

# JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY

OF THE PASTORATE OF

DANIEL LITTLE FURBER

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1899.

Jubilee anniversary of the  
pastorate of the Rev.

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REV. DANIEL L. FURBER, D. D.

At the age of 70.

# JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY

OF THE PASTORATE OF THE

REV. DANIEL LITTLE FURBER, D. D.,

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

NEWTON CENTRE,

1897.

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PRINTED BY THE CHURCH.



## Introductory.

DANIEL LITTLE FURBER was born in Sandwich, N. H., October 14, 1820; fitted for college at Portland and Fryeburg, Me.; and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1843. He studied theology at Andover, remaining for a fourth year to hear Professor Park's first course of lectures. He was ordained to the Christian ministry and installed as pastor of the First Church in Newton, Massachusetts, December 1, 1847. The moderator of the Council was Dr. Lyman Gilbert, of West Newton. The sermon was preached by Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston. Other parts by Dr. Silas Aiken, Rev. Leonard Swain, Rev. Christopher Marsh, Rev. S. W. Hanks, Rev. John Whitney and Rev. James M. Bacon.

In 1850 he was married to Mrs. Maria B. Peabody of Hanover, N. H., and for thirty-two years she labored in the Gospel by his side. Soon after her death, in 1882, he resigned the active pastorate, after thirty-five years of service, and has retained his connection with the church as pastor-emeritus.

As the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination approached, it seemed fitting that so rare an event should be appropriately observed and that an opportunity should be given to express the gratitude and love of the church and the community for one whose long life had been so full of benediction.

At the request of many old friends, Dr. Furber repeated on Sunday morning, November 28, 1897, a sermon first preached in the same pulpit in the first year of his pastorate. In the audience were twenty-five

who heard it at that time, and one at least remembered it with peculiar interest, since it led to her conversion. On the anniversary Sunday, December 5, 1897, Dr. Furber preached an historical discourse in the morning, and at the evening service the active pastor reviewed some of the political, social and theological changes of the half-century. Many old friends of the senior pastor were present at the services of both Sundays.

The Wednesday following was devoted to the further celebration of the jubilee. Many former members and friends from abroad were in the large audience which gathered at the church at two o'clock to hear the congratulatory addresses. Dinner was served at six to these guests and those members of the church who had joined during Dr. Furber's active ministry. The day was happily closed by a reception in the evening, when the chapel was thronged with friends from all parts of the city.

It has seemed desirable that a fitting memorial of so interesting an anniversary should be preserved, and this volume has therefore been prepared by the committee of the church in charge of the celebration.

# STILLNESS A DIVINE ATTRIBUTE OF GOD.

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## A SERMON

By REV. D. L. FURBER, D. D.

First preached April 2, 1858; repeated November 28, 1897.



## Stillness a Divine Attribute of God.

“And after the fire a still small voice.” I Kings xix; 12.

The voice was addressed to Elijah. He had fled in dismay to Horeb, and hid himself in a cave. The Lord had a communication to make to him. He first sent a great and strong wind which rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks; and after the wind, an earthquake; and after the earthquake, a fire; and after the fire, a still small voice. The Lord was not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, and we are not told of any effect produced by them upon Elijah. But when he heard the voice he reverently covered his face with his mantle and stood in the door of the cave to listen. The Lord was in the voice as he was not in the noisy and terrific signs which preceded it. This account suggests a truth which I would endeavor in a few particulars to illustrate, viz.: *the manner in which God chooses to reveal himself to men is in calmness and silence.* Whatever the design was of making those convulsions of nature his pioneers, he was not in them, nor did he by them make any communication to Elijah.

Perhaps the design was, by bringing the confusion of the elements into immediate contrast with the stillness of the voice, to impress upon the prophet a sense of the tranquility in which the Supreme Being resides, and teach him that the fretful impatience in which he then was should give place to a reverent calmness before God.

i. As a first illustration of the truth just stated I remark that, so far as we are concerned, God is silent in his being. We have not heard his voice at any time, or seen his shape. We live upon his earth, and enjoy his bounty, but as he is invisible, so he is inaudible. He is no more revealed to our ear than he is to our eye or our touch. We can see the grandeur of his works, we can hear the deep tone of his thunder in the sky, we listen to the moaning of the winds, to the sweep of the whirlwind and the blast of storms, but these are not God. He may use the lightnings as his ministers and may kindle the fury of tempests over our heads, but he is far above them, in a heaven of unchanging serenity, or he is near us in the midst of these agitations, by the same small voice which speaks in our calmer hours.

ii. In the second place, God reveals himself silently in the proofs of his being. No breathless herald comes to announce the reign of the King of Kings. His name is not sounded on high with the blast of trumpets. No flaming proclamation is flung out upon the face of the sky, emblazoned with letters of fire, declaring that Jehovah exists. The effect of the sim-

ple majesty of his works is too convincing to be aided by pomp and glare. The expanse of the heavens tells us of God without speech and without language. The firmament does not trumpet forth his handiwork, but it shows it to us. His name is written in minutest yet in plainest characters upon the tablet of the earth. Not a plant or a flower in the most obscure and lonely spot but refers to its contriver as directly as those wonders of creation which attract all eyes.

The heaven, the earth and the sea have no speech, their voice is not heard, yet they tell of their author. So do "fire and hail; snow and vapors; stormy winds fulfilling his word." The cloud and the hurricane do his bidding. But how much more impressively does nature declare its God when its agitations have ceased, when its winds have gone down at the sunset and the spangled heavens glitter above us. In the unuttered eloquence of the nightly firmament, as the darkness steals on and the hosts of Heaven begin their march, God speaks to us. The tranquility of nature begets thoughtfulness of mind, and then we say there is a God who made all these things. When the elements are wild with tumult and confusion, our minds only sympathize with their disorder, and are far from reflection. But when in the stillness of a summer's evening the eye takes in the sweep of the heavens and beholds them peopled with worlds, we are carried back to the point in eternity when this vast machinery of systems had no existence and immensity was a solitude. And we

think of him who sent forth his word into that solitude and crowded it with rolling spheres.

The ocean lashed into fury is a symbol of power; so is the plunging of a cataract into its abyss, or the mad careering of a wild tornado. But how much greater is that power that ruleth the raging of the sea; that stilleth the noise of the waves; that locketh up the winds in their caves and returneth the depth to its storehouses, saying, "Peace, be still." He must be God who made the heavens. How much more when he did it by the mere breath of his mouth. We extol the inventions of science, and admire the machinery which, with much creaking and clanking, does its office. But the fields of space are dense with orbs which fly each in its appointed path without jar or deviation. How noiseless is this great proof of God's being! We cannot look behind the curtain upon the hand which guides those orbs; we cannot hear the working of that mighty power which moves them. There is no clumsy display of struggling and panting forces.

"In solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

III. Thirdly, God is silent in conducting the events of the moral world. When we are told that he rules as absolutely in the world of mind as he does in the world of matter, that

his plan is as perfect and definite in one as in the other, our credulity is almost taxed. When we are told that he is present in all our acts, securing the progress of that plan, that our daily conduct is only the opening of the leaves of the book in which he wrote our individual history ages before our birth; when we are told that the succession of human events is a vast drama, composed by the infinite mind from eternity, having all its parts accurately assigned, and no name left out, and that every thought, purpose and act, good or bad, is in strict fulfilment of its own part in the drama, we are filled with wonder. We are not conscious of being controlled, we feel that we are not coerced, we know that we act freely and responsibly, and yet it is all just as God would have it. He would have us do right and be blest, but if we will not, then we are pursuing precisely the course he has marked out for us. We cannot deviate from it in a single instance without throwing confusion and jar into the moral universe, as if a planet should stray from its orbit and destroy the balance of its system. Does God guide with an unseen hand the course of planets? How much more subtle and spiritual must be that influence which acts upon the more delicate mechanism of the human mind, not disturbing the freedom of a single act, not even touching the human consciousness, and yet securing its results as infallibly as do the laws of nature theirs. We can easily believe that a power may act upon unconscious matter while the mode

of its action is hid from us. But how a free mind, doing always what it pleases, can be so influenced as to do invariably what another pleases, and still be unconscious of the influence, that baffles us. There is a sense in which everything we do has a sort of supernatural character, so closely intermingled is the divine agency with all our actions. And yet we know they are all perfectly natural. We cannot realize that the Supreme Being stoops to give direction to our thoughtless words and our idle deeds, and that the most accidental and chance things that we do are precisely the accidents and chances which he had designed to permit, and which he unfailingly secures, however fortuitous they might seem to us. To every chance, however doubtful, there is a result. That result is what God intended. The balance hung long poised in the air, but at the last it preponderated as it should, and because we saw not the finger that touched the balance we called it chance. We often find ourselves halting between two given courses of action. Which shall we pursue? The motives for one seem to us as weighty as those for the other. We feel that we can choose either. We finally incline to the one, and leave the other. God was in that decision. It was certain with him that we should decide as we did, and had we done otherwise it would have disturbed his system of moral government. The harm might be trifling at first, but it would gradually bring on disorder and confusion. Thus does God, by a mere feather, which

a breath might blow away, turn the ponderous scales of the world's destiny.

There was once a night in which King Ahashuerus could not sleep; and because he could not he desired some one to read to him. By the reading he was reminded that Mordecai the Jew deserved well of the king. Just at that moment, Haman, who stood highest in the king's court, stepped in to request that Mordecai, whom he hated, might be hung. Had his request been granted the whole Jewish nation would have perished. The gallows had been actually erected for Mordecai, and had Haman's request been made one hour sooner it would doubtless have been granted. Was it purely by accident that so terrible a calamity was averted from the Jews? Why could not the king sleep? Why did he call for reading? How happened it that anything should be read to him concerning Mordecai? Was it all chance that Haman should have been one hour, perhaps one minute, too late to secure his object? Ah, how silently was the hand of God at work in those events! And how unconsciously to themselves were the king and Haman working out the deliverance of God's people from the very ruin which they had determined to bring upon them.

There was a time when a weightier matter than the safety of the Jews was depending upon the decision of a Roman governor. An enraged multitude held Christ as their prisoner and demanded his death. But the power to pro-

cure it had been taken from them. They brought him to the bar of Pilate. Pilate returned answer, "I find no fault in this man." They brought the charge of blasphemy, but the mind of the heathen judge could see nothing in that. They brought the charge of sedition. The judge sent them to Herod. They came back with their prisoner uncondemned. Then said Pilate: "I have examined him and find no fault in him; no, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him, and no cause of death is found in him; none of the charges which you bring are found to lie against the man. I will therefore chastise him and release him."

What a moment was that! The redemption of the world, to human view, almost defeated. The only tribunal at which there was any probability that Christ could be condemned declares him innocent, and acquits him. But the fierce and maddened crowd, with uproarious clamor, demand his crucifixion and accomplish it. Did God have anything to do with bringing about that result? Let Peter answer: "Him being delivered by the *determinate counsel* and foreknowledge of God, *ye have taken*, and *by wicked hands* have crucified and slain."

iv. I remark again in the fourth place, God reveals himself silently in the human conscience. In keeping with the stillness of his being and its proofs, in keeping with the noiseless turning of all the wheels of nature and of pro-

vidence, is that small voice within us which reminds us of our duties.

It was never designed that we should be first benumbed with terror and crushed under displays of omnipotence before we could acknowledge our obligations. It was only upon a debased and rebellious race that those fearful signs were brought to bear: the fire, the thunder, the smoking mountain and the trumpet waxing louder and louder. These things had their effect upon the Jews, awing them into submission, silencing their murmurings, and fitting them to hear the voice of God in milder forms. Occasionally Jehovah sees fit to address the senses of men, awakening them from their indifference by what is striking and terrifying. Occasionally the elements of nature are wrought into madness, the face of the sky is blackened with clouds, the earth is drenched with torrents, and avalanches slide from their mountain beds upon gardens, and fruits, and villages. But these devastating storms are not the common course of nature. They are its episodes. Ordinarily the sky is clear, and the winds are gentle, and the day is calm and still. So it is when God speaks to men of their duties. Sometimes in a voice of thunder, but ordinarily in the inaudible mandates of conscience. The word which he speaks to us is not heard by other men. It is always urgent, yet always silent. No terrific rebuke breaks forth upon us to our consternation, yet we are never at ease in our sins. No

messenger from the unseen world comes to enforce upon us the commands of God, but we hear a voice which no one else can hear urging us to love and obey them.

v. Still another mode in which God comes to men silently is by his Spirit. The greatest effects which he produces seem to be attended with the least display. That certainly is a secret power which, when the time arrives for a given event, so supplies a free mind with motives as to secure its fulfilment; that free mind acting always in perfect consistency with itself. But in those effects which the Spirit produces, an individual is induced to act at variance with his previous character. He does things which he never did before, and which are entirely inconsistent with his known habits of life. In other words, the character of the man is changed. Now, how mysterious is that agency by which a character is changed, and yet the subject of the change scarcely knows when it occurred and, perhaps for that very reason, doubts whether it really has occurred. He is conscious of loving what before he hated and of being ready to build up that which before he pulled down, and he supposes that God has produced this change. But he cannot tell precisely when it was done. He was not aware of any other influence than that of the truth upon him, and of the action of his conscience in harmony with it. He had many times passed through more violent excitements than this, his sensibilities had been wrought to a much higher pitch, but, like

the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire, they had spent their fury, subsided, and left no good result. Now an influence, so still and calm as to be hardly distinguishable from the operations of conscience, has accomplished the new creation. The work is done, and we know it by its fruits. No secret charms or spells were thrown over the mind to disturb its normal action; no wondrous sights or mysterious sounds were summoned to bewilder the senses. So natural and so rational are the exercises of the mind in its change that it often seems to one that other persons and things have changed rather than itself, as, when we are floating upon a placid stream, the objects on the shore seem moving, while we are stationary. He who at the creation spoke and it was done, speaks and a soul is renewed. And the language which he utters is personal and direct. It is not like the general eloquence of nature, which is addressed to all; it is a particular message to one, and it is heard by no other. It is not nature speaking to man; it is the God of nature and of grace speaking to me. You and me he calls distinctly and by name, as he did the child Samuel in the temple. Eli did not hear the call. It was not addressed to Eli. Our neighbors may not hear, our most intimate friends may not know when the Spirit is calling to us. His call is less audible than the call of Samuel; it is a smaller voice than that which came to Elijah, but we feel its rebuke in the question, "What doest thou here?" Why dost thou

fail to do my bidding? Tarry not: "This is the way: walk ye in it." Soft as it is, this is the voice which has been heard and obeyed by every child of God in every age and land. It is a sound which has gone out to the ends of the earth, and the winds of heaven are yearly wafting it to every clime. Whether borne upon the fierce gales of the ocean or upon the "spicy breezes" of tropic islands, it has fallen alike softly upon the ear and by gentle and powerful persuasions won the heart. When the enemy has come in like a flood it is this which has raised up a standard against him. This is the breath which has breathed upon slain armies in the valleys of sin and made them live. It is this which has made the wilderness a fruitful field, and the fruitful field to be counted for a forest.

How wonderful is the preservation of the church in a world of enemies and persecutors! Often have its friends despaired, but God has spoken secretly in the heart of a despiser, a persecutor, a blasphemer, and caused him quietly to lay down his weapons and seize the banner of the cross. Or, when lethargy and stupor have threatened to curdle the last sources of vitality in Christian hearts and the pulsations of spiritual life have almost ceased, an unseen and unheard influence has been felt cutting loose the bands of sloth, arousing the heart from its deadness, dissolving its clotted masses, and sending new life beating and sparkling through every vein and artery. It has visited churches that were languish-

ing, and breathed into them the breath of life. It has dawned upon them in their darkness as a day-star from on high; it has answered their prayers; it has crowned their hopes; it has saved souls.

I. In conclusion, I remark, first, that if God is revealed to us silently in so many ways, then we also should be calm and thoughtful. Would one know more of God? The world is full of him to a thinking mind, while to the hurrying, bustling and thoughtless he is revealed nowhere. It is only in our contemplative hours that we realize his presence; that we are impressed with the calm majesty of the heavens; that we see his skill in the minutest lines of the flower that grows in the remotest shade. It is only when we observe and reflect that we see God's purposes meeting in each event of our world and moving on with dramatic exactness to their final result. It is only when we think that we perceive the nicer admonitions of conscience and calls of the Spirit. All things work together for the good of God's people, but they scarcely believe it, for they cannot see the machinery by which the work is done:

II. I remark in the second place, we should not rely upon noisy and demonstrative measures for advancing the interests of religion; they are not in harmony with the silent operations of the spirit, and they unfit the mind for his work. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. And

if the Spirit operates by gentle and silent influences, then all human means should be conformed to his mode and should prepare his way by producing a calm, collected and thoughtful mind. We may be sure that the way in which God speaks to man is best. How softly fall the rain, and the dew, and the snow! He giveth snow like wool. How noiseless is the ascent of vapor to form the clouds! How peaceful is the approach of dawn when the light disperses the darkness and takes its place! In the realm of morals how silent is the power of godly example, and yet how potent it is!

We are apt to suppose that wonders, and signs, and miracles in the heavens would lead men to repentance. But these things would only excite and amaze them. They would fill the mind with curiosity and wonder, and divert it from thoughts of itself and of God. If we hear not Moses and the prophets, neither should we be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

iii. Finally, the unconverted should be specially heedful of the mode in which God addresses them. Do not look for a miracle to secure your conversion. Your most shadowy and evanescent thoughts of your duty may be from above. The cause is unknown to you, but for some reason the mind flutters with a momentary restlessness, a passing self-rebuke, and all again is calm. It is the still small voice. It bids you pause, think, turn. It has whispered to you a thousand

times, but the noise, and din, and turmoil of the world have drowned it. Oh listen, I pray you! No louder call may ever come to you!

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### INSPIRED VERSES.

Among those who listened to the sermon printed herewith, which was delivered in the Baptist church, was Rev. John B. Hague, a retired Baptist clergyman, who was impelled to compose the following verses on the same day in which he had listened to the sermon:

“Whate’er of beauty dwells  
 In flower and leaf and tree,  
 With still, yet earnest, voice it tells,  
 Father Divine, of Thee.

Whate’er of grandeur crowns  
 The mountain’s sable brow,  
 And forests deep, with darksome frowns,—  
 Thou mad’st them, Father, Thou.

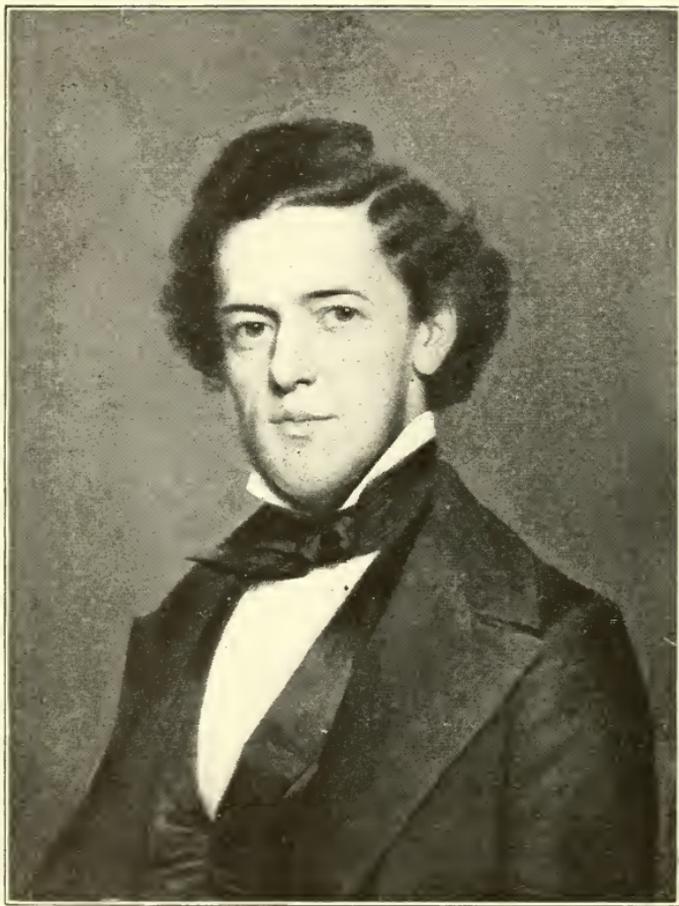
Whate’er of splendor glows  
 In morn’s or evening’s sun,  
 Bathing the earth in radiance, flows  
 From Thee, All Glorious One.

The dew-drops, stars of earth,  
 The glittering vault of heav’n,  
 In silence tell by whom their birth  
 And beauty rare were given.

Brighter than sun or star,  
 Grandeur than mountain’s brow,  
 Than flower or dew-drop fairer far,  
 How glorious, Lord, art Thou.’’







**REV. D. L. FURBER,**

At the age of 27.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

1847-1897.

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ANNIVERSARY SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. D. L. FURBER, D. D.,

December 5, 1897.



## Semi-Centennial.

1847—1897.

Acts 20:17—27.

“And from Miletus he (Paul) sent to Ephesus and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, . . . and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you . . . testifying . . . repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.”

It is just fifty years today since I preached my first sermon as pastor of this church. It is true that my active ministry ceased fifteen years ago, but my interest in the church did not cease. I have rejoiced in its peace and prosperity, have been connected with its activities, and have participated in the joys and sorrows of so many of the families of the congregation that I seem to have had, in a certain sense, an almost uninterrupted pastorate. The people whom I see in the pews to-day are not the same that I saw here in 1847, but a church preserves its identity through successive periods of time, and those of us who loved this church in the years that are past love it

still. Many of the children and grandchildren of those who once occupied these seats are present to-day, and "they are beloved for the fathers' sakes." I will read the names of the parents of this younger generation: Luther Paul, Asa Cook, John Ward, Jonathan Stone, Ephraim Jackson, Joshua Loring, Bartholomew Wood, Matthias Collins, Moses Crafts, Ezra Hutchins, Ephraim Ward, William Brackett, Philip Goodrich, John H. Hazelton, S. N. Woodward, David Hall. None of these men are here to-day.

Other names, not now represented by children or grandchildren, are Samuel Hyde, Benjamin Kingsbury, Isaac Kingsbury, Charles Brackett, Nathan Trowbridge, Charles Pulsifer, Amasa Crafts, J. D. Towle, John Stearns, William Wiswall, Ephraim Grover, Edward Collins, Frederick Collins, R. W. Turner, William Aiken, Timothy Randall, Edward Brooks, T. Delap Smith.

The congregation regularly worshipping here now does not comprise a single one of the heads of families, either male or female, who were here at the beginning of my ministry, and whose names have now been read.

There have been three pastors of this church whose terms of service have been longer than mine. Mr. Hobart preached here forty years, Mr. Cotton forty-two and a half years, and Dr. Homer nearly forty-six years before he had a colleague. Long pastorates were formerly very common. A most striking illustration of this is furnished by the

descendants of Isaac Williams, one of the first deacons of this church. He had a son, a grandson, a great-grandson, and a great-great-grandson, each of whom had an active pastorate of fifty years or more in one place. The ministry of the first of the four began in 1685, the ministry of the last of the four ended in 1834. Since 1850 but few half-century pastorates have been celebrated.

Fifty years ago there was no railroad to this place. In going to Boston we went by omnibus to Newton Corner, where we took the train. In *driving* to Boston we went through Brighton. We drove to *Brookline* through Brighton, for Beacon street had not then been constructed. When our railroad was opened in November 1852, it was so poorly managed that it was of no great benefit to the place, and people coming to Newton to live usually went to one of the villages on the north side of the town instead of coming here. At the time of which I speak Sumner street and Grant avenue had not been made, nor any of the streets which now connect them, nor Willow street, nor Bowen street. There was no street where Lake avenue now is, on the west side of the lake, and only one small house in the vicinity of the lake. In 1855 I lived at the farther end of Pelham street, and could see the railway station from the windows of my house. There were no houses between to obstruct the view. Fifty years ago there were only two Congregational churches besides this in the

town: the one at West Newton, and the Eliot church. There was no church of any kind at Newtonville and none at Newton Highlands. People from both of those places came to this church, and a few from Upper Falls.

Dr. S. F. Smith used to say he thought primitive customs were perpetuated here more than in most other places. One of these was the custom which the men had of lingering outside the meeting-house on Sunday morning until near the time for the service to begin. This gave them an opportunity to talk with each other and to see who came to church. The order of public worship was different from what it is now. We had no anthems and no responsive readings. When the choir sang we kept our seats, but in prayer-time we stood. In the singing of the last hymn the people turned around in their pews so as to face the choir. In our choir were about twenty singers, assisted by a bass viol and other instruments, but it was not long before we had an organ. Congregational singing came in 1860, but I had preached a sermon in favor of it in 1851, nine years before it began to come into general use. Our singing and organ playing at present are excellent, and if worship by a quartette is the best way, then we ought to be very well satisfied; but the worship of God in song is so lofty an exercise, and when properly entered into is performed with such exalted feeling, that the ear craves the effect of grandeur, and this cannot be produced by four voices. It

could be produced by twenty-five or thirty\* voices leading the congregation.

I would like to call to mind in my review several memorable Sabbaths in which important events have demanded our attention. The most memorable of all is the Sabbath following the assassination of President Lincoln. The startling news came to us on Saturday. On Sunday the meeting-house was draped in mourning; I might almost say the countenances of the people were draped in mourning, for distress was upon every face. I read my text, "Be still, and know that I am God." I spoke of the dreadful calamity which had befallen the nation, and then of the hold which the President had upon the hearts of the people. Everyone loved him and trusted him, and we felt his death as a personal bereavement. As I went on in this way the audience responded with audible sobs. Truly the people did love and confide in him as the man whom God had raised up to carry us through the tremendous crisis that was upon us.

On November 10, 1872, as we came to church one said to another, "Do you know that Boston is burning?" It had been burning all night, and it continued to burn all that day. We could not help thinking of the time when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up. The

great Chicago fire occurred the year before. Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, who was then pastor of the New England church in Chicago, came here and told in this pulpit the story of the loss to his church, and we gave him one thousand dollars. That, I think, was the largest collection we ever made in one day. The Boston fire occurred when the horses were sick, and could not be used in removing goods from burning buildings. It was pathetic to see street cars drawn through the streets by fifty or sixty men pulling them with long ropes. We then saw how indispensable is that noble animal which God has given to be the servant of man.

In December, 1872, my twenty-fifth anniversary was observed. A sermon was preached, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper, in the administration of which Professor Park of Andover took part. In his prayer he made a touching allusion to the visit which I had recently made to the Garden of Gethsemane. Some of you have expressed the wish that we could have him with us to-day and I heartily join you in that wish. I am more indebted to him than to any other man, living or dead.

The first Sabbath in the year 1879 was an interesting day to us, when we finished the payment of a debt that we had been carrying nine years. The debt was incurred by the enlargement of the meeting-house and the chapel in 1869 at a cost of twenty-two thousand dollars. In six

years we reduced the debt to twelve thousand. In January, 1876, we adopted the system of weekly offerings, one half of the money to go for the debt, and half to benevolence. In this way we paid three thousand dollars a year for three years, and then only three thousand remained. On the first Sabbath of 1879 we resolved to pay the whole. After a sermon on liberal giving we set the ball rolling, and in thirty minutes the debt had vanished. Then we sang the doxology in such a way that you would have thought we had just got the news of Pharaoh and his host being drowned in the Red Sea. The debt was gone, and the practice of making weekly offerings was established.

October 6, 1889, was one of our memorable Sabbaths, when you listened for two hours to the story of the long history of this ancient church, then another hour in the evening, besides the Sunday-School observances in the afternoon. Even this did not finish the history, and another hour was devoted to it on a subsequent Sabbath. Professor Park was with us again on that Sabbath and offered the prayer. He has always felt a deep interest in this church on account of the connection of his ancestors with it. His father was baptised here, his grandfather was the first person whom Dr. Homer received into the church. The Professor was here two or three days at the time of our celebration. Each morning before breakfast he walked to

the old burial ground on Centre street, and wandered about among the graves of the first ministers and first settlers. On Sunday he heard the sermon, which had a good deal to say about the early ministers, and that night he said the first three ministers appeared to him, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Cotton. Whether it was a dream, or the effect of excited imagination, he did not know, but those three men stood around his bed with long white hair and a ghostly look, as if they had just come up out of their graves. He was so much excited that he started for home the next morning. He said that if he were to stay here another night he should not sleep at all.

I should like to speak in the next place of the growth of the principle of fellowship in our Congregational churches. At the beginning of my ministry there was no semi-annual conference of neighboring churches, no Congregational Club, no such Monday ministers' meeting as we now have, no Young Men's Christian Associations, no Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, no National Congregational Council, no Year Book into which the statistics of the denomination could be gathered and published, no denominational spirit, and scarcely any denominational consciousness. We had never tried to plant Congregationalism outside of New England. Our ministers had taught their people that Congregationalism and Presbyterianism

were about the same thing, and that if any of them should ever go west of the Hudson river to live it would be best for them to join a Presbyterian church. Our two theological seminaries at Andover and New Haven advised their students if they should be settled at the West to become Presbyterians. Rev. George Punchard said fifty years ago, "We have done a great deal for the West, and yet scarcely one in fifty of the churches which we have helped to plant there is a Congregational church." The great rich Presbyterian churches of New York city have been built up by Congregationalists. The majority of the Professors in Union Theological Seminary have been Congregationalists. The church of which Dr. Parkhurst is pastor never has had a Presbyterian minister. They have all been Congregationalists.

In 1852 a general convention of the Congregationalists of the country met at Albany to consider what ought to be done. It was decided to abandon the plan of union with Presbyterians by means of which two thousand Congregational churches had become Presbyterian, and it was decided to raise fifty thousand dollars to help build Congregational meeting-houses at the West. Henry C. Bowen, a descendant of the first minister of this church, headed the subscription with ten thousand dollars. The money was raised, and from that day to this our churches have gone on giving something every year for church building. At

that time we had in the whole country two thousand churches. Now we have fifty-six hundred. We are a small denomination, we might have been a large one if that had ever been an object with us. Besides what we have done for the Presbyterians, we have given a million or two for educating the colored people of the South, most of whom are Baptists and Methodists. We are the most magnanimous denomination in the world. We give more money in proportion to our numbers than any denomination except the Moravians, but we do not much care where the money goes, provided it goes where it will do good.

It is interesting to remember, now that slavery is gone, that our denomination furnished some noble champions of liberty. Judge Samuel Sewall two hundred years ago published a protest against kidnapping and holding negroes in bondage. Seventy-five years later Samuel Hopkins of Newport uttered the same sentiments in the presence of slaveholders and slave-traders in his own congregation. Mrs. Stowe said that her father's family prayers, uttered with strong crying and tears against slavery, made her hate the institution from her very soul, and we know what she and her brother Henry did towards breaking down the accursed system. Dr. Leonard Bacon wrote a book on slavery which Abraham Lincoln read and afterward referred to as having led him to those clear convictions on the subject which resulted in the Emancipation Proclamation. It probably led

to the remark which he once made, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong."

Among the changes which have taken place in prevailing usages and sentiments it is obvious that family prayer is not now observed as it formerly was. I attribute the neglect to the terrible strain and competition of modern life, rather than to any decay of religion, and yet I wish parents would consider that they are depriving their children of what might be one of the sweetest memories of their childhood when they come to mature years. Family prayer need not occupy much time. A few minutes each day are enough to show that the home is a Christian home and to suffuse the family life with that genial atmosphere of household piety by which the feet of the young are so gently and so surely drawn into the paths of everlasting peace. Robert Burns was far enough from being a saint, but his "Cotter's Saturday Night" shows what effect family prayer may have upon a man of poetic sensibility. The sacredness of the Sabbath is most ruthlessly invaded by the Sunday newspapers, the railway trains and bicycle riding. Theatre going, card playing, dancing, and I fear wine drinking also, are common among church members. These things were not allowed by the Christian sentiment of fifty years ago, and that sentiment was largely formed by the powerful revival of 1831. Have we, then, lost a part of our religion, and is this the reason why stimulants

and questionable amusements are needful to make life enjoyable?

There is a changed attitude in recent years in regard to the authority of the Bible. In the minds of many people a text of Scripture does not weigh so much as it used to. Formerly an appeal to the Bible settled beyond dispute all questions of faith and practice. Now we have to appeal to human reason to confirm and establish what the Bible says. Formerly, if it were a question of Sabbath observance, we said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Now we have to say: "Don't you know that you need a day of rest, and that you will live longer, and have better health, and enjoy life better, and in the long run actually do more work, by working six days in the week than by working seven? And don't you see how God in making His laws has been consulting your good all the time?" Formerly, if a question were raised in regard to future retribution, we repeated the words of Christ and said: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment," and there the matter ended. But now we have to say: "Don't you know that by a law of human nature there is a constant tendency toward final permanence of moral character, and that a man becomes more and more fixed and settled in his decisions all the way through life, so that when he is old it is almost impossible to turn him from them, and what is to hinder that tendency from going

on forever?" If you say the love of God may hinder it, the love of God is trying to do it now and does not succeed. As Whittier says in his poem of "The Answer,"

"What if, habit-bound, thy feet  
 Shall lack the will to turn!  
 What if thine eye refuse to see,  
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,  
 And thou a willing captive be,  
 Thyself thy own dark jail."

The authority of the Bible is questioned sometimes on critical grounds, and sometimes on the ground that what is called the Christian consciousness cannot accept its teachings. A man finds a certain doctrine taught in the Bible, and says, "I cannot think that that is so. My Christian consciousness is at variance with it," and thus he sets himself above the Bible. We are sometimes directed to find Christ first and then test the Scripture by him. But where are we going to find Christ if not in the Bible, and if the Bible is fallible how can we be sure that we find him at all? As the late Professor Lewis F. Stearns said, "Christian consciousness is human and subject to error, and it must be measured and judged by the standard of the Bible." Professor Stearns died recently, a young man, and left behind him a book called "Present Day Theology," that is, theology brought down to date. He was confided in by all theological parties,

and this was what he said. He says also in regard to the theory of a future probation: "At death the time of probation is ended and the unforgiven sinner has the doom of eternal death resting upon him."

This leads me to speak of a matter which I have often noticed in the last twelve or fifteen years, on the part of ministers and of candidates for the ministry before ecclesiastical councils. I mean an avoidance of those passages of Scripture in which Christ teaches the doctrine of future retribution. If this avoidance indicates a tendency toward a hope of final salvation for all souls, this is one of the workings of the Christian consciousness of which I was just speaking. It is human consciousness against the Bible, that is, against Christ.\* I have noticed this more among ministers than among laymen, and if they are silent upon this subject the tendency will increase. Neither this nor any of the doctrines of grace will hold their own unless they are preached. Dr. George Leon Walker of Hartford, who was chairman of the Visitors of Andover Seminary, says in a book which he has

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\*The 119th psalm has a great deal to say about the word of God. If the psalm were to be re-written by some of our modern theorists, what a change would come over it.

*Aleph.* Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of their own consciousness.

*Beth.* Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to his own ideas.

*Mem.* Oh how I love my own conclusions. They are my meditation all the day.

recently published that we have eminent leaders in our churches whose Universalism is as pronounced as that of John Murray himself, but their standing as Congregational ministers is not at all impaired thereby. If that is so, what does it signify in regard to the denomination as a whole, ministers and laymen both? It signifies at the least great indifference in regard to doctrinal tests of fitness for the ministry. A Justice of the Federal Supreme Court is reported to have said recently that ministers are making a fatal mistake, in not holding forth, as ministers used to, the retributive justice of God. He says they are fallen into a sentimental style of rhapsodizing over the love of God, and are not appealing to the fear of future punishment as Christ did. "And we are seeing the effects of it," said he, "in the demoralization of private virtue and the corruption of the public conscience." Professor Norton of Harvard College says virtually the same thing when he says that laxity of morals and increase of crime have followed laxity of belief.

Let me turn to a brighter side of the picture. This is seen in the multiplied organizations which we now have for Christian service. Associations for doing good in one way and another, their name is legion. Even those who go to the theatre and dance and play cards think they must be doing good in some way and they do it. The young people give money for missionary work, especially in

Christian Endeavor Societies, and the rich give large sums for education and philanthropy.

Another thing to be grateful for is the attention now bestowed upon the young. So much is done for them in Sunday-Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies that great numbers of them are brought very early into the church. This leaves the proportion of persons who are not church members in any given congregation smaller than it used to be, and perhaps this is one reason why we do not work for revivals as we used to do.

Another bright feature in the outlook is the introduction of congregational singing. What a changed aspect a congregation now presents from what it used to, while worshipping in song. Formerly all kept their seats and were silent. Now they stand and pour out their voices as though they were fulfilling the prophecy of Isaiah, "The tongue of the dumb shall sing." Christ cast a dumb spirit out of a boy, and we still need to have a similar miracle wrought upon many of us, for we do not sing as the English do yet. In England it seems as if the whole congregation were singing, and they sing with a heartiness and volume of intonation which we do not hear in this country. Dr. Allon of London, in whose church was the best congregational singing to be heard anywhere, said there should be no such thing as an audience during the singing, for every person in the house should sing.

His large choir had no performances of their own. Whenever they sang, the people sang, anthems and all. But they met for practice every week, not all of them, but I should think about two hundred the night I heard them.

The growth of this old First Church has been slow, but steady and healthy. More persons were received into it during my term of service than in twice the number of years preceding. But no thanks to me for that, for the growth of the place explains it. There were more *conversions* in the former period, and this fact raises the question of the expediency of employing revivalists and revival measures for doing church work. This was done in the former period, and not in the latter. I have always wanted this church to do its own work, to feel the full weight of its responsibility, to carry upon its heart the burden of souls, so that we should labor and pray as if everything depended upon us. It seemed to me that if we were to call in a revivalist we should feel relieved of that responsibility, and should lean upon him. But still I know it is a serious question, when the work of the Lord drags in a church, as it sometimes will, whether something extraordinary ought not to be done. Let me refer you for a moment to the state of things in this church between 1827 and 1832, when large numbers were gathered in. In November, 1826, Dr. Lyman Beecher invited neighboring churches to meet at his church in Bos-

ton, for prayer and conference. The day of the meeting was called by Dr. Homer "the great day of prayer in Mr. Beecher's church." As the interest in this church began from that time, it is quite likely that the contagion of Dr. Beecher's revival spirit was caught from that meeting. But here in Newton were two laymen, William Jackson and Increase Davis, as full of enthusiasm for the Lord's work as they could hold. They went about from house to house talking with people and praying with them and entreating them to become reconciled to God. They held meetings in private houses. Mr. Davis got so warmed up in the work that he said he *must* preach and he could not wait for an education either. He started for northern New Hampshire, where, as a home missionary, he was the means of the conversion of hundreds of souls. Mr. Jackson kept on with his work here. He spent so much time in it that people thought his business would be ruined, but he says he never made so much money in his life. He called in outside help. Two ministers were here several months working in the same way that he worked. *Seventy-one persons* were received into the church, all new converts, in one year, and twenty-five the next year. Miss Hannah Loring was one of the twenty-five. She has been a member of this church sixty-nine years. In October, 1831, a four-days' meeting was held, in which Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wisner were among the preachers.

The next year *sixty-five* new converts were received. Mr. Daniel Stone and Mrs. Horace Cousens, who are still with us, were received that year. When I think of such in-gatherings as these I cannot help asking myself whether I have made a mistake in relying so exclusively upon the ordinary means of grace. In saying this, I do not mean to make any suggestion in regard to the future, for as things now are I believe that with our Sunday-School and Christian Endeavor Societies, and with the work of the pastor in the Junior Endeavor Society every week, we may hope for as large additions to the church in the long run as we had in the days when more strenuous methods were employed.

I desire now to speak of matters more personal to myself, and to say that, looking back upon my ministry as a whole I feel greatly dissatisfied with it, and this I suppose is what most ministers would say when their work is done. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, who was one of New England's giants, said at the close of a ministry of forty years in that place, "Oh, how far have I come short of setting forth as I ought to have done the reasonableness, the attractiveness, the beauty and the glory of the gospel. If anybody has been dissatisfied with my preaching and has felt that I did not approach the divine greatness of the theme, let him know that I have been more dissatisfied than he." Dr. Thomas Laurie, recently

deceased, said on his dying bed, "It seems as though I had been working over the outside truths of the gospel, while the infinite fulness of their inner glory remained unexplored." I believe that if the lives of ministers were fully known they would show an almost continued refrain of confession of the inadequacy of their treatment of those mysteries of revelation which the angels desire to look into.

When I decided fifty-three years ago to study for the ministry, it was after long deliberation under a sense of my lack of the needful qualifications for so great a work. I had a love of music and some aptitude for it, and the question with me was music or the ministry. I was inclined to the former, my friends influenced me toward the latter. When the time came for me to decide, the question arose, Ought a man always to do that which he can do best? I chose not to entertain that question, but rather the question: Which course has promise of the greater usefulness? In answering the question I decided as I did. Perhaps I made a mistake. But how merciful the Lord is to those who try to serve him in some way, even if it be not the best way. Dr. Bushnell, in his famous sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God," says that God designs for each of us the highest and best condition of which we are capable. If we refuse the place and the duties which he appoints for us, we sink into something

lower and less worthy of us, and yet it is the next best thing, for God always wants to keep us on as high a level as possible. On this principle it seems to me that if I did not choose the best, I did choose the next best. The same thing was true of Moses. When the Lord wanted to bring forth his people out of Egypt, he selected Moses to be their deliverer, and when Moses refused, the Lord talked with him and reasoned with him, and made promises to him trying to overcome his reluctance, and when he found he could not do it, he allowed him to take Aaron with him as an associate. Here then Moses takes a position inferior to the one which the Lord wanted him to take, and divides the honor of leadership with Aaron, when he might have had the whole of it himself. Observe the kindness of God to Moses, for though he was angry with him for refusing the duty to which he was called, he did not set him aside and appoint some other man, but he still kept him in the position of chief leader, while Aaron assisted him. Applying this incident to my own case and making the supposition that I chose the second best plan of life instead of the best, I can imagine the Lord saying to himself, "This young man decides not to use the special gift which I bestowed upon him, but is going to try to serve me in the ministry. *Very well, I will help him all I can.* I will give him a good church, where the people will be kind and patient with him, I

will give him such a wife as not one minister in ten thousand ever has, and I will bestow upon him such spiritual help as he will greatly need in his work." All these things God has done, and of course it was his plan to do them. Call it his first plan or his second plan, just as you choose, these are the things which he has done.

First, the good church. Both before I came here and after I came, the question of going to other and larger fields of labor was repeatedly presented to me, but I always felt that this church was large enough, and on my ordination day I could have said as Philip Henry, the father of Matthew Henry the commentator, said when he was settled over a small church in Wales, "I did this day receive as much honor and work as ever I shall know what to do with. Lord Jesus, proportion supplies accordingly." The congregation to which I preached in the early years hold a very tender place in my memory, they were so patient with my first attempts. In less than a year my eyes failed, and my work stopped for sixteen months. Then I returned to the pulpit and attempted to preach without notes. The sermons were long and repetitious. The people endured them for eight or nine months, when my marriage brought me a helper who could copy my sermons into so strong and bold a hand that I could read them. I once showed one of them to Deacon Jack-

son. He said, "I should think that sermon was written by a man six feet high and two feet across the shoulders." The disability of weak eyes clung to me for several years, and I worked at a great disadvantage and in great discouragement. During all this time the people were patient. It is very beautiful, the kindness that a church will show to a young minister. In what other employment could I have received so much consideration? Suppose I had been a musician, and had had classes of pupils looking to me for instruction, would they have allowed their education to come to a standstill for sixteen months while waiting for me to recover from an illness? But this church waited that length of time when I had been with them less than a year. Whether any other church would have done the same I cannot tell. Dr. Leonard Withington, who was pastor of a church in Newburyport forty-two years, said: "Short pastorates are more owing to defects in the clergy than to faults in the people. Let a preacher have discretion, industry, piety and common sense, \* \* let him *wish* to be permanent, and he will be so, *if he can only get through his third year*. Dr. Todd of Pittsfield called the third year a sort of teething time for a minister. My teething time came as I have told you, before the end of the first year. The reason was that I was not properly prepared for my work. I never had taken the least pains to acquire the art of writing and speaking. All my spare time had

been given to music. When I entered Andover Seminary I refused to promise to go through. I said, I will stay one year and then decide. At the close of the year I told my classmate Atkinson, who was our first home missionary to Oregon, that I had been looking forward to the end of life and trying to think how I should feel then, and had made up my mind to go on and finish my studies. Atkinson replied, "I have been looking forward into eternity." He went to Oregon when it was a wilderness, having scarcely any communication with the outside world, and labored there forty years. I visited his grave near Portland two or three years ago, looked down into the broad valley through which flows the beautiful Willamette river and off to Mt. Hood in the distance, 17,000 feet high and covered with perpetual snow, and I said, Atkinson's crown is brighter than the crown of Mt. Hood.

I was settled on a salary of nine hundred dollars, but donations of money came in from time to time, varying from fifty to a thousand dollars. On New Year's morning in 1856, long before the sun was up, a new sleigh with fur robes and a long string of bells came into the driveway of my house, drawn by a bevy of young people of both sexes, who were having a high and merry time over the surprise which they were preparing for their minister. More than fifty persons had a hand in that romantic performance, some of whom are here to-day. The gift of

a thousand dollars was made on my departure for Europe and the East in 1869. On my return from that long journey of more than a year, a princely reception was provided for me by the whole parish, and others besides, assembled in this house, with welcoming words uttered by spokesmen selected for the occasion. In 1881 I had the honor, through the influence of a member of this church, of preaching the annual sermon before the Governor and the Legislature. In 1889 I had the pleasure, in company with brother Holmes, of looking back over the 225 years of the life of this mother church, and of showing what before was unsuspected by me, what a large number of eminent men have been descendants of the early ministers and members of the church, what interest some of its ministers have taken in the spiritual welfare of the young, what a loving disciple of his Lord the first minister was, who in his last days walked upon the top of the delectable mountains, and what patriotism the church exhibited during the war of the Revolution, when more than half of its male members were in the army, some of them between sixty and seventy years old. When, after thirty-five years, I was compelled by insomnia to lay down my work, I received written testimonials of affection from church and parish which were like the strewing of my path with flowers, and since then, on important anniversaries of my life, and at other times, you have kept me

reminded that I live among friends. In the solitude of the last fifteen years this has been a constant refreshment to my spirit. Beside all this, there was a deep religious sentiment and love of sound doctrine when I came to this place, which had come down to it from years long past, and which I believe abide here still. This is the kind of church which the Lord gave me to work in and to work for in the days of my youth and strength, and in which to pass the evening of my life. And as if this were not enough, he has sent ministers as successors to me with whom I could work harmoniously and pleasantly and without a single jar of discord. The marks of respect and affection which I have received from them have been noticed by you all. Cicero quotes Lysander as saying that Lacedemon was the best home for an old man, because he would be sure to be treated there with respect. I do not believe that Lacedemon was any better place for an old man than Newton Centre.

When brother Holmes left us I preached a sermon about him and his work in this place. It is proper that I should now say a few words about brother Noyes.

I am sensitive upon the subject of doctrinal soundness. The creed which brother Noyes read to us when he came here was exceedingly gratifying, not only to me, but to the whole installing Council. His theology is a present day theology, and the unchanging verities of reve-

lation as he utters them have their setting in the stream of current thought. He reads the new books, and gives us the contents of them so far as they are appropriate for the pulpit or the Bible class. If there is a new story that will interest and help the children in his talks to them he finds it. As a pastor he is the shepherd of the whole flock, and none are neglected. Like Apollos, he is mighty in the Scriptures, and if we do not become Apolloses under his preaching it will be our own fault. His gifts of speech remind me of what the Lord said to Moses: "I know that thy brother Aaron can speak well." Brother Noyes is my brother Aaron. We enjoy our services of public worship, and we wend our way hither on the morning of the Lord's day, saying, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."

I told you that the Lord gave me a wife such as few men have. I must not say much on this topic, for the story of her life has been told by Dr. Wellman and others in the printed Memorial, and by brother Holmes in his excellent address. Her influence was felt through this community as that of an all pervading and most resourceful personality, composed of the noblest qualities that can adorn human nature,—courage, energy, decision, dignity, practical wisdom, common sense, benevolence, bouyancy of spirit, and a most tender and constant solicitude for those who were in want or distress. The troubled came to her

for sympathy, the perplexed for counsel, and the disconsolate for the good cheer which she could impart. Everyone's burdens she took upon her own heart and did not dismiss them until relief was found. She had a large Bible class of women, who probably valued her instructions as much as they did those of the pulpit, no matter who was in the pulpit. If the mind is made up of intellect, sensibility, and will, she had them all, a double portion of them all, and it would be hard to tell which was superior to the others. She did a great amount of pastoral work, writing letters innumerable, and receiving a constant stream of callers who came to her with their troubles. At the same time she was concerned for the needy elsewhere, and under her guidance the women of this church became what I might call an institutional church for benevolent work. She knew who the noble hearts were that would respond to her calls, she touched the springs which started the wheels, and the money came in and the work came in, and colored people at the South, and refugees in Kansas, and home missionaries at the West, received the blessing. I had the benefit of her mighty influence here for thirty-two years, during which time the grandeur and nobility of her character were everywhere recognized. This was what the Lord did for me after he had given me a good church.

There was one other thing which my wife did for

this place. She recommended the minister whom you settled here fifty years ago. She had been visiting Mr. Wood's family and told them there was a young man at Andover Seminary who she thought would be a good minister for this church. Mr. Wood wrote to me, I came here and preached, and that was my introduction to Newton Centre. Now if you ever feel like complaining that the young man whom she recommended has not met your expectation in all respects, you should take into account not the minister only, but the minister and his wife, and then I think you will not greatly blame her for what she did.

Another help which I received from the Lord after I had been preaching eight or nine years was a fresh discovery of salvation as purely gracious and free, to be obtained by faith; which faith is merely the stretching out of the hand of a beggar to take a gift. This of course is nothing new, it is as old as the gospel, as old as the prophecy of Isaiah and older still, but sometimes the Spirit of God fastens an impression of a truth upon the mind so deep and vivid that we cannot get away from it, and then it seems a new truth. Our pastor was preaching about this recently from the text, "God hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." He spoke of the things which are spiritually discerned and compared spiritual

vision to the assistance which the eye receives from the telescope and the microscope.

Now the great truth of which I wish to speak, and which we need to see with telescopic vision and to keep always in mind, is that this is a sinful and lost world and that Jesus Christ came to save it by the shedding of his blood for the remission of sin, and that all who look to him for remission will receive it as his gracious gift. This looking is believing, and that is the act by which we receive all that God has to bestow, pardon and peace, reconciliation and friendship, adoption into his family as sons and daughters, and heirship to an eternal inheritance. And the question is, Are we willing to put our reception of all this on that ground and to take it in that way? That is what we mean by the doctrine of justification by faith. It is humbling to our pride, we do not like the idea of being saved by charity, we cling to the thought of our own deservings and try to think we can be saved by them. The Pharisee who stood praying in the temple thought much of his virtues; the publican said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and the publican was the one who was justified.

Salvation by grace through faith is what distinguishes the Christian religion from every other religion in the world. There is no other religion that has a syllable in it about grace. The thought of it never entered the mind

of man till it came from above, from him whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts. It is the grand distinction of the Christian religion that it offers pardon to sinners. Its doctrines of grace are its loftiest themes. They tower above everything else. Everything else is tributary to them, as Bowring says in his hymn of the cross,

"All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime."

Christ and his cross have been the theme of the greatest hymns. Watts never wrote a better hymn than "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"; Wesley never wrote a better hymn than "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"; Toplady never wrote a better hymn than "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." These hymns have a beauty of expression and a loftiness of sentiment which makes them popular with everybody. Composers of music, whether they are Christians or not, seem to delight in writing tunes for them, and we may well believe that the writer of the greatest oratorio was inspired as never before or after by the grandeur of his subject. But does every admirer of these beautiful hymns adopt these sentiments as his own? Can they say from the heart, "Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling"? Can they say, "Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee"? If they can they are

safe. Christ will never turn away any who come to him with such words as those on their lips.

Notwithstanding the grandeur of the themes which cluster round the cross and the prominence which is given them in the Bible, men are continually losing sight of them. Such is the propensity of human nature to trust in its own righteousness that it requires a constant effort on the part of ministers and religious teachers to maintain them in their proper pre-eminence. The Lord's supper was established as a perpetual reminder of their transcendent significance. It is the only ordinance that Christ gave us to observe, except baptism, and yet men are always losing sight of them. They were obscured previous to the time of the Reformation. Luther discovered them and proclaimed them in such a way as to change the face of all northern Europe. They were obscured in America in the eighteenth century until Jonathan Edwards laid hold of them with his mighty grasp and produced effects by them which were nothing less than revolutionary. The doctrine on which the chief emphasis was laid both by Luther and by Edwards was the doctrine of justification by faith, and the neglected truth which had shaken Europe was made to shake America. Many of the ministers of the gospel in America had lost sight of it. Chalmers preached ten or twelve years without having discovered it at all, and when he did begin to see it he went through a struggle

before he could embrace it. He was striving with all his might to meet the high demands of the divine law, and he did not like the idea of gratuitous justification. Then he tried to make a compromise, and to mix up faith and works in such a way as to rely partly upon one and partly upon the other. He found no peace until he saw that Christ had already done for him what with so much effort and with so little success he had been trying to do for himself. He cast himself into the bosom of his Savior and found rest. Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the Church of England, author of the hymn "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was sent for by a brother minister who was dying, and in great distress because he felt that he was unpardoned and unprepared. Lyte did not know what to say to him. The question was, "What must I do to be saved?" and neither of these two ministers knew how to answer it. But Lyte found light both for his friend and for himself by sitting down at the bedside of the dying man and searching the Scriptures. Shortly before his own death in 1847, he wrote the beautiful hymn which I have mentioned, in which is the line

"Hold thou *thy* cross before my closing eyes."

This shows that he *then* knew where to look in a dying hour.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a member of the Church of

England, came to the Lord's table, and was considered as good a Christian as the average. But when he came to his last sickness he said the prospect of death was terrible to him, and he feared he should be a castaway. They tried to comfort him by reminding him of all the good things he had done. His reply was, "How can I tell when I have done enough?" In distress he sent for a minister, and the minister said to him, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Though he had known that text all his life, it struck him as something entirely new. It met his case, it satisfied his craving, it was exactly the prescription for a sick soul; he threw himself into the arms of Christ, his agitation ceased, his fears were gone, and he died in the peace which Christ only can give. But why was he kept so long in ignorance of Christ? He had probably uttered an uncounted number of times this prayer in the Book of Common Prayer for the Church of England: "O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, thou that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us; thou that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us; thou that takest away the sin of the world, receive our prayer." Here is a petition repeated three times in succession in one single prayer to him who takes away the sin of the world, and yet when this great man was in distress under the burden of sin on his dying bed, he did

not know what to do. How is this strange ignorance to be accounted for? My friends, it seems as if Satan himself were blinding the minds of men to the most obvious teachings of the Holy Scriptures. And we know he does blind them and make it his business to do that. This is just what the apostle says: "The god of this world"—that is, Satan—"hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." He fears that if they should get a clear view of the truth, it would appear so attractive to them that they would embrace it and be saved by it, and therefore as a roaring lion he walks about seeking whom he may destroy by blinding their eyes. How are you to escape from the mist and darkness that he throws around you? Why, by believing. That is the way, and the only way. If intellect could discover the truth, had not Chalmers and Johnson intellect enough? A sinner must come on bended knees, in poverty of spirit, dissatisfied with himself, and with a deep and even painful sense of his own utter insufficiency for all that is highest and best, to him who is the light of the world, the fountain of grace and truth, and then he will see and know. Then he will enlist upon his side One who is stronger than Satan, stronger than the strong man armed guarding his palace and believing that his goods are secure, who will come upon him and overcome him

and take from him his whole armor wherein he trusted, and divide his spoils.

I have spoken plainly upon this matter because I have so often noticed ignorance of it, in the course of my ministry, on the part of persons offering themselves for admission to the church. In conversation with them I have found that they supposed a person to be in the way of salvation when he lives a correct, conscientious and upright life, obeys the golden rule, reads the Bible and prays, attends the religious meetings and joins the church. Persons who have sat for years under faithful preaching and have been in the Sunday-School have talked in this way, and sometimes members of the church do it. I believe there is something in the atmosphere of Boston and vicinity that helps to account for this. I have not found it in persons coming to us from the British Provinces. The Athens in which Paul preached was fond of philosophy and subtle disquisition, and was always in pursuit of some new thing. The modern Athens resembles it in its love of speculation, of theorizing, and of novelty. Intellect is extolled and almost worshipped. There is many an intelligent audience where a brilliant mind, with learning and eloquence at its command, could sow the seeds of error and see them fall in a fruitful place. In such an atmosphere as this how much we need ministers who will say as Paul did, "I determined to know nothing among

you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The cross of Christ, where the guilt of man and the pardoning love of God are shown in their superlative degree, this is the great theme for the pulpit, and he who slights it does not preach the gospel. Without it, excellency of speech and of wisdom are of no account. God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world; it cannot save the soul, but the preaching of the cross can save it; it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the man who induced Ian Maclaren to write "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," says that he has recently heard twelve sermons by very young preachers, in not one of which was there the faintest approximation to saving truth, the faintest indication of how a sinner may find the Savior. He wrote an article entitled, "Is the Gospel of Christ Forgotten?" in which he asks the question, "Is the gospel of Christ preached generally in our sanctuaries, or has it been for the time lost and forgotten?" He then gives a specimen of a kind of preaching in which there is no gospel at all, but which is so religious and spiritual that congregations are deceived by it. It is something like this:—"Let us take Christ as the measure of the stature of the perfect man. Let us seek to drink in constantly the spirit of his life. Let our life be an everlasting ascent toward the height on which he stands. Let us be impatient of everything which comes

short of the highest, and let us spare no effort to attain it. Let us wait for the gales of the Spirit. Let us arise from all defeats and falls and address ourselves anew to the great task until the yawning gulf between the actual and the ideal is bridged at last. So yearning, so striving, we are climbing the hill of God, and we are in the way of salvation." Such preaching as this, he adds, is the negation of Christianity. It is the preaching of a righteousness to be obtained by the effort and struggle of the human spirit, and not by the atonement of the Lamb of God. And if this is generally preached, then the battle of the Reformation has to be fought over again.

William Law, an eminent religious writer in the early part of the last century, wrote in this way, and yet so lofty was his aspiration after the highest possible standard of holiness that many of the best Christians failed to see any defect in his writings. The title of his principal work is "Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," a book which first awakened the religious sensibilities of Dr. Samuel Johnson. My own mother used to read the book in the days of my boyhood. John and Charles Wesley in their young days used to walk from Oxford to London two or three times a year to see Law and receive the impulse to their religious life which he could impart. But the time came when Wesley saw that there was no atonement in Law's theology, and from that moment he broke with

him and refused to be his disciple any longer. He said to Law, "You ground nothing on faith in the blood of Christ." Wesley grounded everything on faith in the blood of Christ, and the strength of his hold upon that vital principle of Christianity was the spring of that evangelical revival which swept over England and aroused the nation from the torpor of spiritual death. No one can be a great preacher unless he has a message for the people that burns to be delivered. The Wesleys had such a message, and so had Whitfield and Luther and Jonathan Edwards and Spurgeon. Spurgeon preached to more men in one place than any other preacher ever did, and his sermons are read more to-day in English and other languages than those of any other man. The late Dr. Dale of Birmingham said that the secret of Spurgeon's power was that he was always fully conscious of his own free justification before God. Friends, is it not true that the preaching of the cross is the power of God and the wisdom of God? Let us not be deceived by specious presentations of religious and spiritual truth which are not Christian because the atoning work of Christ is left out. We are justified freely by the grace of God through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Him hath God set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood; and the first thing which the preacher should proclaim, and the first and last thing which the people should hear, is

that which Paul preached when he said, "I delivered unto you *first of all* that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

If there are any here to-day to whom it has been my privilege to preach in years long past, but who are not yet partakers of the heavenly calling, it is very likely that the fault is largely my own. I ought to have delivered my message in a more winning way. I ought to have gone down deeper into the wealth of meaning which there is in it, so as to show how intent the heart of God has been upon the salvation of men, how alluring he has tried to make it by calling it a feast, a marriage festival, a great supper to which all are invited, and by comparing Christ's coming to that fiftieth year in which trumpets were blown because debts were remitted throughout the land, and every poor man returned to the home and farm which his poverty had taken from him. Would that this anniversary which is a jubilee of years to me might be a jubilee of joy to you, and that as I now once more blow the silver trumpet of invitation in your hearing you would return to your alienated inheritance in the infinite love of God. Oh, how affecting is the thought that on a decision of the human will which can be made in a moment eternity depends.

I have spoken of justification by faith. Another of the benefits which saving faith procures for us is adoption

into God's family. Do professing Christians realize what it is to be children of God? There are many who speak of the fatherhood of God as if the whole human family had a share in it. But how can that be when Christ told the unbelieving Jews that their father was the devil? No, no, we *become* children of God by faith in Christ. As many as received *him* to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name. And then what a blessed relationship we hold in the great family and household of faith. We are welcomed, adopted, and made heirs of all that God has to bestow. His joy over us when we come to him through Christ, who is the way to the Father, looks as if he had felt *himself* to be the loser while we were staying away from him, and henceforth he treats us as if it were impossible for him to do too much for us. Our sins are as freely and fully forgiven as if they were forgotten. Conscience no longer rebukes, judgment no longer frowns, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Even his chastening is a mark of his love, and he pities while he chastens, though he knows that the affliction works for us such a weight of glory that the apostle labors for words to express it. His angels minister to us, his providences surround us, his thoughts of love toward us are greater in number than the sand. He hears our prayers. We ask and we receive, we seek and we find, we knock at the door of the regal

palace where he resides, he opens the door and welcomes us, and we find that the palace is his own great heart of infinite love which has been the dwelling place of his saints in all generations. Then he permits us to seek acquaintance with him, acquaintance with a being whose greatness is unsearchable, whose understanding is infinite, and who, with all the resources at his command, is laboring for the welfare of the creatures whom he has made. He is without beginning and without end, he created and swung into their places the starry worlds, and sends them through the majestic sweep of their mighty orbits, he stoops to regard your wants and mine, to listen to our sighs and count our tears, and he redeems us with the precious blood of his Son. Can anything be more uplifting than the thought that such a being stoops to assist our acquaintance with him and our filial converse with him? We search for him in his works and in his word, by the aid of the Spirit that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and by trying all we can to know his Son, who is the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person. We search for him by believing and loving, for God is love, and only by loving can we know him. Selfishness cannot understand him. Even when I love I shall know only in part, for the love of Christ passeth knowledge, just as the peace of God passeth all understanding, and everything belonging to this transcendent

being is so far above and beyond us that eternity itself will be too short for us to fully explore his illimitable perfection; and yet he is always ready to reveal himself to the loving and longing hearts of his children and to fill them to their utmost capacity with the fulness which there is in him. How diligently and prayerfully, therefore, should we search for him. "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Often our patient, divine teacher has occasion to say to us, "O foolish men and slow of heart to believe," but he keeps us under his tuition and leads us gently along toward those vast disclosures which are to come when we see him as he is and are changed into his likeness. Then will come the full revelation of the things which here we know only in part. We are now in a state of infancy. Then we shall have the full-grown faculties of men and shall know even as we are known. The glory of God and of the Lamb are described to us in the Holy Scriptures in glowing language, but when the great reality bursts upon us we shall feel that these descriptions were only enigmas. Not only transforming will the vision be, but transporting. We shall not turn aside to admire the golden streets and the pearly gates, but we shall fasten our enraptured eyes upon him who is the author of all the splendors that we behold.

“The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom’s face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my king of grace;  
Not at the crown he giveth,  
But on his pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel’s land.”

Augustine exclaims: “We shall behold a vision, brethren, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man; a vision excelling all beautiful things of the earth, gold, silver, fields and groves, beauty of the sea and air, beauty of the sun and moon, beauty of angels, beauty surpassing all things, because from itself all beautiful things are derived.” The adopted children of God, that is, those who open the door of their hearts to Christ here on earth, will behold this illustrious scene, and share in the glory of him who created and ordained it. Shall we not, then, exclaim with the apostle John: “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are.” Brethren, will you not rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? You are heirs of all the promises, and fellow-heirs with Christ. Your sense of utter unworthiness does not dim in the least your prospect of a share in this great inheritance.

In view of it all you still sing with the sublime confidence of faith,

“Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father’s face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.”

The time is not far distant when there will be a manifestation of the sons of God, when you will enter through the gates into the city and its glory will burst upon you. As Bunyan says, “All the bells of the city will ring when you enter.” There you will see the king in his beauty and on his throne. On that mount of perpetual transfiguration you will build your tabernacles, and that will be your eternal home.

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THE DAY OF JUBILEE.





**THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.**  
(NEWTON CENTRE.)

This building was dedicated the year of Dr. Furber's ordination, and has since been twice enlarged.



## The Day of Jubilee.

The meeting-house, which was dedicated in the same year in which Dr. Furber's pastorate began, looked as if it too were celebrating its jubilee, so attractive and fragrant were its decorations. A prominent place was given to a portrait of Dr. Furber, painted when he was thirty years of age. A large audience gathered at two o'clock, including many old friends and former parishioners. The hymns were "I love thy kingdom, Lord," "Watchman, tell us of the night," and "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing." The singing was led by a large chorus-choir in the rear gallery, under the direction of Colonel Isaac F. Kingsbury, who was chorister for many years during Dr. Furber's ministry. In accordance with the old custom, the audience turned to face the singers during the hymn. A very beautiful feature of the service was the responsive singing of "Watchman, tell us of the night," by Dr. Furber and the choir, which demonstrated that the voice whose cadences so charmed Rufus Choate that he forgot to listen to the sermon had not lost all its sweetness and power. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Henry J. Patrick, D.D., pastor emeritus of the Second Church, West Newton, and a life-long friend, who spoke of ministerial fellowship as illustrated in Dr. Furber's life; by Rev. E. E. Strong, D.D., Editorial Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., who spoke of the man and the minister as he had learned to know him, when pastor in Waltham; by Rev. S. E. Herrick, D.D., of Boston, who had recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in Mt. Vernon Church; by Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D.D., formerly pastor of Eliot

Church, Newton; and by Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D., President of Newton Theological Institution, a college classmate and neighbor for fifty years, who spoke in behalf of the other churches of the village. Rev. Theodore J. Holmes, active pastor of the church for ten years after Dr. Furber's retirement, was detained by illness, and Rev. W. E. Park, D.D., of Gloversville, N. Y., took his place with a witty and forcible speech in praise of long pastorates.

The active pastor, Rev. Edward M. Noyes, presided. In his opening address he called attention to the fact that a half-century pastorate is not a new thing in this historic church. It has had but ten pastors in two hundred and thirty-three years, and one of these, Dr. Jonathan Homer, held the office for fifty-seven years. Paying his own tribute to the delightful association with the senior pastor, whose presence in the church is a perpetual benediction, he called attention to the appropriateness of the lines from Dryden's *Characteristics of the Good Pastor*, printed on the program for the Jubilee Sunday. Many felt that the poet must have had the gift of prophecy so accurately to draw the good doctor's portrait:

“Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a face as promised him sincere:  
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,  
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;  
Mild was his accent, and his action free,  
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;  
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charmed.  
For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
He drew his audience upward to the sky;  
And oft with holy hymn he charmed their ears,  
(A music more melodious than the spheres);  
For David left him, when he went to rest,  
His lyre; and after him he sang the best.”

Many letters were received and extracts from several were read.

Upon the program were printed the names of eight present members of the church who were admitted before Dr. Furber came, and a poem written for the occasion by Mr. R. W. Ransom, of the Chicago Tribune, whose father's house stands next to Dr. Furber's.

Extracts from the addresses and letters, and the poem follow.

## EXCERPTS FROM THE ADDRESSES.

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### Rev. Henry J. Patrick, D. D.

In the note inviting me to speak to-day it was desired that I should specify a subject. At once the occasion suggested to me "Ministerial Fellowship." So I observe that, outside of the family, the strongest, the most intimate, the most satisfying and the most enduring fellowship is to be found in the ministry of the Gospel. I could prove this if you would extend my ten minutes. The most that I can do is to point out the object lesson of the hour.

We are here to testify that in our brother Furber we have an eminent illustration of "Ministerial Fellowship."

Fellowship has to do with the *mind*, the *heart* and the *life*.

He invites this fellowship because, first of all, he is a man of clear, positive convictions of truth, and has the courage of his convictions. He knows something. He believes something. Suppose you put him on the stand for another ordination and ask him the same questions

you did fifty years ago, would he answer as he did then? Has he not learned something in the meantime? Of course he has. His vision is broader. He takes in a wider range of truth. But suppose you look at his standing place. Has he moved in the least from the foundations upon which he then placed his feet? It was upon the Rock then, it is upon the Rock now he stands. Theological fields have become a little boggy in these days, and one is not sure of his footing. Even ministers of the Gospel are found groping in the fog or floundering in the mire, but here is a brother who stands in the sunlight of faith, that faith which the Revised Version tells us was "once for all delivered unto the saints." He is still on the Rock, the Rock of Ages, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Ask him some of his own questions. For instance, "What is the necessity of the Atonement?" Think you he would fade away into the modern agnosticism which answers, "I do not know"? Touch him on that severer truth which we handle so gingerly in these days, Retribution, and a text of Scripture is forthcoming.

I had a parishioner in West Newton who, upon meeting me in the week after my exchange with Brother Furber, would exclaim, "Well, we had the silver trumpet last Sunday." This meant that our brother had a trumpet, that it was of no uncertain sound, that it had a clear, ring-

ing, silvery note. A new refrain has reached our ears from various points of the compass: "Calvinism is dead. Calvinism is dead." If by that is meant the old caricature called Hyper-Calvinism, it is doubtless true. It is dead, as it ought to be, and buried beyond resurrection. But the moderate, rational system to which the church owes so great a debt is very much alive in its great vital truths. If it is dead in Boston, it is alive in Newton, for we honor a man to-day who had the presumption and the courage, near the close of his pulpit service, to preach a sermon on the doctrine of election. So dominating his faith was the great doctrine of God's sovereignty that I should not wonder, if you were to take a drop of his blood and analyze it, you would find it is the very same that coursed through the Great Reformer's veins. No stanza could he sing with greater zest than that of Ray Palmer:

"Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still."

But he has a heart, which is the centre of all fellowship. This explains the testimony of this hour, the enduring attachment which brings these friends, old and new alike, around him. He held the truth in love; he spoke the truth in love. What a well-wisher to everybody, always revealing this love in some office of minis-

tration! I remember what a significant word Dr. Nehemiah Adams spoke of our brother at a previous occasion like this, when he said, "Brother Furber does not keep a dog." No man was ever barked away from his house from fear. The latch-string is always out, and the opening door reveals a welcoming face.

But though he does not keep a dog, I can testify that he keeps a horse. How kind and generous of him to be at the expense of feeding and caring for the horse through all these years! For what? So he could ride to the door of his brother who cannot afford such luxury and call him out to take a seat by his side, and then they ride and talk and talk and ride; and this is "ministerial fellowship."

So of his life. Think for a moment of the walk for fifty years over these hills and through these valleys, entering these homes in all their varied experiences. He is a sweet singer. Around how many chambers of sickness has his voice echoed in the cheery, comforting song! What a record! Half a century! Who can record it?

I must stop, for my time is more than past; and now I can put all I have said in one brief sentence: I love Brother Furber. It is not Mister, nor Doctor, nor Reverend, nor Reverend Doctor, but Brother, with an emphasis on the brother.

My dear brother, our faces are westward. We are

looking toward the setting sun. It is near evening. Let us be thankful that the day has been so long and sunny. If there is one anticipation brighter than any other, save that of the vision and companionship of Him whom we love and serve, it is the continuance of the delightful fellowship we have enjoyed in our ministerial life on earth.

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### Rev. E. E. Strong, D. D.

When your committee requested me to say a few words here this afternoon, they asked me if I preferred to select a topic. "Why," said I, "there is only one topic, that is the Rev. Dr. Furber." But I shall speak chiefly of the childhood and youth of Dr. Furber, about which I happen to know a good deal. He was born, as we all know, in Sandwich, N. H. His father was a farmer, intelligent, sober, and devout; his mother was a rare woman, of much culture for the times, one of those strong characters we sometimes meet. She was noted for her spirit of prayer, maintaining for over fifty years a female prayer-meeting in her own house, and was a moving spirit in those cent societies which marked the religious life of the churches of New Hampshire some seventy-five years ago. He grew up in an atmosphere both intellectual and spiritual. He would not have had any excuse for not being

a good minister with such a training as he received. The moral of this is that every man who would be an acceptable and accredited minister for fifty years should take the greatest care in the selection of his parents, especially of his mother. And another moral, most serious and most blessed, is that any mother may hope, by fidelity and prayer, by the exercise of a lofty faith and a lowly spirit, by the uttermost consecration of herself and of her children to a covenant-keeping God,—she may hope that a son of hers will become an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, a minister of reconciliation.

As a boy Daniel Furber was noted for his unusual talent in singing. He taught singing schools. It has been said, though it seems almost incredible, that he regularly played the organ in the church before he was ten years old.

In 1839 he went to Dartmouth College, graduating in 1843, five years before I entered. I never saw him then. But I happened to have a brother and cousins and kindred in the professors' families at Dartmouth, so that I heard the fame of a remarkable young man. I had the most exalted idea of that young man. I thought that he belonged to a superior order of beings. I have since learned that he did not. But the thing which convinced me that all my imaginations concerning him were correct was the fact that later came to my knowledge, that this young min-

ister had persuaded the queenly lady who presided over the Seminary, which we were wont to call "The Nunnery," to share his home and parish.

About the time of Mr. Furber's installation here I came to live in Brighton, and sometimes came over here and heard Mr. Furber preach and sat in these pews, and I often heard him in exchange in the church where I worshipped. I am bound to say, however, that the matter I most distinctly remember was the calm and dignified way in which the preacher prepared his reading desk, in the absence of modern conveniences for this purpose. Impaired vision made it necessary to construct a desk for the occasion, and Bibles and hymn books were collected with the utmost deliberation and placed in order, and if they did not suffice the tall silk hat was placed on top, and on it reposed the manuscript sermon. This was the first, and I may add also the last, time in which I ever saw any practical use for this fashionable piece of headgear. But I seriously believe that the dignity and calm repose with which this needful addition to the pulpit was constructed impressed me with the absolute sincerity of the man, and with his own view of the importance of his message. Since those days I have come to know him well. It is an old saying that familiarity breeds contempt. But it is not true; it is a monstrous lie. My old idea of that young man whom I used to think about has gone very largely, and another idea has

come in, stronger, firmer, more precious. I love this brother. He has been to me a helper and guide, a strength and a comfort. I bless God for him, and that I have been permitted to have a ministry near him. I think that all of us who were present at that most interesting service last Sunday morning felt the appropriateness of the Scripture which was read—the farewell of Paul to the elders of the church at Ephesus, who met him at Miletus. And I thought that very likely Brother Furber was thinking, as the words were read, “And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem,” of that other Jerusalem toward which his face is turned and whither he is going, not bound, but free, and knowing what awaits him there.

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### Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D. D.

This church has known Dr. Furber fifty years. I have known him longer, ever since 1842. I entered Dartmouth that year. Brother Furber was a senior. There is some distance between a freshman and a senior, though someone has said it is not so far as between a freshman and a sophomore, and I did not see much of him there. He was president and conductor of the Handel Society, and teacher of music in Mrs. Peabody's school. The rest of us

kept at a respectful distance from that institution. He went in and out boldly, and was envied by us all.

This is a long pastorate; how shall we account for it? I think that great credit should be given to this church. It has always had long pastorates. But we are not here to talk about the church. A great deal is due to Mrs. Furber, who, as one of the speakers has said, was a queenly woman. The length of the ministry here depended very largely upon that most remarkable, most able and accomplished woman.

It is owing very largely to our dear brother himself. I did not know him really until I came in 1856 to the Eliot Church. Receiving a call to that church I went and had a long talk with Brother Furber. He took hold of that case and talked it all over with me, put himself in my place, and after all advised me to accept the call and led me to do so. During the seventeen and a half years that I was pastor of Eliot Church Brother Furber and I were together very often. For more than forty years we have been bound together in this friendship. He has never failed me. As I look back now I do not see how I could have got through those years without this friendship.

Brother Furber has always reminded me of the Apostle John. His pastorate has been Johannine, not Pauline or Petrine. I do not like those words, but we have to use them sometimes. He has been like the Apostle John in love. He has loved and been loved. Let no one think,

however, that because there is so much of this in his character that he is effeminate or yielding. Brother Furber is not a bit of that. He never "wabbles." He does not wait for the opinion of others. He asks what is in God's Word, what does Christ teach, and what do the Apostles say, and he stands squarely upon that authority. Now John was like that. Then there is another thing. John spoke his mind. Sometimes his words flame with wrath. Repeatedly he speaks in his epistles of this man or that man as a liar. Christ called John and James sons of thunder. That does not look as if they were effeminate men. John spoke out his mind. Now there is something in Brother Furber which has reminded us of John in this respect. He sometimes uses great plainness of speech yet seldom gives offence.

Brother Furber is also a great deal like the Apostle John in his love for music. I have been looking this matter up a little and I have been surprised to find that the word "sing," though used repeatedly in the Old Testament, very often in the Psalms, is used in the New Testament, unless I have made some mistake, only twice. One of these instances is in John's writings. I assume that John wrote the Revelation, and it is John that seemed to be entranced with the anthems of heaven. No other writer seems to know anything about them. Four times John describes the heavenly songs. He seems to have had a revelation of what is going on in that world of song. Brother

Furber is like him in this. I have thought of him as going to that other land, and have wondered what position he could occupy there better than the leadership of one of those heavenly choirs. I never heard any grander music of its kind than that of his choir in Dartmouth, and I cannot think of him in heaven as not having something to do with the praises of that heavenly world.

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### Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D.

I met Dr. Furber in 1839. We entered college together. Dr. Furber in his ministry has shown himself to be a very intelligent man, and I shall account for it in part by the fact that he was in my class in college. I should add that he was afterward in Andover, and had the benefit of some of the best teaching that New England afforded.

I feel that in speaking for the other churches of the place I ought to say that, so far as I know, they all sympathize with my own high estimate of Dr. Furber. I have no doubt that if I should speak in a few words just what I feel and believe regarding his work, that the other churches would say that my statement was correct.

He has been in his ministry an intelligent preacher of the Gospel. He has been sound in Christian faith.

This I think cannot be doubted by anyone who has known him. He has never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God as understood by him, and I suppose that he was reasonably orthodox. I have the impression that his own people had the right to regard him as representing orthodox thinking in regard to the principles of belief. Orthodox thinking is right thinking. Sometimes men speak in a sneering tone of orthodoxy and orthodox thinking. They treat it as if it were *my* thinking merely. In one sense that is true. But the meaning of the term is a very honorable one. It is simply right thinking. It is something when we can honestly say of a man that his teaching is right teaching. I like Dr. Furber because I am always sure that what he says will be founded on the rock.

He has been an unusually faithful pastor, not only in his pulpit preparation, but among the people. He has gone among them as one who loved their spiritual interests and who was seeking to do them good. His life, therefore, has been a life of service among all this people.

I think his life has been a remarkably consistent Christian life. Now I do not know that he will agree with me on that point. I have a little doubt whether he would put it in that way. But I am like all the other brethren here this afternoon—I am to be allowed to express my own convictions. I know Dr. Furber does that sometimes

strongly. And I claim the privilege once in my life, being an old friend. I was here when he was ordained and have known him ever since, and I bear witness that his life has been to me a model of Christian living.

It is proper that I should say also that his ministry has been distinguished by brotherly kindness to other pastors and Christians. His attitude toward the Seminary and the other churches and ministers (there was one here when he came—Rev. Dr. Smith—the others have come since) has been that of uniform courtesy and Christian consideration.

This is what I wished to testify to you, and to congratulate Dr. Furber and to congratulate this church upon the long period in which he has been permitted to live with you and in which you have cherished him; and he certainly has cherished you as the apple of his eye, doing all for you that he knew how to do for you, that you might be true servants of Christ and be prepared to meet him in the world to which we—at least the older ones of us—must soon go. I do not look upon that as a calamity, I confess. I think of the other side as having large and manifold attractions, and as if the company gathering there would be one that we should like all of us to know, and I hope that we may all be found in the same company and blessed fellowship, knowing much more than we now know and enjoying more intimately the pres-

ence of Him whom we think of here as our greatest support and comfort.

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### Rev. W. E. Park, D. D.

Just as I came into this meeting, expecting to be feasted, I was asked to take the place of Rev. Mr. Holmes. I asked what the subject was, and was told, "There is none"! Now, when I take the place of another man, and a good one, and have no subject to speak upon, I may rightly ask the commiseration of my audience. When I was beating about for a subject while listening to those who preceded me, I felt, "Why, what is there that they have left out? What remains for me to say?" I am called on to rake after the cart. But it seems to me that they are not, those who have had charge of the cart, like the reapers in the field of Boaz who left handfuls for the poor maiden who was to come after them. But one or two things connected with our beloved brother I may remember. I think it was in the year '47 or '48 that a young minister who had been recently ordained exchanged with Dr. Nehemiah Adams in the Essex Street Church in Boston, and had, I don't know whether I should call it the privilege, but at any rate the extraordinary opportunity of having among his hearers and looking down and seeing

in the pews the great rolling dark eyes, the shaggy hair and the lion-like face of Rufus Choate. A day or two afterwards Mr. Choate was asked what he thought of the sermon. He said: "I believe that it was a very good sermon indeed. I got that impression and was told so by others. But I was so delighted with the modulations of the preacher's voice and so entirely taken up with them that I hardly know what was or was not said."

May I refer to my own experience? The early home of Dr. Furber has been described. It was my privilege to know something about it. I remember it as a little boy, I think about twelve years of age. It was thought that study might have somewhat exhausted me, and I was taken to work on a farm in the town of Sandwich, N. H. It was the first journey of any consequence that I had ever taken, and I went with my father. I remember that at some village it was with indescribable horror that I saw three men approach the bar of the hotel where we staid. They called for New England rum, which was frequently drunk at that time. I had been nursed on temperance literature, and expected the immediate dissolution of those people who imbibed rum. And while watching those men put New England rum down and seem to grow happy, the first skepticism as to the validity of my early training entered my mind.

I remember that, boy as I was, I was struck with the

magnificence of the scenery. Directly before us was the mountain, familiar to those who have traveled in that vicinity, called Red Hill. In the distance we saw the glittering summit of Chocorua, and old stone White Face looming up by its side. I remember Mrs. Furber, the mother who has been referred to. I shall never forget the first impression of her face, for she was to have considerable control for the next few months over my destiny. I remember seeing in my chamber the portrait of a young man sketched by Albert Hoit, and it looked almost exactly as your honored pastor did look at that time. After a few days we were visited by a young minister from Newton, Mass. And at family prayers—we always had music at family prayers, for that was a musical family—I heard the tones of that silvery voice referred to by Rufus Choate, and some impression of the music of the spheres entered my ear, somewhat obtuse to harmony. I shall never forget the influence of that home. The father was a keen, strong, able and intelligent man, who, if he had only had the son's education, would have been a man of controlling influence in any community. The mother, somewhat the elder of the two, was deeply imbued with the spirit of old-fashioned Puritanism. I remember the services which were held in that little church, which struggled hard for life. And when they were not able to have preaching service, there was a sermon read by Deacon

Furber. Deacon Furber was connected with the music, I remember, and, poor as the church was, it certainly had one of the best choirs that could be found in all the region round about. I think the leading of choirs was hereditary in that family. I recollect also that Mrs. Furber maintained in her house a woman's prayer-meeting. I remember seeing the farmers' wives coming in, and at tea-time I heard Mrs. Furber giving an account of the remarks made and the devotional spirit manifested at that meeting. I recollect very well that at the close of the services on Sunday Mrs. Furber would take us into her private room and give us exercises in the Westminster Catechism and pray with us, offering some of the most fervent prayers I have ever heard.

Dr. Furber has stayed here a great while. What is the reason of it? We are all interested. Perhaps an anecdote will help explain it. There was once a man (does Dr. Furber remember him—I think that this man and Professor Stuart furnished almost all the fun on Andover Hill), Mr. Easton was his name, and he had a peculiarly unsympathetic mind. I recollect that an old minister was dying in the house, and Mr. Easton was selected to take care of him. The young ladies of the family came down to breakfast in the morning. They thought that the aged man had died during the night, and they felt so badly about it that they could not control

their emotion. At last one of them did manage to speak, and asked: "Mr. Easton, is the dear old doctor gone?" "No, he isn't. We've got to be patient. Strong constitution; that's the trouble with him!" Well, Dr. Furber has stayed here fifty years through storm and sunshine, and I think he has mentally and morally a pretty strong constitution, and that has been the trouble with him.

A thousand of the follies and dangers of the church have their origin in the senseless passion for novelty and change. Instead of wanting to hear something that is good and reliable, many people want to hear something that is new, and some ministers are twisting the word of truth into all sorts of fantastic forms that they think may be new, trying to beat the whole ocean of Gospel truth into a sort of evanescent pulpit soap-bubble. I am thankful that the pastor of this church and the congregation have mutually taken a different view. I am thankful that they have been partners in manifesting the glory of God and making the cross of Christ conspicuous before the people. Where there is a long pastorate there is a complete work. The pastor sows the seeds, keeps the weeds down, waits for the harvest and gathers it in. He may gather in a great many harvests. It is permitted to him to be in the service of the Lord a reaper as well as a sower. If a new movement is started he can be the Joshua as well as the Moses. He is like a banyan tree. He is run-

ning over into issues political and social. He does that from the length of his pastorate. All parties consider him an established authority. He gets a hold of temperance sentiment. He controls benevolent organizations. He is one who meets the public needs, because, like the prophet Samuel, he is not only a religious but unconsciously a civil ruler and leader. He moulds a community, and, in the words of the poet,

“ But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.”

## POEM.

(Written for this Anniversary by Mr. R. W. Ransom of Chicago.)

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Not whiter lie the snows on moor and lea  
Than those time-silvered locks that crown thy head,  
Not kindlier fall the showers in April shed  
Than rests thy calm benignant glance on me.  
Thy voice, how like the music of the sea,  
Now clarion-toned and now to dulcet wed,  
As when it trumpets forth the truth outspread,  
Or melts with love for all humanity.

Revered and honored preacher of the Word;

Two score and ten thy years of service here  
A grateful people celebrate today.

One sainted face—thy soul's companion dear—  
Is missing in the throng, yet lights the way  
Thou goest, Loved Disciple of the Lord.







REV. EDWARD M. NOYES

THE DINNER

AND

THE RECEPTION.



## THE DINNER AND THE RECEPTION.

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Two hundred guests and older members of the church sat down to the tables so daintily spread in the chapel at 6 o'clock. At the head of the tables, beside Dr. Furber, were Dr. and Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Agnes Noyes, mother of the pastor, and Dr. Park and Miss Agnes Park, children of Dr. Furber's closest friend, Professor Edwards A. Park, of Andover. Grace was said by Rev. T. D. Fiske, D. D., of Newburyport, who had recently observed his own semi-centennial anniversary.

From 7.30 to 10 the chapel was thronged with friends from near and far who came to offer their congratulations at the reception to Dr. Furber. Music was furnished by an orchestra, and several tenor solos were sung by Mr. C. J. Buffum. The Hon. J. F. C. Hyde was asked to present the greetings of former members, but feeble health forbade his presence. Mr. A. C. Walworth spoke in behalf of the church, and Hon. Alden Speare, a neighbor, in behalf of the community. Dr. Furber made a brief and fitting response, and after refreshments had been served by the ladies of the church, he was escorted to the piano, and led in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," a fitting close to a delightful day. The community appreciated the opportunity thus afforded to express their love and affection for a man whom the people "delighteth to honor."



## Address of Mr. A. C. Walworth.

MY DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND :

It is my privilege to extend to you the heartfelt greeting of this church on this happy anniversary.

When I asked the committee why I of all others had been selected to perform this pleasant duty, I was told that it was because I stood midway down the line of your parishioners of the last fifty years, and hence was most conveniently located to address you. Perhaps, also, the selection was appropriate because my lifetime coincides very nearly with your pastorate, so that I can speak for the fifty years as well as the people.

You have no doubt noticed that a phonograph is equipped with a large mouthpiece, but while this is very prominent it is the cylinder behind it that contains the record and does the speaking. To-night I am simply the mouth-piece; behind me is a cylinder with a record of fifty years. I cannot to-night turn for you that cylinder backwards for that long period, but I can say with truth that there is not one line upon it, so far as you are concerned, that we would wish to change or erase, while on our part

there must be very many that we would be glad to obliterate.

At the close of a similar celebration last September your old friend, the Rev. Dr. Fiske, said in reply to the kind words that had been spoken that he did not recognize himself in the person so eulogized by his friends; in fact, he was in doubt as to his own identity. Possibly you have doubts of this nature yourself, and since you cannot identify yourself as did the old lady of the song, who said, under similar conditions, "I have a little dog at home and he knows me" (as we have heard this afternoon that you do not keep a dog!), permit me to assure you that there is no mistake; we all look you in the face and recognize in you our own dear pastor.

For fifty years you have been our counsellor and friend, you have rejoiced with us in our joys, you have sympathized with us in our sorrows and consoled us in our griefs with those tender words of religious comfort that come so readily from your heart to your lips.

And how wide has been your influence in this time! As you have preached the Word from the pulpit you have seen in the congregation before you an honored Governor of the Commonwealth, a President of the Senate, more than one Mayor of this city, members of the Legislature, Judges on the bench, and men pre-eminent in professional and business life. How can we measure the effect of your

words of wisdom and pious counsel as they have fallen upon the ears of these men and affected their lives and actions, extending your influence in an ever-widening circle? I am sure I do not exaggerate when I assert that your influence thus exerted upon your people and your State is beyond my power to portray.

We cannot stand in this chapel to-night, looking back fifty years, without a surge of recollections of the times that are gone.

"Old faces throng around me, old forms go trooping past," faces and forms of dear ones gone before, our parents, our brothers and sisters, our children. For you especially there must be many pathetic reminiscences to-night. We may say of you in the words of Dr. Holmes:

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

But this is not a time for sadness but of joyous congratulation; let the musicians play festive music and let all rejoice with one accord that you have been spared to us so many years, and especially for the well grounded hope of so many years of usefulness yet to come.

With hearts and hands we greet you. We salute you

not as the "mailed immortals," with flashing swords unsheathed before their conquering king, not with the trumpets and the presented arms of the military review, not with the bacchanalian wine cup raised on high; but better, with the kindly light of the eye, the warm pressure of the hand, the affectionately spoken word, we honor you.

O sweet singer, O faithful pastor, O beloved friend, O noble man. "Te Omnes Salutainus." We all salute you.

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### Response by Dr. Furber.

David said the Lord had prepared a table before him in the presence of his enemies. He has prepared a table before me in the presence of my friends.

I wish I could express my inexpressible gratitude to you all and to our beloved pastor for the eagerness with which you have embraced this memorable occasion as an opportunity for showing a measure of affection and good will which have astonished me. Blessings have been showered upon me until I seem to have been bathed in an atmosphere of benediction.

I am familiar with that principle in God's dealings with his people by which he bestows rewards which are

out of all proportion to their deserts. You seem to have caught the divine spirit of this generosity, and, closing your eyes to defects and blemishes, to have seen only the general aim and intent of a professedly consecrated life. I can only say, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes."

None the less my thanks are due to the human agents by whom he performs his will, and for whom similar surprises are in store, to come to you sooner or later, if you are true and loyal to him who gives like a king.

May goodness and mercy follow you all the days of your lives, and may the younger pastor and the older pastor and the flock to whom they minister dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



LETTERS.



## LETTERS.

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Rev. Theodore J. Holmes.

Pastor from 1883 to 1893.

DEAR DR. FURBER:

It is a real grief to my wife and myself that we are denied the privilege of greeting you to-day in this happy anniversary. I am nearly recovered from my slight illness, a little touch of rheumatism, but am sure it would be unwise, if it were possible for me to come, as we had so confidently anticipated. I decided only this morning, and have just telegraphed Mr. Noyes.

I should have been glad of the opportunity to express my profound gratitude for the many kindnesses you did me during my ten years' ministry in Newton Centre, and for the delightful relation that prevailed uniformly between us from first to last.

I am very thankful that you are able to have as cordial a sympathy, every way, with the present pastor, Mr. Noyes; that he is a man worthy of your best confidence, and so abundantly qualified to be the minister of that flock.

We shall follow, in our thoughts, the services and festivities all through the day, wishing heartily that we could be there.

Please accept most affectionate congratulations from my wife and from your loving yoke-fellow,

THEODORE J. HOLMES.

Hopkinton, Mass., Dec. 8, 1897.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D.

MY DEAR BROTHER FURBER:

Being providentially prevented from attending the very happy celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of your settlement over the First Church in Newton, I cannot forbear expressing my congratulations and my hearty sympathy in all the joys and the expressions of love and confidence which I know will characterize the day. You have fought a good fight, you have kept the faith, you have preached the truth in love, and you have, with singular unanimity, the affection and esteem of the people and of all the neighboring churches and ministers.

I pronounce you, therefore, one of the happiest of men, peculiarly blest of God in that your life is so lengthened out that you can enjoy these blessings and feel that the Lord is with you.

I consider it a special honor that I may sign myself

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

CYRUS HAMLIN.

Lexington, Mass.

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Rev. A. H. Plumb, D. D.

DEAR DR. FURBER:

I regret that a sudden strain last week has induced a lameness which makes it necessary for me to avoid walking as much as possible. This will forbid my joining personally in the congratulations on the 8th inst., but I send you herewith my most cordial felicitations on the very high degree of amiability your benignant countenance has continually, and I may say increasingly, shown throughout the won-

derful changes of the last half century your anniversary sermon so happily described. Why should not such a servant of God as you have been and are, throwing himself into the will of God, continually smile with satisfaction as he looks on the growing triumphs of that work and rehearses them, exclaiming, "Part of which I was"?

It has been given you to have fellowship and loving co-operation with many of the best and most powerful men of the time, and you have wrought together in a momentous era. When I first saw you piling up the hymn-books to hold your sermon in the pulpit of the old chapel at Andover, I lost my heart to you as you preached, and I have never recalled it a little bit since. It is all yours. That is to say, I believe in you, and hold with you, and with unbounded affection and esteem, in your grasp of the eternal verities, in your view of the work and mission of the church for the world, in your ideas of the dignity and honor of the ministerial profession, ideas which you have admirably illustrated in your own life, in the good taste and elegance of your forms of expression, in your conception of church music, in your broad Christian charity, and in your generous appreciation of your co-workers in the kingdom.

"If the page had been longer,  
My words had been stronger."

Yours ever,

A. H. PLUMB.

Roxbury, Boston, Dec. 7, 1897.

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**Ex-Governor William Claflin.**

For many years after I came to Newtonville my family attended the First Church, with great pleasure and profit. From the beginning of his ministry Dr. Furber's influence upon church and people

was marked by all the qualities which endear a pastor to the community. Old and young alike welcomed his presence and enjoyed his fellowship. It must be a great satisfaction to him, as it certainly is to his friends, to look back upon his ministry so full of the appreciative expressions of confidence and good will, in the years of his retirement, and to feel that if his work is done, it is well done, and that he is receiving his reward in part, in the love of his neighbors and the highest respect of the entire city.

It is a source of pleasure to see, in the rapid changes going on around us, that one church stands much in the same condition that it did fifty years ago. The people of the First Church have always been conservative as to their surroundings, although among the foremost to express themselves on the questions of the day. In the great anti-slavery conflict there were few who were not numbered among the most progressive, and in the temperance reform the church always earnestly sustained the pastor in his advanced views upon the position to be assumed and the work to be done. Dr. Furber was left to pursue the work of the Christian ministry with no embarrassing questions upon these subjects. As far as I am aware there were only one or two crises in his many years of service. Soon after I began to attend the church the subject of a new hymn-book came up. The pastor was much interested in the question, but the older members of the church did not agree with his views, as did the younger members of the congregation. The struggle in the meeting was long and earnest, the pastor saw defeat staring him in the face, with a most despairing look he arose and said: "I have used and borne with the old hymn-book for twenty years, and I can bear it for twenty years longer, but it will be a heavy load." This was too much for the meeting, and the tide was turned and the new book voted for. The pastor's cheerful looks returned, and his noble voice led in the service

of song as well as in the other services with ardent satisfaction for many years.

That his life may be spared yet a great while, to show to the rising generation the beauty of a Christian life, is the prayer of your sincere friend and fellow-citizen,

WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

Boston, Dec. 8th, 1897.

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Hon. Larkin D. Mason.

*To E. M. Noyes, etc.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your letter of November, '97, inviting me to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of your senior pastor, Rev. Daniel Furber, with you, was duly received. I would make great effort to respond to this invitation if it was practical, but I am twelve years his senior, and confined at home during the rough season. I knew Mr. Furber as a dutiful child, a brilliant youth, a profound scholar, a successful minister. While he adopted the theory of Mr. Whitfield I have accepted that of Mr. Wesley, yet, like these godly pioneers, we have confided in each other as Christian soldiers. Our work is nearly done; soon we will meet on the other shore.

With sincere respect, truly,

LARKIN D. MASON.

South Tamworth, Maine, Dec. 2, 1897.

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Prof. John DeWitt. D. D.

*The First Church in Newton, Massachusetts.*

DEAR BRETHREN: I greatly regret that my duties here will pre-

vent my presence at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Dr. Furber. Among the most precious of my memories or possessions are the friendships among the clergymen of Boston and its vicinity, which, with its other benedictions, my position as pastor of the Central Church of Boston from 1869 to 1876 brought to me. Conspicuous among these highly valued friendships is that of Dr. Furber. When we were ministerial neighbors, it was to me a great delight to see him and talk with him. In those days I saw him often, and he always did my head and heart great good. His ability, his scholarly tastes and attainments, the variety of his intellectual interests, his urbanity, rooted in a profound Christian charity, his dignity as a man and minister, his social gifts, and his fidelity in his profession and pastoral office, made him for me, at that time a young clergyman, one of the most helpful and charming of friends.

I think we must all say of him—and at his age we may say it to his face—that he is an example of the highest type of Christian pastor produced by the American Church. Professor Park once delivered a great sermon before the Governor and Legislature of Massachusetts on “The Indebtedness of the State to the Clergy.” If one wished to elaborate and to make more specific the prayer, “God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,” with which in your State all executive proclamations close, he could not do better than to say, “God send to all the churches of the historic faith and church-order of the Commonwealth pastors like the Rev. Daniel Little Furber.”

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN DEWITT.

Theological Seminary,  
Princeton, N. J.,  
28th Nov., 1897.

**Hon. J. F. C. Hyde,**

Newton Highlands, Mass.

*To Rev. E. M. Noyes, Chairman of Committee:*

Words fail me to express my regrets that a painful illness prevents my being able to be present at the anniversary of Rev. D. L. Furber's settlement as pastor of the First Church, and to respond for the old members.

My membership of the church began during the first year of his pastorate. He was not only my pastor for twenty-five years, but my spiritual father and loving and intimate friend.

And it was a painful duty to sever my connection with church and pastor to help form the church at Newton Highlands; but the friendship has happily continued to the present time. I cannot too strongly testify to his ability and faithfulness as a pastor through so many years.

He has proved himself to be worthy of great honor as a faithful servant of the Master. He fully deserves the high commendation he is receiving on every hand.

Eternity will alone reveal the influence of his noble life and character.

May his last days be cheered by the love of his many friends, not only those who have been intimately connected with him in the church and congregation, but of all who have known him.

We trust his life may be continued yet many years, and be a constant benediction to the end.

Yours in Christian brotherhood,

JAMES F. C. HYDE.

**Mrs. Professor Austin Phelps.**

MR DEAR DR. FURBER:

You will have a very happy time today with all your old friends about you. It is a great thing to be settled fifty years over one church. It will be a great pleasure to you to look back upon all you have done. I shall never forget the labor you bestowed on my husband's memorial. My best wishes are yours for the future.

Very truly your friend,

MARY A. PHELPS.

7 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

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**Rev. Frank D. Sargent.**

*Rev. Edward M. Noyes and others.*

GENTLEMEN: I am sorry that my parish duties will not permit me to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination and installation of Rev. Dr. Furber. It certainly would give me great pleasure to do so. I look back to my boyhood and early manhood days in connection with the old church at Newton, and see in them the foundation of Christian character; and the man who had the most to do with me at that time was your beloved pastor, Dr. Furber. It is not strange that my whole ministerial life, in its methods and spirit, has been shaped and modified by the teachings and impressions of those early days. I have thanked God many times that the beginnings of my church life and religious training were committed to such men as Dr. Nehemiah Adams and Dr. Daniel Furber.

I am very glad that the people are to recognize this anniversary, and give expression to the regard and affection they have for one

whom God has so signally honored, and through whom such rich blessings of grace and spiritual power have been bestowed.

Please remember me most kindly to Dr. Furber, and express my regrets that I cannot add my presence to an occasion that I doubt not will be most enjoyable.

Yours very truly,

F. D. SARGENT.

Putnam, Conn., Dec. 2, 1897.

Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D.

MY DEAR DR. FURBER:

I hoped to be with you yesterday and to give my congratulations in person. But I was prevented and must take this poorer way to express my pleasure in regarding your long and useful ministry. You quite overshadow my poor thirty years. It is a fine thing to be living so long with one people and to have your life involved with theirs. I do not know what better investment you could have made. Your life will live itself on and on for many days to come. I am glad with you, and glad of you, and glad that I have known you for nearly the whole time of your ministry. May other years be added and all years filled with blessing, with health and vigor, with gratitude and affection, with great opportunities nobly filled.

Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

Cambridge, Dec. 9, 1897.

Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D.

Editor of the Congregationalist.

DEAR DR. FURBER:

I have found myself, with real regret, compelled to forego the

pleasure of participating in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of your installation with the church to which I also have had the pleasure of ministering for a little while. I had promised to make a historical address to-morrow evening at the annual meeting of the church of which I am a member.

The only reason I can think of which may explain the audacity of the Central Church of Jamaica Plain in selecting that night of all nights of the year, and engaging me before I had heard from Newton Centre, is that our church is comparatively young and historically ignorant. I hope to impress on our members the necessity of keeping a calendar of the great Saints' Days of sister churches; so that, when the seventy-fifth anniversary of your pastorate comes, the wheels of Jamaica Plain social fellowship will cease to buzz for that night, or will extend their orbit to take in their illustrious neighbor.

God bless you with continued health for many years, and continue in your people the wisdom of their ancestors when they called the man who could so well hear and teach them to hear "the still, small voice."

You showed the prophet's gift last Sunday, when you compared the former days with these. Full beards have indeed grown on ministers' faces since yours was first allowed to wave in the Newton Centre pulpit; perhaps films over their eyes, also. But may your vision ever be clear, and ours be clarified, till we see eye to eye in the full light of the better day and the better land.

Faithfully yours,

A. E. DUNNING.

1 Somerset Street, Boston, Dec. 7, 1897.

Rev. John L. Maile.

Superintendent of Home Missions, North Dakota.

*Rev. Edward M. Noyes, and Committee:*

DEAR BRETHREN: My family unite with me in expressing our pleasure in receiving your kind invitation to be present on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination and installation of Rev. Dr. Furber. The intervention of geographical distance must prevent our attendance. To be present in spirit is the next best thing, although this method is too ethereal to be a wholly satisfactory substitute for such a delightful and exceptional event.

Is it not a triumph of Providential goodness and of the happiest relationships of pastor and people that this half-century anniversary is at length brought to pass by the slow procession of years?

To those who during five decades have been associated with Dr. Furber in the closest relationships of Christian fellowship and service, this occasion must come freighted with many sacred associations, tenderest reminiscences and inspiring recollections that may be thought of as projecting their radiant influence forward into that realm where life is without vicissitudes and where all that is best of earth is being treasured up as resources for our unending existence.

May it not be that these culminating years are the richest part of this most successful and happy pastorate, in that it is given to our brother to illustrate a ripeness of service and of influence that is allowed in any generation to but few of the Lord's servants.

Of the Divine Saviour it was said, "He was cut off from his generation"; the prime of his life marked its close, he was not permitted to glorify old age by living to its fulness his human life as Son of man.

It is left to the ripened years of individual Christian living to illustrate that period of human experience which Jesus could not fulfil.

How sacred is this reflection, and with what devout thanksgiving we recognize the goodness and mercy which places this honor upon our dear friend.

Those whose membership in the First Church is limited to quite recent years will, to the extent of their ability, join with the older members in celebrating this anniversary with joyful hearts and renewed welcome, and with the hope of long continued health and strength to our senior pastor.

In the strength of these sentiments may the present pastorate be prolonged into an extended future that shall abound with fruitfulness and far-reaching effects.

The cordial remembrance of my family and myself is extended to the pastors and to our many friends in the honored First Church of Newton.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN L. MAILE.

Fargo, North Dakota, Dec. 4, 1897.

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Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D.

MY DEAR DR. FURBER:

Mrs. Storrs and I most heartily and warmly congratulate you on the approaching fiftieth anniversary of your pastorate in Newton. We should greatly enjoy being present at the services, to which the committee of the church have so kindly invited us. As that is impossible, we trust that they and you will accept our affectionate thanks for the remembrance of us, with the assurance of our joyful sympathy with the church and yourself on the beautiful occasion.

It is good to remember that in all the changes of fifty years some things have not changed. The Gospel is the same as when you began with eagerness to preach it. The church life, where genuine, is what it was when you first sought to minister to it. The kingdom of God in the world is still "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," and the reward of faithful service to Christ is as full and sweet now as it was a half-century ago. You rejoice in your experience of it, and in all the diligent and noble service through which you have attained it; and with happy remembrances of the past, and glad expectation for the future, we are ever

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

R. S. AND M. E. STORRS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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**Rev. Edwards A. Park, D. D.**

*Rev. Edward M. Noyes:*

DEAR SIR: If I could have been present at the recent commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Furber's pastorate at Newton Centre, I should have indulged in some reminiscences like the following:

I first heard of Mr. Furber as a singer, a chorister, and an organist. He was early distinguished for the qualities of his voice. Soon after he began to preach Mr. Edward Howe, who for many years led the choir in Dr. Payson's church, in Portland, Maine, made the remark: "Not one man in a hundred modulates his voice as well as young Mr. Furber."

In 1869 I was present with Dr. Furber at a dinner-party given by a professor in Oxford University, England. On the next day I

wrote to my friends in America the following statement: "Three of the fellows of the college were at the dinner. Two British barons were there. Mr. Furber sang and played to the admiration of the company." A few weeks afterward I was at a social party given by Sir James Y. Simpson, the most celebrated physician then in Scotland. Twenty or thirty of his friends had been invited,—including several professors of the University, several clergymen of the city, and many ladies, among whom were one or two of the daughters of Thomas Chalmers, a grand-niece of David Hume, and Mrs. Cousin of Melrose, an interesting poetess. At the request of Sir James, Mr. Furber, after rendering several classical selections, sang some of the American Revival Melodies, playing his own accompaniments. All were delighted with the richness and expressiveness of his voice. They spoke of him as a "musical genius," and gave many emphatic expressions of their pleasure in the entertainment.

I was never more affected by the intonation of his voice than I was on a beautiful day which we spent on the summit of Mt. Uetliberg, in Switzerland. We were 2,844 feet above the sea, and 1,428 feet above the Lake of Zurich. We had a magnificent view of the mountains, valleys, villages and streams of Switzerland; and Mr. Furber there read the whole of the Revelation of St. John. He was inspired by the scene, and I never heard him read so well, either before or since. I never heard the book so well read by any of our professional elocutionists. I could almost see the angel flying "in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell in the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," and hear him "Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of judgment is come: and worship him that made heavens, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." It seemed to me that the Apocalypse could never

be understood so well as when recited aloud upon some mountain-top, amid the sublimities of a widely extended Alpine landscape.

Some of Dr. Furber's friends have thought that he should have devoted more of his time to public lectures on vocal culture and on the service of song in the churches. He has, however, been fearful lest the attractions of these themes should divert his attention from his parochial duties. He has devoted himself signally to the writing of his sermons, and has allowed nothing to interfere with this great duty. Professor Horatio B. Hackett often spoke of them as judicious and well studied. One of them, written to be delivered at the funeral of Professor Austin Phelps of Andover, has attracted marked attention. It was composed after a thoughtful study of the writings which Professor Phelps had published. It was elaborated with exemplary care. The works of Professor Phelps will be treasured by posterity, and Dr. Furber's characterization of them will long be valued as a historical document. It will serve for a model for biographical discourses.

The First Congregational Church of Newton Centre have reason to be grateful to the parents of Dr. Furber. His mother was brought up under the ministry of Dr. Edward Payson of Portland, Maine, and breathed his spirit. Both his father and his mother were intimate friends of Rev. Samuel Hidden of Farnworth, New Hampshire, who bore a striking resemblance to Edward Payson, and was as much absorbed in the work of the Lord. He was ordained in the open air upon a rock ten or fifteen feet above the ground and thirty feet square. The whole council sat upon that rock, while the people sat on benches or chairs in front of it. There was a decided inconvenience attending this mode of ordaining a pastor, but it seems preferable to some ordinations in modern times, when those who take part in the services appear to be sitting on bicycles and ready in a few weeks to flee away to parts unknown. Mr. Hidden remained in his pas-

torate forty-five years, and his ordination upon a rock was typical of the permanence which characterized the ministry in ancient times. The parents of Dr. Furber would have been delighted could they have foreseen that their son would have remained half a century in his pastorate at Newton, and have stood firm as a rock in his statement of evangelical truth. When the breezes of "new theology" were blowing he was not like a reed shaken with the wind; and, notwithstanding his conservatism, he enjoys in a remarkable degree the confidence and affection of a large circle of distinguished friends, while by the people among whom he has lived so long he is both honored and beloved.

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARDS A. PARK.

Andover, Mass., April 23, 1898.

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From Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook.

Soundness, courage, sweetness and light have pervaded and prolonged Dr. Furber's precious and memorable pastorate of half a century.

Soundness with him has meant Biblical fullness and thoroughness of religious instruction and a comprehensive and scholarly grasp of New England theology.

Ever open to the access of truth really new and strategic, he has not been carried about by every wind of doctrine, although, with no loss of popular approval, he has passed through several periods of clouded or stormy weather.

His temperament has been a combination of the irenic and the aggressive. Faithful to both the severe and the tender truths of the Gospel, he has been an echo of the entire Scriptures. It is an un-

common privilege in these days to have preached the whole Gospel so long in one community.

Very rare musical gifts and training have made Dr. Furber's oversight of the service of song in the house of the Lord a peculiarly rich inspiration.

Other shining elements in his providential equipment for the ministry, as we have studied them in our residence in his parish, have been: A balanced sympathy with just reforms; a profound interest in missions at home and abroad; a generous enthusiasm for the noble associations of a historic church; a constellation of friendships with many foremost leaders of religious thought and life in America and elsewhere; the culture of travel; the holy felicities of a domestic companionship too sacred to be revealed except as they are well known to have been the transfiguration of his life.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

Newton Centre, Mass.

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Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D.

President Western Reserve University.

December 19, 1897.

MY DEAR DR. FURBER:

May I add my little note of esteem and of congratulation to the great chorus of praise that is coming upon you in these days? Hundreds of others are saying that you have done a noble work and that your name is beautiful and fragrant in all the churches, but I, as a young man, would like to say that from the very first you won a place in my young heart, and that that place is still there.

Believe me, with warm esteem, ever yours,

CHARLES F. THWING.

Cleveland, Ohio.

### Other Letters.

Letters of congratulation were also received from Rev. Joseph B. Clark, D. D., of the Home Missionary Society; Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., Montclair, N. J.; Rev. H. A. Stimson, D. D., New York; Rev. E. L. Clarke, D. D., Boston; Rev. John Barstow, Medford; Prof. William N. Clarke, Hamilton, N. Y.; Rev. H. P. Dewey, Concord, N. H.; Rev. A. A. Berle, D. D., Brighton; Rev. Geo. S. F. Savage, D. D., and Rev. Franklin W. Fiske, D. D., professors in Chicago Theological Seminary; Rev. Gilbert R. Brackett, Charleston, S. C.; Rev. S. N. Virgin, D. D., New York city; Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., East Boston; Rev. James A. Towle, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. N. T. Allen, of the West Newton Classical School; Mr. Francis Homer Kingsbury, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. H. E. Hyde, Des Moines, Ia.; Mr. Geo. T. Hall, Boston; Mr. Geo. H. Gould, Worcester; Rev. C. Fremont Roper, West Lebanon, N. H.; Mr. W. M. Goodridge, Evanston, Ill.; Mr. Lyman D. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. C. B. Richardson, Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. B. B. Beardsley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. C. W. Donovan, Sandwich, N. H.; Mr. L. D. Stevens, Concord, N. H.; Mr. J. Howard Nichols, Newton; Mrs. Mary L. Wentworth Porter, Boston; Mrs. Langdon S. Ward, Amherst; W. H. Swanton, Foxboro, and many others.

The First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport sent its congratulations in a series of resolutions, presented by its representative, Mr. J. T. Brown, a courtesy which was appreciated and fittingly acknowledged by the church here. Congratulatory resolutions were presented by the Newton Congregational Club, the Ministers' Union of the City of Newton, and various other ministerial bodies.

At the close of our celebration on Wednesday evening the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" was called for, and we felt the need of some Christian words in which to sing it. Dr. J. E. Rankin of Washington was written to, and he soon furnished us with the following

### **Christian Auld Lang Syne.**

Should bond celestial be forgot?  
Disowned love's sacred tie?  
The kindly wish, the kindly thought,  
The kindly beaming eye?  
Come, call the past in mem'ry up,  
And bless God's care divine;  
Come, let us drink a loving cup  
To days of auld lang syne.

Oft to God's House in company  
We've sought our Sabbath way,  
Transfigured there, that we might see  
Our blessed Lord that day;  
Together there might sing his praise,  
Receive his seal and sign.  
How sweet return those hallowed ways  
In days of auld lang syne.

In thought, how sweet those days return,  
Fragrant with song and prayer;  
How often did our spirits burn  
With God, while walking there!  
We'll raise our voice in song once more,  
In harmony combine;  
Them join by faith who've gone before,  
In days of auld lang syne.

Through all our transient, earthly years,  
What various paths we've trod,  
What doubts, what hindrances and fears,  
But, still one faithful God?  
Shed down upon us Heaven's dew,  
And give us grace divine;  
Still keep us steadfast, Lord, and true  
To days of auld lang syne.







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