, and to place upon record our appreciation of his life's work.

In the death of Dr. Bouton, we each mourn the loss of a tried friend, a safe counselor, a valued citizen, and a Christian gentleman.

To his family we tender our sincere sympathy in their severe affliction, and assure them of our constant prayer that the memory of his life may be blessed to them and to this church.

The following resolution, introduced by J. B. Walker, Esq., was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That Dea. C. P. Stewart, Dea. E. A. Moulton, Bro. Mark R. Holt, Dr. Wm. G. Carter, M. H. Bradley, J. C. Thorn, Chas. T. Page, Mrs. M. H. Bradley, Mrs. E. Gerrish, Mrs. Geo. H. Marston, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Perry Kittredge, Miss Anna Moulton, Mrs. A. G. Kittredge, be a committee to communicate the foregoing resolutions to the family of Dr. Bouton; express our desire that his funeral services be attended in our church; that we may be allowed to participate in the expenses incident thereto; and generally to make such arrangements as they may deem proper.

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*From the Merrimac Conference of Congregational Churches, Chichester, N. H., June, 1878; Rev. S. S. N. Greeley, Moderator; Rev. John W. Colwell, Scribe.*

*Whereas*, God in his Providence has recently taken from us our revered father and beloved brother, Rev. N. Bouton, D. D., therefore—

*Resolved*, That the Merrimac Conference bow with sorrowful, but submissive hearts, to the sad Providence that has taken from us one who has stood so long on Zion's watch-tower and guarded all our Zion's interests, with the greatest diligence and fidelity; whose place none can fill. While we miss his presence in our conferences and councils and deliberations, we will remember with joy that another mansion is filled in heaven. To the family afflicted we would express our deepest sympathy in this heavy sorrow.

*From the Concord Congregational Church Union, West Concord, N. H., Oct. 24th, 1878; Rev. F. D. Ayer, Sec'y.*

*Whereas*, we miss at the meeting to-day, for the first time since the organization of this Union, the presence of the late Rev. N. Bouton, D. D., therefore—

*Resolved*, That while we bow with reverent hearts to the Providence which has removed from our midst, him, under whose ministry at the mother church, these sister churches were organized, and whose blessing and prayer they then and ever since have had, we do here record our appreciation of the Christian character and faithful work of the late Dr. Bouton, thanking God that he was so long spared to give his counsel, example and prayer to these churches, which will ever keep in grateful remembrance his life.

*Resolved*, That we, brethren and sisters of these churches, do hereby express our heartfelt sympathy to the family in whose affliction we are also afflicted.

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*From the Address of Bishop Niles, delivered at the Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New Hampshire; Concord, Sept. 25th, 1878.*

“Departing somewhat from my customary ways, I would here offer a tribute of respectful affection to the memory of a distinguished citizen of this State, and of Concord, and a straightforward Christian man, not of our Communion, the late Rev. Dr. Bouton.

“Endeavoring always, I am sure, to do the Divine Master’s will, as he understood the indications of that will, Dr. Bouton lived before the world an honest and good man, a man of public spirit, diligent, interested in whatever is true, and in whatever concerned the common weal. Fifty years thus lived here, upright and abounding in honorable labors, entitled him to be revered throughout this commonwealth, and he died lamented of all good men. During his last illness I was glad that in more than one congregation of the diocese, prayers were offered in his behalf. A strong, sterling character ought, in these times, to be held in especial esteem.”

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*From the New Hampshire Historical Society, at its Annual Meeting in Concord, June 12th, 1878; Hon. W. H. Y. Hackett, in the Chair; Hon. Amos Hadley, Rec. Sec'y.*

*Resolved*, That we have learned with profound sorrow of the death of our late associate, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., who has been for half a century a devoted friend of this Society, and who for the past thirty-four years has discharged with marked ability the duties attaching to the office of its Corresponding Secretary.

*Resolved*, That Joseph B. Walker, Esq., be hereby requested to prepare a memorial sketch of the life and services of Dr. Bouton, giving therein due attention to his labors as an historian, and present the same to the members of this Society at their next annual meeting, or at such other time as the President and Standing Committee may deem advisable.



*Voted*, That the manuscripts and pamphlets presented by the late Dr. Bouton to this Society be accepted, on the conditions upon which they have been offered, and that they be placed by the Librarian upon shelves selected for the purpose, and there plainly designated as the BOUTON PAPERS.

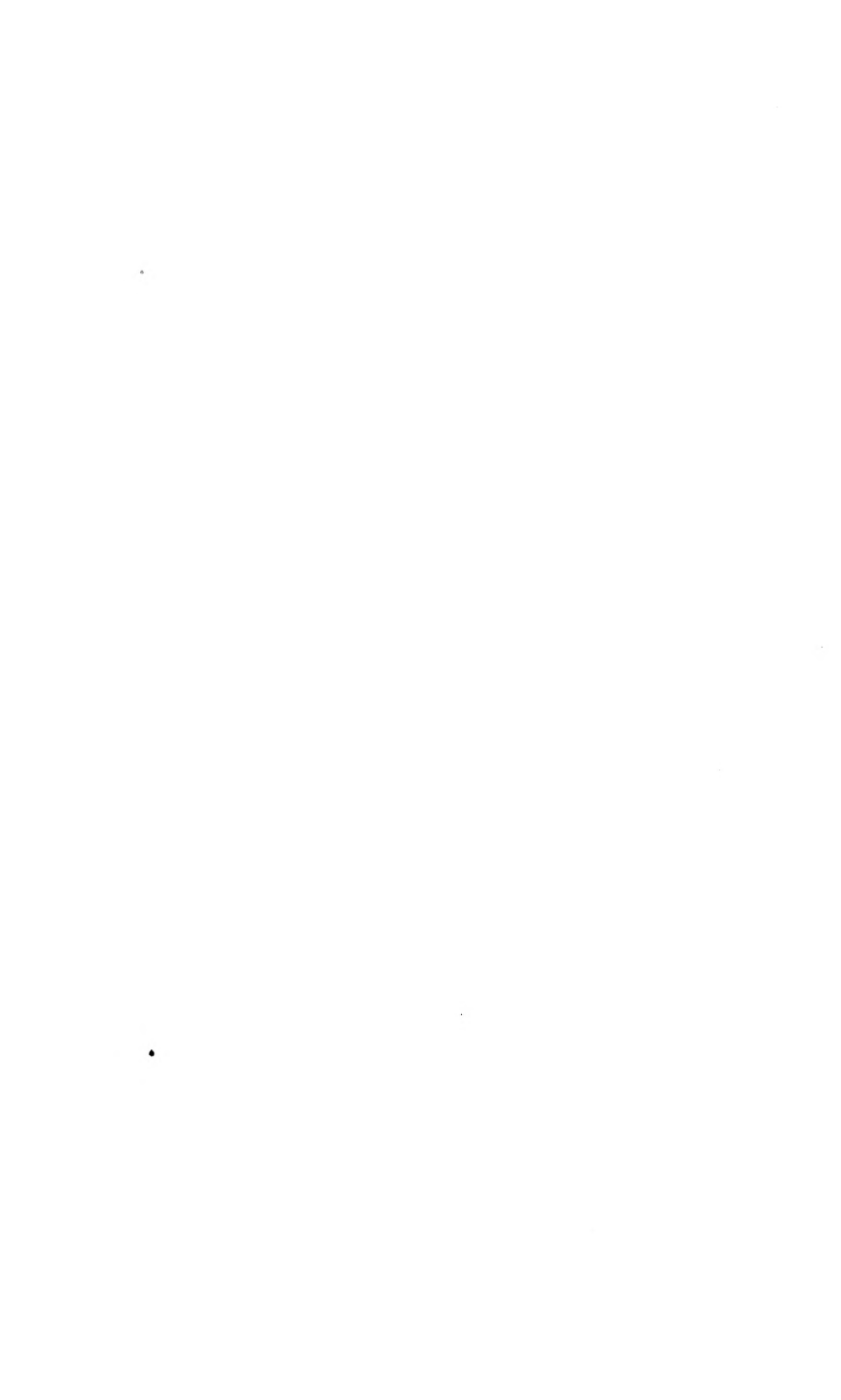
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*From the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, at its Annual Meeting in Contoocook, July 17th, 1878; Rev. Silas Ketchum, President; Charles Gould, Rec. Sec'y.*

*Resolved*, That in the death of the late Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., this Society loses a valuable honorary member, the Church one of its most devoted clergymen, Society one of its purest members, the State and the Nation one of their most distinguished Historians and Antiquarians, and we recognize his busy life, so full of good works, as being one worthy the emulation of us all.

*Resolved*, That the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society tender to his bereaved family their tenderest sympathy in their loss, and may "He who careth for all" be their strength and support in this their hour of affliction.













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