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First Congregational Church, Keeseville, N. Y.



One Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

ORGANIZATION

OF THE

First Congregational Church

KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

HISTORY.

Church organized at Port Douglass	1806
Church moved into Keeseville	1828
First Pastor Called	1829
First Church Edifice Erected	1830
United with Champlain Presbytery	1845
Second Church Edifice Erected	1852

PASTORS AND MINISTERS.

Rev. Cyrus Comstock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Rev. Chester Armstrong	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Rev. James Gilbert	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Rev. Solomon Lyman	-	-	-	-	-	-	1829—1834
Rev. A. D. Brinkerhoff	-	-	-	-	-	-	1834—1838
Rev. John Mattocks	-	-	-	-	-	-	1838—1856
Rev. John R. Young	-	-	-	-	-	-	1857—1858
Rev. Selden Haynes	-	-	-	-	-	-	1858—1860
Rev. Asa Hemenway	-	-	-	-	-	-	1860—1864
Rev. H. E. Butler	-	-	-	-	-	-	1864—1880
Rev. L. H. Elliott	-	-	-	-	-	-	1881—1884
Rev. C. H. Newhall	-	-	-	-	-	-	1885—1887
Rev. A. C. Bishop	-	-	-	-	-	-	1887—1904
Rev. Christopher R. Hamlin	-	-	-	-	-	-	1904—1905
Rev. William Cullen Taylor	-	-	-	-	-	-	1905

PRESENT OFFICERS.

PASTOR

Rev. William Cullen Taylor

DEACONS

Aaron C. Andrews

Warner R. Garritt

Charles M. Hopkins

TRUSTEES

Charles H. Prescott

Lemuel B. Davis

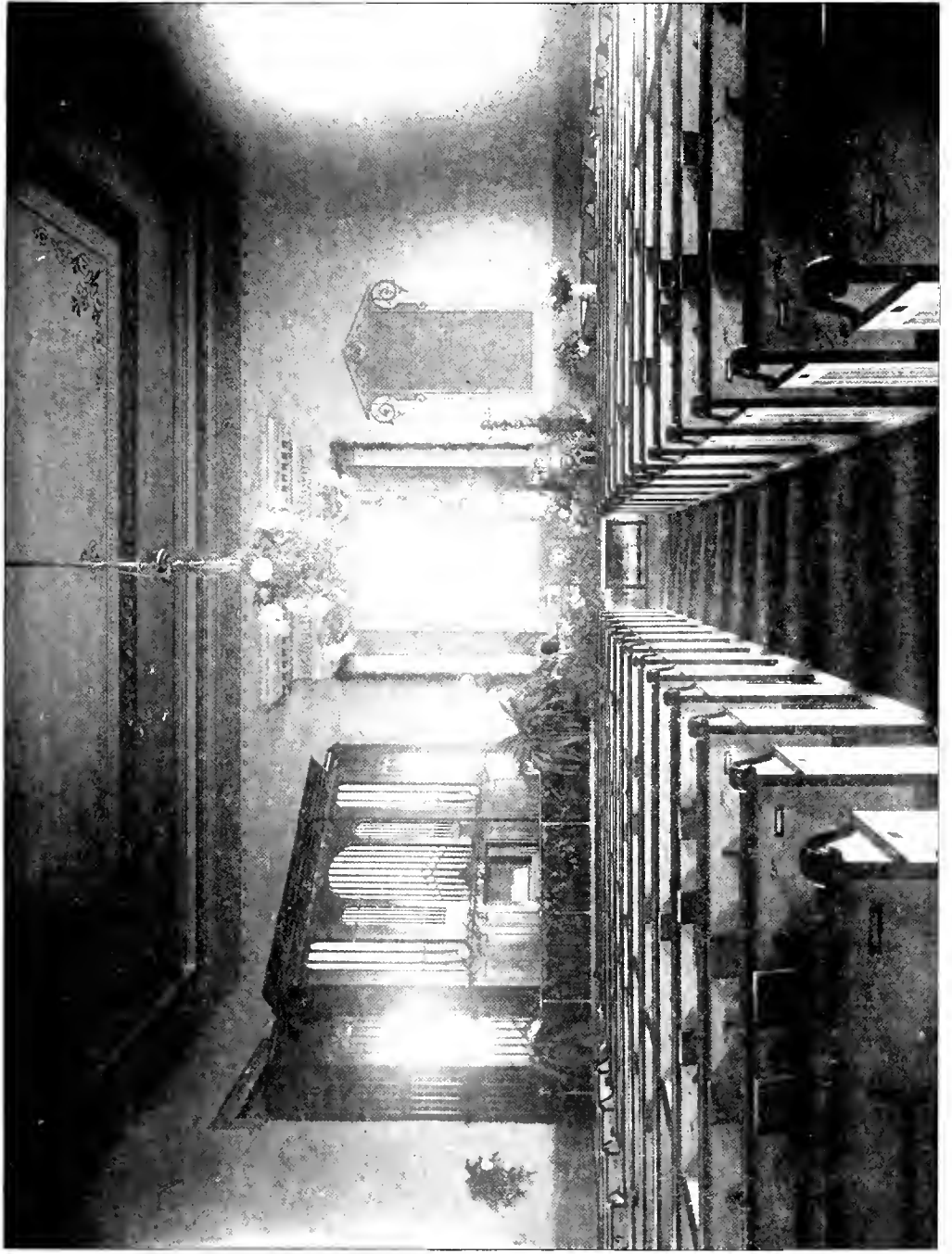
Henry S. Kingsland

CHURCH CLERK

Charles M. Hopkins

TREASURER

Henry S. Kingsland



Interior First Congregational Church, Keosauqua, N. Y.

PROGRAM

SUNDAY 10:30 A. M.

Organ Voluntary—Sonata J. Lemmens
Holy, Holy, Holy
Invocation
Responsive Reading—Portion 18
Hymn 832
Scripture Reading
Anthem—“Praise ye the Father”
Prayer
Hymn 355
Offering
Hymn 46
Sermon—Debts and Dividends Rev. William Cullen Taylor
Prayer
Hymn 503

Communion Service

PROGRAM

SUNDAY 7 P. M.

Organ Voluntary—Andante in F.—Wely

Hymn 711

Scripture Reading

Anthem—"Great and Marvellous"

Prayer

Hymn 776

Address—The Mission of the Church, Rev. William Fraser

Prayer

Hymn 793

Benediction.

PROGRAM

MONDAY 2 P. M.

Organ Voluntary—Fantasia, Whitney
Hymn 111
Scripture
Prayer
Hymn 112
Greetings—Our Former Members
Anthem—" O be Joyful in the Lord "
Historical Sketch, Miss Justina Thompson
Hymn 625
Greetings—Our Former Pastors
Greetings—Our Presbytery, Rev. Joseph Gamble, D. D.
Rev. Cornelius S. Stowitts, D. D.
Hymn 496
Greetings—Our Neighbors Rev. W. E. Millington
Rev. E. J. Guernsey
Hymn 651
Benediction.

Reception and Banquet, 5 to 7:30 p. m.

PROGRAM

MONDAY 7:30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary—Chorus of Angels Clark

Hymn 411

Scripture

Anthem—"Recessional"

Prayer

Hymn 903

Address—American Presbyterianism, Rev. Joseph Gamble D. D.

Hymn 692

Address—How the Pulpit Looks from the Pew,

Hon. W. C. Watson

Centennial Hymn

Benediction

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Words by W. C. T.

I.

One hundred years are past:
O'er which thy love has cast
 Its quickening ray.
Thy purposes proved best:
Thy providence gave rest;
Each promise stood the test,
 Through all the way.

II

God over all: Most High!
Thy church through years gone by
 Stands, to this hour.
Here altar-fires have burned;
Oft has the Spirit yearned;
Souls to the Christ have turned;
 Saved, by His power.

III.

God of this favored hour;
Vouchsafe to us thy power
 Now, to excel.
Love's sacrifice we make;
Faith's victories we take:
Forward! for Jesus' sake,
 His praise to swell.

IV.

LORD God of ages vast;
Our present and our past
 Prove Thee our guide.
Our future, all unknown
We trust to Thee, alone:
Since Thou art on the throne
 We safe abide.

V.

God of this hundredth year;
Giver of all most dear;
 Thee we adore.
Thy wisdom lights our way
Thy strength is now our stay
Let goodness crown this day
 Like those of yore.

Tune "America."



REV. WILLIAM CULLEN TAYLOR
1905— —
The Present Pastor.

Centennial Sermon

Debts and Dividends

Rev. William Cullen Taylor.

(Text Luke 12-48, last clause.)

“And to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required: and to whom they commit much, of him will they ask the more.”



PASTOR was once asked as he stood, unrecognized, on the corner of a street where a new church edifice was being erected: “When will this building be completed?” “In about six months,” he replied. “Will the congregation be in debt?” continued the stranger. “Oh, yes; awfully,” answered the thoughtful man, “sometimes it frightens me to think of it.” Then came the question, “Why did you begin when you had not the money?” Again the man of God answered, “Oh, we have money enough, we shall have no such debt as that, but think, think, how much a church like that is going to owe to the community and to the world. How they will look to us for man’s love and God’s grace.”

As I think of our church and society, with its accumulated history of an hundred years, its century of prayer and praise, of giving and going, of sacred seed sowing and holy harvesting; years in which those who have passed on before you, have brought their treasure and their tears, their labor and their life, and have fitly framed them together into a holy, spiritual temple in the Lord, whose centennial anniversary you now observe, I feel constrained to say to you today, “You are most overwhelmingly in debt.”

Life for life is the principle of the entire plan of redemption. In all true conversion, consecration and usefulness, life goes for life—life must be sown if life is to spring up. The highest example of this principle is furnished by the Lord of Glory, who gave his own life’s blood in sublime cost and payment for our joys and privileges.

A church with a century of history behind it is in possession of elements of strength, whether it recognizes it or not, that cannot be disparaged and cannot be overlooked. It may be weak in financial ability, its enrolled adherents may

be few numerically, but it possesses the dynamic power of life: Seed life, that has fallen into the ground and died, as a corn of wheat; believing life, that has embedded itself in the soil of precious promises; sacrificing life, that has not withheld itself from the earth of disagreeable service, but has been willing to be lost in the toil and to be so absorbed, overwhelmed and even forgotten in its labor for God and man that it buried itself for seed, and because it died it abides not alone but issues in harvests. Out of its inertness spring throbbings of activity; out of its singleness appear blade, ear, and full corn in the ear; out of its seeming loss and ruin come gain and reproduction. You have larger, stronger, richer life today because others have laid down their lives, others have suffered that you might reign, others have paid the penalty and price and have left you well nigh hopelessly in debt; and it is the history of the lives now all out of sight, hidden in the soil of an hundred years that encloses all the promise of a new productiveness.

If any of you have read the report of experiments made a few years since in order to ascertain the dynamic power of seeds you must have been astonished at the results. A tiny seed sprouting under a sidewalk and lifting a large flagstone completely out of its place is a marvelous illustration of the might of nature's hidden life. But the spiritual forces that have been planted in the soil of long ago have not lost their germinating power. Cannot some of you to-day almost *feel* the throbbing pulses of the lives that were? Are you not stirred by the uplifting voices of prayer that, though long since hushed, seem to echo and re-echo about the resting places of your sleeping dead? Is there nothing in the past history of saintly, sacrificing lives that has thrilled your souls and inspired your hearts until it has lifted you, a living power, from beneath the flagstone hindrances of your present walk in life and set you forth a petaled blossom or a ripened fruit?

It is related that Corregio, as he gazed for the first time on Raphael's "Saint Cecilia," was so stirred by the vision, so uplifted and inspired by the conception of that greater master of painting, that he exclaimed: "Oh, thank God, I, too, am a painter." As you, in thought today, trace some of the outlines of God's providence and fill them in with the warm, beautiful and varied colors of God's grace, until the historic picture of the century past is laid in all its mysterious beauty upon the canvass of your memory; then seat yourself upon the Ebenezer stone, upon which you

have already inscribed, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and as you gaze wonderingly and admiringly upon the vision, while all the light of your past sacred history shall stream in to gild even its glory, let your heart exclaim: "Thank God I, too, am a Christian," and because you are a Christian, a Christian church, with a century of Christian history, you are Christian debtors.

Under the spell of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," Paul struck out the formula of his life—"I am debtor," and he also wrote for others and for us, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Every Christian enters the new life immediately and overwhelmingly in debt. When the coin of his life has been stamped by the image and superscription of Christ, at that moment it is fit for circulation—that moment it is current money face to face with debt. It is not that the world owes him, but the bestowments and bounties of Providence, accumulated perchance through years of history together with the added endowment of riches of grace, cause the balance to rush across the ledger and the Christian is in debt. He owes. He ought to pay. And if it is true that obligations multiply with the flow of historic years—then because we have received the physical, intellectual, pecuniary, religious and spiritual accumulations we are debtors.

Our text declares the principle that possession requires bestowment. To whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required. Under this law of divine economics some Christians and some churches such as ours need to be incited to heroic zeal, that they may put forth all their energies to pay their debts. We who are strong in the historic heritage of the past, the ennobling enthusiasm of the present, and the precious promises for the future OUGHT not to seek to shift the responsibility, but apply ourselves to discharge our indebtedness. Christ bowed before the authority of an "ought." "Ought not Christ to have suffered." Ought not we to pledge ourselves to an honest heroic effort to pay our debts?

A heathen father led his little son to the temple of his God and placing a sword in one hand made him lay the other on the bleeding sacrifice and swear eternal hatred to Rome. That oath became the moulding force of the boy's being. To humble Rome was henceforth the sole object of his life. The fertility of his mind, the energies of his body, all the enthusiasm of his Spirit was concentrated therein. He spent years in discipline; turned his back upon ease and pleasure, studied the art of war, trained soldiers. At last Rome felt the power of his oath; a hundred thousand veterans lay dead upon

the field, and Rome was crushed and bleeding under the feet of Hannibal of Carthage. Not in the temple of a heathen god but of the Eternal King, not on a slain beast, but over the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our crucified Redeemer; not pledged by heathen ancestry, but summoned to the altar by the sacred voices of those who "being dead yet speak" and also in obedience to the trumpet tones of the Macedonian cry of a world's need—pledge ye yourselves to sacred obligations—The debt is yours.

The Dividends

But who of you can rightly estimate all this wealth of Providence and grace, accumulating through these one hundred years and hope to pay it back in quality or kind? A hundred years of Christian debt if ordered to be paid at once, in full, would bankrupt **any** church. You cannot pay it if you would. 'Tis far too large a debt, and then your creditors are gone. Thus your debt becomes an investment, a trust fund, given for your use, a loan upon indefinite time, a talent for which you are expected to render usury, a heritage to which you are to add your part and leave a larger legacy to those who follow, a capital or stock in religious trade, upon which you are expected to pay large dividends of better, higher things. Those to whom you owe the debt are gone. Those to whom you are to pay the dividends are here.

Holding up now the thought of debtorship—a conception full of self-denial, toil, faith, effort, prayer, suffering and strife; full of patience, lifelong, death-ending; study it earnestly, let your heart be swayed by its grandeur; behold its inimitable majesty; then like one who stands upon the race course with body forward, muscles tense, nerves quivering, eyes upon the goal, waiting for the signal, answer to the world—"As much as in me is," yea as much as in me **can be** of grace, life and power. I am ready, eager, anxious to press to the mark; to respond to God's high call to the larger, onward, upward life.

A call for dividends is a demand for increase; a requirement for added increments of life; a levy upon the earnings of the present from the investments of the past. Tennyson says:

"I held it truth, with him who sings,
To one clear harp in divers tones;
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

To these higher, better things, I would call your attention; and my message is especially to you upon whom in special

ways this responsibility devolves. You are in the dividend-producing period of life "I call unto you, because ye are strong, not to dream dreams, but to see visions and to gain victories."

I. I call you to declare the dividend of a hallowed—I might almost say—a halo-ed life. I have no sympathy with the conceptions of some artists who picture the saints with a nimbus or halo about their heads; but I do believe there is such a thing as an invisible yet all pervasive atmosphere that softens and beautifies the life; changes the world around us, removes the commonplace, and lights all the way with the halo of the Master's presence.

The life that springs out of the experiences and histories of the past ought to be superior to the past. The "now time" is a season of special privilege and old ideals and old ambitions should fade away in the glory of "the light that now shineth." A Christian who is content to keep his pound in a napkin, or hide his talent in the earth, should be ashamed of himself. To be satisfied with an "average life," or content with "former experiences" in view of this sacred heritage is little less than disgraceful.

If we would realize this more abundant life we must learn to discriminate between the workings of the flesh and the fruit of the Spirit. The curse of many a life and of many a church to-day is service rendered in the energy of the flesh.

Observe how in our plans we begin with our own suggestions and after our plans have been matured we turn to God asking Him to help in that which we according to our own understanding, have originated; whereas we should have waited for His direction, content to let Him guide and plan, while we stand beside Him and hand Him the implements of service, or lie deep down beneath the roadway—the wire which shall carry His message in His way.

Notice again how in our way of looking at our work we manifest the power of the flesh life. We present ourselves as ready and waiting for a chance to show what we can do, and the friction of mere human effort and ambition stimulates our activity. The question is not whether men shall work or not, but how they shall work to a purpose. Some, like Moses get too strong and too impulsive for God. How memorable is that incident in the life of Hudson Taylor when God spoke to him and said: "I am going to evangelize inland China and if you will walk with me I will do it through you." (See Phil. 2: 12).

Observe once more how the flesh life is ever striving after consecration. Every month it will say "I want to be more con-

secrated" and the energies are incited to new resolves and more vigorous efforts which are really but determinations of the flesh and can be sustained only by the oft repeated exercises of our own energy. True consecration must be wholly of God. Dividends of higher, holier life are made possible only in union with the Divine Life. The capital stock of heroic self-sacrificing Christian ancestry is great, precious, almost priceless, but the dividends of hallowed—yea "halo-ed" living are declared only as you trade with divine resources and are drawing revenue from investments that give returns "according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4: 19.

A story is told by S. D. Gordon, about a man who was riding on horseback through a bit of timber land in one of the states of the South. It was a bright October day, and he was riding along enjoying the air and view, when all at once he came to a clearing in the trees and in the midst of the clearing an old cabin almost fallen to pieces, and in the doorway of the cabin an old negress stood. Her form was bent nearly double with the years of hard work; her face dried up, and deeply bitten with wrinkles, and her hair white; and the traveller called out cheerily "Good morning, Auntie, living here all alone?" and she looked up with her eyes brighter because of the thought in her heart, and in a shrill voice said, "Jes' me 'n' Jesus, Massa." The traveller said a hush came over the whole place, there seemed a halo about the old broken down cabin and he thought he could see somebody standing by her side looking over her shoulder at him, and His form was like that of the Son of God. Her poor mean, limited, world had changed as in a moment. She had discovered the philosophy of life. The glory light was on everything. The jagged and sharp lines which age had written on her face were softened and smoothed down and the life was hallowed, yes "halo-ed." The loneliness of the woods was changed by the consciousness of Her Master's presence.

II. I call you to declare the dividend of better praying. Out of the relationship of living in His presence will spring the devotion of better praying. Not as servants shall we seek our pay, not even as friends shall we importune for loaves, but as children shall we ask and receive from Him who knows how to give, for "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"—Matt. 7:11.

"I want you to spend fifteen minutes every day praying for foreign missions," said a pastor to some young people in

his congregation. "But beware how you pray, for I warn you it is a very costly experiment." "Costly?" they asked in surprise. "Aye, costly," he cried. When Carey began to pray for the conversion of the world it cost him himself; and it cost those who prayed with him very much Brainerd prayed for the dark-skinned savages, and after two years of blessed work it cost him his life. Two students in Mr. Moody's summer school began to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest, and lo! it is going to cost America five thousand young men and women who in answer to this prayer have pledged themselves to the work. Be assured that it is a dangerous thing to pray earnestly unless you are willing to help answer your own prayers. You will find that it will cost you labor and may be life. You cannot pray aright and withhold your money. You cannot withhold your children. Yea, your very life will be no longer your own when your prayers begin to be answered.

A young lady once asked: "Is it not as well to talk about God as to talk to God?" "Is it not as well to talk about mother as to talk to mother," was the answer. "No! no!" replied the daughter, "for mother talks back." And so does God. And we do not give time enough to hear His answer. We rush hurriedly into His presence; we hustle and work incessantly, but while we may have expressed our desires to God, we have failed to ascertain His thought for us. In the secret of His presence our souls should hide, listen, wait; and if we are to bear the image of the Master on our face we must remember that such an image never starts up in the lenses of the soul without "time exposure." There are no "snap shots" in the art of divine photography. Beloved, hasten not, but expose the sensitive plates of your inner life to the Divine Light until the image of the Son of God is fixed upon the soul and shines out upon the face.

The one hundred years' history of a church born and nurtured by prayer demands that the ever-increasing dividends of prevailing, sanctifying prayer be faithfully declared.

III. Once more I call upon you to declare the dividend of better going. At four different times Jesus picked out a group of men and sent them on a special errand. About the middle of His second year He commissioned twelve for a special work. Six months before His death He chose seventy others and sent them out by twos as His advance agents. On the evening of His resurrection day He again commissions ten men for a special mission, and about six weeks later—the last time the disciples were with Jesus—He again commissions a group of eleven men for a special service that He wished them to perform. In each of these four commissions you find the same ringing word—"Go"—"Go ye." A growing Christian is always a going Chris-

tian. A growing church is always a going church. "Go" is the keynote of the Christian life. A true follower of Jesus Christ will have—always has—must have—the spirit of "go" in him.

A dying world is waiting for the onward movement of a hallowed, earnestly praying church. Missions is the meaning and purpose of the church. Missions is the mission of the Holy Spirit. The great commission is a sacred obligation. It tests our discipleship. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." It proves the sincerity of our love. It is not a request, but a command, plain, direct, inexorable. It has nothing to do with our inclinations. Its authority cannot be disregarded. We must carry the Gospel as an evangelizing agency to the ends of the earth. If we cannot "go" we must "let go" or "help go," and the sacrifice in "letting," "helping" or "sending" ought to be commensurate with the "going." Missions—going as those sent of God—not apologetically, but energetically; this is the supreme purpose of every church, the chief business of every disciple. "The church is the palm tree that has but one bud." The world is her field; the evangelization of the race her object; to go her cardinal obligation; saved souls the required dividend.

In the Ashantee rebellion, when the commander of a certain English troop was unwilling to select personally the given number of men desired to undertake an extra hazardous work, he said that he would turn his back upon them and ask every man who would volunteer, to step out one pace from the line. When he again faced them the line was unbroken. "What!" he exclaimed. "is there not a man among you ready to volunteer in this hour of your country's need?" "If it please you sir," replied a member of the ranks "the entire company has volunteered and every man is a pace forward from the line on which he stood before."

Beloved! God calls for volunteers. The voices of the past one hundred years cry "Forward." "Advance" is the watchword—to advance is the only way to secure the victories already won.

What say you? While to-day your pastor's face is turned toward the past, shall it be that when to-morrow he faces the future, he shall find every member of this church a pace ahead, volunteering for a better service than before, and in the power of the Holy Spirit saying to the Great Captain of our Salvation. Here am I—behold me—send me.

What shall your answer be?

May we not say as Dr. Matheson sings

"O cross that liftest up my head,

I dare not ask to fly from thee;

I lay in dust life's glory dead;

And from the ground there blossoms red

Life that shall endless be."



REV. JOHN MATTOCKS
1838—1856

Greetings==Our Former Members

We have received a number of letters from absent members and dear old friends and wish we could publish them in full, every blessed one, but lack of space renders this impossible, so we have been obliged to select a bit here and there as best we could.

If the writers could have heard those letters read on that centennial day in the dear old church of their early love, perhaps they would understand how much they were appreciated, and as each familiar name fell upon our ears, memory brought before us the dear faces and voices so vividly, as if they stood with us in the flesh, and the pews had other occupants than those who filled them that day.

Dear little Sue Goodrich (we know it is Mrs Robinson now, but it is not probable she has "grewed") wrote us such a beautiful letter that it is hard to leave one bit of it out. She says: "When I read the announcement in the Republican of the Centennial celebration of the old church in Keeseville, such a homesick longing came over me to be there once again, it seemed as though I could not endure the thought that I was not to enjoy the privilege.

Mr. Hemenway was pastor when I first knew the church, and after he left a wise Providence sent us Mr. Butler, and I remember his ordination and installation. I see again his first baptism, a beautiful young girl kneeling before her young pastor. The Father's hand since then has been laid very heavily on that bowed head. Soon another from the same family, one very dear to the writer came out from her young companions and acknowledged her risen Lord. And soon it seemed as if the very Heavens had been opened to pour us out a blessing, sixty uniting at one time, a semi-circle extending across the church and a little later thirty more were added. Is it any wonder Mr. Butler loves that church and people? It was like a big harmonious family, all with one accord, old and young, looking to him as our spiritual counsellor.

And then the old-time picnics! Down at the mouth of the river—up on Prospect Hill—and at the river bend.

"Oh the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me!"

My name is no longer found on the Keeseville church roll, but my heart has never withdrawn its allegiance, and often I am tempted to say in the words of the Puritan maiden, Priscilla,

“ Kind are the people I live with,
And dear to me my religion,

But I almost wish my self back in Old Keeseville.”

And now I am going to close this letter with a request, an easy one to grant, or I would not ask it. When you close the celebration may I select the last song? In memory of dear Mrs. Butler, let it be her brother's (Dr. Rankin) beautiful hymn, “ God be with you till we meet again.”

We would say to the writer that the request was granted, all joining with heart and voice in singing those tender words.

Mrs. M. A. Adgate is another friend from whom it is always such a pleasure to hear and we expected a treat from her and are not disappointed.

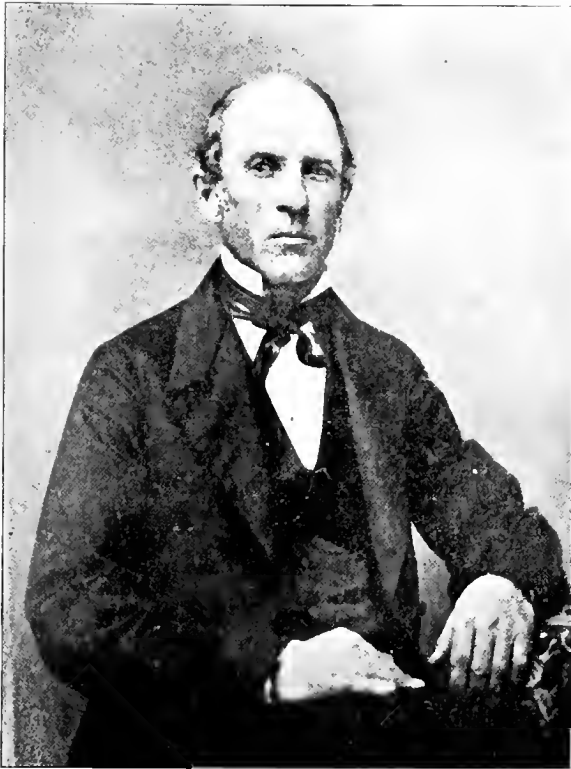
Mrs. Adgate writes: “ Both myself and husband have a peculiar interest in the old church as my husband's great grandfather and my own grandfather were among its founders, and I think there has never been a time in the hundred years when there have not been individuals of both families among its members. My earliest recollections are connected with this church. Mr. Mattocks was in the pulpit then and I remember that he always preached an interesting sermon even to a child, his language, plain and simple, such as any one could understand. I suppose Mr. Mattock's long occupancy of the pulpit may be called the golden age of the church, for as I look back to that time, it seems to me there were very few unoccupied pews.

Mr. Charles Morris was superintendent of the Sunday School and my teacher was Miss Josephine Peabody, then a beautiful young girl.

I remember the Sunday morning when dainty and beautiful in her white crape shawl and white bonnet, Orpha Bushnell stepped quietly out of a front pew just before the sermon and was united in marriage to Mr. Marsh, much to the surprise of most people in the church.

I remember, too, the day Mr Mattocks came back after many years and preached a sermon so full of love and affection that it thrilled us all.

Many are the sermons which come to my mind, helpful, uplifting, or consoling. I might mention one by Rev. H. E. Butler, that most spiritual of ministers. He had been in ill health and had gone to the seaside for convalescence. When



REV. ASA HEMENWAY
1860—1864

he came back to us he was so imbued with the splendor of the sea and the greatness of Him who made it, that he preached a sermon, which I for one, have always remembered.

How many years, I wonder, did Dr. Thomas sit wrapped up in his long cloak with a black shade over his eyes, to listen to the Word, which needed a continual refreshing to keep his courage up.

Of those who have long since gone to their reward some have left behind the memory of lives so beautiful and unselfish, that they are a continual incentive to good for those left behind, and today the church in reviewing the hundred years of its life may chiefly take pride in the devoted and unselfish lives which have been passed under its influence—in the pulpit as well as out of it.

Mrs. Juliette Potter Mattocks sent us her greetings and then, which was far better, decided to come herself. It was indeed delightful to have her with us on this occasion and her presence added much to the interest of the anniversary.

Rev. A. P. Bissell, says, "while the limitations of space prevent my presence with you in body I shall be with you in thought and heart sympathy.

Mrs. Ada V. Olcott writes: "The dear old church of Keeseville has always the first place in my affections and the many changes of an eventful life will never efface its memory from my heart. 'God's love and peace be with thee.'"

In a very pleasant letter from the "Brigham Sisters" (Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Hazleton), Mrs. Cutler tells us an interesting little incident of fifty years ago.

"Nearly fifty years ago I, Sarah Brigham Cutler, came to Anamosa, Iowa, and united with the Congregational church. It was then a struggling missionary church. Two years later I went back to Keeseville and found the church had a new communion set. I asked that I might take the old one back with me. I was permitted to do so and it was very thankfully received. Last summer I visited my old home in Anamosa and found they were still using the same. It had been replated and looked very nice. An old gentleman and his grandson united with the church on profession of their faith. The hour seemed very sacred and solemn to me.

We had a communion season using the same service that more than a half a century ago so many of our loved ones now in glory joined with us in using at communion."

We would like to tell Mrs. Cutler that very recently we had another new communion service, individual cups this time, presented by one of our members.

From our dear Mrs. Bishop comes these words: "My heart and my kindest wishes will be with you as they always are, and as one of the absent members I send this message: The Lord bless thee and keep thee and make His face to shine upon thee."

Rev. Warren H. Landon from his home in California sends across the continent his message:

"It is hard to realize that a generation has gone since I regularly worshipped with you, but my recollections of church life and activities are vivid and delightful. It would be such a real pleasure to meet with you and hear Mr Butler preach again; and Judge Watson's voice would sound very good to me. May you enter upon your second century of church life waiting on the Lord with increasing faith and larger expectations."

Through the unhappy mischance of a misdirected letter, Mr. Fred P. Allen failed to receive his invitation to the Centennial services. We regret this very much as Mr. Allen has friends here who remember him and other members of the family and who would have been so glad to see him or hear from him. His father, Mr. Anson H. Allen, published the first newspaper in Keeseville, in 1825, we believe.

In a letter to a friend he says, "I am sorry I did not receive the invitation to the anniversary till too late. I am very much interested in the old church to which my mother belonged and to which she took me to Sunday School. I might perhaps, have arranged to be present, if not I should surely have sent my greeting. I remember so well Rev. John Mattocks, who was pastor when I was a boy, and the good deacons, Barnes, Ticknor, Adgate and Davis, the two latter having been my Sunday School teachers. Judge Watson, who spoke, was a classmate of mine and sat at the same desk with me at the old Academy. When anything further of the proceedings or addresses is published, I shall be glad to secure them."

From all parts of our country have come to us so many messages, brimful of love for the dear old church and heart-longing to be with us, that it is hard to mention only the names of those who so fondly remember the church home of their childhood and earlier years. Such greetings and remembrances have come from

Mary E. Comstock, New York City.
Mrs. Lydia Fowler, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Miss Anna Fowler, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mrs. L. E. Goodrich, Dexter, Mich.
Mrs. Mary C. Adgate, Maywood, Ills.
Mrs. Susan Fowler Morgan, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Mary Andrews Rowe, Elgin, Ills.
Mrs. Sarah Davis Munroe, Rutland, Mass.
Mrs. M. E. Carleton, Montpelier, Vt.
Miss Lizzie McKellou, San Jose, Cal
Henry J. Northrup, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Martha Arnold Barnes, West Toledo, Ohio.
George A. Hopkins, Trumansburg, N. Y.
Mrs. Emma L. Kingsland, Maywood, Ills.
Dr. Brewer Mattocks, Pittsburgh, Pa.



REV. L. H. ELLIOTT
1881—1884

Greetings==Our Former Pastors

Four former pastors are still living. Of these Rev. L. H. Elliott was the only one present. He was cordially welcomed by the congregation and found not a few among them who had known him and served with him. Mr. Elliott assisted the present pastor at the communion service on Sunday morning and spoke interestingly and helpfully on Monday afternoon.

He recalled the experiences of the past and the welcome given him by the church when he came to them as their pastor. He made mention of several loyal and loving friends who had been of special value to him; and whose prayers and talks were ever to be remembered as sources of strength and encouragement to him in his ministry. He referred touchingly to Deacons Davis and Andrews, both of blessed memory, but both gone, while another Deacon Andrews is still living and doing grand service for the church he loves.

The others sent their written greetings which are given herewith:

Letters

Rev. C. R. Hamlin.

Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., Oct. 17, 1906.

My dear Former Fellow-Workers,

And present fellow-workers for that matter; for are we not still engaged in the same labor, working for and under one Master and pressing towards a common goal?

Greeting:

What a splendid thing it is to have kept the light of the Gospel of Christ burning 100 years. No one but God knows the full glory of your record. How many noble men and women you have sent out to leaven the lump in other places! How many shipwrecks of character your steady light has prevented. How many pastors' hearts your loving sympathy has cheered! The Master looks down approvingly upon you, or rather is present with you as a loving, cheering, inspiring force and fellowship on this your first centennial.

How I wish I could be with you, although unworthy the honor of this recognition for the temporary work I did. My removal was instrumental under God in His bestowal upon you of your present effective leader who seems near and known to me despite the fact that I have never met him.

My closing word to you is that loving message the Master gave to a church long ago, and far away, but which I am sure has been recorded as signifying He still repeats it to His churches to-day which are not great in number, but faithful and true.

Rev. 3: 7-8.

Grace, mercy and peace be with you all.

Faithfully yours,

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT HAMLIN.

Rev. C. S. Newhall.

2627 Piedmont Ave.,

Berkely, Calif., Oct. 17, 1906.

Rev. W. C. Taylor,

Keeseville, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Taylor:

Your note of Oct. 2 reaches me in this far away California City across the Bay from San Francisco.

We are too far away to allow of Mrs. Newhall and myself being present at your anniversary on the 4th of November. We can only send our greetings and good wishes.

For ourselves: We are all in good health.

The oldest son (Charles) has graduated from the University and is at work as chemist with the Pacific Cement Co. at Cement, Cal.

Luther is in his senior year at the University.

Katherine is a Sophomore at the nearby Mills College.

They are all "grown up."

Doubtless after the anniversary exercises, or in connection with them, there will be interesting printed reports. We shall be glad if we can see them.

Sincerely yours,

C S. NEWHALL.



REV. C. S. NEWHALL
1885—1887

Rev. H. E. Butler.

To the Friends who may gather at the Centennial of The
Congregational Church, Keeseville, N. Y.:

In sending my greetings to you at this time, it will be natural that I should be led back to the beginning of my life among you, and that I should speak with most interest of those persons and scenes which for almost seventeen years were so closely interwoven with my life. I shall not, of course, attempt a history of those years. That has become a part of the history of the church, and will be treated as it deserves by one who is fully competent to do the work assigned. It will therefore be to only a few of the more prominent incidents as they have been impressed upon my memory, that I shall direct your attention. The first acquaintance that I had with Keeseville was begun by a letter received at my home at Essex, Vt., inviting me to occupy the pulpit on the succeeding Sabbath day. I responded saying that I would do so, and on the succeeding Saturday evening I sat on the front seat of "Sam Cook's" four horse coach, and was gaily driven along with others to the door of the Adirondack Hotel, where before I had a chance to alight, I was met by that man with whom I was afterward on the most intimate terms for many years, till he finally died almost in my arms, and was afterward carried out to burial by the hands of the many friends whom he had easily made as he had passed along his earthly ways. His name will, I think, instinctively rise in your minds before I mention it, Edmund H. Garfield. His picture hangs upon the wall of my room as I write. I never passed a freer Sunday than that. I knew only one man in the audience and he was a college fraternity brother, Hiram Carleton, to whom I was indebted, as I afterward learned, for an introduction to a Keeseville audience. I did not think whether I should please the people or not. I had given myself to the Lord's work, and thought or cared little, as to where that work should be done. But besides this, I was spending the weeks at the dear home of my boyhood from which I had been separated for seven years, and had brought to that home as my wife, one in whose presence I was to be supremely happy, and who was to be the light and life, and inspiring hope of that home which I afterward was asked to begin among you, of this church.

I preached I suppose as well as I could. I stayed at the home of Mr. Garfield, and went with him and Mr. Watson through the Chasm as it existed in those days. And then I went back

to my Essex home without the slightest anxiety as to whether I should ever return.

But in a few days the request came for me to return. I came, and I stayed for almost seventeen happy years, until I felt that the same Father who had brought me to you was asking me to go away.

So many things occur to me as I write, that I confess I do not know what to select. If I omit some of which you think I should speak, you will pardon me I am sure. Sometimes the very abundance of material causes one to fail in a mental effort.

The first person whom I received into membership in the church was Miss Emma S. Learned, at whose marriage to Edmund Kingsland, and at his burial and that of her daughter, Kate, and her son, Edmund, I afterward officiated.

The first child baptized was Mabel Andrews, daughter of your well beloved Aaron and Martha Andrews. Dear Mabel gone in the bright maturity of her years to join the many waiting ones "over there."

My first funeral was at the home of Dr. McLean, Miss Sarah Minor, who had for some time been an inmate of their home. My first burial was of two little children side by side in the same casket, children of Mr. Carpenter, buried in a corner of the cemetery at Ausable Chasm. And my first marriage was of a couple whom I had never before seen, who came for that purpose from Wilmington. I easily remember my fear at that time that I might make some mistake in the proper form and my gladness when I found that they were not among my regular parishioners. I remember too the determination which I came to at that time, not to hold the Almighty Father responsible for all the matrimonial joinings to which I should give an official sanction.

But I cannot go over all the paths whither the items just named would lead. Funerals and weddings not only in Keeseville, but in Peru and Clintonville, Ausable Forks, Port Kent and Plattsburgh, over winter drifts and under summer suns such would be your course if I should try to retrace all our ways.

Do you remember Father Place? Do you remember his prayers in the old vestry? Ah, but I must take you into his dying chamber. It was the gate of heaven to me. I knelt beside his bed, and in an almost childish way asked the Father to help an old man in his passing on out of human sight. And when I had finished the departing saint laid his thin hands on my bowed head, and poured out his own soul to the God whom he was soon to see, asking His blessing to

rest on one whom he called his pastor, and whom he had already learned to love in his work. It was as holy a scene as an old Bible describes. It was the same God whom an Apostle worshipped. It was such a blessing as a sainted old patriarch whose name is written in a holy book, asked to descend upon his children.

Will any of you I wonder, be reminded of the picnics and Sunday school celebrations we used to attend in those days? Wouldn't you like to get the old "bunch" together again and go out to Mr. Goodrich's or Deacon Davis' or to Mr. Pope's, when the winter snow lies deep upon the ground? But if you do, please don't image that Mr. Pope is to be obliged to give you all, such a nice pitcher full of sweet cider as he used to lay before his pastor and his wife when we would go there to spend the day. Or perhaps you would like to taste Mrs. Heman Matthews' doughnuts, and Mrs. Marsh's fig cake again down at Baggs' Grove. Yes, and if you will drop into the old parsonage again before it had gotten all its modern improvements, perhaps you could find a piece of Mrs. Macomber's pie left, or Mrs. Arnold's rice pudding, and possibly if you timed it just right the parson might ask you to sit with him and his family and take a liberal slice from the last "spare rib" which Deacon Adgate brought in the day before. Or if it should suit you still better we might take a ride to "Mountain Home," where I am sure your appetite would demand a liberal slice of Mrs. Andrews' "fried pork" with its luscious "milk gravy." Or if this was too near, then I would take you to "the Patent" where with the Tanners and the Walkers you could stretch yourselves upon the green grass and eat of good things to your stomach's content. Please do not think by this mention of names that I have reached the end. I am limited by your committee to ten minutes, and my time is now "up" I am sure. But though my time is up, I am not done and am going right on as though your chairman's bell had not "called me down." For I want to tell you how two other events have worn deep into my soul substance.

When I had been preaching four years I went one June day to a Presbytery at Fort Covington. I was worn with work when I started and did not sleep much during the nights I was there. When after two days I got out of the stage at Malone to take the train, I found I could not move one of my feet very readily. When I got to Plattsburgh, both of them were involved, and when I reached home, I could with difficulty walk into the house. That was the beginning of an illness which taxed the skill of every physician in town, and was afterward reported in a medical journal. The paralysis kept on for two or three more days, when I could move only

my head slightly as it lay upon the pillow. I recall vividly my feeling one night, that before the morning should dawn, the probabilities were I should not be able to speak, if indeed I had not gone away from the world. But I simply said to my Father: "It is in your hands and care, do what you think best." And then I slept as well as usual, and waked in the morning sure that the crisis had come and passed. And so it had. But it was months before I began labor again. I shall never forget the men who watched with me during some of those nights. Two, perhaps three, of them may be listening now to my words. And I shall never cease to honor the church, which after the first few weeks came to me by its committee and said, "We don't want you to worry about the church and the pulpit, we will take care of it all, and don't you give it one anxious thought." And they did. Mr. Watson was the main sermon reader and Deacons Adgate, Davis, Andrews and Morris sustained by their prayers. Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. Marsh, Misses Thompson and Prescott, yes the whole host of glorious names comes before me, and makes me wish the ten allotted minutes were at least lengthened to sixty minutes. But what I want most to say in this connection is that not a single man, woman or child was lost to the congregation by that prolonged trial. It was wonderful. Everything went on as usual. The pastor's salary was paid promptly, as when he was doing full work. Ephraim rang the bell, Mr. Wham opened the church doors, and Dr. Hopkins led his choir. It showed unmistakably that God was with His church. It showed the temper and make up of the people. It was a matter for angels to rejoice over, and it has drawn forth from him who writes to you at this hour, the most profound and grateful thanks of his busy life.

And now, having dwelt upon these delightful scenes, in which nothing of deceit, but everything of the most open character has been discovered, must I turn to something quite different? Does the common honesty which is supposed to belong to one who would be a faithful chronicler, demand that I should in my review bring to your notice a web of—I hate to call it deceit—but what can I label it—which was woven around the parsonage thirty-two years ago, and which will, I think, in many ways stand unparalleled in the history of the Congregational Church? And must I say that in this the name of one must be specially mentioned, whom I early learned to love and revere, and whom as I look forward to the life beyond I am exceedingly anxious again to meet? And shall I say that it involves not only Deacon Adgate and his family, but as I have reason to believe every other man, woman and child in what was then my loved and honored church and

congregation? Nay, did it extend still further and were my brothers in the ministry engaged in it, and my many friends outside of what I called my own church engaged in that scheme to deceive an unsuspecting young man, who so thoroughly trusted all of them? Let me recall it to your memory. It was on the fifth day of May, 1874. A few days before, the parson, his wife and children, had been invited to spend the day at the home of his beloved Deacon Adgate. They had looked forward to that day, for it was to them the gladdest anniversary in the life of the parents. It took them back to the day and the hour when their lives had become one, and they had gone out with a loving trust and abundant hope in their hearts which had more than been realized, and which in consequence had caused this day to be observed as the if possible gladest of their lives. So when the deacon drove up early in the forenoon, and took them to his home it was with a delight in their hearts, to which the deacon, his wife, and children, did their best to contribute. The day passed happily. The supper was eaten rather earlier than usual. But there seemed to be no hurry on the part of their kind hosts to be relieved of their guests. And the parson and his wife, began to suggest that it was getting rather late. At last the ride home was begun. But what was their astonishment when they came to the parsonage to see it brilliantly lighted and the forms of many people flitting before the open windows. Yes, and there was the voice of laughter and gay song, as if it was a joy day to the uninvited ones within. And in all this the parson did not discover the slightest exhibition of surprise on the part of the deacon. They all went in, and as if it were their own home the uninvited ones, welcomed the usual occupants of the home and soon invited them to a well-laden table and began to display a succession of wonderful gifts. I said a little time ago that the conduct of the Congregational church during their pastor's illness in '68 was wonderful. He ought to have been prepared for a scheme of this wonderful sort which now greeted him, but he was not, and the dear wife who had given ten bright years of her beautiful life to the care of the work with that church was equally surprised, and she who never knew a thought of deceit had—she soon found—been made a victim. A large quantity of beautiful crockery had been unloaded in her absence at her home, and bright beautiful articles suitable for either pleasure or use, had been placed in almost every room in the house. And now I cannot look at my watch without a possible reminder of the wish that "my life may be as full of happiness" as was the contents of a package handed to me at that time "full of ticks" and last night when I

could not sleep, and I struck a match I was reminded by the little utensil in which they were held, of that old scene in the Keeseville parsonage so many years ago. And now though they have been taught the beauties of many years in heaven, I do not suppose one of the many gone there from those who engaged in that "surprise" have ever had so much as a moments regret for the part they took on that occasion.

May I tell you of another of the surprises to which my life among you gave occasion.

This time it concerned a single individual, but it was a revelation of his character. I had occasion upon a time for more money than I had within my reach. I had a neighbor who it was supposed had considerable at his disposal. I went to him and expressed my desire, ending by asking if he would sign a note with me at the bank for a hundred dollars. He heard me patiently, and then, at his reply I confess I was embarrassed. It was to the effect that he could not do it. And then without a suspicion on my part of what was coming he said, "No I cannot sign a note with you. I never do that, but I will let you have a hundred dollars myself." I thanked him and offered to sign a note right then. "No, he said, pay me when you can, as well as not, and don't worry." My impression is that he refused it when I offered to repay. You can guess that his name was Silas Arnold.

Do any of you remember Aunt Tamar or Ben Lewis? Tamar so old that a century would not count her age. And Ben, did you know of his last illness? I used to visit him often in his humble home. One day I discovered that he was very near his end. I knelt and prayed at his bedside. "Marse," he said, "I'se made my peace with God, I ain't 'fraid ter die. Der good Lawd has fergiven my sins fer Jesus' sake. I'm ready." And then I saw there was something more that he wanted to say. There was a sadness plainly visible. "Marse," he said, "dere's one ting troubles me." "Tell it all out to me." I said, "Well, Marse, its jes dis, I ain't got no good close to be buried in, deys all worn out." And then I took his hand in mine and said, "Don't you worry one bit I will see to that, you shall have a good suit of clothes when you are to be laid in the grave." The next day he was dead, and we got him, perhaps, the best suit of clothes he ever had, and he was robbed for the grave, and the young men, some of them possibly hearing this to-day, helped to carry his body out for its resting in the grave. Do any of you know where he was buried? If so won't you carry some little flower and lay it upon his grave next spring when the flowers are again in bloom, and don't forget Ephraim and Dr. Thomas.

So many things occur to me as I write that I don't know but the best way would be for me to write a volume of Keeseville Tales to be added to the one already in existence.

But before I am done I want to say a word about the delightful fraternity which existed among the pastors of the different churches in Keeseville during my seventeen years. For a good portion of the time we had a weekly Monday ministers meeting composed of the pastors of the four Protestant churches, and this good feeling extended to the Catholic churches as well. Some of the good friends, which I then had were from the Catholic as well as the Protestant church and their pleasant memory continues to the present time as I find every year on my return.

I must surely beg pardon. My "ten minutes" have gone into twenty or more, and material crowds upon me, and names are calling to me as if with persistent demand that they should be remembered on this occasion.

I must not conclude without a sincere voice of praise to Almighty God for the measure of success He gave to the work of those years. I began with the feeling that I was simply His servant, and He my employer. The message was given me, all I had to do was to deliver it. The men and women who were there unsaved He bid me tell the way. The minister's duty according to the thought of those old times was as simple as possible. It was not considered necessary for him to know how to play golf, nor was it necessary for him to show his gracefulness upon the waxed floor of an "assembly" room. But he belonged to the people every day in the week, for whatever service he could render in making life brighter, better and purer. During the years we are reviewing two hundred and seven persons were received into membership in the church. Of these fifty-three were received in the year 1867 and forty-six in 1877.

A few words more and I am done. It is with an unspeakable sadness in my heart that I attempt to speak them; but it is an act of simple justice to the memory of one who thoroughly gave her consecrated life to the work God had called her to do among you. She did not share that sentiment which in these later years I am hearing very often, that the pastor's wife has nothing to do with the pastor's work in and among his people. She gave her life to the church in the fullest degree, and it is with the feeling that these greetings would be incomplete if I did not add hers to them today, for I believe that she is here along with the many others who have gone from your midst, and that no words of loving remembrance will be spoken by the tongue of any one present which will contain more of holy

affection and prayer for God's blessing to continue to rest upon you than are those which will be heard in the spirit stillness of your own hearts. And I want to say with a profound thankfulness in my heart that whatever of success our common Father gave me here or elsewhere, I owe under Him to the woman He gave me as my associate in the work of my life.

I thank you again for your generous appreciation of our work in all our years and shall continue to pray God's blessing to rest upon you so long as I may live here, and when gone beyond we will gather the old friends who are already gone and pray as fervently as in the older days for God's love to abide with you all and bring you all at last safe to His loving arms.

Affectionately yours,
H. E. BUTLER,



REV. H. E. BUTLER
1864--1880

The Story of a Hundred Years

Historical Sketch

By Miss Justina Thompson.



F the life of every individual, community or nation there are always two histories, the one outward and visible, the other inward and unseen and yet the more important of the two, since in the invisible are the springs and motives from which the actions and words of the other grow and make their mark on the world for good or ill. So in the story of a church, the unknown life, the souls awakened, the hearts renewed, the characters formed, the burdens lightened, the sorrows sanctified, the sweet memories of childhood as well as of olden years, this side of the history could it be told aright would be the interesting part of to-day's anniversary, but as this cannot be, to give a few facts and figures, mention a few honored names that have come down to us from the past, is about all that we can hope to do.

We all know that Calvinism early took deep root in New England where, as in grand old Scotland and Switzerland the very spirit of religious freedom dwells on the mountains and hills, and there it found a congenial soil in which to grow and from which to send its beneficent influence throughout the land.

Transplanted thither in the hearts of those who knew in their own lives what sacrifice meant, men and women who had given up home and friends and worldly wealth and were ready to give up life itself for the right, this creed moulded to a large extent the character of those early American Colonies. Those old Pilgrim fathers and mothers were not given much to sentimentalism. They were a people of deep, earnest conviction and conscience, indeed conscience was so prominent a feature in Calvinistic morality that John Quincy Adams called the Puritan colony of New England, "a colony of conscience." They felt in their inmost being that life was short and its responsibilities great, and their religion was their life.

And so as Mr. Butler said, it was doubtless due to the fact that so many of the first settlers of this village came from New England that a Congregational Church was so early established in this region. The simple unostentatious form

of worship, the intense devotion to the principles of individual liberty and the supreme exaltation of the Divine Sovereignty, elements which characterize that church, were such as to cling to the hearts of those who in early life had received them, and it was not strange that they could not long be content until the church of their early love had been regularly established, and thus only four years after the incorporation of the town of Chesterfield, in a log house near Port Douglass, eleven men and women met one day for this purpose.

In the quaint words of the old chronicle,

"Let it be remembered (and the glory be the Lord's) that on the fifth day of November, one thousand, eight hundred and six, according to a previous appointment made for the purpose, the following persons, namely, Matthew Adgate, Samuel Whitney, Erastus Strong, David Wright, Martha Strong, Eunice Adgate, Hannah Adgate, Nabby W. Strong, Anna Adgate, Theodosia Arthur and Ruhama Leavit together with the Rev. Jonathan Hovey, pastor of the Church of Christ in Waterbury, and Rev. Jonathan Hovey, Jr., pastor of the Church of Christ in Waybridge, both in the State of Vermont, did meet at the dwelling house of Samuel Whitney in Chesterfield, with a view and for the purpose of forming a visible Church of Christ in the said town of Chesterfield. That after joint supplication at the throne of grace for light and divine assistance, the said Matthew Adgate, Samuel Whitney, Erastus Strong, David Wright, Martha Strong, Eunice Adgate, Hannah Adgate, Nabby W. Strong, Anna Adgate, Theodosia Arthur and Ruhama Leavit, did severally for themselves and publicly agree and sign in the presence of each other a confession of their faith and belief in the Christian doctrine and scheme of salvation as contained in the Old and New Testaments or Sacred Scriptures of truth and did likewise at the same time and place and in the presence of each other and said pastors, agree and sign a covenant to regulate their lives, to watch and care for each other as a visible Church of Christ in the world."

Thus was born a hundred years ago to-day the Congregational Church of Keeseville, earnest purpose and reverent faith hallowing its cradle, and have we not a right to believe that the mutual covenant entered into on that day received the Divine approval and was fraught with blessings to future generations?

For several years after the organization of the church, these members had to depend on their own resources for the maintaining of public worship, and though no people have a higher reverence for the ordained minister of the gospel, yet it was

quite in accordance with their creed to feel that it was perfectly valid and regular for them to call on Judge Adgate to read a sermon and preside at their meetings or Dea. Sam'l Whitney to lead in religious services.

Occasionally a missionary from the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society came into this New York wilderness and would gather the people together for worship wherever they could.

Among these pioneer missionaries were Rev. Cyrus Comstock, Rev. Chester Armstrong and Rev. Chas. Gilbert.

Father Comstock, as he was called, was one of the remarkable men of his day although the region in which he labored occupied a very small place on the map of the world. Born in 1765, early apprenticed as a shoemaker, but soon recognizing a call to different work, he entered as a student the Academy at North Salem, N. Y., and then taught school for six years. Prof. Taylor Lewis, in an interesting sketch of him, entitled, "My Old School Master," says that "from him I learned my first lessons in reading and spelling, receiving at that early day an impression of truth and goodness which has never left my memory."

Mr. Comstock studied for the ministry and entered upon the work of an evangelist under the auspices of the Congregational Society of New England.

To preach in school houses in remote settlements, to build up feeble churches, to seek the neglected sheep in the wilderness, sleeping often in the rude cahins of those mountain regions, to minister to the wants of the poor, and to bring comfort and encouragement to the lowly, this was his mission. Material aid as well as spiritual, he brought these people, having used his money and credit to save from starvation many of the inhabitants of the Upper Ausable Valley during what was known as the "famine year," 1816, a year in which there was frost every month and a consequent failure of crops.

Hon. Robt. S. Hale said, "I came to this county to commence my law studies when Mr. Comstock was 80 years old and I could not fail to be impressed with the simplicity and purity of his life, his thoughts, his language, the absoluteness of his faith and the saintliness of his character." His last days were spent on a farm in the town of Lewis, where he died Jan. 8th, 1853. On the tablet which marks his resting place are these words: "He was the father of the Congregational Churches of this county, most of which were gathered by him as a missionary. A faithful minister, he exemplified the Christian graces in a long and useful life. He has gone to his reward."

Rev. Chester Armstrong preached for a time at different places in Chesterfield, and after him Rev. Chas. Gilbert for a few months.

Services were held by these ministers at the home of Samuel Whitney, in the school house at Port Douglass, in the school house south on what was then called Norton's hill, and in school district No. 3 near the residence of L. B. Davis, and sometimes in summer, when the house was too small for those who came together, Dea. Whitney's barn became their tabernacle.

The earliest record of the church in the hand-writing of Judge Adgate, dates back to 1809, and it is evident that even in those days there were some who deviated from the strict path of Christian conduct, and it is also evident that when this did occur that there were men brave enough to expose the wrong and rebuke the offender.

During this period Judge Adgate and Mr. Whitney officiated as deacons, and in 1811 Marcus Barnes was added to their number and later on, Curtis Woodruff, Joseph Reynolds, Myron Ticknor, staid, sober, reliable pillars of the church—somewhat ponderous in their dignity, perhaps, but earnest, deliberate, sincere men, hating evil and upholding the right as they saw the right.

Judge Adgate came to Ausable Chasm in 1792, having had a large tract of land granted him for services in the Revolutionary War, and in 1802 the whole territory comprising the counties of Essex and Clinton was divided into but four towns, Judge Adgate's tract, I am told, lying mostly in Essex Co., and thus although there was no lack of land for a church site, yet for some time it was difficult to tell where the interests of the region would finally center, as people settled at Peru, the Union, Clintonville, Birmingham Falls and all about before locating to any extent in what is now the village proper, but the fine water power of the Ausable river was the magnet which attracted them and decided the matter, and as saw mills, factories and other industries began to appear, of course men came too, and Keeseville continuing to grow in importance, the place of stated meeting of the church was moved in 1828 to the "Old Yellow School House" on "Academy Hill."

It is a curious fact that the first place of worship of all denominations in those earlier days was located on a hill

When the church came to the village it numbered fifty members, but during that year and the following one it was largely increased by the addition of new comers to the town.

Of course with the growth in numbers, the question of a minister could not fail to become one of great interest and

importance, and accordingly, after much discussion and due consideration, a call was extended to Rev. Solomon Lyman, which he accepted, and in 1829 became the first pastor of the church, which office he held till 1834. In 1831-32-33 a series of "protracted meetings" were held which resulted in large additions to the membership.

It was during the pastorate of Mr. Lyman that the people, having had no permanent abiding place for 24 years, decided to build a house of worship, and an elected few from their number were authorized to find a suitable location and appoint a building committee to attend to the business. This committee consisted of Martin Pope, John Brigham, Henry Mather, Joshua Aiken and Joseph Reynolds.

The work was begun immediately, and on July 15th, 1830, the corner stone was laid. The Keeseville Herald, our first village newspaper, published by Anson H. Allen, says of this event: "On Saturday last the corner stone of the first Congregational Church of Keeseville was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The building is to be of the Gothic order, of stone, 50 by 70 feet. Mr. Lyman made an address upon the occasion which he has given us for publication in which he said: "It is but a few years since this place was regarded by the passing traveller as too forbidding in appearance to be selected for human habitation, but now a numerous population calls for those means, civil, literary and religious which adorn and bless society." Mr. Davis G. Moore of Danville, Ills., has kindly sent me some pages from his memories of this first church building. In 1826 his parents came into this region, bringing with them letters from their old church in New Hampshire to the one here retaining their connection with it for half a century or more, all of their family of ten children having been baptised in the old church edifice. Mr. Moore says: "My earliest recollections are of the old stone building, a structure of medium height, standing back from the street, with a considerable yard in front, its southern gable surmounted by a bell-tower and tall spire,—with double doors in the center—always painted green, and a fan-shaped fixed shutter over the doors.

The basement was entered through a doorway on the east side and contained a vestibule and one large audience room, used for Sunday school, prayer meetings and miscellaneous gatherings. It certainly fulfilled the scripture injunction in at least one particular, it was founded on the solid rock. My own most vivid remembrances of the church are connected with that lower room; having reached the mature age of nearly five years, it was decided that I might attend Sunday

school, and on one Sunday noon I walked with fear and trembling the length of that room to the seat of the youngest class, a trip to me then that was greater than the length of the largest cathedral.

In the main audience room the pulpit was at the north end, raised several feet above the floor and reached on either side by a stairway with a railing. The singers' gallery and organ loft extended across the south end of the room, where the choir, with hymn book in one hand and tune book in the other, sent up to heaven the united praise of the whole congregation, the people in the pews at the same time rising to their feet and calmly turning their backs to the preacher, literally "faced the music."

The pews of the old church were apparently planned to be sufficiently uncomfortable to check any tendency to drowsiness during service, the backs of the pews being at right angles to the seats and the oval strip on the top of the backs projecting far enough to warn the sitter against attempting any position but that of strict uprightness.

The plastering was laid directly on the stone walls of the old building and in the extreme cold weather of our northern winters, when the room became thoroughly warm (which did not always happen) my boyish vision was greatly edified in watching the tiny rivulets of melting frost which trickled down the walls.

As the building was erected in the early years of the organization of the society, its construction must have cost those pioneers an amount of labor, anxiety and self-denial which we of later generations are quite unable to realize.

How many exhortations to shun the ways of evil and lead "sober, righteous and godly lives" were given from the pulpit of the old building—how many earnest, fervent prayers of sincere Christian men and women went up from within its walls only the great Master knows." The old bell was sold and may still be doing duty somewhere and the weather vane still shows "which way the wind blows" on the Horse Nail Co.'s building across the street.

When the church edifice was completed, only four of the original members were alive to enter it, and it does not require much imagination to understand the joy of those Christian hearts as they realized that at last their beloved church had a home.

The society had been organized under the laws of the State and the record of organization mentions Joseph Reynolds, Joshua Aiken and Wm. Peters as the first elected trustees, Percival Morse, the first clerk; Samuel Moore, collector, and John Brigham, treasurer.

The pastor's salary was fixed at \$500. After Mr. Lyman closed his labors here, Rev. A. D. Brinkerhoff was invited to fill the pulpit, which he did for four years. During these years, also, large numbers were added to the membership, seventy uniting in one year.

A few of the old entries on the church books about this time may be of interest.

Mar. 1830. At a meeting of the society, Mr. H., a member, was excused from assisting in the support of the gospel, having given satisfactory reasons therefor.

Oct. 1830. Asa D. Moore was appointed collector for the society and voted that he receive 5 per cent. of all he may collect. Perhaps some of our present day collectors would vote for such an arrangement as that.

Oct. 1832. Voted that the trustees cause holes to be cut through the partition in the lower part of the house between the posts and that the stoves be put up and that the pipe from them be carried over the aisles and out at the north end of the house.

Nov. 1832. Voted to levy a tax on pews according to value to pay for stove-pipes, fuel and oil for lighting, and that David Wait be employed to teach a singing school, and voted also that T. A. Tomlinson, R. Keese and John Brigham be the committee to hire said singing master.

Oct. 1837. Voted that the thanks of the society be presented to Martin Pope for a donation of \$500.00, and at the same time the wish of the society was expressed that no town meetings be held in the church.

A little later it was voted that Joseph Reynolds take the care of the church building, furnishing fuel, lights and bell-ringing for \$150 per annum.

After Mr. Brinkerhoff left, the church for a short time was supplied by different ministers, among them Rev. H. D. Kitchell, afterward president of Middlebury College.

Oct. 1838. "It was voted unanimously to give Rev. John Mattocks a call to become our pastor."

Justinian Holden was clerk of the church and Dea. Joseph Reynolds chairman of the meeting by which the call was extended to him.

Mr. Mattock had been educated for the law and a brilliant career was open to him in that profession with his father, who was governor of Vermont, but he was converted and this changed the current of his life. With characteristic promptness he turned to the higher life to which he felt the call, and four weeks from the time of his conversion had begun his study for the ministry. From the very beginning of his Christian experience he threw himself heart and soul into the

work. Not long before his death a friend said something to him about daily consecration. "Daily consecration," he said. "I do not know what you mean, I consecrated myself forty years ago, once for all."

Can it be that this is one reason why so many of us lead such useless, fruitless lives, the consecration is not "once for all," and we so often have to go back to the beginning that we make no progress?

Mr. Mattocks, at the time he came here, was only twenty-four years of age, but both by natural ability and education was well fitted for his calling, and with youthful enthusiasm devoted himself to it. He was ordained Jan. 15, 1839, Rev. A. D. Brinkerhoff preaching the sermon.

All through his ministry his influence over young men was specially marked and remains to the present day, having borne abundant fruit in many noble and useful lives. Mr. Moore said of him, "I knew but one pastor, that sturdy son of Vermont, Rev. John Mattocks, who for eighteen years was such a power for good, not only in his own church, but throughout the entire community. Others there were, but his presence and personality so completely filled my mind that I cannot now recall any other."

As a preacher, he was simple, direct, going straight to the mark for which he was aiming, never using the sensational in word or manner to impress his hearers.

He largely identified himself with the interests of the village, especially those of education. Excelling as a scholar in Natural Sciences, it was his custom to give lectures on those subjects on Wednesday afternoons at the Academy, which was greatly indebted to him in other directions also, for co-operation and aid. During his pastorate, the church edifice having been found too small for the needs of the congregation, was taken down and the present one erected in its place.

"Rev. John Mattocks, Joseph Goulding, Nelson Kingsland, Oliver Peabody, Abram Kingsland, Chas. Morris and S. F. Spencer were the building committee."

Mr. Mattocks, out of his own private fortune, was by far the largest contributor to the expense of the new building. The contract for the mason work was given to Solomon Townsend, and for the wood work and interior finishing to Nelson Kingsland.

The church was dedicated Feb. 19, 1852. While the building was in process of erection, the Methodists kindly offered the pastor and people the use of their church, which offer was gratefully accepted, and Mr. Mattocks preached there every other Sabbath.

In 1856, after a ministry of 18 years, Mr. Mattocks thought best to accept a call to the First Presbyterian church of St. Paul, Minn., where the same useful life was continued, till death suddenly called him home, in the sixty-second year of his age. In a ministerial life of thirty-seven years he served hut two churches, eighteen being spent here and nineteen in St. Paul. Two hundred and eighty were added to this church during his life here.

In 1849 Mr. Mattocks preached the consecration sermon of Evergreen Cemetery, which sermon, through the courtesy of his son, Dr. Mattocks, is one of the most valued possessions of the Ladies' Auxiliary; we have the hymn too, sung on the occasion, also a composition of Mr. Mattocks.

The church was organized as a Congregational church, and for many years was connected with the Consociation of Essex County, but in 1845, through the influence of her pastor, it became a member of the Presbytery of Champlain, and has so remained ever since.

Feb. 1815. The Presbytery addressed a circular letter to those churches within its bounds, or within the counties of Essex, Clinton, Franklin and St. Lawrence, which were of the Congregational order, but some of them served by pastors belonging to the Presbytery, inviting them to join the Presbytery under a plan of union recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the General Consociation of Connecticut, the chief feature of which was, that each church might send a delegate to Presbytery with all the rights of the eldership of that body, the church in turn submitting to Presbyterial supervision of its acts and records.

The following minutes is from the records of the Presbytery.

"The meeting of Presbytery was held at Clintonville, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1845.

The Congregational Church of Keeseville presented, through the moderator, a request to be taken under the care of Presbytery. Their articles of faith and records having been found in order, the request was granted, and Bro. Justinian Holden, delegate from that church, took his seat as member of Presbytery.

Rev. John Mattocks, pastor of the church, was moderator at the time, having been chosen Jan., 1845.

To the lady who was organist, for I do not know how many years, somewhere about this time, Miss Lucia Throop, I wish to pay at least a slight tribute of personal respect and affection. She was my first Sunday school teacher, and I remember her as a woman of unusual independence of character, decided opinions and fearless in the expression of them. She knew what she believed, as well as in whom, and it seems to

me as if she were formed of the stuff of which martyrs are made, faithful unto death, and I would class her among the Puritans of England or the old Covenanters of Scotland.

After 1856, for some months, the church was supplied by different clergymen, and then Rev. John Young began his labors here, remaining a little over one year, but that a very fruitful one, as there was a remarkable religious awakening, and eighty-five were added to the membership.

Mr. Young was followed by Rev. Selden Haynes, who in Dec., 1858, was installed, filling the pulpit till Dec., 1860.

Rev. Asa Hemenway came to be our minister, remaining with us till May, 1864. A saintly man, indeed, was he in all his walk and conversation. His youthful strength and vigor had been spent as a missionary to Siam, but the quiet, Christian example, and the pure consistent life of every day, had the influence that such a life never fails to have. It is a pleasant thought that the same lips which told us the "old, old story" had told it also to the dusky sons of another race far over the sea, and perhaps beside the river of life, some from this fold and some from that distant one, together may meet the pastor who led them to the cross.

In 1864, another young man, fresh from the seminary at Princeton, came to this, his first charge. A young man of fine scholarship and exceptional ability as a preacher, and never did pastor find his way more quickly into the heart and affection of a people, a place which he has retained to the present day with the few who are left. Rev. H. E. Butler came well equipped for the labors he had undertaken. Heart interest in the work, unusual reserve force, enthusiasm and genuine affection for his people made him an ideal minister. The key-note of his life was found in the text of his first sermon after accepting the call extended to him, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Mr. Butler was ordained by the Presbytery of Champlain, Jan. 1865, Rev. M. R. Herrick of Malone preaching the sermon on the occasion, and installed in Sept. of the same year, Rev. M. H. Buckam, President of the University of Vermont, preaching the installation sermon.

The period of Mr. Butler's pastorate was one of the most prosperous in the history of the church, both spiritually and financially. There were additions to the membership every year of his stay among us, over two hundred in all, the Sabbath school, so far as the records tell, was larger than ever before, there was a flourishing young people's association and the various benevolent interests were liberally sustained. Dr.

Butler, during some of the years among us was paid a much larger salary than any other ever has been.

The vestry was remodelled at an expense of over \$700, and on this room \$3,500 were expended in changes and repairs, and a parsonage was purchased and fitted up for the pastor's home.

Dr. Butler was an encouraging preacher, one who had the faculty of bringing out the best in people. Some one has said, "Tell a man that no good which he can do is of any value and depend upon it he will take you at your word," he never did that. If there was wrong to be rebuked it was done, but if there was good to be commended, that was also done. Then, too, Mr. Butler always gave his congregation the credit of being capable of understanding and appreciating his very best, (which cannot be said of all ministers) and he gave it to us.

Two or three entries on the church book at this time will show the feeling of pastor and people on some of the questions of the day, suggesting the query as to whether we are advancing along these lines or retreating.

During a time of special religious interest it was "Resolved, that in view of the judgment of this church in all its past history, and in view of the special circumstances of religious interest in which we are placed, that we deem it highly inexpedient and directly calculated to produce harm for any member of this church to countenance or aid by presence or otherwise the masquerade ball soon to take place."

In consequence of the above resolution the ball was given up by its managers.

April, 1880. At a special meeting called to consider the relation of the church to the question of temperance the following resolutions were introduced and passed.:

"In view of the present aspect of the temperance cause in this village and the deep and quickened sentiment concerning it throughout the land, this church feels called upon to define its position thereto. We do, therefore, declare it as our belief that the use, manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is contrary to the spirit of God's word, is productive of terrible evil and therefore a sin for which a holy God will call them to account who are guilty.

"Without questioning in any degree the right of private judgment upon points of public wisdom and prudence, we feel that the time has come when all our members should unite with the most thorough determination to give no sort of consent to, or acquiescence in this evil, but should do everything in their power to uproot and destroy it as a fearful foe."

Mr. Butler was with us in some of the trying scenes of the civil war. Many of us remember his sermon on the assassina-

tion of Pres. Lincoln, which was published by request. This church, with thousands of others throughout the land, furnished its defenders of the flag—Major Peabody, Henry M. Mould, Philip McLean, Henry Northrup and Col. Thomas, whose lifeless remains were brought here from the field of battle for a patriot's burial. To that funeral service, held in this church, came such a throng of men and women, eager to show their respect for the dead soldier, that a great number could not even find standing room.

To the home of this pastor was brought his fair young bride, and hearts were opened to her also in royal welcome. She received so cordially all who came, and to husband and children she made it the sweetest spot on earth. I see her now, oh, so plainly, as she, with Mrs. Houghton, of blessed memory, came to me in the first great sorrow of my life, came with sweet, sympathetic words and kindly help. I know the pastor in his western home was very sure of the sympathy of this people when she crossed the river to join the little daughter who had gone before. The children, too, were born here, so perhaps it is not so strange that Dr. Butler, during the years he has spent among others who loved him, has never lost his interest in or affection for the old church and its members, and we hope the years may be many in which he can still return to us, if but for a few weeks, and that his words, tender, helpful and comforting may exert all their old time influence.

The words of the "Country Parson" seem specially appropriate in this case. "Oh! if the clergyman with less now of physical strength, yet preaches with the added weight and solemnity of his long experience the same blessed doctrine now after forty years that he preached in his early prime, then I think that even the most doubtful will believe that the principle and religion of such men are a glorious reality! The sternest of all touchstones of the genuineness of our better feelings is the fashion in which they stand the wear of years."

Dec. 1880. In spite of the most earnest protest from the whole congregation, Mr. Butler thought it wise, after a ministry of nearly seventeen years, to resign his charge here and accept a call to Jacksonville, Ill.

Dr. Butler was unusually fortunate in the deacons associated with him, but only a word of loving remembrance can be given to them, only a mention of names all of which are now engraven on the tablets of the cemetery.

Dea. Marcus Barnes, with the rich, ripe experience which belongs to the aged Christian, his office as deacon dating back to almost the beginning of the church. Dea. Daniel Adgate, who that ever heard that humble, reverent voice in prayer, did

not feel as if he were in the very audience chamber of the Most High? Dea. Jonathan Davis, with the words so often on his lips, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Dea. Cyrus Andrews, with the quiet, gentle influence that so often speaks for the Master louder than words, and Dea. Chas. Morris, with his saintly face and more saintly life, a man whose name, even to this day, always comes first to the thoughts and lips of those who knew him, when they would think or speak of a "perfect man."

In passing, a word of just tribute to one other man, one who had charge of the financial interests of the church, was one of its trustees and its treasurer for many years. Most men when they drop out of life make but a ripple upon the surface and are soon forgotten, but the place of Mr. E. H. Garfield in this society has never been filled, though the grass of thirty summers has grown upon his grave. A business man, who, as he did, put the interests of the church before his own, is not common in this world. His pastor, speaking of him a few weeks ago, said: "As I look back upon the years of his life when I was here, I think he was one of the noblest men I ever knew."

All these gone from sight, but the influence of such men lives on and is an inspiration to those who still tarry.

Rev. L. H. Elliot became, by acceptance of the call extended to him, our minister in 1881. A true shepherd, a man genial, kindly and thoughtful for the welfare of all within his reach, bringing sunshine into the homes he entered, a man too, with the courage of his convictions, denouncing the wrong without regard to the consequences. Mr. Elliot was greatly interested in mission work and we used to think he wanted a great deal for the cause, but oh, dear, he was in that respect, nothing to what we have now. Mr. Elliot closed his labors here April, 1884, becoming the efficient and successful head of the Vermont Bible Society, which position he has held ever since.

Following Mr. Elliot, Rev. C. S. Newhall came into our church life in 1885, filling the pulpit for two years. Afterwards, for a time, a home missionary, now at the head of the Forestry Commission of California.

From Unadilla in 1887 another came to continue his life work with us and a feeling of special tenderness comes with thought of him since in this home he finished that life work and went from the church militant to the church triumphant. Everybody in the community knew Rev. A. C. Bishop so well, respected and loved him so much that the memory of each will bring before him the character and life of the man better than words of mine, yet we are glad to remember that he was our minister for sixteen years, years of devoted service to his Master and this people, years of blessed precept and ex-

ample, and sixteen years of more harmonious relations between pastor and people could not be, so free from all the friction often found in that connection. As Dr. Butler said of him, "He was a man who did not confine either his labors or his love to his own church. He was interested in all that made the village better, a pleasanter home, or a happier resting place. He had been here so long that everybody knew him and so had come to that inheritance which only the pastor can attain who has lived long enough in one place for all to learn his ways and understand his life. The modern pastor, whose average parish life is only about three years can never know the depth and warmth of affection which grows up after the church and her minister have become thoroughly acquainted. Many a church is suffering simply for lack of acquaintanceship with its pastor. It takes time and patience and forbearance, and the church at Keeseville is fortunate in the possession of these qualities, more than fifty years of its life having been passed in united work with but three men. It is a record of which any people may be proud and which is given to few."

The Christian Endeavor Society was organized two years after Mr. Bishop came. Back in 1875 a "Young People's Association" was formed with a constitution and regularly elected officers and this constitution was adapted to the needs of the new society, but was substantially the same with the addition of the C. E. pledge. Its first officers were:

C. M. HOPKINS, Pres.
CLIFFORD ANDREWS, Vice Pres.
MISS BESSIE McLEAN, Treas.
MISS JENNIE WHITNEY, Sec..

The society has been a great help to the young people and through them to the church. For over a year after the death of Mr. Bishop our pulpit was without regular supply different ministers preaching for a Sabbath or two, and Rev. C. R. Hamlin for a few months, meantime prayer from interested Christian hearts ascended to the Lord of the vineyard that he would send us such a man as we needed and we trust that it was in answer to that prayer that in July, 1905, Rev. W. C. Taylor came into our church life and if we may judge the future by the short past, no mistake was made in this matter.

Mr. Taylor will be the first pastor of our second centennial and we hope the historian of future generations will do him ample justice.

I have spent much time with the ministers, too much, perhaps you will think, but is not the life of a church so interwoven with and influenced by the life and character of its preachers, that to tell the story of one, tells it of the other?

Given an easy going careless minister, (and there are such), and you will soon have a careless, easy going, church. Of course I refer to the rank and file of the ordinary congregation, for there is in every Christian church a blessed "little flock" that will hold fast to its integrity no matter what the environment, but the usual occupant of the pew is very much influenced by the occupant of the pulpit.

Do we differ so much from the old Israelite who, when he had a good king did that which was right, and when he had a bad one did that which was evil? Human nature is very much the same in Jew and Gentile and so I think it must be due to the fact that we have had so many good ministers, that there have been so many good people here. It is not strange with the pastors and Sunday School teachers we have had that the thoughts of some young men should be turned to the ministry and we are glad that we can say that seven, who were members of this church have entered upon that work and some of them making their mark in it.

Curtis Woodruff, son of one of our earlier deacons entered the Episcopal ministry.

Joseph Whitney, one of our members in 1839, also gave himself to the work.

Allen Page Bissell, an unusually fine scholar is still engaged in the Master's service at West Union, O.

Joseph Cook, whose name is known throughout most of the civilized world, when a young student at Keeseville Academy came under the influence of Mr. Mattocks, was converted and united with this church in 1853. After completing his theological course he preached one year at Lynn, Mass., and then turned his attention to lecturing and authorship, preferring these to pastoral work. Died 1901.

Henry O. Finch, son of Martin Finch of this village, after finishing his course at the University of Vermont, spent one year in his father's law office.

After conversation and prayer with his pastor, Mr. Butler, he decided to take up the work of the ministry, completed his theological course at Yale, became acting pastor at Guilford, Conn. He was not ordained, but was expecting soon to be, when one morning he was found dead upon the beach near his home.

This was one of those strange Providences we so often see in life. Only 26 years of age, an unusually prepossessing young man, giving great promise of future usefulness. In the one year of his pastorate he had gathered a bible class of eighty young men. This class to perpetuate his memory organized themselves into what they named the "Finch Bible Class."

Many of us remember the sorrow felt in the town when the news of the calamity reached us, and the throng which filled this room to show their affection for him and to listen to the loving words of the pastor, who had welcomed him into the church.

Warren Hall Landon, who was principal of our schools for two years, was another who went into the blessed work. After preaching several years at Portland, Ore., he entered as professor, a theological seminary at San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. A. C. Ferrin was one of our deacons for two years, and very active and efficient in the Sabbath School. He is now filling a pulpit at Lowell, Mass.

We may with gratitude rejoice, I think, that there are so many men and women, too, scattered throughout the land, who are influencing lives for good and working each in his sphere for the spread of the Gospel, who had themselves been influenced by the truth as preached in this church.

We know that a Sabbath School was connected with the church at least as far back as 1828, for Deacon Barnes said he used to ride five miles to the "Old Yellow School House," attend two services, morning and afternoon with a Sabbath school during the intermission, then return in time to attend another in his own district reaching home at "early candle light."

Unfortunately we have no record of its early officers or teachers, the first we do know being in Mr. Mattocks' day. He acted for a time as his own superintendent, followed by Gilbert Thayer, then principal of Keeseville Academy. It was a flourishing institution in those days and has always been maintained as one of the main pillars of the church. It reached, perhaps, its greatest prosperity, at least so far as numbers constitute prosperity, in Mr. Butler's day, there being then over two hundred members enrolled.

Among the many faithful, efficient teachers we have had, there are three, all of whom have gone from earthly sight, who seem to stand out with special distinctness, women of culture and supreme devotion to the interests of this church. There was no work, however difficult, which would promote its welfare in any direction, but hand and heart were ready to undertake it. I speak of them in connection with the Sabbath School specially because it was there we saw them most often and there, perhaps, their most permanent work was done. Mrs. Marsh had charge of the infant class for years and I am sure lasting impressions were made on those young minds, it could not be otherwise. Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. George Kingsland had classes of young girls and the memory of those

loved teachers and the precious truths they taught will linger with them while life shall last.

The school has something to be grateful for in the fact that we have had so many competent men at its head from Mr. Mattocks down to our present beloved superintendent, Mr. A. C. Andrews. Among those who have acted in this capacity we have but a few names recorded. Mr. Gilbert Thayer, Joseph Reynolds, Deacon Charles Morris, E. F. Bullard, Dr. F. M. Hopkins, Edmund Kingsland 2nd, after whom, thirty years ago Mr. A. C. Andrews was elected to the office which he has filled ever since and which we hope he will continue to fill for years to come. Mr. Andrews ever since he has been at the head of the school, has given his heart's devotion, thought and prayer to its welfare and from the oldest teacher to the youngest child of the infant class he is loved and respected.

I do not know when we began to be interested in missions, but I think it must have been in our youth as no church is likely to grow and prosper without such interest, but no record was kept of the work previous to 1867. Since that time nearly \$6000 have been given to home and foreign missions.

The ladies have a society which was organized by Mrs. L. H. Elliot and which has been maintained ever since, and mission work is also done in the Sabbath school and C. E. society.

Besides what is given to missions, the church contributes to the boards of Ministerial Relief, Publication, Education, Church Erection, The General Assembly Fund and Synodical Aid.

A great company has since the beginning been connected with us, 1098 members have been on our church roll. Over two hundred are reported as buried here. Between four hundred and five hundred have taken letters to other church homes and quite a large number have neglected to ask for such letters and one hundred and thirty-three names are still recorded here.

It is difficult to find a stopping place, there are so many more it would be so pleasant at least to mention. There is Ephraim Tenney, our old bell ringer, it seems as if no sketch of this church would be complete without his name, for no more devoted lover of it ever stood within its walls. John Wham, the kindly ol man who was our sexton for so many years, the first one I remember, and then too, dear old Father Place, who had Watt's hymns from cover to cover at his tongue's end and never failed to embellish his prayers and exhortations with some of that immortal poetry. I wonder if the blessed old man is singing them now?

There are so many faces from memory's picture gallery that come thronging before one—so many loving, helpful words

spoken by lips now silent—so many kind, brave deeds of hands now folded forever which it is pain to pass by.

Our pastors' wives, who have always been such a blessing to this church and have done so much for its prosperity and welfare, the voices of the old choir and its leader whose music comes floating softly back sometimes in the quiet hours of the night, and then too the years of patient unrewarded service of our present organists, Mr. C. M. and Miss Nellie Hopkins of all these it would be only just to speak a word of grateful recognition.

And thus we come to the close of our first century of church life, with its successes and its failures, its faults and mistakes, rejoicing in the good done, hoping for forgiveness for the wrong, bidding farewell to the years that are gone with something akin to the sadness with which we take leave of a friend we shall never see again, and yet knowing that we can look into the face of the future with hope and courage since the same Pilot will still be at the helm.

I wish to thank those friends who have assisted me with facts in the preparation of this paper and especially am I indebted to Rev. H. E. Butler. Some thirty years ago or more upon the completion of extensive repairs in this room, Dr. Butler gave us a historical sketch of the church down to that time. From that sketch with his kind permission I have quoted and as he had sources of information which I had not it was of great use to me.

My thanks are also due to Mr. Davis G. Moore for recollections of the old church which add much to the interest of the story.

“ Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

“ Oh make thou us through centuries long
In faith secure, in love be strong,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!”



REV. A. C. BISHOP
1887—1904

How the Pulpit Looks from the Pew

Hon. W. C. Watson.

My old Friends and Neighbors:

I ask, How does the pulpit look from the pew? And I answer it looks high.

And one reason why it looks high is because it is high.

The church itself is high, literally and figuratively.

This church, in situation, not so high as her sister churches throughout New England; where the highest and most inaccessible hills seem to have been usually selected for the site of the village church. And having been once placed there has been kept there with that pertinacity which has always characterized the obstinate and beloved Yankee. In case of these churches, why such a site was selected I am not sure. Perhaps because it was a good place to catch the first sight of a maurauding Indian; perhaps because, as Charles Lamb said of the fir trees of his boyhood, it seemed to be nearer Heaven than the surrounding country.

But, whatever the reason, there she sits like a city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid. And her patient worshippers, in theory if not in practice, climb this unnecessary height every Sunday: A penance, which would have been spared them if the edifice had been as wisely placed as this building was by the founders of the First Congregational Church of Keeseville.

And as we have intimated that the pulpit is higher relatively, than the church itself, or at least so regarded by the pew, I shall not I think, be considered irrelevant in showing how very high the pulpit is, if I begin by showing how high the church is, or how high it has always been regarded by the community.

In respect to the Christian church at large, I do not suppose her noble position in the world can be better established than by stating the slanders she has received from her enemies.

They say she is rich, or rather, that her members are rich, unlike her founder or his immediate followers.

Well, Christian men are sometimes subject to that obloquy. A Christian man cannot be untrammelled unless he has been thrifty. A man cannot at the same time be empty and full and an empty bag cannot be made to stand upright. And yet when Christian men have been solicited to make contribu-

tions for feeding the starving, for founding libraries, or establishing colleges, I have never heard them criticised for being too rich, or complained of for contributing tainted money.

They say that Christians are clannish. Perhaps they are. But if they were more so they would be better Christians and better men.

If they listened to the voice of their Master, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is," the prayer meeting would be attended though the theater was deserted.

Theatres are built without bells.

It is easier for most to find the theatre than the church.

They say the Christian Church contains hypocrites. So it does. Christ had twelve disciples, and one of them was a devil. And though a mild astonishment is expressed at finding one hypocrite in the church, none at all is experienced at finding a thousand of them out of the church.

The slanders of the Christian Church are innumerable.

And what is true in general is true in particular. The abstract and the concrete conform.

What has been said of the position of the Christian Church in the world is equally true of the position of this church in this community.

Although this is the centennial anniversary of this church, I am obliged to admit that I do not recall distinctly the condition of this church and its surroundings a century ago.

I do, however, recall them half a century ago, better than I do the events of last week.

Dear old Keeseville of that early time, what a place you fill in my memory! In this charming village my friends and kindred lived. Here my boyhood days were spent. Your streets were not so shady then as now, but they were busier. Then, as now. Poke o' Moonshine loomed in the distance, so did Fordway Mountain. Far away sat old White Face with the snowy cross upon her breast, and near by smiled Prospect Hill, from whose rounded top it seemed to my childish eyes we might see all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, and we did see Lake Champlain, white with snowy sails, and the steeples of Plattsburgh and Burlington; and in the far north the eye of faith, not mine, saw Montreal and the twin towers of Notre Dame.

You chuckle headed boys, you smiling girls, once I knew you all, now I cannot find you.

"You grew in beauty side by side
You filled these homes with glee,
But now you are scattered far and wide
O'er mountain, dale and sea."

Dear old Keeseville church, what a place you hold in my heart! I recall you well from turret to foundation stone. You were built of stone, you were built to last a century, and are fulfilling your mission. You were, and are, no unfit emblem of the Christian religion and the Presbyterian faith.

Of the Presbyterian faith I say, for if you are a Congregational Church, you belong to the Presbytery of Champlain, and I remember, during one-fifth of your existence at least, it was said of you that you were a Congregational Church with a Presbyterian minister.

Nothing can be mentioned about you in my early days that I do not remember. Up in your tower cooed the pigeons; there hung the bell, and with Ephram Tenney's faithful hand on the rope below, on week days, at noon, it called the laborers of the village from work to dinner, and set the neighbors' dogs to rivaling its stentorian notes with their frantic howls, and at nine o'clock at night it rang a curfew, which closed the village stores and shops, and sent the kids, (in those days we called them children) home to their beds—a duty which I sometimes thought it ought to have performed for their fathers.

And on Sundays, in those days, it called us mornings, afternoons and evenings, to worship, and on Wednesday evening to prayer meeting—a summons which then (different now I suppose) was not always obeyed by everybody.

At irregular and uncertain times, by a custom which I presume does not now prevail, it stirred our souls to hear it ring, for we knew that some sick neighbor had gone to his eternal rest, and we stood with bated breath and parted lips to hear it toll—*thrice three for a man, twice three for a woman, once three for a child*, and then with measured stroke and slow, it indicated the number of the years of their age.

Once I heard it toll twice three and then it gave twenty-nine strokes, and though long afterward I discovered that "Earth hath no sorrow, which heaven cannot cure." I then thought the world had faded away and all its hopes and aspirations had gone from me forever. There too, at a later day, was the village clock, whose brazen mandates told the hour, and though not always directed by the movements of the planets, regulated all the clocks in the country side, and informed the forgetful sun of the true hour for his risings and settings.

Then below was the great audience room of the church, where 600 people could sit in the pews, if they would, but rarely did. There was the organ loft and gallery where Dr. Hopkins led and our beloved friends sang, who now alas; are members of the choir invisible.

And below all was the basement, in which was the minister's study, and the chapel, where the prayer meetings were held, and where Henry Ward Beecher and I together, for a time preached, with our ministrations differing in some respects from those of the average preacher—as only one of us was ordained, our sermons were shorter and better and we received no pay. But candor compels me to say that on one occasion, after I had read a sermon of Beecher's, Deacon Andrews offered the closing prayer, asking Almighty God to enable us to sift that sermon and keep what was good and throw the rest away.

But it is not with such predatory excursions against the ranks of sin, nor such irregular and semi occasional pulpit occupations that we have now to do.

In a general way the pulpit stands for the minister, the pews for the hearers.

The pulpit is above the pews, but not more so in most respects than the minister is above the hearers.

In our denomination the relation of the minister to his people has always seemed to me somewhat peculiar. With us, in theory, God calls him to his work; but unless some church repeats the call, he is a shepherd without sheep and cannot consider himself to be effectually called.

There was a time when the Congregational minister was a power in more respects than he is now.

The New England minister has led troops out to battle against the Indians. He has stood at the poles on election day, and his frown has defeated one candidate and his smile has elected another.

Business projects have been begun or discontinued because he approved or disapproved them; and maidens have rejected their suitors because he directed them to do so.

Nothing but the grace of God prevented him from becoming a tyrant, and even that sometimes seemed inadequate to the task; for his pulpit was perhaps what it has been sometimes called, "A Coward's Castle."

But all that sort of thing had passed away before the centennial of this beloved church began; and I do not believe that within the time of the oldest of us, in respect to the domestic, or political affairs of his parishioners, any carping criticism could fairly complain of the conduct of any minister of the First Congregational Church of Keeseville. And I trust there has never been a time when it could be said of us what was once said by an old friend of mine in this community, in respect to his church, that he liked his church better than he did any other church, because it never meddled with politics or religion.

A preacher is not bound to forget that he is a man because he is a minister, nor bound to deny that there are ways outside of any Christian church where God is served and humanity advanced.

You know that the apostle, John, once came to our Lord and said, "Master we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him because he followeth not with us." But Jesus said unto him, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us."

There is no good cause, not even the cause of moral reform, which is generally thought to have nothing of Christ in it, with which a minister of the Gospel need be ashamed to be identified. However, no touch but that of Christ has ever been found able to heal all infirmities and take away all diseases; and the minister of the Gospel, who in his pulpit preaches any other doctrine than Christ and Him crucified, has attempted to substitute morality for religion and his pulpit no longer looks high from the pew.

I am far from being of those who hold that there are different standards of right and wrong, so that what is wrong in a priest is right in a parishoner; yet no observing man will deny that things which may be said or done with propriety in the house should not always be published on the housetop. And still the pulpit of that worldly minded minister, who does not show by his life and conversation that he has been with Jesus, no longer looks high from the pews.

The minister has been engaged to preach the word of life and not to set a good example it is true; and the doctrine of some religious denominations has been pushed so far as to hold that "a bad man may be a good priest;" and yet the pulpit of that minister whose daily life is not better than the daily life of those around him, no longer looks high from the pews.

There have been features in the relationship of pulpit with pew, of pastor with people, which have been very diverse in different denominations of the Christian Church.

The theory, if not the practice, in England and at an early day in this country seems to have been that when once established it was to be a lifelong relationship; and could no more be separated than husband and wife could be.

Then another great protestant denomination seems to have made them parts of a great machine; and has held that for a period of two years (now I think extended to five years) every such relationship should cease, and every minister should be parted from his church through the whole dominion of a conference; on the ground that there are in the whole community all degrees of able minister, and all degrees

of weak minister. And that a church which had had a poor minister for two years had earned a good one, and that a church which had had a good one for two years ought to be willing to transfer its good luck to a less fortunate church, and they have sometimes said that these periodic changes were really found to be less frequent with them than the voluntary changes made in our church, and that by reason of being periodic, they were always anticipated, and were therefore made without friction, producing no jealousy or envy and not wounding the feelings of either pastor or people.

I concede that there is much force in this reasoning.

Yet it would seem to me that it breaks down all sentiment and affection between the pew and the pulpit.

To insist on these brief connections and certain separations in the church has some resemblance, in theory at least, to the reasoning which would prevail if men should say that there are all degrees of good husband and good wife, and all degrees of bad husband and bad wife, so that the members of the pair which had been well mated ought to always hold themselves in readiness to exchange with a pair which had been ill-mated

In this good old church where pastors have repeatedly ministered in this good old pulpit for close on to a score of years, and sometimes till death did them part, the doctrine of violent separation of pastor and people will not be likely to prevail.

What are the duties of a minister? He baptizes, he marries, he buries, he receives to the Lord's table. All his relations with his people and his duties to them, are tender, sacred and holy, not like those existing between a modern shepherd and his sheep, who scares them with his voice, who drives, but never leads, who persuades them with sticks and stones, and throws the lame and the sick to the dogs.

But like those between the Oriental shepherd, and his flock, who led them and was followed by them, who bore the sick upon his shoulders and carried the lambs in his bosom.

And to take the old minister out of the pulpit is to lose the influence of a lifetime—and to put a stranger in his place is like substituting a hireling for the shepherd whose the sheep are not, and whom they will not follow for they know not the voice of a stranger.

Without intending to speak slightly or disparagingly of any other minister or of any other pulpit, I must be permitted to say that I reckon this pulpit to be as high as any in the land, and hold the Presbyterian or Congregational minister (chips of the same block to my thinking) in learning, ability

and devotion to equal the same class of ministers in any other Christian Church.

Brilliant individual exceptions I have known—but I think that as a whole surely no class of ministers in the whole world can be fairly said to surpass, if they can to equal them.

Here in this Keeseville church will you say today, that you have ever known one of your ministers, of whom, in the pulpit, on the platform, or the street, you have been ashamed, or whose lance should be lowered before any other of the clergy?

Perhaps this is partisan and spoken unadvisedly, but I think I shall be excused, here at our family gathering, if I should indulge in a little buncombe; and while exalting the banner of the Cross over every type and symbol, should venture to lift up the bonny blue banner of Presbyterianism, which, having crossed the sea with the Covenanters, still smells of the heather and the Pentlands, and waves as fresh and fair today as it did among the sunny hills of France, or the salt marshes of Holland, in those days which tried men's souls, when it cost something to be a Presbyterian.

The pulpit looks high from the pew. The minister looks tall to the congregation. But the pulpit never looks so high and the minister never looks so tall as he does to us when we are children. The shepherd seems bigger and stronger to the lambs of the flock than he does to the old sheep.

Where the minister is of the right type, the child loves him, he admires him, he reckons him to be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," he reveres him, and woe to that minister who disappoints such expectations, and by his hypocrisy, his frivolity or crime blasts the faith of childhood and ruins the saving strength of his example.

Often the minister to the reverent mind of the little child stands next to Deity, and perhaps sometimes gets a little nearer than that.

I remember a little boy of four years old, who, reared in a rural home, had perhaps never seen a minister, and while waiting with his little companions to be baptised, gazed with inexpressible admiration upon the city clergyman when he came out in all his clerical splendor to perform his function, and then the little boy catching hold of his older brother's hand, exclaimed in an audible whisper:

"Henry is that God?"

And indeed is it too much to say in a general way, that the only sowing of the Gospel seed, which is at all likely to bear fruit, is where it is sowed in the heart of a child.

However faithful the minister, however earnest, however eloquent, when his words are addressed to any other than

the children of the congregation, with an almost deadly uniformity, the seed falls upon stony places or among thorns; and the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the Word and it becomes unfruitful. For though it may be said that in rural churches it is not often that great riches draw the minds of the hearers away from Christ, it must be borne in mind, that it is not the greatness of the riches, but the love of them that ruin. For many of the richest servants of the Lord have shown themselves the most humble and useful—Like Abraham, father of the faithful; like Zaccheus, who was rich, but humble, and Carnegie, founder of libraries and builder of churches.

The love of riches, the thirst and craze for riches, the heart burning, the consuming rage, the frantic hungering for riches which drive out from the human heart all love for God and fellow man, is perhaps found oftener among those whom failures have stranded and left poor than among those whom success has blessed and fortune has enriched.

It is not in the adult heart that the best soil has been found for the planting of the Gospel.

The reverence for God, the innocence of our earlier years, the trust and confidence of childhood are the best conditions for the beginnings of a Christian experience that has yet been found.

And the day of Pentecost in the early times, the blessed revivals which have sealed the faithful labors of the stalwart pastors of this church, when adults as well as children have flocked into the fold of Christ, are really only the exceptions which prove the general rule.

Men and brethren, descendants of those noble men and women, who among circumstances of great labor and close poverty, laid the foundations of this church and congregation, let me speak to you freely of the Apostle John, not the beloved disciple John of early times, but that John Mattocks, who once filled this pulpit for near a score of years, was a burning and a shining light in this church, and during all that time a leader in every good work in this community.

In my album at home I have the portraits of four John Mattocks, all now dead but one. No. 1 was an eminent lawyer and judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Vermont, also at one time Governor of Vermont.

No. 3 was my own friend and companion, who sat with me at the feet of Gamaliel and listened, with more or less attention, while George A. Simmons taught us law, and No. 4 was his son whom I have never known; while No. 2 was the first pastor of this church that I ever saw, and who surely

made this pulpit look as high from these pews as any occupant which it has ever had.

I have heard something of Jack Mattocks when he was a student in Middlebury College, and so I have heard something of Saul before he was called Paul.

Mr. Mattocks had a noble face, and attracted attention everywhere, whether walking about these streets, chatting with everybody as was his custom, or sitting as moderator of our Presbytery.

The first time I can especially recall him was in 1852, when I saw him standing on the roof of this church, then in process of rebuilding, describing the work to some visitors.

He was something more than the pastor of this church, he was the founder or promoter of everything which he thought would help Keeseville in the present or the future. He had a genial manner that popularized him in society and gave him a standing and influence not universal with clergymen.

He was handsome and attractive. He was manly himself and loved manly traits in others. He had the faculty of bringing out the best in everybody. He was witty himself and the cause of wit in others.

Next to this church, Keeseville Academy was the apple of his eye. For a long period, without reward, or the promise or hope of reward, he addressed the students of that school, on part of one afternoon of each week, and lived to see many of them useful and some of them eminent in various walks of life. The illustrious clergyman, Joseph Cook, whom we used to call Flavius Josephus Cook, was once one of those students, and has repeatedly said to me in his majestic manner "under God, to John Mattocks and to one other (whom he chose to name) I owe all I am."

Before Mr. Mattocks time, Keeseville had a little grave yard, over back of where Ed. Garfield used to live, which was overrun with weeds and briars, where the thin grave stones from time to time broke off and tumbled down, and the boys cracked butternuts on the fallen monuments. It was not a credit to the village, and its cramped confines were sure to become inadequate to its needs, for the grave yard grows though the village decays.

But Mr. Mattocks had one most unclerical trait, he had \$20,000. A useful characteristic in the founder of an enterprise, and with his help and under his guidance and the aid of everybody, warmed up by his contagious enthusiasm "Evergreen Cemetery" was established, the most charming resting place for the dead that northern New York affords.

The exquisite mingling of flowing brook and miniature lake, of shaded grove and curving bank, of grassy mound and blooming flowers have been evolved from that summer day's work when John Mattocks led in the consecration of that God's acre, himself preaching the sermon and furnishing the hymn which the choirs of the village sang, and which I can never hear or read without emotion.

Mr. Mattocks, like his eminent father, had a legal rather than a clerical mind. His student days had been spent in preparation for the bar, and it was while studying law after his college course was ended, that he attended a revival meeting, and was so sure that he heard God's voice calling him to the pulpit, that he obeyed the heavenly call, and turned from whatever forensic triumphs he had a right to anticipate, to the comparative obscurity of the life of a country clergyman.

It was thought by some that his legal training sometimes gave an indelible dryness to his sermons. But he was always able to rise to the height of a great occasion and his addresses to children were masterpieces.

He had learned of Christ and had adopted His methods, and knew well that analogy, (even Bishop Butler's analogy of the Christian religion) was not proof, but illustration. He knew that the parable, like analogy, was not intended to prove, but to make clear, and was demonstration and not argument.

Parables were our Lord's method of teaching. He taught in parables, and without a parable he taught not. The fowls of the air, the fish in the sea, the grass the flower, the shepherd and the sheep, the sower and the seed, everything in nature around Him, were made by Him to furnish comparison, to yield instruction and illustrate truth.

And when John Mattocks talked to children, his texts were the things about him, and one such child, who has heard a thousand sermons and forgotten them all; after more than fifty years, will recall today a parable of his.

It was short. It was entertaining. It has been remembered. He did not, like others, feed the sheep thinking he was feeding the lambs, but he put their food low where they could reach it.

I was a little child in a little Sunday school in a small village, and we went with this Sunday School on the little steamboat "Winooski" to an excursion in a grove.

We landed at a wharf at what was in those days "Port Jackson," but now is "Valcour," where Joseph Sibley has built his summer home and peppered and salted the hills around with little yellow houses

We were a little school and we knew it. A little boy, supported on either side by little girls holding ribbons, carried a banner on which was inscribed the words: "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" Big boys jeered at us and said it was plain that I was Jacob; because I was small, they stepped on my heels and hurt me. But Mr Mattocks came and stopped the persecution and led us into the grove, where, after grace was said, we ate chicken sandwiches and drank lemonade till a literary young lady of the company remarked that we must have "sufficed our sufficiency." Mr. Mattocks then preached a sermon. Children, he said, Look around you and what do you see? Trees, Trees, some of them are old and some of them are young, some of them are big and some of them are little, some of them are crooked and some of them are straight.

Which do you like best the crooked ones or the straight ones? The straight ones. The old crooked trees will never be made straight—you cannot do it. No man can ever make them straight. God is omnipotent, He can do all things. It will not do to say that He cannot make these old crooked trees straight again; but He never will.

What a pity these crooked old trees did not grow up as straight as the others! When they were little they were straight, why did they grow up crooked? Something happened to them that gave them a twist. Perhaps the wind blew the little tree over. Perhaps a cow stepped on it. Perhaps a stone rolled on it. But, however it occurred, it got turned aside when it was little, and now it is grown up and must stay crooked for ever.

Children: "Youth is the time to serve the Lord, the time to insure the great reward."

A bad boy will make a bad man, and he will be quite sure to always remain a bad man. Turn to God now, while you are young. Be good and helpful to all about. Love Christ, who was once a little child like you, and He will shield you from temptation. He will keep you from sin and you will be among men, what that straight old maple over in the edge of the grove is among trees, good men and women now and happy forever.

That was a good sermon for a child to hear. It must have been, for I, who forget many things, remember that.

And when I see a gnarled and crooked tree now I feel that under other circumstances it might have grown up fair and straight. And when I see men or women, sour, crabbed, vicious and criminal, I say they may have been born good, and untoward circumstances, rather than a wicked heart

have made them bad. I feel like the saintly Baxter, who seeing a murderer drawn out on a sledge to be heheaded on Tyburn Hill, exclaimed, " But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter."

I thank John Mattocks for his parable and for the wise thoughts he planted in the heart of a little ignorant child so long ago.

And you of today may be sure that the pulpit of this church with John Mattocks in it, seems to my memory to have been a very high pulpit indeed.

In conclusion let me say, This church has lasted for a century and I feel sure that it will last for a century more.

But who shall dare to say that any human institution will endure for a hundred years? Who indeed? Yet who shall say that it is a human institution?

On communion days you have heard the minister proclaim: " This is the Lord's table and not ours " and so we may say of this church, " It is God's church and not ours."

It was established by this power. It has been preserved by His Providence. With Him a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years.

What He has done in the past He will do in the future.

Deacon Barnes, Deacon Davis, Deacon Adgate, Deacon Morris, were the deacons of my boyhood. They were all here then. They are here no longer, they have passed away, they have gone to their reward. So have most of their contemporaries.

They each in their lives followed the Lord they loved, and their Master will not condemn them where their services were unequal when their capacities were so; any more than you and I would complain of a pint cup because it would not hold a quart.

The Church still lives.

The Church still lives.

for deacons come and deacons go, but the Church of Christ lives on forever.

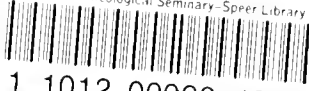
Great antiquity has been claimed for the Presbyterian church. Learned men have said that the Apostle Timothy was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, and some scholars have even contended that in every essential respect that church conformed to the Presbyterian church of today. That it was founded upon a rock and had the promise of our Lord himself that the gates of hell should not prevail against it.

But from the discussion of these learned points of controversy a layman may well refrain.

And yet shall we not venture to entrust for another century to Almighty God the destinies of this First Congregational Church of Keeseville, and dare to hope that pastor and people will then, as now be found faithful to each other, so that in the year of our Lord two thousand and six the pulpit of this church will still look as high from the pew as it does today.

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