

## NOON.

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SOCIAL REUNION. COLLATION IN THE CHURCH PARLORS.

How much pleasure and joyful satisfaction were given at the bountiful collection in the church parlors and in the delightful meeting and greetings of friends old and new, can only be expressed by those present on that ever memorable occasion.

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## AFTERNOON.

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In the afternoon the good cheer continued and increased. The program was finely carried out. And the assembly was very large. By the kindness of our young lady stenographers, Miss Belle Gilbert and Miss Ione Judd, the best of the good things said and read are here given. But the inspiring wit, music and mirth must be imagined by those not present to enjoy it.

## OUR CHURCH AND OUR CHURCHES.

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REV. MR. NELSON.

Dear Christian friends: As I remarked this morning and truly, I come before you with no set speech. I am glad, however, to speak just a word on this interesting subject, this subject of union of churches, and by union I understand is implied not organic union necessarily, certainly not exclusively.

The idea of union of the local churches was of the different churches of the different denominations. There has always been a strong bond of union between the Congregational and Baptist brethren, and between the Methodist also, and I rejoice that it is so.

Dear Brother Underwood is not with us to-day, but allow me to read to you what he said at our fortieth anniversary of this church.

"I was not aware that these churches had so much in common. As I have listened to-day I thought there was some mistake about these exercises. I have thought we must be listening to the anniversary exercises of the Baptist church, they are so similar. And why not similar? their surroundings, trials and location are the same.

"I rejoice that I am able in my memory to go back to the beginning of the days of my 'dry Congregational' brethren here. You don't know how near I came to being one of you, for you know I am a 'wet Congregationalist'. You are glad you escaped this peril, amid the many you did experience; of this I have no doubt.

"I know the material of which this church was made. I know who wore the old green coat. I know who came to church with the handkerchief tied over the torn pantaloons. I know there were men behind them. Brother Marsh, your pastor, was a thorough-going man—he preached the truth plainly—there was no turning aside from this that he might secure this one, or that one, for membership in his infant church. There was not a church in all Wisconsin of your order of better material than yours. You had members from Massachusetts and New York. Your material was trained in a knowledge of what it meant to be a Christian. Men who knew what they believed, and why they believed it; men who were trained in church organization and church work. You had men who had means, and who were not afraid to use it for the building up of Christ's kingdom.

"Brother Clapp is not my senior in age, but my senior in Christian life and the ministry. We of the Baptist church had no Brother Clapp, nor Brother Gilbert, and others to build on; we had to build out of what was left. I well remember the sermon of Brother Clapp in the barn, when the wind captured the manuscript. I remember that I thought that if I ever was a preacher (which I had no idea of becoming) I would use no

manuscript, and I never have, because I never could write one. In all these years that Brother Clapp and I have labored side by side, we have never had a misunderstanding, or I am sure I never have, and if my brother has, he has not let me know it, and you know him that he is incapable of misunderstandings. I am a denominationalist but I am no sectarian. I have met Brother Clapp as a Congregationalist, and he has met me as a Baptist, and we have the greatest respect for each other's convictions, and it is because that we have convictions that we bear mutual respect."

We had so many interests in common, even the families were united. One good brother when asked why his children were members of other churches, said "I don't know unless it is that Cupid never studied theology." We were one in Christ, one common Lord, one common divinity. We are one to-day, may we be more united, more and more devoted to the cause of Christ as the years roll on.

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MR. CUSHING, OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

I do not know that I can add anything to all Brother Nelson has said. I agree with all he has said regarding the union of the churches. We have had one common end in view, as the years have gone by. We loved each other as brothers, and not merely as men; we met together always in our Christian work, and worshipped our Lord and Saviour. Mr. Clapp was always a welcome visitor in my home, and a more frequent visitor

even than my own pastor. The Methodist brethren came also, and were warmly welcomed.

We are all one in Christ, and I trust we have one object and one love in our hearts, to love this same loving Saviour. We have been one in all this work, and I trust that the work will go on with the same spirit, and with the same devotion to God as it was in the beginning of this church, and make us one in Jesus more and more.

I have always felt a strong union with this church, first through my better half, and later in giving back one of my daughters to the same home. In this I have nothing to regret; it has been to me a pleasure and a comfort. With my earnest love to you in the future as in the past, may we all meet around the table of our Lord to give Him all the glory, and to ascribe to Him all the praise.

## OUR LADIES.

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DEACON SWAN.

Do we not all know here that without the ladies we should not have been here to-day? It is to the ladies that we owe all these good dinners, and I can only say, the ladies, bless them, we cannot do without them.

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W. A. CLAPP.

One always runs some risk in talking about ladies, even in religious relations. It will be safe, perhaps, if I speak of the ladies of the church in its early history. As I come nearer the present time, and any faces begin to look dark, I am going to sit right down.

I would not detract from the great work the men did for this church, yet much of its success, all the way along, has been due to the women. Said a New England lady, coming here at an early day: "Here we found royal women—royal by nature and royal by grace."

In 1843, a few mothers organized a Maternal Association. Both mothers and their children became members; the mothers met monthly and the children quarterly. It continued for twenty-two years. In the first twelve years not a mother was removed by death. Their

time together was occupied in Bible-reading, on their duties, privileges and encouragements in regard to the right teaching and training of their little ones; and in free conversation and discussion of various questions relating to this theme, and in earnest sympathy and prayer for God's blessing. Prominent mothers from the three churches then here, were active in this association.

At the quarterly meeting the children came with a prepared lesson, which they usually recited to one of the ministers, invited to be present, receiving instruction from him. The "Mothers' Assistant" and the "Mothers' Magazine" were taken and studied. I presume if they were present here to-day, and some of them are, they would be amused at these added questions which they discussed: "How soon should we break the child's will? How can we teach our children independence of thought without destroying their docility? And how far ought we to indulge them in levity?"

The reason for these meetings was their belief in God and heaven, the immortality of the soul, the importance of early saving their children, and the belief often expressed that the mother was the most important factor in their salvation. And that by these meetings they might be encouraged, strengthened and become, through God's aid earnestly sought, truly wiser for the glad privilege of bringing these young souls into willing obedience to themselves, and to God.

Five of the young ladies whose names appear on the Mothers' Book went out as missionaries, three to labor with Mr. Moody in Chicago, Kate and Hannah Abbott

and Mary Warren; one, Ellen Riddle, to missionary work in this state; and Sarah Clapp as a foreign missionary.

Two young men, Rev. Dexter D. Hill and Rev. Edward A. Paddock, the husband of Elidice Darrow, are among our very successful and honored Congregational ministers. A third, Edward Barber, full of promise, who was preparing for the Congregational ministry, died in the army. How many deacons, Sabbath school superintendents, Christian teachers and workers have been sent out I do not know, but a large number. I heard a man say, that he was visiting a town in Maine, and it seemed like Wauwatosa. The superintendent of the Sabbath school, the librarian and one of the teachers were from this place.

What more natural, than that after twenty-two years of study and work for the children of their own town, their mother-hearts overflowing through fellowship with God's great heart should go out to others? In fact, they took in every good work.

They held fairs for the new churches; encouraging the men to give and build; for a pall to be used at funerals; obtained subscriptions for the bells which have been ringing out the Gospel of Thanksgiving ever since they first began to ring on the memorable Thanksgiving Day of 1855.

When the pastor's house burned in the cold January, 1856, how large and warm were their hearts! How from their own too scanty stores they found some immediate supply for his family's heavy loss, and met to

sew for his little children whose clothing was mostly consumed !

At the yearly donations, their splendid suppers rendered the men good-natured, and so induced liberal gifts. The surplus from the bountiful table was left to the family. The pastor's son, here and now, makes confession that he feasted on fragments of frosted cake stealthily taken from the pantry after donations. Our ladies cultivated the social life of the church by refreshments and literary entertainments at their own homes.

How they prayed and worked for the soldier boys!—twenty-seven going from this congregation. They sent to our army barrels of pared pickled potatoes, grated horse-radish and many other comforts to those in the field and in the hospitals. While some of our own boys were starving in Southern prisons, their Christian hearts could not refrain from taking a chicken-pie dinner to Confederate prisoners, officers and men, who were confined on the old State fair grounds ! At the Soldiers' Home Fair, held in Milwaukee at the close of the war, they maintained some of the best tables during its long continuance, and from the liberal patronage chiefly from this town, raised an amount larger than from any other town in the state, save from one or two cities.

The first auxiliary to the W. B. M. I. in Wisconsin was organized in Wauwatosa. While doing work these later years in a multitude of ways, at home, in the Sunday School, in prayer meetings, in temperance, in social gatherings, in raising money for the church and parson-

age, still their most important work seems to be along the line of missions. They try to interest all ages. They give of their substance. They study the different missionary fields, write sketches of the same, and to some extent get acquainted with the individual missionaries. I do not believe there has ever been a time in the history of this church when the ladies were more active than now, in helping to sustain its various benevolent and social organizations. One might in very truth say, that in the matter of organization and execution, almost any one of them is a General.

But can you not, ladies, in the beginning of this second half-century, find something to emulate in the spiritual earnestness and prevailing prayer of the ladies who helped to found this church? If the mother of a half-century ago was the principal agent in her child's conversion, it is not less true now. Temptations have multiplied, but God is as powerful to-day as ever. May God give you mothers the Holy Ghost; and your sons and daughters for His kingdom.

#### *OUR LADIES!*

Who have made our homes attractive,  
Who have stilled domestic storms,  
Who have prayed with children, husband,  
Who have brought them to the Saviour,  
Who have nursed them when in sickness,  
Who have kept them from temptation,  
By the fireside's genial glow,  
Held by work and sport united?  
Who but mothers, royal mothers!  
May God grant us many more,  
Like these our own, and those of yore.

## OUR DECEASED MEMBERS.

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DEACON WARREN.

In looking over the list of our deceased members, I call to mind their peculiarities in prayer, and the tone of their voices. I remember, too, there was a personal love for each other, which I cannot express to-day, among the members of our church.

And when I remember, too, that they have gone on to the other side, in my silent meditations you need not wonder that I can hear the echo of their voices saying, "All is well, All is well."

And now I can use no better expression than Paul's: "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

## OUR CHURCH CHOIR.

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JAS. STICKNEY.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., February 15, 1892.

My first introduction to the Congregational choir in November, 1848, is indelibly impressed on my mind by two incidents. It was in the schoolroom. In those days we were not much on style but great on propriety. The room had two entrance doors, and instead of entering the gentlemen's door as I ought, I entered amongst the ladies. The room was nearly filled — all facing me, and from elevated brows and covert smiles I saw at once that something was amiss — however, Mr. Mower, then chorister, motioned me to the back seat among the singers, and being out of eye-shot I soon regained my composure. After service Father Damon, then an entire stranger, touched me on the shoulder and said: "I am glad to see you here, for I see you have somewhere *learned to speak your words plain.*"

This was my adoption into that choir and for twenty years thereafter I can safely say that all its members were uniformly amiable and pleasant and we always



J. S. STICKNEY,

Leader of Choir for twenty years. True and generous  
friend of the Church.

did our "level best," just as our successors have been doing up to the present time.

To place such service in its true light I will quote Father Damon once more, he said "I told Mr. Clapp that I considered good singing just about as important as good preaching!"

Our first reed organ was as great an event as was the later coming of our present organ. Steps in the direction, as will be every improvemeet until our place of worship shall be in all things as pleasant and comfortable as the best rooms in our homes.

Mrs. Stickney joins me in congratulations for past progress and in the earnest belief and expectation of a prosperous and progressive future.

Cordially,

J. S. STICKNEY.

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AGNES RICE.

When I sang in the choir there was a gallery along the east end of the church, and the choir sat up there, the singers were, Kittie Fowler, Carrie Faries, Mary Shumway, Mary Ann Swan and myself, and there was a good deal of mischief going on. There were services in the morning and afternoon, and we brought apples and sometimes a lunch, and we would pile up books in front of us, and sometimes Mr. Clapp had to call us to order because we got to telling our secrets so they could be heard all over the house.

## OUR CHURCH EDIFICES.

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DEACON MILTON B. POTTER.

I don't remember ever attending a religious service in a log building in Wauwatosa. I find that meetings were held not only in the log school houses, but also in the log dwelling houses, and that the church was organized in the log house of Deacon Richard Gilbert, Sr.

Probably the larger share of the meetings were held in the Gilbert school house, the Curran school house, near what is now Elm Grove, and the Mill school house; as we always spoke of "going down to the mill," in those days, instead of "going to the village," as we do now.

The first recollection I have of attending preaching service, was in the first frame school house of this village, now the town hall; and probably the first public use of that school house was for a Sunday preaching service. Then the roof was on, and the building partly sided up, and the floor partly laid. The carpenter's bench was moved around and the legs dropped down between the sleepers to make a platform for the preacher; a table was placed upon it for his desk; and boards were used as seats for the congregation. Meetings were held in school houses until October, 1853.



FIRST BUILT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.  
1853.

On April 3, 1852, steps were taken to organize and incorporate the society. On May 5, 1852, the first meeting of the society was held, at which trustees were elected who were instructed to select and provide a suitable site for a church building; and to draw up a subscription paper and circulate the same, to provide means to build a House of Worship.

On January 26, 1853, the trustees met and selected the site on which the church now stands, and purchased it, paying \$50 for it. Deacon J. A. Warren tells me that he made out a bill of the timber for the frame, and went around getting this one to furnish this stick of timber, and another one that, and another one this part of the frame, and another one that. And I find in the record credits given for timber and lumber so furnished. I recollect as a small boy, assisting my father in getting in the woods and loading a stick of timber for the church. The contract was let to Martin & Rayne. The church was completed and dedicated on the 27th of October, 1853. Rev. Z. M. Humphrey preached the dedicatory sermon.

Looking over the record of bills authorized to be paid, I find the cost of building the church was \$3,185.45, to which add the amount contributed by the ladies' department for carpets, \$162.35, we have the total amount of \$3,347.80. This building was used as then built until 1870, when the inside was somewhat remodelled and a lecture room built on, at a cost of \$2,076.29.

In the year 1884, we built our parsonage at a cost of \$2,200. In the spring of 1887, an informal meeting was held at the house of Mr. W. E. Lewis, one of the

trustees, and a few others, to talk over the need of reseating and repairing the church building. As a result, a meeting of the society was held April 28, 1887, to take action on reseating and repairing the church. It was deemed advisable, and to repairs which were expected to cost \$3,000, we continued to add, until in the end, we found our repairs and furnishing cost us about \$8,000. Through the kindness of the school district, while the repairs were made, we held our Sunday services in the public school building, for which we were thankful. Thus you have our Church edifice as it stands to-day; and to all who have helped or aided in this work we offer our sincere thanks, and to the Triune God who has prospered us in this work, may the services which are held within these walls, ever be services of Honor, Thanksgiving and Praise.

## OUR BENEVOLENCES.

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J. M. WHEELER.

In the olden times, a business man in fifty years of struggle and work and of almost parsimonious saving and living, would lay by a competency, to leave to his children at his death, of a sum of probably \$5,000. The eulogy of the kind and loving pastor who preached his funeral sermon would be of an upright, honest, conscientious, God-fearing man, who by honest diligence had provided for his family and the partner of his toil (if surviving him). Should the money value of all this life be for a moment placed in comparison to the lesson of sobriety, frugality and thrift taught his children, and the community, preparing them to take their part of the fortune and carry it on to further successful issue, and thereby building over and over again fortune and thrift, and frugality and sobriety? So, methinks, this reasoning can be made applicable to this our beloved church; for from her small beginnings and her poverty of means, there are many who will "rise up and call her blessed." Was there ever a call upon her, when in loving response she did not hasten to help, giving of her

means, her love, her sympathy, her good wishes? And I tell you that in this term "good wishes," it meant very often going down deep into almost empty pockets; empty of hard cash, but, thank God, with hearts full to overflowing of Faith, and whatever tends to lift up and to aid those around her.

The church has given during the fifty years just past the total sum of \$23,526.97 for benevolences; averaging per year \$470.54, being an average of \$2.43 per member of present membership. The objects receiving this money are: Beloit College has received \$13,100; Chicago Theological Seminary \$900; Ripon College \$200; total to these educational institutions \$14,200.

To the missionary societies that have been the annual recipients of our benevolent collections, there has been distributed the sums of \$9,726.97. The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions; the American Home Missionary Society; the American Missionary Association each received \$470 by bequest from Deacon Richard Gilbert, making the total bequest \$1,410. The annual benevolences from church collections, amounting to \$8,281.47, has been distributed among all the societies which we Congregationalists love to call our own, thereby finding its way into the great ocean treasury of the world, for its uplifting and bringing the human race nearer to its Creator and God. There is one more item I find upon my list, and that is a poor fund of \$35.50. We can look upon both sides of this, and from different standpoints come to our different conclusions; but I love to think of the object that created this fund; knowing personally that many

others were relieved by our going down deep in our pockets, which did not find a place upon the written record, but was like "bread cast upon the waters;" but this fund was used to relieve a worthy member of our church in his old age and last sickness. This item also shows that we have not had many of the poor among us; that the Christian principle enunciated nineteen centuries ago has proved a true principle; as we also see by the growing trade with Africa by our manufactories of cotton cloths, that for every negro converted to Christ, means so many more yards of cotton goods purchased for use.

## TEMPERANCE.

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MISS MARY EARLS.

This church, like a majority of the Congregational churches of Wisconsin, was a temperance church from the start. At its organization, a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks was made a part of the covenant. This was due to the experience of many, who came from the East, of the difficulty of freeing the churches there from a few otherwise excellent people, who persisted in adhering to their old custom of the temperate use of such drinks.

A mighty moral and spiritual revolution had swept over all the northern part of the country, converting a large majority of ministers and church members, distillers and tavern keepers, to the doctrine and practice of total abstinence. This reformation began and was wholly wrought by moral and spiritual forces, the love of country, of home and of God.

The same temperance revival was prevailing here in 1845. One of our leading citizens who had fallen under the power of the great curse, was converted to temperance, and was made the president of the "Wauwatosa

Total Abstinence Society." The result was a happy home, and in time a Christian family, although again and again he was overcome, but ever encouraged and strengthened by neighbors and the church, he became one of our most honored, as he was one of our most intelligent citizens. That winter many men and women signed, for the first time, the temperance pledge.

This pulpit and this church publicly and in the homes, have always taught and practiced temperance principles. The result is that nearly all the young, with two or three sad exceptions, have grown up temperance men and women; and through their influence many of the foreign young people have been led to become friends of temperance. The different churches are united in this work, holding from time to time union temperance services, at some of which a total abstinence pledge has been signed by many persons. Many members of this church labored at different times in connection with the Sons of Temperance in the early days. The Good Templars before the war was composed largely of members of this church and congregation, but was broken up when so many of our boys went into the army, and later, some have worked with the present lodge of Good Templars, some with the W. C. T. U., and some in Juvenile Temperance organizations. The Band of Hope, led by Hattie Underwood of the Baptist church, then by Sister Gregg, and later by Cora Barnes of the M. E. church, is now in charge of the Good Templars.

And here it seems that the name of Sister Gregg deserves more than a passing notice, for many are they who remember her untiring zeal in the work of the

Good Templars, and the W. C. T. U., and the Band of Hope, always ready with her cheery words of hope, her counsel and her prayers. Greatly have we missed her since she left us for another home and field of work, but "our loss is their gain." There has been a wide difference of opinion in regard to the methods of winning and converting the foreign population whom it seems absolutely necessary to reach.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual," in this as in other good causes, and mighty through God to the pulling down of this one of the strongholds of Satan in the hearts, minds and bodies of men. We need to be more in earnest and more zealous in the future in fighting against this giant evil.

## OUR SCHOOLS.

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CYRUS DAMON.

I do not know how I am to speak of the work of this church in connection with the public school. This church has done as much as any other church in this community.

In our district school out here on the common, some of the first teachers I remember were, Mr. Stickney, Mr. Loveland, Mr. George Scarrit. I began the study of algebra; Mr. Stickney was then teacher, but the school board objected to it, they thought I was taking into the public school more than belonged there.

After a time a select school was taught by Mr. and Mrs. Clapp at their home, then I resumed the study of algebra, several others taking it up, among them two or three young ladies.

Later, the public school had other teachers, among them myself. The school house was rather small, and a small recitation room was partitioned off, and one of the scholars took some of the classes out of my hands. There was a necessity for a larger room, and so a new school house was built.

I had a select school in the lecture room of this church. I had about twenty scholars. I believe there

are none of those living here now. Mr. Wenzell, one of our church members, had an excellent select school here quite a long time.

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MRS. ALEX. ROGERS.

It has been with a great deal of pleasure that I have listened to these responses to-day. This enjoyable anniversary occasion has recalled to my mind happy recollections of times now past forever. Those times have returned, and I have seemed to live over again my early days. I have felt myself a school girl once more, as the present has been transferred to the past by other speakers. All day the stereopticon of memory has been busy casting views upon the canvass of my mind. Scene after scene, incident upon incident of early school days have become real, and then vanished, leaving a trace of lingering sweetness as I have listened to-day. The old school-house with its familiar surrounding; the woods close by, where we played at recess; and the hill where we coasted at the noon hours, have returned again. Once more I hear the school bell with its creaking rope and I move to hurry,—but it is only memory.

What a vast change has been wrought since those school days! The progress of the nineteenth century has wrought no greater change than in our schools. It has built and equipped fine buildings, then furnished skilled teachers, with all the manifold appliances of modern times. Though we sat on hard benches and

ciphered on slates; though we did not go to buildings of the finest architectural designs, nor to teachers as skilled as those of the present, still we learned the essentials. We studied truth rather than problems, and learned how to build strong and noble characters.

Our private schools were often in the churches and our select ones at the minister's home, and conducted by him, as, of course, he was the learned man of the village in the early days, having graduated from college. We had our sports in singing school and spelling-down matches, in coasting and skating, and pleasant indeed were those early school days. I am glad of the nineteenth century with its thought and education. I feel that the public school is of the greatest importance and the college of still greater moment. The foundation of our government with its blessed freedom was laid in just such schools as we attended, and in those of the present does it look for support. The church and the school-house went up together in old Puritan days, and here in early times, the thought of building a church was simultaneous with that of a school-house. They went hand in hand, religion and education, each helping the other. "School days are the happiest days in one's life," some one has said. Surely we enjoyed them. They were sources of the greatest good to us. We did not go to school thinking that thereby we would be better than others, but in order to help others and be better fitted ourselves for life in this world. College education thus should be undertaken not with the thought of becoming great but with the thought of better preparing one for life, its trials and difficulties,

and for the strengthening of character. I ask you to pardon this digression. Perhaps you will say as did the Scotchman of the minister's sermon, "For aught I see it's all digression." I could draw a pleasing picture of the public and select schools of the early days, and I could amuse you with their pleasing incidents, but I will not; you know them. They are fond remembrances. In the home let the foundation of character be laid; in the school and the college let the structure be built, and in the church let the religious nature, the soul be developed. Home first, school next, with almost as great a responsibility, and along with all a religious growth.

## OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

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MR. ROBBINS.

I beg to be excused. I am not prepared to make a speech; had I known that there were twenty-five or twenty-six soldier boys from this congregation I would try to learn something about them. I have known that Edward Barber and Augustus Mower were members of the company, and gave up their lives for their country. I undertook at one time to make up a little history. I went to Mr. Barber and learned the life of the young men. We of this company who first went out, of the three months men, we all know that all were carried away in part by the drum and glitter, but it was something more than the drum and glitter that led to their re-enlistment and faithful service. If I could have Mr. Clapp to help me in my speech I would get along, but he knows I am not used to thinking while on my feet.

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MR. BENSON.

I was with them. I was at Atlanta. I was on that march to the sea. I was chaplain. I remember one soldier boy whose mother gave him a Bible, and in that

long march it got heavy and he threw it away, but he kept a pack of cards. He afterwards became converted, and asked me for another Bible and said, that if I gave him a Bible, he would keep it always.

Just before battle at one time I asked the captain if we might have a season of prayer, and although we expected to be called to action any moment we had our season of prayer. I tell you there was not an infidel in the army.

Marching Through Georgia was sung by the whole assembly with great spirit.

## OUR NEIGHBORS:

*Other Countries and Foreign Missions.*

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MISS CARRIE WARREN.

As a church we have been trying all these fifty years to relieve our perpetual indebtedness to our neighbors over the sea. A constant and steady flow of funds has gone to send to them the light of the gospel. In 1879, one of our number said, "Here am I, send me," and took her departure to far-away China. Once she returned to us for a visit; told of her work, and went back again to the needy multitude, among whom she is still laboring in obedience to Christ's last command, "Go teach all nations." At home we have sought to have a part in the work, feeling it to be our sacred duty and privilege thus to do, following many missionaries with our prayers and gifts, who were not of our number.

No less in importance was the going out, many years ago, of three of our young women, although not to distant lands, yet to a work as difficult in many respects. I refer to the three who went as city missionaries to Chicago—Hannah and Kate Abbot and Mary Warren,

In the future may the interest in missions increase in this church, keeping pace with the needs of the hour. others going out to preach and to teach, and those at

home filling their places here and feeling a responsibility, believing that

"He who fed the thousands by Galilee's blue sea,  
Sends to His fainting children portions by you and me.  
Then gladly do His errand, pass on the Heaven-sent bread,  
The gushing living water, till all on earth are fed."

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ORLIN SWAN.

I think our programme committee made a mistake in assigning this topic to me; had I been consulted I think some one else would have been chosen. I knew nothing of it until I saw the programme. To-day we are living over the past, our church history; and we see there was only a small number at the beginning; how gladly they must have welcomed the new-comer of fifty years ago; because how dependent the church was on the new-comers; they needed them socially, and, most of all, they needed them financially. But the new-comer of fifty years ago is not the new-comer of the present time, and therefore it is our duty to welcome the new-comer of the present time. We need the new-comer of to-day as much as did the church of fifty years ago. We are organized and better equipped, but we welcome you, new-comers, most heartily, to our homes, and to our work, and to our church.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO.

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1842-1892.

Dear friends, on this your festal day,  
We fain your hands would grasp,  
And kindly greeting giving you,  
Receive the answering clasp.  
And while we linger here to-day,  
A glance we'll backward throw,  
To good old times, when you were young,  
Some fifty years ago.

No organ led the old church choir  
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."  
You sang the songs of other days,  
With old-time friends of thine.  
These hills were crowned with forests, which  
The woodman's axe laid low;  
Your homes were cots, beneath the trees,  
Just fifty years ago.

To-day may golden sunbeams  
Greet your uplifted eyes  
With rays as bright as ever shone  
Beneath our azure skies.  
*This* shrine, of early vows to you,  
Fond mem'ry, still endears,  
Though you look thro' the dreamy mist  
Of even fifty years.

You've grown indeed, some older  
Since then, so far away,  
And memory bells are ringing  
Sweet chimes for you to-day.

The world was then before you,  
And you, with hearts aglow,  
Had hope, and trust, to guide your path,  
Just fifty years ago.

It seems like a distant spot now,  
Sunshine and shade between,  
And here and there beside the path  
Some graves are growing green.  
You think of friends of early years,  
Of hopes, and plans laid low;  
Of days of trials, cares and fears,  
Since fifty years ago.

Some steps have grown more feeble  
In the oft weary way,  
But your hearts are young again, friends,  
This Anniversary Day.  
You have grown old with toil and care,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
And your sight is dimmer now, friends,  
Than fifty years ago.

But in a fairer land than this,  
Beyond the golden strands,  
May this cherished band all gather  
In a house not made with hands.  
May "Our Father" still watch o'er you,  
As down the stream ye go;  
Are we nearer heaven to-day, friends,  
Than fifty years ago?

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MR. M'ILVANE, CHICAGO.

In recalling to mind the past, I can say that my interest in this church dates back to the second baptismal service of the church, and my interest has continued from that time to this unceasing. Every time I

read certain passages of the Scripture, I remember my Sunday school teacher. Through all the years, which, I remember, number twenty-six since I left, I have felt a deep interest in this church and the work of the church. In regard to the Home Missionary Work, I can only say that I feel to-day a deeper interest in the work than ever before.

## OUR FUTURE HALF CENTURY.

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REV. W. C. STINSON.

I have been thinking for the last ten or fifteen minutes, if you would only let me postpone my speech until the centennial of the church, I would tell you something of the next fifty years of the future of the church. I stand here to-day with my interests more deeply rooted in the church than they have ever been; to me there is no more interesting part of the church history than its beginning. How these pioneer members must have labored, coming here fifty years ago; coming for the purpose of making a living in this wilderness. I think they had another desire almost as strong, that they would bring the worship of their fathers here and establish it. One of the things I notice in the work is this personal loyalty of the members of this church. It is this same deep personal loyalty to a personal Christ, that has been the best of your work and the best of your success. And as I think of what this church will be twenty or twenty-five years hence, I believe there will be a necessity for a new building, and I shall deem it my work. There are few churches that contribute one-fourth of all moneys

they receive to benevolence. This church is wealthier to-day than ever it has been in the past, and I shall look forward to increase in benevolence.

I am glad that I can look into the faces of these old members; without these dear good old souls, and their earnest prayers, I should feel that I was lost.

And so I take the hand of the past and of the future, and I would bring them together to-day, reaching into the past so glorious, and into the future, in the work and privileges we are yet to bear in mind.

## ADDRESSES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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J. O. MYERS.

Most of you young people were here during the forenoon services, most of you have heard the stories, and most of you know what has been accomplished. If Father Clapp were here, I should like to ask him if any members of Congress have been sent from this church, and if any millionaires,—I haven't heard of any. Has it sent out any saloon keepers? any gamblers? I haven't heard of any. Now I want to talk more particularly about what it has done for the young people. Mr. Myers then proceeded to give statistics proving that temperance and total abstinence were increasing, and showing the work of the churches in this respect.

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REV. W. C. STINSON.

My dear boys and girls, as you all know, this is the fiftieth anniversary of this church. I wonder if I will live to see the 100th anniversary of this church. If you do, you will be sixty, sixty-five, seventy, and I won't

look at any of you and say eighty. I dare say you have been wondering what you will be doing about that time. Now I want you to be able to remember fifty years from now, and to tell the story of Father Clapp's manuscript. And I trust that fifty years from now there shall not have passed from your memory that patriarch, the dear, good man, feeble in body but strong in mind and spirit, for to me there is an increasing spirituality coming over all his life, and this impression of his saintliness will be more and more impressed on our hearts.

And remember the story of Deacon Swan, how his father and family came here by boat, how they helped pole the boat up the river, how they made their way through the forest to this locality; and I presume you will be able to tell many such incidents regarding this fiftieth anniversary. And I trust it will call to mind your pastor, and when you speak of him, you will say he was a young minister, and he rode a bicycle, and played tennis and baseball, etc., but whatever you may recall fifty years from to-day, I want you should recall this one thing, my great love for you, and my interest in your welfare, and I hope that in all the future I may have your love and respect. Now I do not know that any of you will be congressmen; some of you young ladies may become the wives of congressmen. I should be pleased twenty-five years from to-day to grasp your hands; and let me tell you, my dear young friends, that I will be infinitely more proud if you are good men and good women, than of the fact that you have made progress intellectually or materially. And I trust that this church will be as dear to your hearts as to the fathers

and mothers. I trust that this will be to all of you a spiritual birth-place, and from this place you may all begin a spiritual life. That when the centennial of this church may come you can speak with just the pride and love as your fore-fathers. When it comes, may God bless you in this work, and may it go on.

## EVENING SESSION.

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The evening was largely occupied with a successful effort to raise the debt of \$3,500, resting on the society. This, so grateful to all, prevented many from being asked to speak whom all wished to hear. Short addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Nelson and Mr. Luther A. Warren. Letters were received from many former members of the church and society with warm greetings and expressions of love. Our dear brother Hezekiah Gilbert, who joined the church with his parents at its organization, writes from his home in Ames, Iowa: "I am very sorry that it is not convenient to meet with you personally. My heart will be with you. I shall always remember the years that have gone by, and the many pleasant hours that we spent together in the dear old church. My wife and I send our best wishes; and we would dearly love to be with you in your meeting. Our love to you all! May God be with you, and with us all! is the prayer of your loving friend and brother."

A long letter addressed to Mrs. Wheeler came from Rev. Lewis Bridgman who supplied the church the year after its organization. First, he acknowledges the receipt of a kind and very welcome letter from her,

with the assurance that it would give him unbounded pleasure to be present at the semi-centennial celebration. He says: "What vast changes have taken place since I was with you! What vast changes will also take place in the next fifty years! My wife was called hence sixteen years ago, come August next. She was on a visit with our youngest daughter. She was sick only about four days. We had only three children, Emma, Brainerd, Mary. Emma is the wife of Rev. R. T. Cross, formerly of Denver, now of Minneapolis. Mary (her husband dying) moved to Denver with her three children, and supports the family by teaching. Brainerd resides about twelve miles from here with his second wife, and four children. All my children, and most of the grand-children, are professing Christians. Here is one of the great changes. The young are gathered early into the church and are becoming a glorious power for good. Your parents have often been in my thoughts, and your uncle Joseph. I attended the funeral of his wife. I should love to meet all I then knew, the Gilberts, Wessons, Mowers, and so on. Please give me an account of your celebration. May the blessing of our Father rest upon you all! Very truly,

"LEWIS BRIDGMAN."

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Julia Fowler Brown writes from Milwaukee: "It is with more than regret that I am obliged to say that I cannot be present at the anniversary exercises. I cannot leave mother even for one day, as the doctor says

she may pass away with no previous warning. My brother does not think it possible for him to leave his place. To the church we unite in faithful good wishes; and when the anniversary comes, may it be then even as now—prosperous in all good works and loving kindness. So we, though not able to be with you, shall yet rejoice that God's blessing rests on you and your labors. I remain,

Sincerely,

"JULIA A. BROWN."

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A letter from Delavan expresses the sincere regrets of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Barber, that their hopes and plans "of meeting the 'home friends' at the dear, old church," on this so important occasion, cannot be realized, very much to their disappointment. They think their daughter will be present.

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SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Feb. 15, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. WHEELER:—We have many regrets at not being able to attend the anniversary of our church, in the success of which we have most implicit confidence. Though space separates us visibly, be assured we are with you in spirit, and trust that these reunions which are so pleasant, may be multiplied as the years roll on. Thank you for the kind invitation to Mr. Hart and myself. Mr. H. joins me in kind regards to yourself and family.

Your friend,

ISABEL HART.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21, 1892.

*J. M. Wheeler, Esq., Clerk:*

DEAR SIR:—We, as former members of the Wauwatosa Congregational Church, congratulate that body on its present prosperity and equipment for work in the cause for which it was founded fifty years ago.

Our interest, commencing with the childhood of the church, has continued to the present day. And we take pleasure in the fact that our spiritual growth commenced with you; and, while regretting that the exigencies of life have separated us from many of you who have been life-long friends, we are thankful that we are placed in fellowship with other Christian workers, to continue the good work commenced with you. Again wishing you long life and continued prosperity, we are,

Truly yours,

MR. AND MRS. E. W. FOWLER.

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ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Feb. 26, 1892.

*To the members of the First Congregational Church,  
Wauwatosa, Wis.:*

DEAR FRIENDS.—Yours received, inviting us to the Semi-Centennial of the Founding of the First Congregational Church of Wauwatosa. We would be most happy to be with you all on that memorable day, but distance and other causes make it impossible for us to be there. We, however, will think of what is going on, on March 1, and we hope for all a thoroughly enjoyable time. In this far away land there are only four Congre-

gational churches in the whole territory, and 175 members. We have the pleasure of attending a very nice Congregational church here. Both the morning and evening services are largely attended. We again send our very best wishes, and hope for a successful day.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. MAUD GILBERT TULLY.

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MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 13, 1892.

*Rev. L. Clapp:*

DEAR FRIEND:—I received your kind letter and will give you what information I can. My father was born February 2, 1812, Cayuga Co., N. Y., and died April 28, 1863. Mother was born December 21, 1816, and died September 29, 1871. They were married January 19, 1837, and came directly from New York state to the farm at Wauwatosa, where they lived until 1854, when they removed to Watertown, both dying there, but were buried at Wauwatosa, as also were all the children (eight), excepting Nathaniel, who lies at Watertown. My uncle, Allen Blanchard, lives in Missouri, near St. Joseph. His wife died in 1874 or '75; his children are all in the far West. I have not heard from any of them for several years.

I came to Minnesota in 1878, fourteen years ago, long enough to call this home, but it will never take the place of my early home in Wisconsin. I should like very much to be with you all March 1. I hardly dare have a hope that I can be there in the body, but I surely

shall think a great deal of the friends on that day, and shall look for the press notices of the affair. You say your family are all living, except two. I am the last one living of our large family, and I feel very lonely many times; especially is this so in the holiday season, when families have their reunions; the only reunion for me is in the hereafter, when I hope we shall be an unbroken family again. My wife and daughter are usually well. With kindest regards to you and yours, and all friends, I remain

Truly yours,

MILTON BLANCHARD.

P. S.—I thank you very much for remembering my father and mother at this time, for I know that their hearts were always very warm for the church at Wauwatosa.

M. B.

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SOUTH WOODSTOCK, Conn., Feb. 22, 1892.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—I received a letter from home a few days ago, stating they had received an invitation to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Congregational Church, March 1, and that absent members were invited to write letters of greeting. Ten years ago I attended your fortieth anniversary, with my father. It will always be a pleasant occasion for me to remember. It brings to my mind addresses and greetings presented by the most Christian, homelike and familiar friends. Mr. Clapp, my pastor in childhood, later Mr. Nelson, the Rev. E. D. Underwood, Mr. Swan, Mr. Potter, Mr. Stickney, my father, and well do I re-

member "the champion story teller," Deacon Warren. Since then three have been called to their long home. I also call to mind Mrs. Deacon Warren, my first Sabbath school teacher; second, Miss Susan Warren, now Mrs. Wheeler, and third, Mr. Wheeler. Please remember me kindly to them. The year following your fortieth anniversary, I united with the church, during Mr. Nelson's pastorate. For this, although my mistakes have been many, my thanks flow freely. Since then I have had very few occasions to meet with any of the friends mentioned, but they are still fresh in my memory. Our family, as well as others, in the past ten years, have been called to meet afflictions and death. First, January 29, 1891, after four years of constant suffering and weariness, the dear and only grandchild of our father and mother was quietly taken to rest in the arms of Jesus. June 16, the same year, after a few months of quiet suffering the dear grandpa followed; it being only a few days following the fifty-second anniversary of his landing at Milwaukee. I was permitted to return home during the last days of my father's illness. I again returned to New England the last of September. I do not know how long I shall remain here. I enjoy attending the Congregational Church at Woodstock, Mr. Matthews being its present pastor. I call to mind, Mr. White and Mr. Stinson. I have met them but a few times, but remember them with kindly feeling. I send to you all my heartiest greeting.

Your humble friend,

E. LOUISE NEEDHAM.

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 15, 1892.

*Mr. J. M. Wheeler, Clerk Congregational Church,  
Wauwatosa, Wis.:*

MY DEAR BROTHER—Please accept my thanks for your invitation to the semi-centennial. I was present at the fortieth anniversary, and should be delighted to be with you March 1, if it were possible.

From my home amid the orange groves of Southern California, I send you a glad and grateful greeting. The sunlight lies warm in this valley, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and the snow gleams white on the distant mountain tops. I write with doors and windows open. With what pleasure I recall all my experience in connection with your church. In March, thirty-six years ago, in union meetings, held in the old school house on the green, I was converted. For a whole year previous I was under conviction for sin, though no one knew it. When I finally made a complete surrender, my soul was full of glory and of God. The next morning, as I went out into the sunlight shining on the new-fallen snow and the trees white with frost, Wauwatosa seemed more beautiful to me than even this beautiful tropical scene does to-day. "Old things had passed away; all things had become new." How many of us, who were boys and girls together in dear, old, Wauwatosa, will bless God in time and through eternity, for the work of that church, and for the faithfulness and consecration of its noble pastors. Of all the young people, perhaps, I have most cause for gratitude; for the church scholarship paid my tuition through Beloit College. Soon after graduating, Mr. Clapp

being in New England on a vacation, the deacons invited me to preach several Sabbaths, and I wrote and delivered in that church the first sermons I ever preached. It was twenty-six years ago next summer. "I thank Christ Jesus, our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." I Tim. 1: 12. It has been a rich and glorious privilege. With gratitude to God and to you I remain your friend and brother,

DEXTER D. HILL.

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MENOMINEE, Wis., Feb. 27, 1892.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE WAUWATOSA CHURCH:—As the time of your anniversary draws near, I find that it will not be possible for me to be present.

Were I present with you, and invited to speak of what is uppermost in my mind, it would not be to recount any achievements of those of us who still remain in the Master's lower and earthly service, but simply to make mention of those, who during my ministry with you, were called up higher, and from whose departure gleams celestial fell upon our upturned faces, and the vision of the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.

But I have only time to pen this hasty word of greeting, express my best wishes for the success of your meeting, and assure you of my earnest prayers for your spiritual prosperity in all things.

Affectionately your brother in Christ,

J. W. WHITE.

WAUKESHA, Wis., March 1, 1892.

*To the Congregational Church, Wauwatosa, and its  
Pastor:*

DEAR FRIENDS—It is a privation to me that, after so long acquaintance and neighborhood with you and your pastors, I am unable to be with you at your semi-centennial. I am glad that you have promise, this fair morning, of a pleasant day. May the Sun of Righteousness also shine upon you, and the years to come be still brighter than the years that are past. Accept the congratulations and good wishes of your friend and brother,

CHAS. W. CAMP.