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Oliver Ames

A MEMORIAL

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OF

OLIVER AMES.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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BORN IN PLYMOUTH, NOVEMBER 5, 1807.

DIED IN NORTH EASTON, MARCH 9, 1877.

NO. 1000
AUGUST 1877

MEMORIAL.

WHEN, on Saturday, March 3, 1877, it began to be known at North Easton, that OLIVER AMES was seriously ill, a general and painful anxiety was felt throughout the community lest he might not recover. But though prepared to hear the fatal message of his death, when it came it was a genuine shock of grief to all. Men looked each other in the face and mournfully said, "We shall never see his like again." Old men and strong men, who had seen many years of hard toil, and whom no superficial emotion could overcome, repeated the sad intelligence to each other with choking voice and tearful eyes. Groups of citizens conversed with tender respect concerning the noble traits of his character, his intellectual abilities, his extraordinary business capacity, his many acts of kindness, his gift of a church, his preparation of a beautiful cemetery, and



other works which he was known to have in contemplation for the adornment of the village and the benefit of its inhabitants. Little can those who have not conversed with the older employés of the Shovel Works, who had known him for many years, or with some of the poorer and humbler persons whom he and his family have helped in their times of need, know of the deep and strong hold he had upon the affection of those to whom his genial presence was familiar.

These testimonies illustrate the affectionate regard in which this good man was held by his fellow-citizens and by those who knew him best. The most searching test of real worth will be found, not in the more public circles where we meet as men of business and men of the world, but in the familiar circles of home and its surroundings, where our daily life, our spirit and character, are closely scrutinized and thoroughly known. And this sorrow, like that occasioned by the death of his brother four years ago, was felt as a personal bereavement by the people of North Easton, irrespective of class or condition; and with good reason: for, in his inter-

course with them, he was kind, considerate, and courteous. It was remarkable to notice how many persons, conversing together during the sad days following his death, had some one or more incidents to relate of his acts of thoughtful and courteous attention to them personally, — some word of commendation and appreciation.

It was such public-spirited enterprises, and such acts of genuine neighborly kindness and philanthropy, that more and more became the leading object and characteristic of his life. These suggest some of the reasons for the sincere affection he secured, and the universal grief his death has awakened.

In OLIVER AMES's character, the two elements of strength and beauty were harmoniously blended. No one could know him without receiving the impression that he was a strong, substantial, able man. His business ability was of the highest order, his judgment remarkably sound and correct. It was this business faculty and sagacity, together with his unquestioned integrity, that caused him to be sought for so many positions of executive and ad-

ministrative responsibility. To secure his name was a sufficient endorsement for any enterprise. Though Oakes Ames, with characteristic courage and enterprise, took the initiative in the magnificent undertaking of constructing the Union Pacific Railroad, his brother, by the co-operation of his sound judgment and wise executive management, as well as by his financial support, shares in the honor of that splendid achievement.

Although so extensively engaged in large and varied business enterprises, OLIVER AMES did not permit these cares to engross his attention to the exclusion of literary culture, social intercourse, and the enjoyment of a happy home-life. Developing in early life a taste for intellectual pursuits, he kept himself familiar with the great questions that agitate thought and life, enjoyed the society of cultivated persons, and often surprised them by the clearness and comprehensiveness of his carefully formed opinions. He was a clear and admirable speaker, going straight to his conclusions, and quite sure to take his hearers along with him. Before him, persons often became suspicious of the soundness of

their own conclusions, previously held with confidence; and many have good reason to know how quick he was to prick the bubble of inflated though glittering sophistry by some keen and trenchant criticism. To have him for a listener was felt to be a discipline for rational judgment and good sense. He had a keen appreciation of the humorous, and loved a good joke; but there was also about him a dignity before which vulgarity and flippancy were abashed. His prominent position did not seem in the least to change the admirable simplicity of his manners, or the cordial fellow-feeling with which he regarded all, even the humblest friends. Towards all whom he believed to be worthy and honorable, he manifested a refined and genuine courtesy, which was never felt to be mere condescension, and which gained for him the well-deserved title of Christian gentleman. His generous philanthropy is already well, though only partially, known. His liberal aid was sure to be secured for any object that could command his confidence, though he was too wise to bestow money where he was uncertain of the worthiness of the cause that sought it. But these numer-

ous and large benefactions need not be detailed, since he so studiously avoided giving them publicity while he was here.

Though a firm believer in the principles of Liberal Christianity, as held by Unitarians, he knew that these principles were the monopoly of no sect, and he was in no sense a sectarian. He believed in a religion founded on the two great commandments, and whose guiding motive is the Golden Rule. His faith in the overruling Goodness was unwavering; his belief in the Immortal Life became hope and anticipation. His favorite hymn beginning, —

“One sweetly solemn thought,” —

is one which expresses a readiness to lay down the duties and burdens of life, and the sweet and solemn peace of a soul that looks through the gates of death to the beauty and blessing that lie beyond. He was desirous to live; but still he said, “It is all right.” And so, with his memory behind us and his hope before us, even in our grief let us look up into our Father’s face and trustfully repeat the words, “It is all right.”

Hon. OLIVER AMES was the third son of Hon. Oliver and Susannah Ames. He was born at Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 5, 1807. In 1814 he became a resident of Easton, by his father's removal to this place; since which time, Easton has been his home. In his youth, his time was divided between attending school and employment in the Shovel Works. He became an expert workman, and was thorough in every branch of the shovel manufacture. He also showed great aptitude for study; and in 1828, being disabled for active labor by a severe fall, he entered an academy at North Andover, Mass., intending to prepare for college, and ultimately to study law, for which pursuit his talents peculiarly fitted him; but after spending a year and a half at the academy, he entered as a law student the office of William Baylis, Esq., of West Bridgewater. This proved unfavorable to his health, and with the increasing demands of business at home led him to cast in his lot with that of his father and his brother Oakes. In June, 1833, he married Sarah, daughter of Hon. Howard Lothrop of Easton. In 1844 he entered into co-partnership

with his father and brother, forming the house of O. Ames & Sons, and became a most efficient collaborer with them. As early as 1826-27, he became much interested in the Temperance Movement, supporting the cause of total abstinence; of which from that time he was a consistent and earnest advocate, serving it actively and contributing to it largely. He was a member of the old Whig Party, and, at its dissolution, joined the Republican Party, taking a lively interest in its principles and measures. In 1852 he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts by the Lower House, there being no choice by the people; and did excellent service upon several important committees. In 1857 he was elected to the State Senate by popular vote. In some of the political campaigns, he made effective speeches upon the issues of the hour. In 1855 the Messrs. Ames built the Easton Branch Railroad, and after this became interested in those important railroad enterprises in which the two brothers have become so deservedly famous. The achievement of building the Union Pacific Railroad, which was mainly accomplished by their united efforts, is now common

history. In 1866 OLIVER AMES was elected President of that Railroad,—an office he held with signal ability until March, 1871. During this time, the road passed through some of its stormiest days and severest trials. His sound judgment, business capacity, and inflexible honesty were of immense service in carrying this great enterprise safely through difficulty and peril, to final success.

OLIVER AMES has held many positions of trust and responsibility, of which a few may deserve mention. For about twenty years he was a trustee of the Taunton Insane Asylum; he has been president of the National Bank of Easton, of the Ames Plow Company, and the Kinsley Iron and Machine Company; a director in the Union Pacific, Atlantic and Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Denver Pacific, Colorado Central, Old Colony and Newport, and other railroads; also of the Bristol County National Bank, and other corporations. His public spirit has led him to take an interest in many enterprises of education, philanthropy, and reform. He has been identified with agricultural, historical, and other societies. He was always interested in the

Unitarian Churches of Easton and North Easton was constant in his attendance upon religious services, and for several years was a Sunday-school superintendent.

His liberality towards the North Easton Unitarian Society ought not, in this sketch, to be unnoticed. He built and presented to it a costly church, exquisite in proportions and finish, with chapel, organ, and every thing that could be desired. Just beyond this church, he laid out and prepared what is destined to become a beautiful cemetery. A fine parsonage, corresponding in architecture with the church, and now (February, 1878) approaching completion, is his generous gift. Besides all this, he left one large fund to keep church and parsonage in repair, and another to keep the cemetery in order. Such thoughtfulness showed his interest in this society; and his name, already honored and loved by those who knew him, will always be held in grateful remembrance by its members; and their church will be his perpetual memorial. Besides these direct gifts, he gave to this society the power of appointing trustees who should con-

trol the management of two of the three large funds which he left for a town library and for other objects of public benefit.

Mr. AMES's health began to decline a few years since. In 1874 he gave up, so far as he could, his attention to the demands of business, and spent his time in superintending the construction of Unity Church. His health improved, and all his friends ardently hoped he might be spared many years. But on the evening of Friday, March 2, 1877, he was attacked with pneumonia; and after an illness of less than a week, on Friday forenoon, March 9, at eleven o'clock, he breathed his last, and passed on to the reward of the faithful and good.

[NOTE. — The foregoing biographical sketch was first printed in the "Easton Journal" of March 17, 1877.]

SERVICE AT UNITY CHURCH.

MARCH 11, 1877.

ON the Sunday intervening between the death and burial, a large audience gathered in the Unitarian Church. An unusual stillness and solemnity prevailed, all being moved by a common grief. The empty pew, trimmed with flowers, with a beautiful wreath at the head, spoke to all with sad and touching eloquence. The low and solemn tones of the organ broke the stillness, while the sweet anthem, —

“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,” —

drew tears to many eyes. The twenty-third Psalm was then read, and was followed by the hymn beginning, —

“Oh, for a faith that will not shrink!”

After the prelude of this hymn was played, there was a moment of affecting interest; for hitherto

Mr. AMES had always been the first to rise; and involuntarily all waited as usual for him. And in that moment of silent waiting, when the form of their honored benefactor did not appear, there came, with sadder and stronger impression, the feeling that these worshippers would see him no more in his accustomed place. The prayer and sermon were both appropriate to the occasion. The whole service was an expression of the common feeling and spirit, — an uplifting of the hearts of all present in devout thanksgiving for the gift of such a friend, and in fervent prayer that peace might come to the hearts of the afflicted family and friends.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

MONDAY was a sorrowful and gloomy day to the residents of Easton, who united in bestowing upon the mortal remains of their benefactor, friend, and co-laborer the last offices of affection and respect. The weather was in keeping with the occasion. The atmosphere was cold and damp, and a leaden sky hung like a funeral pall over the place. All labor was suspended, the public schools were closed; and the large numbers of people from all parts of the town, as well as an assemblage of notable men representing the varied business interests of the country, testified better than words to the worth and influence of the life they honored.

The funeral was attended by many friends from Boston and elsewhere, who were conveyed to North Easton by a special train, the locomotive of which

was appropriately draped with mourning emblems. Among those present were officers and directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, with many prominent men from Boston, Taunton, Fall River, New Bedford, and other places both in and out of the State.

From ten o'clock until noon, large numbers of his employés and towns-people availed themselves of the sad privilege of looking once more upon his face. At one o'clock private religious services were held at the house, conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. L. Chaffin, after which the remains were borne to Unity Church. The pall-bearers were Willard Lothrop, D. C. Lillie, Joseph Barrows, B. G. Blaisdell, John Carr, O. A. Day, Caleb Carr, and Jason Willis, — all of whom have been in the employ of the Ames family, father and sons, between twenty-five and fifty years.

The funeral procession of relatives and friends passed slowly, on foot, to the church, many of Mr. AMES's employés and fellow towns-people standing by in silent sympathy; and, just as it was entering the sanctuary he loved so deeply, the sun parted the clouds for a moment and poured down its light,

as if in cheering hope for the living and peaceful benediction for the dead.

The church was beautifully adorned with flowers, which, with numerous floral tributes from friends and relatives, formed a beautiful and affecting decoration. Nothing, however, touched the feelings so deeply as the sight of the unoccupied pew of Mr. AMES, which was trimmed with flowers, and over the arm of which hung a wreath of lilies.

The Services.

AS the procession passed up the aisle, a low dirge was played upon the organ. The services began with the following hymn:—

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

Father, to thee I cling :
Strengthen my arm of faith ;
Stay near me while my wayworn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Scripture Selections.

READ BY REV. R. R. SHIPPEN.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily, even man at his best estate is altogether vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: hold not thy peace at my tears; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the

world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. We spend our years as a tale that is told. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption: it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor: it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness: it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord

Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal. And there shall be no night there; and they shall need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Address by the Pastor.

AS we meet here to-day, with the shadows of this great sorrow resting upon us, let us be grateful that we can do so with no misgivings concerning that Fatherly providence which orders all the conditions of our life, and always works for good. No words are needed here to make that goodness apparent to our hearts. Not a day but it speaks to us out of the beauty and grandeur of earth and sky. It has filled our lives with blessing, has given high and noble satisfaction to our minds, and has endowed our hearts with those strong affections that unite us in relations full of happiness and good. Upon our Heavenly Father we can rest with perfect trust in this time of our trouble, as well as in the hour of joy. And because we have this perfect trust in God, we can have unwavering faith in the immortal life. For how can any one believe that God would bring us into life gifted with great possibilities that shall be for ever unfulfilled; fill us with hopes and noble longings he means to disappoint; or unite us

by these strong and tender affections which cling so deathlessly to their objects, and cannot think of their permanent loss, — if he meant to destroy them all at the touch of death? It is, I say, hardly possible for those who believe in God's goodness to think that he would create us with such hopes, capacities, and affections, if he did not mean to prolong our existence so that they might go on to nobler activity and larger fulfilment. Therefore, sad as our hearts may be this day, we do not mourn as those without hope; for we have faith in God's good providence, and in the glory and reward of the Immortal Life.

And what a difference, dear friends, does this faith make in our estimate of what we call death! By a necessity of the case, our attention is largely taken up with the outward and visible aspects of this providence. We see it chiefly upon its physical and earthly side. And therefore death reminds us of days and nights of pain and weakness, of the fading cheek and faltering breath, of the lifeless form, and of the closed eyes that know no waking. It means the disappearance from our sight of a dear,

familiar presence; it means the funeral solemnity and the last sad rites that hide for ever in the earth the form we loved so well. But, in fact, these are only the outward incidents and accompaniments of death. They do not touch or suggest its real meaning. They are only passing and transient facts that ought not to veil from our sight the real significance of the event they attend. For when we look beneath these appearances to the essential matter, and see things exactly as they are and not as they seem, what a different aspect this event presents to us! In truth, the strength of our grief is often proportioned to the weakness of our faith. Let our thoughts, instead of turning downward into the open grave, look upward into the newly opened heavens. There shall we see him whom we call dead risen above all the weakness and pain of this world, with every burden and care left behind him, and with a fuller life and joy than earth has to bestow. There shall we see him renewing the delightful companionships of other days, entering into new activities, and into the glorious realities and satisfactions of the heavenly world.

This, then, is the essential fact in the event of death: not the descent of the body into the grave, but the ascent of the spirit to heaven; not destruction and loss, but new life and nobler gain. Look upon it on this higher side, as God and the angels do, and we see that the death of the good man is not darkness and defeat, but light and victory and enduring joy. He will find it to be the crowning act of God's goodness to him, taking him from all pain and evil, and opening a world of promise and happiness to his sight. Let us learn to think of death in this way, looking up and not down, and peace and strength will, sooner or later, come to the heart. We shall see him whom we mourn as he now is. The light from above will shine down peacefully upon us; and all sense of personal loss, deep as it is, will be made easier to bear, by the thought of his transcendent gain.

I am aware how prone we are, under the impulse of a strong and deep affection, to give an exaggerated estimate of the worth and goodness of those whom death takes from our sight. We all know, too, that the man who shrank from giving his bene-

factions publicity, whose sense of truth and propriety was so keen, would be the first to rebuke any extreme praise, and might almost prefer that we should not attempt to speak of the impression he has made upon us. But it would be a violence to our deepest feelings not to endeavor to express our appreciation of his noble character, and our indebtedness to his generous kindness. Happily there is little danger here of too high an estimate of his goodness; for the life whose earthly part has now drawn to a close, was one to be most highly honored and loved.

He was a man of unquestioned integrity, whose word was as good as any man's bond, whose name always suggested probity and uprightness, whose heart was free and hands clean from all dishonor; a strong and vigorous character that made the impression of a sturdy determination and resolute will, a man whose name was a tower of strength in any enterprise in which his co-operation was secured. He had a high and quick sense of honor, that was prompt to abhor and indignant to rebuke any thing dishonorable and mean; exceptionally free

from ostentation, with simple and yet cultivated tastes; never surrendering himself entirely to the claims of business, but always allowing or taking time for the culture of his mind, and for the demands of home love and domestic enjoyments.

With all this manly strength and vigor there was also a refined and genuine courtesy, which made him deserve the name of a Christian gentleman; a courtesy that was manifested not only to those who were on the same plane of social life and wealth with him, but which treated all with respect and politeness. He had a kindness of disposition that more and more opened his heart in generous service to his neighbors and his fellow-men; so that it is safe to say that no appeal for aid was made to him, for an object in which he could have confidence, without its securing his generous aid and support. And in these later years, with the shadows of death, or rather let me say, the light of immortality, coming more consciously near to him, there was, as we have all noticed, a ripening grace and sweetness of disposition, as though he were already taking on the lineaments of the heavenly life.

To his conspicuous philanthropy was added an unobtrusive, but none the less genuine, piety; not the piety of mere sentiment, but which, growing from his unblemished integrity, was manifest in an unwavering belief and trust in the Eternal Goodness that guides the world in blessing. It was manifested by his strong belief in the immortal life, — a belief that passed into an entire faith which grew stronger and brighter with his declining years; a faith, which, with the loss of health, became hope and glad anticipation. For he was one of the few persons who have embodied as part of their feeling, of their daily experience, the sentiment of the beautiful hymn that has been sung here to-day, — a hymn which expresses not only the blessed hope of immortality, but readiness to lay down the burdens and ills of life, the sweet and solemn peace of a soul that seems already to look through the gates of death to the beauty and the blessing that lie beyond. This piety was manifested not only by his constant attendance upon and interest in our religious services, but peculiarly so by his great love for and enjoyment of many of the hymns in our collection,

which he was never tired of repeating, and often had read to him again in the quiet of his home. His love for these religious hymns, expressing as we all know they do, so much better than our poor prayers, the ardent faith and aspirations of our souls, may be taken as an index of that unostentatious but genuine piety which towards the last grew more and more characteristic of him.

These words, sober and simple as I have tried to make them, may seem to those who saw him only casually, to be an exaggerated estimate; but those who knew him better than most of us here to-day, the dear kindred whose home he made one of the happiest, who saw his tenderness and love as none outside could do, and were aware of the numerous benefactions he concealed from the world, — they know how far any such words as these come from portraying the ideal which fills their minds, and which his life impressed upon them.

We all knew the ever-increasing joy and delight which he took in this beautiful sanctuary, which his bounty, his thought, his watchful care raised up to the glory of God and the good of his neighbors and

friends. How could he be otherwise than happy as he saw gathering here, from week to week, larger congregations than he had ever anticipated, with glad hearts, eager to avail themselves of the blessed privileges his Christian liberality opened to them! For not only did he delight in the beauty of this place, but he knew that he came here to worship surrounded on every side by those whose hearts were full of grateful love for him ; and God knows it is a grateful congregation that gathers here to worship, who prize and will be perpetually blessed by the ministry of this surrounding beauty. We and our children and our children's children would be ungrateful indeed, if we did not rise up and call him blessed, and cherish the memory of his goodness as one of the most precious remembrances of our lives.

Here upon my right hand we see the Memorial Tablet which his love raised to the memory of that good man, his father, whose name he bore, whose interest and aid were the foundation of this religious society, and whose integrity was white and stainless as the marble that commemorates it. And upon my left

is the Memorial Window placed there by filial hands, in loving remembrance of a father who was most trusted and honored where he was best known, and one of whose achievements has laid this whole country of ours under a debt of gratitude it is too slow to appreciate, and who, less than four years ago, rose up out of our sight, above the reach of human detraction, where merit is rewarded and perfect justice done.

But concerning this son and brother, whose dear and honored presence we shall no more have visibly with us, one thought is in all our minds. It is that this whole building of God, which was the pride and joy of his heart, will be his perpetual memorial. He has so identified himself with it, he is so associated with it, that it will always be suggestive of him. And if the dear ones who pass out of our sight, but do not perhaps go far away, are permitted to look down upon us and be with us here, then, next to the home of his love, this will be the place where his presence will be; and, in the blessing we all receive here, he will find a joyous satisfaction.

And now we bear this mortal form away to lie in that place of rest, in the beautiful cemetery he has

himself prepared. Alas that he should be the first!
But, dear friends, he is not here: he is risen.



Remarks of Rev. Mr. Shippen.

IN the death of OLIVER AMES, a good man has passed away, who will be missed in many places, and tenderly mourned by many friends.

Born in Plymouth, Nov. 5, 1807, at the age of seven his home was removed to the village of Easton, where the remainder of his life was spent. Fond of books and debates in his youth, he fitted for college at North Andover, but intimations of breaking health withdrew him from his purpose; and, although for a time he devoted himself to the study of the law, health considerations and the enlarging enterprise of his father attracted him to a business career. In 1844, with his brother and father, he entered into the partnership of O. Ames & Sons, in the industry that has built up the busy village of North Easton. From that time forward, he and his brother Oakes worked hand in hand with

undivided interests and unbroken affection. In death they were not long divided, both passing away by a similar malady, and within a week of the same age of nearly seventy.

Carrying large enterprises, and especially for the last ten years engaged in great transactions, Mr. AMES never permitted himself to become wholly engrossed in business. He never yielded the claims of home and church; but had a rare faculty of bearing heavy burdens without worry or fret, and of laying aside business cares to enter heartily into the enjoyment of social companionship and religious worship. Discriminating in his estimates of men, he never uttered a harsh word of any one. However differing in opinion, and frank and outspoken in expressing dissent, his judgments of all were kindly. With calm and placid temper, he could yet flash with righteous indignation in his rebuke of meanness or wrong. Caring little for profitless entertainment of the imagination, he was a lover of all practical information; and his mind was well stored with reading, as well as by wide experience among men. Interested in education and philanthropy, he

was ever on the side of reform and progress in all the movements for the welfare of society, and both by strict personal example, and by generous annual gifts, bore his earnest testimony for temperance.

His help was ready as his word was kindly for all of every class; and to a manly strength and dignity he added a grace of manner that comes not by superficial polish, but only from inner fountains of sweetness of spirit and brotherly love. His devout sentiment was quick and tender. Fond of the simple music of church and home, he was especially a lover of good hymns, evincing refined taste and delicate perception in choosing the best, generally assigning pre-eminence to the majestic and worshipful hymns of Watts. In his closing years, he took deep satisfaction in erecting this beautiful church-edifice, as a gift to the congregation with whom he was accustomed to worship, and as an expression of his own devout faith. The substance and simplicity of his religious faith are fitly expressed in the two Scriptural scenes that he chose, painted in fresco, for the adornment of its entrance,—the good Samaritan, and Jesus at the well of Samaria, inculcating the worship of God in spirit and in truth.

Love to God and man was his belief and his practice. This church edifice, indeed, is not only a beautiful memorial, but also a fit expression of the man himself, — resting on massive granite foundations, and rising into proportions of symmetry and grace. He was a genuine Puritan in his simplicity and integrity, mellowed into a ripe sweetness by liberal and sunny influences.

A fitter tribute to him than any we can utter, is the inscription prepared by himself for the marble tablet in this church in memory of his father. In preparing it, he unconsciously described himself: "From early manhood a devout believer in the unity of God and in Liberal Christianity. A man of rare virtue; believing that Christian faith is best shown by right living. He was upright in all his ways, true to duty, and of sterling integrity, pure and simple in his habits, liberal without ostentation, a kind father and employer, a good citizen, and faithful friend. Thorough in all his undertakings, his skill, energy, and faithfulness made his name and workmanship widely known and honored."

While the Commonwealth claims such citizens,

the best destiny of the State is secure. Let the Church produce more such practical Christians, and the kingdom of God will speedily come. As such men go from our midst, may the generation who take their places bear their names and write their record as worthily! To many who knew him, earth is less attractive by his loss, while heaven by his presence is more real and more near. To many hearts his memory will be very precious, and his departure will bring fresh consecration to the high purposes of life.

The following hymn was then sung:—

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Prayer by the Pastor.



Chant.

THY will be done. In devious way
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done. If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
 This prayer shall make it more divine,
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done. Though shrouded o'er
 Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
 Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore.
 Thy will be done.

At the close of the services, an opportunity was given the congregation to look on the face of the dead. Old and young, rich and poor, joined in the slow procession of those who gazed for the last time upon the familiar features of their neighbor and friend.

Then the precious burden was taken up, and carried to an eminence in the new cemetery. This was the first public burial there.

The relatives and friends gathered about the grave, while the following service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Shippen.

Scripture Selection.

IN the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor but of thee, O Lord? Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors.

As it hath pleased God to take to himself our dear brother, we commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, and dust to dust: looking forward with lively hope to a sure resurrection of eternal life, and a blessed reunion in that better land, where no tears or parting come.



Prayer.

Hymn.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine ;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow :
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us thou.

Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine ;
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered by Rev. L. H. SHELDON, to the young men of the Evangelical Society in Easton Centre, and afterwards, by invitation, in Unity Church at North Easton, soon after the death of the Hon. OLIVER AMES.

“He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.”

PROVERBS x. 9.

CHARACTER is not an inheritance: it is not an estate to which one is born an heir. The most dotting parent, possessing unbounded wealth of wisdom, knowledge, and goodness, cannot endow the idolized child with those qualities of mind, heart, and soul which unite in each one of us to distinguish us from all others.

Character is formed, inwrought with the development of life, and only established when, by almost superhuman effort, we reach those cloudless summits, where the noblest endowments of humanity are the rich rewards of a soul struggling for all that is noble, beautiful, and good: or, on the other hand,

when it recklessly plunges into the fearful abyss, where every unbridled lust, passion, and desire revel unrestrained, and we mould the life, which should have ripened into an angel's high estate, into all that is evil, destructive, and hateful.

Between these two extremes there is a vast middle ground, where countless numbers are marching toward the one or the other, working out the great problem of life; forming for time and eternity a character by which they will be known both by men below and God above. Oh, my friends, this indescribable development of humanity, beginning in childhood and running out and on into maturity of life, is one of the mightiest forces for good or ill the world knows. You and I are rising upward to this sublime height, or we are dragging ourselves downward to these dismal depths of sin and shame.

Such is character in its best and worst developments; "and it is only he that walketh uprightly, that walketh surely."

In the practical exhibition of these peculiarities of our being, we fail to estimate correctly, or I might more justly say we fail to have any proper concep-

tion of, the untold worth of a good character; of those blended excellences of life which flow together into one harmonious whole, and give us a fulness and perfectness of worth which awakens a universal plaudit of "Well done!"

It is only when we contrast these extreme developments, in all their relations and bearings on this world and the next,—on this generation, and outward and onward through all coming time; on the generations yet unborn; on social life; on the vast business interests of the nation; on the stability and perpetuity of government; on the educational, moral, and religious welfare of our land and the world,—that we can correctly, or approximately, estimate the real worth and grandeur of a life embracing in the main, and to a wide extent, those characteristics which richly entitle it to be called *good*. But place in your mind's eye two children of similar intellectual and social endowments: one fastens his affections upon whatever is noble, beautiful, and good; the other sees no desirable good in any thing that does not minister to his selfishness, his passions, his pride, his ambition, or some other low and

unworthy motive. Follow them on in their opposite courses of life, until they reach those extremes of goodness and degradation, and mark their almost infinite separation as their career widens and culminates.

It is only in this way that we can really estimate and appreciate the true value, to any community, of a worthy life. And by this I do not mean a life that no one ever finds fault with, that is absolutely perfect, that has no blemishes; but one whose grand aim is to make the most of its powers for the substantial and lasting good of humanity, wherever it acts. And this includes the honor of God; for what really secures the highest good of man does most to honor God. Such a life, like the sun, secures a springtide of new growth and beauty, of fragrance and fruit.

And when, in the providence of God, such a life ends, humanly speaking it is an irreparable loss to the people who have enjoyed its continuance. True, the "memory of such a life is blessed;" but its restraining and elevating power as a living example to the young is lost.

In a marked degree has the life of an honored citizen, just now closed, — by its integrity, its generosity, its wisdom, its enterprise, its hearty and enlightened sympathy with the unfortunate of every class, and with the friends of education and religion, and by its love of truth and virtue and every manly and noble trait, — presented to us, to the whole community, and to strangers from abroad, its great worth while enjoyed, and its great loss when taken.

Hon. OLIVER AMES, whose mortal remains were recently borne to their last resting-place, has spent all but the first seven years of his life among this people. For more than sixty years has he mingled with the citizens of this town: for more than half this period has he been practically recognized as a man of rare integrity and ability, in places of great responsibility and in enterprises of great magnitude and national renown. But the great beauty of his character shone no less in private than in public.

That the young may derive profit from a career so free from fatal blemishes and so eminently worthy of imitation in its grand characteristics, I

will group these ennobling and praiseworthy developments as they were exhibited in the different spheres of life in which he moved, and where their influence was most felt, and their high worth most appreciated.

I. View him in the bosom of his own home, as a husband and a father, and I might most justly add as a son; for the home of his youth was the model, in many respects, of the home of his riper years. I can well remember the parents of the youth just ripening into manhood, and the reputation they bore, in all parental and filial relations in that old homestead. There were hallowed associations and heavenly influences, that linked this manhood to that boyhood, of which I have heard no public mention made. And yet, those who knew, as I knew, that sainted mother in her own home, in her private and public Christian activities, in her steadfast zeal and prayerful interest in promoting the virtue, intelligence, and happiness of all whom her kind sympathy and influence could reach; whose deep solicitude and earnest effort for the young I often

witnessed in my own father's house, — could not but see that many of the graces of the mother had fallen upon the son, and her affectionate precepts and winning ways had somehow interwoven themselves into his very heart and life; so that one familiar with the life and character of the Christian mother could not enter the home of the son and enjoy the hospitalities and social delights there found, could not look upon the face and listen to the conversation and see the devotion of the husband and father, without thanking God that he had such an intelligent, cultivated, affectionate, yet firm and judicious, guide in his tender and plastic childhood. Those beautiful and ennobling traits of the mother developed into the adorning excellences which so distinguished the husband, father, and friend in the quiet of his own home, and in the refinement and social joys of his own household. And this appeared no less in the days of his early manhood than in maturer life, when affluence had added external attractions before unknown. No doubt, the stern integrity and correct business habits, the industry and discipline of the father, mingled wisely with the maternal influences

above referred to, and did much to fit him for his numerous responsible public activities.

It is indeed delightful to see a life thus advanced, unsoured by the conflicts and detractions, the evil surmisings and jealousies of the world, maintaining, with unaffected simplicity and cordiality, its hold upon all. Every worthy visitor could not but feel at home in his presence. While the sanctity of the domestic circle is not to be invaded, and the details of private life not to be revealed, still, when the light of such a home goes out, we know what it was that filled it with radiance and joy; what it was that made it so attractive; what it was that made relatives and friends so happy in its harmony, its refinement, its virtue, its generosity, its sympathy, and its protection. And we pray God that the same heavenly and Christian nurture, discipline, and training that blessed his young days, and did so much to adorn his later life, and make him what he was as a husband, father, and friend in his own home, may bless all our homes, and make them the abodes of purity and joy; make them the centres of generous sympathy and active benevolence, where the smiles

of God shall rest, and the Saviour of man take up his abode.

II. Mr. AMES was no less distinguished in his general intercourse with the world.

I refer now particularly to his social life outside his immediate family and relatives. It is one thing to carry one's self affectionately, gently, worthily, and nobly, surrounded by all the endearing amenities that cluster around the holiest relations of life in the home of one's choice and creation; and quite another and different thing to encounter a Babel world of strife and selfishness, envy and jealousy, sectional animosity and local prejudice. To encounter these, and a thousand other perplexing, discouraging, mean, and dishonest practices in the intercourse of life, without becoming cynical, reserved, and austere, if not morose, shows a wonderful self-control, and the possession of those noble and sterling virtues that make a man not only an honored and respected citizen, but a wise counsellor, a chosen companion, and cherished friend.

I do not say that our departed friend never chafed

in this maelstrom of selfishness and crime; that he was never impatient or vexed in his contact with mankind: for that would have made him more than mortal. But for one having so much to do with his fellow-men, in almost all the relations of life, with all classes and conditions, to bear himself so firmly yet gently, so modestly, intelligently, yet with such dignity, without egotism, vanity, or arrogance, certainly presents characteristics which our young men may most wisely and worthily imitate.

His associations with men occupying the higher positions in life, — men of culture and wealth, possessing political power and honor, — never shut out of his notice, his sympathy, or his beneficence, the needy suppliant, however humble his condition.

Dignified and affable, free from any pride of position, show of superiority, or assumption of power, he mingled with men, in the usual social intercourse of life, as simply their equal, and thus removed all feeling of restraint, and taught every one that honesty and virtue, a just respect for the rights of others, and a true interest in those in trouble, were the noblest attributes of manhood. It was only

when men laid aside their self-respect, and fellow-shipped that which was dishonest, mean, and low, that they encountered his indignant rebuke or neglect, and were made to feel their inferiority.

It was indeed a touching tribute to the beauty and strength of his character, when the sons of toil from the streets and shops, who had looked up to him and listened to his voice, and had become familiar with his daily life, gathered in sorrow and solemnity to take a farewell look of those features which, though quiet in death, still wore the winning smile of life. His temperance, his virtue, his integrity, his beneficence, his intelligent and refined courtesy, all woven into the warp and woof of life, gave a charm to his unassuming intercourse, that made his burial-day a sad one to those whom he had employed, counselled, or aided in the struggles of life.

I hardly know which were the more touching and expressive, — the tears which silently fell upon his cold form from eyes unused to weep, or the matchless floral offerings contributed in such profusion, and in such forms of beauty, by his employés and associates from distant States. Each spoke of hearts that had

been bereft of an honored and loved friend; each was significant of the strong hold he had on the highest and humblest in social position.

Ah, my young friends, there is something sublime in the power of a good name and a worthy life, when you see how it thus touches the extremes of society, and draws forth in response the noblest and best manifestation of sympathy and affection. There are "steps to this throne;" and he who would gain its coveted heights must ascend them one by one. He cannot leap from the corrupting and debasing influences of a sensual and criminal life; from a life of intemperance, dishonesty, and vice, a reckless disregard of the interests of his fellow-man and the honor of his God: he cannot rise at one bound from such a character to that lofty summit of unquestioned integrity and acknowledged superiority. It is a pilgrimage from youth to manhood, from manhood to ripe old age. It starts out from obedience to parental authority and discipline, from a rigorous regard of worthy parental example, from a confidence in and respect for God's appointed educators of the young heart. The first

step in this ascending flight is quite near the threshold of an honored home, a sanctuary where the holiest affections cluster around all that is pure, noble, and true. In such homes, by the blessing of Heaven, the foundation of such a character is laid. In the legitimate influence and grateful remembrance of them is it advanced, and in a growing sense of our responsibility to man and God is it consummated.

III. Notice Mr. AMES's probity of character in his extensive business transactions.

In this age of defalcation, embezzlement, and theft among our trusted public and business men, who have squandered, on their vices, extravagances, or folly, millions upon millions of the invested savings of the industrious poor, it is an almost infinite relief to look upon a life, passed amid the most extended and complicated industries and business transactions, and behold it making up its record, and marching to its consummation without a taint of dishonor. It is a sad fact, and one exceedingly dangerous to the integrity of a young man entering

upon a business life, that the public confidence has been so fearfully weakened in respect to the trustworthiness of business men, occupying places of great responsibility, and intrusted with large amounts of property belonging to others. The immorality and great criminality of these fraudulent acts seem to be lost sight of in their frequency and magnitude. How grand, then, is that character which fights down every temptation, spurns every bribe, scorns the enticements and false promises of dishonest gain, tramples under foot every mean suggestion, and thus passes triumphantly through a long and prosperous life, without robbing the poor of their scanty earnings, or sacrificing integrity to a lust of wealth! It is true, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Yet, when great riches can be obtained by honorable industry, by the creation of great national benefits, and the promotion of healthy enterprise and general thrift, without the least tarnish of a good name, we may justly rejoice in that prosperity which so happily secures each; and when silver and

gold flow into a man's hand in large measure, as the legitimate fruit of wise and careful consideration of the need of man, and the safe investment of what has already been obtained by honest industry, we know that no "loving favor" is lost, though the silver and the gold be greatly increased.

I am only presenting to you, young men, a character formed amid the excitements of worldly gain, and the lying code, thrust into our very faces, that no man can be rich and be honest in all his dealings; a character for fair and high-minded integrity in all business transactions; a character without a hint or suspicion of any of those fraudulent, mean, and deceitful tricks by which confidence is betrayed and advantage is taken of a man's ignorance or pressing need; a character which has a basis of moral principle, and glories more in doing right than in coining gold.

If, in starting out into life, you will rightly estimate the value of this all-controlling element in a noble and successful business life, if you will keep your eye on the bright example which is now before you, one thing is certain: whether you die in a

mansion, surrounded by all the refinements and luxuries and domestic enjoyments that wealth can purchase, or in the more modest home secured by your honest toil and made blessed by your refined, active, and worthy life, you will have the sweet consolation of knowing that "he that walketh uprightly walketh surely." Such is the testimony of your own conscience, and of the outside world, whatever be their practices; and such also is the testimony of the infinitely pure and rigidly just Sovereign of the universe.

And we bless God to-day that, for the great good of our young men, one, right here, has demonstrated before our eyes, in this most marked and signal manner, one of the profoundest truths of the sacred Word: "By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches and honor and life."

My young friends, we have taken you, for a few moments, to a life and character that have been developed and ripened in your very midst. We have asked you to contemplate them as exhibited in the important and practical relations of domestic, social,

and business intercourse. Not that they were perfect in every respect; for no one would shrink from such a claim quicker than he who ever bore himself with such humility and modesty: but because, as a whole, his virtues and success in life give a prominence to his example, and make it a wise counsellor and faithful instructor of the young.

It only remains for me to notice, in a word, the two crowning traits of his character which so ennobled and beautified his closing life. I refer to his general benevolence, his regard for the worship of God, and his profound respect for the religious convictions of man.

To my own knowledge, his benefactions for the relief of personal need, and for the promotion of the permanent good of society, have been timely, constant, and large. They have not been conspicuous, because his delicacy and sense of propriety would not permit them to be trumpeted abroad. But again and again have some of our most laborious and successful philanthropists acknowledged to me their indebtedness to his liberality for their ability to carry on their good work. I very much doubt

whether he was accustomed to mention these benefactions, even to his own family.

Thus, his sincere and hearty interest in the welfare of individuals, and in the promotion of general virtue and morality, are made the more worthy of approbation by this remarkable abstinence of all parade and pride in the act of giving. Many hearts to-day are made joyous by his unostentatious benevolence, and yet do not, and probably never will, know the hand that ministered to their need.

The munificent gifts to his own township and neighborhood, for its practical, educational, and religious benefit, will ever stand as a monument of his devotion to their great and permanent interests; of his regard for the true and lasting weal of the community where he lived and died.

Infidelity found in him no friend to its cheerless and chilling faith. Positive in his own religious views and character, he ever manifested a noble freedom from prejudice, and rejoiced in that sweet charity which received to its warmest friendship the sincere worshipper of God. Reverent, and cherishing an intelligent and worthy love of sacred song,

the sanctuary was his delight; and he crowned his noble life with this beautiful and imperishable temple, where God may speak to man through his inspired word, and harmonious voices tuned to praise may bear the reverent spirit upward, toward a better and purer life.

Thus his estimation of the value of divine worship, his reverence for sacred things and regard for the law of the Lord, will be impressed upon the youthful heart so long as the rock he wrought into this attractive sanctuary of the Most High shall endure. He needs no emblazoned tablet to set forth his virtues or sound his praise. Though dead, he lives in the works of national renown to which he gave his intellectual energy and his personal supervision; in the hearts of the people among whom he displayed his rare wisdom, his calm judgment, his business thrift, and his unquestioned integrity and generosity. Ah, yes! he still lives and will live in the intelligence and virtue of the children whose minds and hearts shall be blessed by his munificent remembrance, as they enter the room for

mental training, as they open the Word of God in his courts, and sing the songs of Zion in the house of religious worship; or as, with solemn tread, they follow the remains of departed loved ones to their last resting-place, amid the quiet and the beauty that his own hand hath prepared. And once more: he will never die in that cherished home which his love, intelligence, and virtue ever adorned, sanctified, and sweetened, while the hallowed memories of the past, and the varied achievements of the present, remain as the reminders of the untold worth of such a character in its influence upon the dawning life of the young, to whose hands are committed the great and good works still to be sustained and perfected.

Young men, I pray God that the thoughts to which your attention has been invited may seem to you worthy of the most careful consideration. Ah! it is, it is a noble, a blessed thing to live and toil in this world, if, at the end, we may leave an unsullied character; if the dear ones, who gather with tearful eyes and aching hearts to take a farewell look of our earthly remains, can say in truth of us, "Indeed,

indeed! the good man has gone; the kind, the humble, the virtuous, the upright, the friend and brother of mankind." Such a triumphant departure is worth a most active and earnest effort to secure. Let no one of us fail of it!

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

LETTERS.

THE following are extracts from letters, expressing the sympathy of friends:—

“MARCH 9, 1877.

“A few moments ago, I sent a messenger to the Equitable Building to inquire about your father; and the sad answer is returned that all is over. You have my deepest sympathies in this bereavement. Your father’s character was one which, in common with others, I greatly admired; and I have also reason to remember his kind offices to myself. I had felt for some time that his days were not to be many, and was the more anxious to make the visit . . . when I hoped specially to see him at home. His is a beautiful memory, but the loss is very great.”

“MARCH 10, 1877.

“I was greatly shocked to learn, on my return home, of the death of your father, — the best man I ever knew, and my ideal of all that was admirable and beautiful. I cannot

deny myself the liberty of saying, I loved him most heartily, and not because everybody loved him, but because I could not help it. There is not a manly virtue in all the list that he did not exhibit. He was always good to me. I think I can appreciate something of your sense of loss. I would do any thing for you; but alas! nobody can do any thing."

" MARCH 10, 1877.

"I have just read the death of your good father in the paper. I have been quite depressed by his illness. Yesterday the papers said he was better, and I believed it. I could not think so good a man in his great usefulness could be cut off. But 'He who doeth all things well' has ordered it otherwise; and we must yield, and be grateful for the promise that we shall not be burdened beyond what we can bear. Your father's noble example will ever be a delight to you, and for his long life you must be thankful."

" MARCH 11, 1877.

"I trust that you will not think it intrusion, if I add my sympathy to the grief that must burden your heart so heavily to-day. Last evening I read in the paper the notice of your father's death, of which I had a sad presentiment, when I saw some days ago that he was seriously sick; and

to-day I feel a sense of personal bereavement, such as I have not felt since the death of my own father. In our Sunday-school this morning, the lesson was of the memory of the dead, and of the examples of the wise and good; and I used the instance of your father as an illustration of the lesson, and spoke to the children of his noble and upright life, and the great work that he had done for the country, and for temperance, virtue, and religion, and especially of his beautiful gift of a church to his friends and neighbors in the village where he had his home; how he cared so well for common duties not less than large enterprises; how kind and generous and patient he was, and what a blessed record he had left of his life. No one out of your own family can feel more truly than I do the severity of the loss in the death of so faithful and trustworthy a friend, a feeling in which hundreds more will share. I had learned to look upon him as one of the rare men, admirable in all the relations of life, conscientious, true, considerate, firm, whose yea and nay could never be mistaken, whose judgment was rarely at fault, and whose deliberate action was always ruled by his trained moral sense; who was religious without any spirit of fanaticism, and wise without any pretension; whom prosperity could not spoil, and who could meet adversity, if it should come, without complaining, as he could bear pain serenely; who aimed to be just to all, and could be generous while he was just; whose greeting was a promise of welcome which could not

be mistaken, and whose pressure of the hand carried the heart with it; whose life was an example of the true Christian life and temper, and whose face was a constant benediction. My heart is sad in the thought that his gracious presence will not wait any more at the threshold, when I come as a guest to your hospitable home. But his spirit will stay there; and it will stay in the village which he loved so well, and has done so much to glorify. He has built his own monument, not only in the beautiful church which points its spire to the sky, and in the new graveyard where his body will rest, but in the grateful memory of friends and neighbors, to whom his word was for so many years almost a rule of action, and whose ready deference to his opinion was a free and spontaneous tribute. And it may be a comfort to you in your affliction, to know that he whom you loved so fondly was one of whom all spoke well, and whose fame will not suffer by the event of his death. And though I shall not be able to wait with you at the service of his burial, I shall be with you in spirit to say 'Amen' to every good word that is spoken for one whom I so much loved and honored. May the best blessing of God rest upon you all, and strength be given to you to bear your heavy trial."

“MARCH 13, 1877.

“I wish to express to you my deep sympathy for your great and irreparable loss by the death of your most estimable father. In the midst of his great usefulness, he has been called by the great Author and Ruler of the world to leave us, and return to that home where there is no more death and sorrow. Blessed are the dead that die to their Lord and Master. It is of very rare occurrence that so many good qualities centre in any one man as that of your departed father: his goodness of heart was always flowing out with acts of kindness to all. There was not a man, in the whole range of my acquaintance, that I held in higher esteem than your dear father. In him I always felt that I had a friend with whom I could freely advise, and I never asked a favor of him which was not freely and cheerfully granted. His acts of kindness are indelibly impressed on my memory, never to be erased as long as I am permitted to remain in this world.”



“MARCH 13, 1877.

“I desire to express to you my high appreciation of the great excellences which shone out in the life and character of your honored father. I have known him more or less for many years. We have generally sympathized in the same public and benevolent objects; and I have always regarded him about as near a perfect pattern of a man, in

all his relations with his fellow-men, as I have known. Just, sincere, modest, kind, and charitable, uniting in himself those high business qualities which have been of so much importance to the great public enterprises of the country, I have regarded his influence on the great number of operatives, in the employment of the manufactories with which he has been connected, as most salutary and beneficent, and his occasional public testimonies to the importance of sobriety and good morals have been of great value to the community. His influence has been great in this vicinity, and as good and useful as it was great; and his memory will long be remembered and honored."

" MARCH 18, 1877.

"The death of your father brings to my mind acts of kindness and attention that I have received from him, which were of such a nature that but few would have performed. Last fall, I had quite a number of interviews with him, and there were two things I noticed, and shall not easily forget; and these are briefly stated: his kindness of heart, and patience in listening to me and my propositions, although there must have been at all times plenty of weighty matters to occupy his mind. I never met with any one who so thoroughly and promptly did as he agreed: he did not say he would do a thing, and then give it no more attention, but performed to the very letter. This is rare in mankind, and should be acknowledged."

NOT LOST.

THE look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that angels only heard ;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes :
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth ;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet :
These are not lost.

The kindly plans, devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood ;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin :
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light ;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

ANON.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

RESOLUTIONS.

BOSTON, March 17, 1877.

MADAM, — We herewith forward to you a copy of Resolutions unanimously passed this day by the Directors of the Old Colony Railroad Company, relative to the lamented death of your honored husband.

Permit us personally to express our sympathy with you and your family in your great affliction.

We are, with sentiments of sincere respect,

Your obedient servants,

ONSLow STEARNS.
URIEL CROCKER.

OLD COLONY RAILROAD COMPANY,
IN DIRECTORS' MEETING, March 16, 1877.

The following preamble and Resolutions were unanimously passed: —

Whereas, Since the last meeting of this Board, the Hon. OLIVER AMES, for many years a Director of this Corporation, has deceased, and we are desirous of entering upon our records our appreciation of the loss which this Corporation and the community have suffered in the death of our associate in the fulness of his usefulness, —

Resolved, That, in the death of Mr. AMES, we recognize the loss of a wise counsellor and true friend; generous without ostentation, courageous, patient, and unassuming, decided in his opinions and true to his convictions of duty; honored for his spotless integrity, and endeared to us by his simple dignity of character and kindliness of heart and manner which make our long association with him in official duties a precious memory. His example and his life added new honor to a name already honored throughout the land for virtue and successful enterprise. We have lost a most valued associate, and the community a citizen leading in all good works.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of Mr. AMES our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be entered upon our records, and that the Clerk be directed to send a copy of them to the family of Mr. AMES.

JACOB H. LOUD.
FRANCIS B. HAYES.
BENJAMIN FINCH.
SAMUEL L. CROCKER.
ROYAL W. TURNER.
JOHN S. BRAYTON.
CHARLES F. CHOATE.
THOMAS J. BORDEN.
PRINCE S. CROWELL.
E. N. WINSLOW.

A true copy from the records.

Attest: GEORGE MARSTON, *Clerk*.

At a meeting of the First National Bank, Massachusetts, held April 3, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, An all-wise Providence in his own good time has been pleased to remove by death our friend and brother OLIVER AMES, one of the founders and ardent supporters of this Bank,—

Resolved, That the remaining members of this Board wish to express their deep sorrow at the death of Mr. AMES. Connected with this institution as he had been from its commencement, we have ever found in him a wise counsellor, true friend, of great industry, and of unswerving integrity, always prompt to do his full duty. Let us honor his memory by being true to all trusts committed to our care, that, when the final summons comes to us to go hence, we may be able to say as he said, "IT IS ALL RIGHT."

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the family of Mr. AMES, as a slight token of our deep sympathy with them in their deep affliction.

P. A. GIFFORD, *Cashier*.

NORTH EASTON, April 3, 1877.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, held in the city of New York,

March 15, 1877, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That, whereas death has deprived us of the presence and counsel of Mr. OLIVER AMES, one of our oldest and most esteemed Directors, it is fit and proper that his associates in the direction of the Union Pacific Railroad Company should express the official and personal regard which they had for the deceased, and their unafflicted grief at his sudden death in the full tide of his usefulness.

Mr. AMES came into this Board at a period when high character, financial ability, and extended reputation were indispensable to the Company's success. His experience in great enterprises was then a matter within the public knowledge. From 1866 to 1877 he remained a Director, and was President from 1866 to 1871. Throughout this long service, his name has been like a tower of refuge and strength. His faith in the capacity and future of our road, early formed, was unflinching. In periods of financial peril, his means and credit were most generously placed at the disposal of our treasury. His daily presence and timely word of counsel have contributed very largely to the good reputation which the Company has attained. With his official intercourse with members of this Board have been united acts of personal friendship which will cause us to hold him ever in affectionate remembrance.

Therefore, *Resolved*, That in the death of Hon. OLIVER AMES, senior Vice-President of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, the cause of temperance, especially, has lost a life-long friend of great ability and influence; whose outspoken advocacy of the cause, and consistent example, whether in high or humble life, has made humanity his debtor, and secured to his memory the title of a public benefactor.

Resolved, That we recommend to all, as worthy of imitation, his personal example of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as the only path of safety.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Society be directed to inscribe these Resolutions upon the records of the Society, and transmit a copy to the family of our deceased colaborer.

W. B. SPOONER.
S. W. BUSH.
WILLIAM CLAFLIN.
EDWARD S. TOBEY.

Unanimously adopted at the monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, held the seventh day of May, A.D. 1877.

C. L. HEYWOOD, *Treasurer*.
BENJAMIN R. JEWELL, *Secretary*.

Resolutions of the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in New London, Conn., held April 16, 1877.

Whereas, The Main Street Church at North Easton has been made the recipient of the generous liberality of Hon. OLIVER AMES in the noble gift of a church edifice, which has been transferred to trustees for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place, —

Resolved, That the Conference gratefully recognizes and acknowledges the kindly regard for our Church which has always been manifested by the Ames family in North Easton, Mass.

Resolved, That, in the recent decease of the Hon. OLIVER AMES, our Church has lost one of its kindest benefactors; and, in common with the community which has been so deeply afflicted, we mourn his death, and extend our Christian sympathy to his bereaved family.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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[From the "Brockton Weekly Gazette," March 15, 1877.]

ON Friday forenoon last, word passed through this village that OLIVER AMES was dead. All labor at once ceased, a Sabbath stillness reigned, and it was a day of general grief. All felt that we had met with a very great, an irreparable, loss; for he was a man whom we all loved. We loved him, because he was a friend of the poor and the humble and the lowly; we loved him because he put on no airs of superiority, because he was open-hearted and tender-hearted; a generous, sympathetic, noble man. He was a public benefactor. The beautiful church, built so substantially and so gracefully, will remain a monument of his generosity and public spirit for centuries to come. Early last year he concluded to prepare a large tract of woodland, west of and adjoining the church, for a cemetery, and an immense amount of solid work was done in removing rocks, in grading, in building roads and walks, and enclosing the whole by a high and massive stone wall. Winter, however, set in before the work was entirely completed. Later in the fall, the remains of his father, mother,

and brothers, and also other members of the Ames family were removed to this new cemetery ; and now he reposes by the side of his father and his brother, in the heart of this village, through whose energy and enterprise it was built up, and made so lovely and attractive to us all. Mr. AMES had always the good of this people and village at heart.

The writer does not intend to write an eulogy of the good man now gone. He knows that he is not capable of the task, and will leave it for abler pens ; but having been in the employ of Mr. AMES from boyhood, and knowing and loving him so well, wishes simply to add his humble testimony to the exalted worth of the departed.

The funeral of Mr. AMES took place Monday afternoon. An extra train was run from Boston, which brought two or three hundred people, mostly prominent railroad and business men, and many others from among the leading men in the Commonwealth. The remains were placed in the east room at ten o'clock, when an opportunity was given to those who wished to view them. The people of the village availed themselves of it to take a farewell look of their long and cherished friend. The countenance of the deceased was remarkably pleasant, as though he had but fallen into a gentle sleep.

After a prayer at the house at one o'clock, the body was borne to the church on a bier, the bearers, eight in number, being selected from men who had long been in

Mr. AMES's employ. The floral display at the church was rich, beautiful, and profuse. The house was filled principally by people who came from out of town, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. Remarks were made by the pastor, Rev. William L. Chaffin, and they were a remarkably tender and fitting tribute to the memory of the good man. Rev. Mr. Shippen, who preached the sermon at the funeral of the Hon. Oakes Ames, and who was a personal friend of the family, also spoke with much feeling of the character and virtues of the deceased. After the services at the church, the body was borne to its last resting-place on the summit of the hill in the new cemetery, where, after singing by the choir and a brief and appropriate prayer by Mr. Shippen, it was lowered into the grave.



[From the "Boston Daily Traveller," March 9, 1877.]

IN the death of Hon. OLIVER AMES, which sad event occurred at the family residence at North Easton this forenoon, Massachusetts loses one of her ablest and most enterprising business men, one whose measures were ever dictated by a far-sighted sagacity and energetic execution.

Mr. AMES — who was the last of the five sons associated with his father, the late Oliver Ames, in the celebrated firm of Oliver Ames & Sons — was born at Plymouth, Mass., and was sixty-nine years of age at the time of his decease. At an early age, after receiving a careful prelimi-

nary education, Mr. AMES became associated in his father's business, for which he had shown remarkable aptitude, and in the success of which his general ability was an important element.

Never relinquishing his interest in the great iron works at North Easton, he took a large share in advancing the firm to the position it attained as one of the leading iron houses of the world, known and respected in every centre of business activity. His far-sighted sagacity enabled him quickly to comprehend the importance of the extension of the railroad system to the growing resources and capabilities of the country; and he became interested in many of our local lines, being for years connected with the directory of the Old Colony & Newport Railroad, of which he was an active promoter. The same qualities which led him to appreciate the importance of the construction and extension of local lines caused him to be among the first to realize the importance of connecting the Atlantic seaboard with the rich Pacific slope. He early became engaged in the movement which eventuated in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad.

While the enterprise was yet in its inception, he was prominent in bringing its claims to the attention of capitalists and the public in general; and his experience, and general business capacity for large and far-reaching operations of this nature, proved of immense value to the success of the road.

On the departure of Gen. John A. Dix for Europe in 1866, Mr. AMES was chosen president, *pro tem.*, and acted in that capacity until March 12, 1868, when he was formally chosen president of the company.

This position he held until March 8, 1871, when, to the sincere regret of his business associates, and the stockholders generally, he declined re-election, and was succeeded by Thomas A. Scott, of Philadelphia. His position as director of the road Mr. AMES retained at the time of his decease. In shaping and formulating the policy of the road, Mr. AMES'S service was of great importance, as his associate directors cheerfully testify, and as all cognizant with the history of the enterprise will heartily agree.

But the loss of Mr. AMES will not be felt alone by the business portion of the community; it will be realized as well by all who ever met him simply in his personal capacity. A man of large, benevolent nature and kindly impulses, he endeared himself to both associates and subordinates, and his death will be mourned quite as heartily by those who knew him as an employer, as by those who were his colleagues.



[From the "Shoe and Leather Reporter," March 15, 1877.]

OLIVER AMES. — An eminently useful, honorable, and successful career was closed by the death of the above-

named gentleman, on the 9th of March, at his home in North Easton, Mass., at the age of sixty-nine. He was the last of the five sons of Oliver Ames, whose Shovel Works acquired so much celebrity during his lifetime, and have been noted under the management of his successors for the production of the best quality of that indispensable article of general utility.

Mr. AMES was most widely known through his identification with great enterprises, foremost among which was the Union Pacific Railroad, of which he was from the start a leading director and proprietor, and for some time president. He was at the time of his decease the owner of fully one-tenth of its capital stock. His name was always a source of strength to the corporation, because of his acknowledged probity and excellent judgment in business affairs.

But it was not his wealth nor his practical sagacity that constituted his highest claim to posthumous honor. It was the simplicity of his nature, the kindness of his heart, the purity of his life, that endeared him to the multitude of friends who are sincere mourners for his loss. One who knew him intimately remarked on the day of his funeral that the three most conspicuous traits of his character were "honesty, modesty, generosity." He was constantly doing good deeds in an extremely quiet and unostentatious way. One of the most beautiful memorials of his liberality is the church in North Easton, a perfect gem of architec-

ture, and as exquisite an edifice as can be found in New England. He devoted nearly all his time to the details of its construction, notwithstanding the various other concerns that demanded his watchful care. It is an enduring monument alike of his good taste and his wise munificence. Happily he lived to see it completed, dedicated, and consecrated to the religious services, which are so important a feature of the New England Sabbath.

In the family circle, Mr. AMES was an exemplar of the highest domestic virtues. As a neighbor, he was the object of universal esteem and regard. He had no enemy in the village in which so much of his life had been spent, and in which he had long held the leading position. As an employer, he was always thoughtful and considerate. As a citizen, he was faithful to every duty and true to every obligation.

The last rites of respect for his memory harmonized admirably with the modest tenor of his serene life. The pall-bearers at his funeral were all of them workmen who had served him for a generation in the old factory. The solemnity of the scene was not disturbed by any intermingling of pageantry with the genuine sorrow caused by so great a bereavement. Floral tributes there were in profusion. Such offerings, tendered to mark the sense of those who gave them of the sacredness of the dust whereon they were reverently laid, could not be refused. But silent tears, more eloquent than wreaths or crowns, fell upon that bier,

expressive of heartfelt regret for a departed benefactor and an estimable man.



[From the "Omaha Republican," March 14, 1877.]

AT a meeting of the citizens of Omaha, called to take appropriate action on the death of the late Hon. OLIVER AMES, the Mayor of the city was unanimously called upon to preside. Upon taking the chair, he spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN, — For the unexpected honor of being selected by you to preside over your deliberations at this meeting, I tender you my most sincere thanks; and the more especially am I grateful for the position you have assigned to me from the fact that OLIVER AMES, the enterprising and good man whose memory we have met to cherish, and whose life we are here to commend, was for many years personally known to me. When such a man as he is called hence, to be no more upon earth, mourning is not limited to his family circle, to his relatives, nor to his neighbors and friends. The people of the State, whose enterprises he honored, the men of the nation whose welfare he promoted, are alike mourners over his departure. How natural, then, that we of the West, who have shared so liberally of his public spirit; that we of Omaha and Nebraska; that the people all along the vast region now traversed by the Union Pacific Railroad, towards the successful and

speedy construction of which he contributed so much of time, of money, of financial skill, — should gather themselves together as if by intuition, to pay that sad yet cheerful tribute to that excellent worth which shone forth so pre-eminently and so constantly in the daily life of our departed friend. Rare indeed is it that goodness, greatness, and simplicity are so harmoniously blended in the character of one man as they were in that of OLIVER AMES.

After these remarks by the Mayor, a committee of five was appointed to draft appropriate Resolutions. The following were reported, and unanimously adopted :—

Whereas, The citizens of Omaha have lately been informed of the sudden death of Hon. OLIVER AMES, of North Easton, Mass., on the 9th inst., and, —

Whereas, By frequent intercourse with him during the last ten years as president and director, and one of the most influential promoters and owners, of the Union Pacific Railroad, we have learned to appreciate and esteem his great capacity, his public spirit, his unspotted integrity, and his fidelity to all his engagements ; and are desirous of giving public expression to our admiration of his character and our regret at his loss ; therefore, —

Resolved, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. AMES ; that in his demise the country has lost one of its most public-spirited and patriotic citizens, and this city and State a friend deeply interested in their prosperity, and ever ready to embark his wealth in every enterprise calculated to develop our resources and promote our prosperity.

Resolved, That, believing as he did that the true interest of Omaha, Nebraska, and the entire trans-Missouri country was and must be coincident with the growth and development of the business and prosperity of that great national enterprise, the Union Pacific Railroad, to which he had largely devoted the last twelve years of his life, and his great wealth; and that complete harmony and mutual support was the highest and best policy of each: that being thus led to sustain, encourage, and aid the most important local railroad enterprises undertaken west of the Missouri River; such, for example, as the Utah Southern, Utah Central, the Utah Northern, the Colorado Central, the Black Hills Branch of the Union Pacific, the Omaha and Republican Valley, and others in contemplation, but not yet made public,— he was entitled to and should receive the gratitude of the people of this city, and all those localities whose welfare has been commensurate with the growth of the public enterprises in which he and his associates were embarked.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. AMES, the officers and directors of the Union Pacific Railroad Company have lost an associate whose name was a tower of financial strength, whose counsels were ever prudent, wise, and conciliatory, who shrank from no responsibilities, and halted at no obstacles in the advancement and consummation of the public enterprises to which he devoted himself.

Resolved, That the employes of the Union Pacific, in the death of Mr. AMES, have lost one of their best friends; one whose early years had made him familiar with the life, the trials, and needs of the laboring classes, and who, ultimately achieving an immense and varied business and great wealth, never lost sympathy with working-men; but on the contrary was ever jealous of their rights, and solicitous of their welfare.

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to forward a copy of these Resolutions to the president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and to Frederick L. Ames, Esq., North Easton, Mass., and also furnish copies to the daily press of this city for publication.

Remarks highly appreciative of the character and services of Mr. AMES, and of the great benefits to Omaha and Nebraska resulting from his enterprise, were then made by various prominent citizens.

U. C. BERKELEY



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