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Houghton Memorial, Littleton, Mass. -
Proceedings at dedication, Dec. 4, 1895.

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HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

copy

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
DEDICATION
OF THE
HOUGHTON MEMORIAL,
LITTLETON, MASS.
DECEMBER 4, 1895.



NEW LIBRARY BUILDING GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF LITTLE ROCK
IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE

HOUGHTON MEMORIAL,

LITTLETON

1886

With an Appendix



LITTLETON:

1886.



NEW LIBRARY BUILDING GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF LITTLETON
IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON.

FRANKLIN

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HOUGHTON & MERRILL

LITTLETON, MASS.

1856

1856



LITTLETON:

1856.



NEW LIBRARY BUILDING GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF LITTLETON
IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM STEVENSON.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
DEDICATION
OF THE
HOUGHTON MEMORIAL,
LITTLETON, MASS.

DECEMBER 4, 1895.

With an Appendix.



LITTLETON:
1896.

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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
WILLIAM B. SEEVER

Apr. 11, 1942

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At the annual Town Meeting, held on March 23, 1896, under Art. 27, to determine if the town will vote to print the proceedings of the Dedication Exercises of the Houghton Memorial Building, and raise and appropriate money for the same, it was voted :—

First, that a sum of money, not to exceed \$100, be appropriated for printing for general distribution the proceedings of the Dedication Exercises of the Houghton Memorial Building.

Second, that the Reuben Hoar Library Trustees be authorized to appoint a committee on the same, one member of whom shall be a member of the Board of Selectmen.

Third, that three copies be printed on plate paper, and appropriately bound.

Fourth, that these copies be presented by the Committee in behalf of the Town to Mr. Clement S. Houghton, Miss Elizabeth G. Houghton, and Dr. Edward L. Clark, of Boston, as an expression of esteem and gratitude from the people of Littleton.

In accordance with this vote the Reuben Hoar Library Trustees appointed the following committee to prepare and publish the proceedings.

NELSON B. CONANT,
Chairman Board of Selectmen.

WILLIAM J. CLOUES,
Secretary Reuben Hoar Library Trustees.

HERBERT J. HARWOOD,
Treasurer Reuben Hoar Library Trustees.

Honors.

Miss ELIZABETH G. HOUGHTON. Mr. CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

President of the Day.

Rev. WILLIAM J. CLOUES.

Committee of Arrangements and Reception.

Hon. GEORGE W. SANDERSON, <i>Chairman.</i>	Miss JULIA S. CONANT.
Rev. WILLIAM J. CLOUES, <i>Secretary.</i>	Mr. HERBERT J. HARWOOD.
Rev. I. F. PORTER.	Mr. WILLIAM H. TENNEY.
Rev. AMELIA A. FROST.	Mr. OSMAN NEEDHAM.
	Mr. EDWIN H. PRIEST.

Director of Orchestra.

Mr. WILLIAM MARSHALL.

HYMN. "America" S. F. Smith

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

. . . Programme . . .

1. Overture, "Poet and Peasant" *Suppe*
ORCHESTRA.

2. Greeting.
Rev. WILLIAM J. CLOUES, President of the Day.

3. Chorus.
ORCHESTRA ACCOMPANIMENT.

4. Presentation.
Mr. CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

5. Response.
Hon. GEORGE W. SANDERSON, Chairman of Selectmen.

6. Response.
Mr. HERBERT J. HARWOOD, for Trustees of Reuben Hoar Library.

7. Selection, "May Belle Adoree" *Roy*
ORCHESTRA.

8. Prayer of Dedication.
Rev. I. F. PORTER.

9. March, "The Honeymoon" *Rosey*
ORCHESTRA.

10. Oration.
Rev. EDWARD L. CLARK, D. D.

11. Selection, Medley, "Reminiscences" *Laurendeau*
ORCHESTRA.

12. Addresses.
BY INVITED GUESTS.

13. Hymn, "America" *Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.*
CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND AUDIENCE (*all standing*).

14. Benediction.
Rev. AMELIA A. FROST.

EXERCISES IN THE TOWN HALL,

DECEMBER 4, 1895.

After a luncheon served at noon in the lower Town Hall to over two hundred invited guests, the exercises of dedication were successfully carried out according to the programme, in the Town Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4, 1895, beginning at two o'clock. The day was an exceptionally fine one, and a large number of guests and citizens were present. All available space in the hall was occupied by an enthusiastic and interested throng of people. The presence of the donors, the children of Mr. William S. Houghton, added no small part to the interest and enjoyment of an occasion memorable in the history of our town. The exercises closed at five o'clock, after which, and during the evening, the new building was open to the public.

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE, "Poet and Peasant" . . . *Suppe*

ORCHESTRA.

2. GREETING

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. CLOUES, PASTOR OF THE FIRST
BAPTIST CHURCH, LITTLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

In behalf of the Reception Committee and the town of Littleton I extend to you all, respected donors, invited guests, and fellow townspeople, a hearty greeting, a cordial welcome to these dedicatory exercises. This is indeed a red-letter day in our history. From the founding of the old Nashoba Plantation in 1654, down to the present, none have been so privileged as we of to-day. Less than a decade ago this Hall and the Reuben Hoar Library were dedicated. Who then would have imagined that in so short a time, the citizens of Littleton would have presented to them so beautiful, durable, costly, and appropriate a setting for the benefaction then gratefully received from an unknown donor.

That which seemed then unattainable, or dim in the remote years of the future, has to-day become actual fact. Then a former citizen of this town, appreciative of friendly services once rendered him by another citizen, gave in gratitude the Reuben Hoar Library. To-day the children of the

then unknown friend, give this Memorial Building. The gratitude of that day, still not far away, has been deepened in all our hearts, I feel sure, as the great value of the original gift has been realized through its use. To-day, in the presence of this new gift, our gratitude must press far beyond the limitations of speech; for the memories and names of REUBEN HOAR and WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON are in a new way by another generation inseparably entwined in our thoughts and affections. But we cannot, we would not, cherish a silent gratitude. Therefore we have asked you to participate with us this year in our thanksgiving. Fortunate, indeed, is that town whose Public Library enshrines so many memories. Through yonder tablets at the entrance, the dear dead and the venerated living will tell again the story of how, in our heroic past, our cherished union and freedom were purchased at so great a cost. Through the paintings and bronze in yonder reading room, the citizen, the father, and the children, in most fitting form, will remind us of the gratitude of friend to friend, of children to parent, and of all to the beloved town amid the Middlesex hills. From yonder shelves will go forth to the homes of rich and poor alike, and for the mind of both young and old, thoughts that breathe and words that live. The treasures of scientific lore, the stores of history's urn, the delights of philosophic studies, the imaginations of the novelist's genius, the fancies of the poet, the consolations of religion, — these, from thence, will not cease to instruct, to inspire, to exalt, successive generations of our townspeople. There, we have the beautiful in thought and life as well as the beautiful in wood and stone. Noble deeds have blossomed forth into the noble structure. There, the wise use in permanent form of the fortunes accumulated in commercial life for the development, through art, emotion, and literature, of the soul of man. In behalf, then, of a community, again enriched by its gratitude for such invaluable benefactions, I greet you all to-day.

3. CHORUS.

ORCHESTRA ACCOMPANIMENT.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY. — I now take great pleasure in presenting to you, one of whom it need only be said that he is the son of **WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON**, the founder of the Reuben Hoar Library, for him to receive a grateful and most cordial welcome from the people of Littleton, — **Mr. Clement S. Houghton** of Boston.

4. PRESENTATION.

MR. CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When I was asked to be present on this occasion, I supposed I was expected to make a speech; but inasmuch as I am wholly unaccustomed to speaking, I shall spare you and myself by forbearing to make the attempt, and say only a word, briefly, as a preface to formally turning over the new library building into the keeping of the Town.

I am here to-day simply as the representative of my father, having done for him what would have given him keen pleasure and a happy satisfaction to do, if he could have lived a little longer.

Whatever thanks are due, you owe to him, and through him to that man whose act of more than brotherly kindness is the source from which springs any benefit you may enjoy in the library.

As the building is but a setting for the jewels of thought and learning it contains, its purpose to facilitate their use, and to increase opportunities for enjoying them, so may this manifestation of its giver's gratitude not overshadow, but reveal more brightly the rare generosity of his father's benefactor.

You may call the building the Houghton Memorial, if you choose, but you must never forget that other name; the library shall be known for all time as the Reuben Hoar Library, a living memory of a noble-hearted man.

Mr. Sanderson, it gives me sincere pleasure to place in your hands the deed of the new library building, with an expression of the hope that it may prove a perpetual source of pleasure and profit to all the inhabitants of this town.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.—The address of response in behalf of the town, in the acceptance of this great gift, will now be made by one who has devoted no small part of his time, his thought, and his labor to the successful accomplishment of the work,—the Hon. George W. Sanderson, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen.

5. RESPONSE.

HON. GEORGE W. SANDERSON.

Mr. HOUGHTON: It becomes my pleasant privilege to accept at your hand, in behalf of the Town of Littleton, this crowning gift.

On another occasion this town has had reason to be grateful to your family for a very generous donation. We well remember that ten years ago your honored and lamented father laid the foundation for this Library. His benefaction

fell upon us like the dew from Heaven, so gently did it come. His memory will ever be cherished in the homes of this town. As a member of the Board of Trustees from the beginning, I can testify to the appreciation of your father's gift by the people of this town, which has been manifested by their constant and steadily increasing use of the Library. He intrusted us with five talents, you have given us ten. It will be our duty to use these talents as faithful servants.

From our many interviews the past two years, perhaps no one in town knows better than myself your great desire to erect in our village a library building suitable to our present and future needs, and at the same time artistic in design. I can conceive of no more appropriate monument to the memory of an honored parent. How well this purpose has been accomplished the solidity, beauty, and utility of the completed structure bears ample evidence.

Upon each side of the entrance are placed tablets bearing the names of sixty-three young men of this town, who promptly responded to their country's call in time of peril. I well remember when the messages came from Abraham Lincoln to all parts of the loyal North, calling for thousands of our young men to defend the country. "As if by magic, in every heath and copse, from beardless boys uprose bearded warriors armed for strife." These tablets will be a reminder of heroism and sacrifice to all generations.

The question of that hour was, Will you bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, will you serve her honestly and faithfully against all enemies and opposers? Religious differences were not considered. Side by side on these tablets are the names of Catholic and Protestant. There let them remain forever, so that the present generation and the generations yet unborn, as they pass through the portals of this building, may linger and reverently read the names of those who went from Littleton and served their country faithfully in the hour of danger.

I have feelings akin to personal pride in the fact that such

generosity has been showered upon this town by your honored father, yourself, and sister. Nothing in its history equals it, I am sure, not in my memory nor in any tradition of my ancestors has such large liberality been shown.

If such a store house of knowledge as this library contains had been placed within the reach of former generations, what great facilities for social enjoyment and intellectual culture it would have afforded. It would have raised the standard of living and thinking.

Coming as this does to my native town, I am proud to accept it in behalf of every home, — of the farmer, the mechanic, the scholar, the teacher, and members of the learned professions, and I extend to you and your sister their heartfelt thanks.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY. — The address of response, in behalf of the Trustees of the Reuben Hoar Library, will now be made by the Treasurer of the Board, Mr. Herbert J. Harwood.

6. RESPONSE.

MR. HERBERT J. HARWOOD.

MR. PRESIDENT: It gives me great pleasure to respond for the Trustees of the Reuben Hoar Library in acknowledgment of this munificent gift, and to offer to Miss Houghton and Mr. Houghton, though in an inadequate manner, the most hearty thanks of all who use the library.

This beautiful building, of itself an educator in good architecture and most suitable for its purpose, will extend and increase the usefulness of the library, which was already becoming crowded in its former quarters.

The benefits of the Reuben Hoar Library have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends. The call for

books is great, and the use of the reading-room has steadily increased.

No one unfamiliar with library matters can appreciate the almost unlimited capacity, even of a small community, to absorb good literature.

It has been the aim of the trustees, with the aid of the wise and the acute suggestions of the librarian, not only to encourage general reading, but to do something, so far as the limits of their means permit, for the voracious special readers whose tastes develop each in some one direction.

It is impossible to enumerate all the good results of these gifts with which we are favored; but by no means the least of the blessings is, and will be, the noble example of lofty motives and sentiments which have been shown by them and in the incident which was made the occasion of the first gift.

I refer to the spirit of the helping hand, as shown by Reuben Hoar, when he aided a temporarily embarrassed neighbor and debtor; to the spirit of gratitude and desire to do good on the part of WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON, and finally to the continuation of the same exalted spirit, with the addition of filial reverence and the most courteous and tender regard for the welfare and wishes of their beneficiaries which have marked the acts of his children.

7. SELECTION, "Ma Belle Adoree" *Roy*

ORCHESTRA.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.—The prayer of dedication will now be offered by the Rev. I. F. Porter, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of this town.

8. PRAYER.

REV. I. F. PORTER.

Ever living and ever present God, our heavenly Father, from Thee cometh every good and perfect gift, and so cometh, we would reverently recognize, this good gift to us which we now gratefully receive; for it is Thy grace, surely, that has moved the hearts of Thy servants to this act of filial recognition and gracious service, and it is Thy good Providence that has shaped our ends, in ways past our finding out, to perfection, preparing the circumstances and dispositions which render such gracious acts possible.

We bless Thee for the goodly heritage we are privileged to enjoy as a people; for our common country; for its noble history and inspiring memories, and especially for that later record of heroic service in behalf of the cause of freedom and national integrity, the memorial of which is henceforth linked with this memorial of private worth and public beneficence. For our national freedom we bless Thee, and the opportunity thus afforded for the achievement of the best in human life and human society, and for that Christian faith through which we are enabled to hold fast our civil liberty in righteousness.

We bless Thee, also, for our dear New England town life, — that it so fosters in each a sense of responsibility for the welfare of all; for the wisdom with which the fathers made provision for the interests of religion and education. And for this our home town — town of our affection and our pride — we thank Thee; for its beauty of situation, and for the long line of good men and women who have here served their day and generation, and into the results of whose labors we are privileged to enter. Make us worthy, we pray Thee, of our many privileges, and especially of this

new privilege and benediction, upon the enjoyment of which we enter to-day. We thank Thee, that this gracious thing which has been done in our midst has such a clustering of beautiful and tender associations about it; ever speaking to young and old of that which is best in our human life, that the seed, as it were, from which all the rest has sprung, was a simple act of neighborly kindness — no great thing — only such as should be an everyday occurrence in a Christian world, a faith in another's honesty and worth which was not misplaced. And we thank Thee, that when the man, to whose memory this temple of holy uses has been reared, had left the home of his boyhood, and, amid the stirring activities and interests of the city, had won wealth and position by honest industry and application to business, that his heart turned with affection and kindly thought to his old home, and led him to commemorate, in a common blessing to the whole town, the friendly act which had awakened his boyish gratitude and admiration. And now we gratefully recognize the filial affection and tender respect for their father's wishes and memory, which have led the children to rear this beautiful memorial, a memorial that speaks of peace and good will towards all, a memorial in keeping, we are sure, with the spirit of him whom they and we together honor.

And now may we and the generations to come after us ever enter into these gates with thanksgiving and praise, — with thanksgiving, that our human life is not all a scene of selfish getting and hoarding, but is so often brightened with proofs of generous thought and purpose on the part of those who have the power to give. May this building long stand as an incentive to such generous spirit on the part of all, whether rich or poor, for we bless Thee, that it is possible for all to work with Thee, our God, in blessing the world, and in so doing to find the true dignity and blessing of life for themselves.

And now, in more truly dedicating ourselves to the service of God and man, so may this building now given into

our stewardship find its true dedication. With high purpose may we avail ourselves of the privileges it offers. May we cherish its inward and outward comeliness with which it now comes from the hands of its generous donors. May we keep it generously supplied with the best of the world's literature. Yea, for Thy name's sake may we cherish it, the name of Houghton — a name long worthily known in our town life, and still with representatives not a few in our midst; and to-day, to those that bear the name and to us all, may it, as never before, be as a talisman of respect and honor, leading us in the paths of righteousness.

We thank Thee that this occasion may well be taken to symbolize and emphasize the close, sympathetic relations of city and country; that each is a close sharer in the other's life and is bound to aid and rejoice in the other's welfare. Let it be our prayer and aspiration that this monument of the city's friendliness standing by this country roadside, on the spot where the good merchant, whose name it commemorates must have often played in his boyhood, and perhaps cherished the visions of honor and usefulness, afterwards realized, shall be the scene where other young souls shall be kindled and furnished with the ideals, which shall enable them to go forth, and aid in purifying the life of the cities round about.

Be with us now with Thy blessing we pray Thee, in the further services of this occasion. May the words that shall be spoken lift us to high levels of thought and aspiration; and establish thou, O Lord, the work of our hands, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it, and Thine shall be the praise, through Christ, and through all who have worked righteousness. Amen.

9. MARCH, "The Honeymoon" *Rosey*

ORCHESTRA.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.—I am sure you cannot regret more than the one who presides to-day the necessary absence of the orator of this occasion on account of illness. He has sent to us through Mr. Houghton his sincere regrets, and particularly wished it to be stated that he himself deems it a hardship indeed that he is unable to be present. He has, however, sent at the hands of Mr. Houghton his oration, and at the personal request of Mr. Houghton the presiding officer will venture to read it. Therefore, for himself, the latter asks from all of you your kind indulgence, though no indulgence whatever, he is sure, need be asked for the pre-eminently fitting and suggestive oration which Dr. Clark has prepared. Dr. Edward L. Clark is pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Boston, of which WILLIAM S. HOUGHTON was a member and officer, and pastor of the donors of the new building.

10. ORATION.

REV. EDWARD L. CLARK, D. D.

Read by Rev. William J. Clones.

The attendants in the library of the British Museum are interested in their work. To them books mean a living. They tell you, as if it were the one thing worth knowing, that they have thirty-two miles of shelving to dust. The librarians knowing the value of these volumes come to love them as a part of their life.

THE TRUE AIM OF BOOKS.

If you could find the place some quiet evening illumined by the presence of the authors of these books, men of every

age and costume, a million thinking souls, of equal rights in this republic of letters, how gladly would they talk with you. "No," they would say, "not as a living did we this work. One thing moved us,—an impulse to advance far beyond our former selves. The book was the record of our campaign. Its success surprised us most of all. What can we now do for you? We live to aid you."

What an opportunity is given to us! Homer, Plato, Isaiah, Aristotle, Moses, Pindar, Virgil, Shakespeare, all of them wait upon us! A vast troop of scientists, musicians, philosophers, poets, are beside us "without money and without price." We have an university without fees!

ONE LAW OF LEARNING FOR ALL MINDS.

Would it not be a fair motto for these walls, — "*Keep good company and you shall be one of them*"? This law of learning has universal application. It is true that compared with London this is a Little-town, but you have one advantage over the British Museum: you can carry the professors home under your arm! The plainest room is sufficiently furnished with their company. They will give their best to you, or they will quietly turn their backs upon you, waiting upon your convenience. You see that studies are all elective in this University Extension. The classes are small. The greatest good of the greatest number is the good of number one, and so far, the opportunity begins and ends with yourself.

WHAT SELF IS.

But what is self? What is that persistent something which refuses to become any one else? It changes its opinion often; for he alone never changes his mind who has no mind to change. It widens with every sun. Now, it wishes it could turn its back upon itself, then it takes off its hat to its own shadow. It is the centre of the world. The seasons in solemn pageantry sweep before it. The constellations — yes, and the royal progress of their

Master with His disciples move over the Galilean hills at its bidding. Cities are built, dynasties are destroyed for that self. Indeed, the view we take is easily exchanged for an opinion, and, like George Eliot's cock, we are sure the sun comes up to hear us crow.

The serious view of this self-consciousness as the soul comes of age is the absolute necessity by which we decide for ourselves in what way we shall be led out, or, to use the same word in another form, how we shall be educated. On this depends not the change of affairs so much as our way of looking at them. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," Guliette urges the rowers to greater strain at the oars; "Know ye not, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye?" From the benches comes back the true answer, "It is in our power to be hung and scorn ye!"

THE LAMP OF LEARNING.

On the other side, we may recall the German legend of the ruined hut by the wayside. The forest gloom hung over it. A wilderness of thorns reigned in the garden. The owls cried from the fallen roof-tree. The foxes hid undisturbed in the broken walls. But one night a stranger left a silver lamp in the ruin. Its flame was not noticed in the night so small was its light. In the day no one thought of it. Yet, in that presence the floors came together, widened, became shining. The timbers grew stately, thrust themselves out and upward into halls and chambers, turrets and passages, full of tapestries and paintings, — they themselves changing to silver and gold richly chased. The garden caught the spirit of the new life and bloomed into stately magnificence. Then far and near the forests took on new lift and space and tossed their glory up toward the heavens.

This lamp of learning is within reach of every hand. Education brings it to us. Shall we let its fair light burn within us?

TRUE EDUCATION.

Education has been identified with formal schools and school-days. We are now beginning to distinguish between being loaded, — and led out, or educated by books. Pope writes of

“ Bookful blockheads ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in their heads.”

And Milton speaks of men, “ Deep read in books and shallow in themselves.”

College bred men are often found to be unable to earn their own bread, — to use the Saxon form of that word, are loafers. An educated man must use his mind. The world will never fail to admire the wit of Lemuel, which his mother taught him, true mother wit. Hugh Miller charmed thoughtful souls from his school of toil, the quarries of the old red sandstone. Gilbert White's natural history of the little village of Selbourne has become a classic.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

A man is truly educated when he has given himself to the lead of a few books, a few well chosen friends who have proved themselves worthy by calling out of him and cultivating within him his best thoughts and noblest efforts. They must make a personal and direct appeal. To meet this view of education, books of science and art have been rewritten. The inspiration of the teacher is recognized in his being able to speak to every one in his own language. Special technical terms are omitted. History has passed from the germ state of mere facts and figures, to the conditions of an epic; that is, the reader becomes an actor. He fights in ancient battles, wanders with Ulysses until he becomes “ a part of all he has met,” climbs mountains with Humboldt, paints with Raphael, and shares with Dante the office of Virgil among the shades.

Charles Kingsley went so far as to insist that no one should read history who could not thus put his heart into sympathy with it.

TRUE DISCIPLINE REQUIRED.

It would be more to the purpose to insist that our minds and hearts should be under such discipline as to love whatever is useful to be studied. The Roman word cultivation — from *cultus*, a ploughshare — suggests mastership in treating the soil and choice in seed we sow.

LITTLE THINGS NOT OVERLOOKED.

Associated with this pleasant enlargement of ourselves in peaceful conquests of other souls and in kingdoms of learning is the care which we give to what are known as little things. An educated man is a man of judgment. But judgment associates with itself observation, comparison, selection, each of which in man, as in his Maker, concerns itself with the spirit common to things great or small. How well has it been said, a mean spirit would make Rameses grovel in the dust. A noble spirit would make a *scarabæus*, king. No trunk of principle stands firm whose roots for abundance of water run easily on the surface. The little fibres fighting their way down anchor the tree. So the little leaves with sweet charities stretching past each other to the light in healthful food of rain and sun nourisheth the trunk continually.

RELATION OF JUDGMENT TO EDUCATION.

A true education exercises the faculty of judgment, trained by books, by observation and experience, in every situation in life. By this it succeeds. Old things become new. The best things become better. It may be said of one so led as of Shakespeare, "He is more original than his originals." He touches all things; adorns all he touches.

SUCCESS A TEST.

Men could not be more sharply divided than along this line of success. Success is the ability to hold oneself in hand. You can see it written on many faces. Emerson described it as repose and declared it to be the mark of a gentleman. Shelley associated it with playfulness, and added, "A man is never a man until he plays, and never plays until he is a man."

It is the light, the prophecy of genius, an eternal splendor.

TASTE IN ITS RELATION TO EDUCATION.

Closely associated with genius is a delicate and strong sense of the beautiful. We have now passed into the domain of what is known to philosophy and science as æsthetics. In practical life it is taste. In a figure of speech it is a man's atmosphere. Atmosphere does not depend upon elevations of thought or depressions of feeling, yet adapts itself to both. It veils prosperity when it comes down too brightly like Moses from the mount. It lengthens out the glory of morning, of evening twilight. It carries all manner of charities like dew to bruised reeds. It bears the thunder of indignation against injustice. It is moved by the sigh of a child. It resounds with the triumph of many waters. Winds of opinion are ever shifting. In the atmosphere we ever live and move and have our being. We can no more analyze taste than we can wit, and yet both are familiar. To possess it is to have the key to all mysteries of form, proportion, shade of sound, and tone of color. Men of taste are rich and strong.

HOW TO ACQUIRE TASTE.

Every one may by the society of books and nature insensibly acquire taste. I do not refer to the ideals of beauty which distinguished on Grecian temples the gods from men by refusing to allow the gods the least expression of feeling,

and took their forms from the athletes in their race courses. Nor do I refer to the opposite struggle of the early Christian artists, who came by their representation of beauty in form long after they had filled the faces of saints and angels with meaning. I refer to the fact none can question. Both the beauty and dignity of man lie in his thoughts. If to this we add thoughts of affection, the plainest faces are transfigured, and we may all safely hope sometime to be beautiful.

It is a great comfort to reflect that while so many are unsound in all doctrines, and still more are only sound, a soul with taste is one whose sound goes silently forth to all the ends of the earth. This was to the psalmists the office of the sun, whose innumerable guests sit closely together all the day, bear in blossoming his image, and want not. A true taste is to thought and action what the sun is to atmosphere and to the fields.

THE OFFICE OF TASTE TO THE CHILDREN.

Think of the value of a correct taste to the children! Their hearts are ready to respond to every generous thing. Their life is made safe by being full of noble ambitions. They are sure to enrich the world if early they begin a career of strength in understanding and refinement in manner. Clarendon remarks that if one does not love books before he is thirty he will not love them afterward enough to understand them.

EARLY INFLUENCES PERMANENT.

It is in childhood we have visions. After the early dawn the mists rise over the plains of northern Italy, and they who forget the saying, "In every place the sun rises early," and have failed to see the glorious Alps, have lost the shadow of their glory all the day long.

For such reasons this library appeals strongly to the generations which to-day advance to take their parts while the stage is being cleared for a new play. If they study well

the works of the good and great, though it be only for an hour they act as kings and heroes, their whole lives will be more kingly and heroic afterwards. Cervantes wisely declared that every man is a son of his own works. And, after all, the true working age, the busiest part of life, is childhood. "I count him greatest," runs the Chinese proverb, "who keeps his child heart."

GROWTH BY CARE OF THINGS NEEDFUL TO GROWTH.

We need not take thought about the stature, but we cannot think too much of the habits and food through which we grow in wisdom and stature, in favor with God and man. We keep closely in touch with a fine spirit and rules of life until laws become loyalty.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

While I have drawn these outlines of a truly educated man, in his individuality, energy, practical judgment, and noble sweetness of manner, I have continually in my mind that prince among men whom you have come here to honor to-day, WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON. He was but fifteen years old, though in courage a man, when financial difficulties overtook his father in this place. Courage, as the word suggests, is an affair of the heart. New England homes cultivate the heart, and therefore conquer the world. But young Houghton saw danger turned into prosperity by the practical generosity of Reuben Hoar. He determined to make that name remembered. He carefully invested the fees which Mr. Hoar refused for his services. At length your town met that very kindness of Mr. Hoar face to face in this library given by Mr. Houghton. Even then Mr. Houghton was not satisfied. He thought of a library building. To-day, less than half a century after that noble REUBEN HOAR played the part of the good Samaritan, another gener-

ation has brought you this most useful gift in memory of their father, WILLIAM STEVENS HOUGHTON. Other lads of fifteen will go up from these shadows instructed and fitted by them for the duties of life. Other men in trouble will remember the great success of this man and push on to final victory. Borne down by these books which bring the currents of past days, the seeds of great truths like alders and birches will find root in the banks of later times. They will save from the violence of the freshets of passion those who gave them hospitality, and again this place will be blessed.

Above all may the delightful friendship, the rich charity, of Mr. Houghton's spirit remind those who pass along your streets that education and business success are in touch, that great resources of wealth and kindness may go hand in hand, and that a refined spirit is due not to place or work, but to a use of both.

Our earliest memorial is the rude cairn where Jacob and Laban parted, and the young man, led by God, entered a larger world. The grandest human achievement in the use of riches stands in the desolate hall of the Egyptian Karnak. The most beautiful creation of art still lingers on the Acropolis at Athens. Pericles built the Parthenon with its inexhaustible treasures of art to keep the Greeks from longing for Persian temples. These three motives which have ruled the world, — love of kin, love of power, love of home, — are united in the building which stands before you. Nor is this all.

There is one spirit higher, more grand and enduring, which comprehends them all. It is the education, the leading out of a father's life. It is the guide of his children. It opens these library doors. It bids us, standing on this threshold, look over these fields made sacred by passing souls, up into the face of the same sky which lighted them, out into the coming ages, and say with St. Paul, "the greatest of these is *charity*," "the greatest of these is *love*."

In that spirit of Christian education, we invoke His

presence whose blessing is upon those who honor father and mother in serving their fellow-men; His presence whose name is *Love*.

11. SELECTION, MEDLEY, "Reminiscences" . *Laurendeau*

ORCHESTRA.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY. — Your committee have received many responses to the invitations sent out, expressing the regrets of those unable to be present to-day. Many of these I should be glad to read, and if there were time, you would be pleased to hear. But since the time is limited I will take only so much of it as may be necessary to read a few of them.

The President then read extracts from letters received from his Excellency Gov. Greenhalge, his Honor Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, ex-Gov. George S. Boutwell, ex-Gov. John D. Long, ex-Congressman Charles H. Allen, Mayor Bancroft of Cambridge, and mentioned by name the following: Herbert Putnam, Esq., Librarian of Boston Public Library; Wm. C. Lane, Esq., Librarian of Boston Athenæum; Samuel S. Green, Esq., Worcester; Dr. Samuel A. Green, Boston; Francis W. Boutwell, Esq., and sister, Groton; Hon. C. B. Tillinghast, State Librarian; Hon. Wm. A. Kilbourn, South Lancaster, of Board of Agriculture; L. L. Conant, Rev. W. I. Nichols, Rev. John C. Staples, Rev. R. G. Johnson, Peter C. Edwards, Jr., Thos. Talbot, Dr. Joshua Young, Prof. A. C. Cummings, Col. Wm. Beals, Hon. J. S. Lockwood, Prescott Keyes, Prof. Laban E. Warren, Rev. Wm. I. Lawrence, Rev. D. F. Lamson, Mrs. Mary E. Knowles, A. H. Hartwell, Wm. R. Richards, Julius H. Tuttle, Geo. A. Kimball,

Esq., C. L. Jeffrey, Aaron M. Crane, Esq., Rev. George C. Wright, Lowell, H. W. Hartwell, Waltham, Hon. O. H. Sanderson, Rev. A. B. Vorse, Rev. C. C. Hussey, Alfred Waites, Esq., Jonathan H. Barker, Charles Stearns, F. L. Blood, John Adams, South Lincoln, John Kimball, Clinton, Wis., Wm. H. H. Tuttle, Esq., Thos. W. Davis, Rev. Chas. L. Merriam, Bernard R. Green, Abiel J. Abbott, J. W. Abbott, Robert M. Lawrence, Shattuck O. Hartwell, Mrs. Caroline H. Garland, Hon. H. E. Bothfeld, Hon. F. A. Wyman, Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis, Albert A. Pope, J. L. Lockwood, Mrs. Ellen Talbot Baker, Frederick S. Clark, Rev. T. H. Eddowes, G. M. Bartol, Hon. L. D. Apsley, and Hon. H. C. Lodge.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.—We are very fortunate in having among our guests, upon this occasion, a number of distinguished speakers. The first upon whom I will call for an address is one of the members of the Massachusetts Library Commission, and a veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic. I take pleasure in introducing the Hon. Henry S. Nourse, of Lancaster.

12. ADDRESS.

HON. HENRY S. NOURSE.

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS., Dec. 10, 1895.

HERBERT J. HARWOOD, Esq.:

My dear Sir,—I send you a copy of my remarks, as near as my rough notes and a shamefully inaccurate memory will permit. There is no available typewriter near, or I would have a decent transcript made, my writing being, just

now, even more cramped than usual. If you want it for your scrap record, perhaps you will have it typewritten on paper and with margin to suit your plan better.

I presume many will think my savagery towards England uncalled for; but I am thoroughly "riled" by the English aggression for spoils the world over (*vide* Egypt, Alaska, Venezuela, China, etc.) and English hesitancy and selfishness in the Turkish Armenian troubles. Moreover, what I said is *true*.

A note from Hon. G. W. Sanderson has come in just as I was about to sign and mail this, asking for a copy of my remarks. Will you please arrange the matter with him? I will notify him that you have copy.

Yours very truly, HENRY S. NOURSE.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS OF LITTLETON: I thank you for the courtesy through which I am privileged to share with you the joyousness of this happy occasion. I wish I could contribute to it something especially new or bright, but as I cannot hope to do that you will pardon me if I am only brief and sympathetic.

I bring you messages of congratulation from your neighbors, the people of Lancaster, and from the trustees of their public library, but I am here primarily as a representative of the Free Public Library Commission of Massachusetts, and in its behalf I cordially congratulate you upon your great good fortune in the evolution of generous benefactors. Probably the majority of you hardly knew that a State Commission of this name existed; for you have never given us the privilege of affording you any assistance. You have never even called upon us for any of that good advice, of which we are supposed to keep an enormous stock on hand

done up in convenient packages for the use of country libraries. You have ever been sufficient unto yourselves.

Your library has passed the tenth year of its existence, while the Free Public Library Commission has but just finished the fifth year of actual work. Five years ago, of the three hundred and fifty-two municipalities in the Commonwealth, nearly one third — or, to be accurate, one hundred and three — towns were wholly without free libraries. And even then Massachusetts led all the world in generous provision of library privileges for her people, as she led in all the means of popular education. These one hundred and three towns were mostly small farming or fishing communities, which each census proved decadent in prosperity and population. They contained about one hundred and thirty-one thousand people, or only six per cent of the total population of the State. To-day I can proudly boast that there are but twenty-five towns in our beloved Commonwealth that do not possess a public library freely open to all classes of citizens.

These twenty-five towns contain about forty-one thousand people, or only one and one sixth per cent of the two and one half millions who call Massachusetts home. Verily the time seems almost ripe for that law which many prophesy, formally recognizing the free public library as an integral part of our free school system and ordaining that it shall be supported in each municipality. Ten years ago your social and political leaders, wise in their generation, took no thought of possible State aid or compulsory legislation, but gladly acted upon the impulse given by a generous and shrewd benefactor. And on the principle, I suppose, that one good turn deserves another, there has come to you another noble benefaction, emanating from the same spirit, the same family.

Citizens of Littleton, we congratulate you and your posterity for coming ages, blessed or to be blessed by this beneficence; but even more heartily do we congratulate the givers of these good gifts. We congratulate them not only

nor chiefly because of the tide of inward satisfaction with which their souls must be flooded in the consciousness of their own well-doing, nor chiefly because of the words of gratitude they win from their beneficiaries, but because by their altruistic deed they have lifted themselves among the deathless. A few days ago in a town not far away, public funeral honors were paid to a man who bore one of the commonest of family names but whose fame is as wide as the continent, because he well sung a single song; but that song was "America"; and the name of Samuel Francis Smith shall live to be honored from the Atlantic to the Pacific so long as the republic lives, and wherever the star-spangled banner floats. Similar immortality, though more local in extent, does he win who founds a free public library or builds the walls to enshrine one. For there is no more lasting institution, as human things are reckoned, than the free public library; and he who writes his name as founder or as benefactor over its portals has built himself the most enduring monument that money can purchase, — a grander and more lasting memorial than any his heirs could rear in the cemetery over his grave, though they piled polished granite as high as a church steeple or with its foundations cumbered a rood of ground. The books upon its shelves may crumble in time, and the building decay and be replaced by another, but the founder's name and generosity will never lose their honors so long as a few people and their institutions endure.

For what is our free public library? It is the university of a free people. Every year or two Littleton sends out from her free schools some bright boy to enter Harvard or Yale or some other of our great classical or technical schools, whence he brings home a degree, the certificate of manly efficiency. Every year or two some bright girl goes out from among you to win literary honors at Wellesley or Radcliffe. But for every one of these there are a dozen who crave the same culture and would honor it, but who are

compelled to forego it from lack of means or want of encouragement or the restraint of home duty. All of these and those who are past the age for your schools will find in your free public library, as it grows under wise supervision, their local college, their school of science and art. Here young and old, if ambitious, can win whatever degrees their industry and ability merit, and go forth to leadership in the world's workshops.

But because I lay forceful stress upon the educational value of the free public library, let me not be understood to deprecate its service for innocent amusement and recreation. We of the Library Commission are often asked about the dire effect of too much novel reading. Well, there *are* literary dyspeptics. There are youths who, by too much devouring of a certain class of stories, become so imbued with what I may style Oliver Optical delusions respecting life, manners, and duty that they are nuisances to their neighbors. But, after all, dangers to society come not from those who read too much even of inanities, but from those too ignorant to read at all or too sleepy to read anything but a sensational newspaper. The Commonwealth has built and supports at enormous expense many jails and reformatories, and they are all full to overflowing with kleptomaniacs and pyromaniacs and all sorts of maniacal evil-doers. There are a dozen hospitals, huge palatial caravansaries, filled with the insane, including one devoted to dipsomaniacs. But there is a class of maniacs that never much trouble any but their own families, and do not call upon the public for support,—the bibliomaniacs. The menace to the Republic comes chiefly from ignorance; from the voters who cannot read the law of the land or even the ballot which they cast; from the autocracy of the kitchen who cannot read a scientific cook-book, and perpetually aggravate the national dyspepsia.

To one class of Littleton's citizens, a group already small and rapidly growing smaller, especial congratulations are due to-day. To my fellow-soldiers of the great army that finished

well its work and was mustered out thirty years ago, let me say that the commemorative tablets on yonder wall are the most graceful and lasting memorial to patriot service that can be devised. No more appropriate shrine can be found for such records than upon your library building, for the free public library is the crowning glory of our educational system, and the chief purpose of education in the republic is the fostering of patriotism, the making of good citizens. Fellow-soldiers, we may well rejoice who live to see our names recorded in enduring bronze and stone for posterity to honor. But not for our own account and for our own fame only do we welcome such memorials. Thirty years ago we were active patriots, but we did not drop our enthusiastic love of country with the surrender at Appomattox. We are patriots still, and rejoice in everything that makes for patriotism. This building and the hundreds similar to it that are springing up all over the Union are under wise administration to become store-houses of patriotic records and patriotic lessons. To these free public libraries will come the youth of generation after generation to read the lessons of the history of all nations and all time, and especially of the history of the republic which we in our humble way helped to make. These public libraries and their memorial tablets are so many solemn pledges to us, not only that our achievements and our sufferings for country shall never be forgotten, but that never again shall a fratricidal war menace the foundations of our government.

Our transatlantic cousins — I cannot call them brothers — are constantly stigmatizing us as “worshippers of the almighty dollar.” Well, I think if we could have our slanderers here to witness occasions like this, if we could take them upon a tour through our Massachusetts towns, show them the three hundred and twenty-seven free public libraries, mostly housed in appropriate and often splendid buildings given by individuals at an expenditure of over six millions of dollars, they would go home to their little

island biting their tongues into silence about money worship. The fact is, we are the most generous people on the face of the earth. The hard-headed and close-fisted English Puritan has developed into the most liberal altruist of this century. Let him who doubts this go ask the surviving sufferers of the Chicago conflagration; the scorched sufferers in the forest fires of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; those who lost their all in the flood of Johnstown and the Charleston earthquake; nay, go across the ocean and inquire of the peasants of Ireland's survivors of the potato famine; of the starved Helots of Russia; of the down-trodden Armenians, whether Brother Jonathan or John Bull is foremost in the offer of sympathy and substantial help to the suffering. There can be but one answer.

Would you know where the real, the "Simon-pure," money worshippers dwell, go where parliamentary honors are given to an ignorant boor because he has dug an immense fortune out of the nitrate beds of South America; go where an ex-circus clown of shady antecedents becomes the hail-fellow well met of princes, because he has swindled millions out of the people in gambling with mining shares; go where impecunious and effete lordlings recoup their wasted estates by bargaining for wives among the daughters of our American Cresuses. We have a nobility of a different order of humanity. Some of that nobility have surplus wealth, and they justify their right to this "unearned increment" by giving good gifts to their fellow-men. They found hospitals and free public libraries. And whether they belong to the families of Lawrence, or Sibley, or Thayer, or Wilde, or Goodnow, or HOUGHTON, the coronets which they wear are earned, and are gilded with the honest praise of their contemporaries. They will be jewelled with the grateful plaudits, generation after generation, of those made better and wiser men and women through their beneficence.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.— Every one in Boston who is interested in philanthropic, educational, and Christian work, especially among young men, knows, either personally or by reputation, William H. Baldwin, Esq., the President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and one personally acquainted with Mr. Houghton. I take pleasure in presenting him as the next speaker.

ADDRESS

BY MR. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, OF BOSTON, PRESIDENT
OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I regard it an honor, as well as a privilege, to be allowed to join the multitude of friends, who to-day are giving to the citizens of this beautiful town of Littleton their heartfelt congratulations upon the gift of yonder attractive library building, which has just been so fittingly accepted by those in authority in your public affairs.

This is a most impressive and interesting occasion. The hearts of your people, old and young, are to-day filled with gratitude to the kind and interested friends, the sister and the brother, through whose noble liberality, you to-day become the possessors of such a valuable, practical, and useful gift for your citizens of the present and of the future years.

Gratitude, — gratitude, — this is at the basis of your thought and speech to-day. It is this God-given element in the human heart, which was so forcibly developed by one who could never forget an act of kindness, rendered many years ago by one of your citizens, and which laid the foundation of what to-day has been realized as the act of his children, who have done what they believed would have been a joy

and delight to the father, were he here in the body to witness the doings of this day.

The influence for good of the public library in the great city or in the country town cannot be estimated, nor can it be overstated.

It was with great satisfaction that I heard from the lips of your friend from Lancaster, the Hon. Henry S. Nourse, of the State Board of Commissioners on Public Libraries, who has just addressed us, that there are but twenty-five towns in this good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where there are no public libraries. What a power for good is wrapped up in this fact. What blessings are thus offered to all citizens, old and young, who are thus favored.

Great care must be exercised in the selection of books for our public libraries. In many of our libraries are numerous books which should be discarded, not being of a class to elevate and properly educate, but rather having the exact opposite effect. But we rejoice to feel that of late years there has been a growing tendency to discard all books of a light, trashy nature.

The late James T. Fields of Boston once said to me, just after he had returned from a lecture tour in New England, "Friend Baldwin, the greatest danger to the youth of New England to-day, next to the intoxicating cup, is the pernicious literature to which they are exposed."

I would urge upon the young people I now see before me, and upon all others of your town, to appreciate fully this great blessing which they, with you all, have received.

Every young man and every young woman in this town can, without doubt, readily spare at least one hour daily for the careful reading of books.

As last Sunday evening I sat by the side of the great preacher, Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, and listened with the most intense interest as he addressed the large audience in our Christian Union Hall, my thoughts turned to his early life, when a poor boy working in the factory

near his old home in England, and then again, later on, to his Pennsylvania home in this country, where, as a hard-working blacksmith, he stood at his forge, his left hand upon the bellows, his right turning the leaves in the book in front of him, which was resting on the chimney; thus while heating the shoe for the waiting horse, he was helping to lay the foundation of that education and knowledge of books for which he has been noted for so many years. What an example is this for the young men of this town!

Again, turn to the early years of the dearly beloved Abraham Lincoln. Cast your thoughts towards that humble log cabin far away in the West where the boy Abraham was born. See him as he sits in his mother's lap and is taught his alphabet and to read, their family Bible being used as the text book for his earliest education. What a contrast between the very limited advantages for an education possessed by the boy Abraham Lincoln and those enjoyed to-day by the young people of every community, large or small, throughout this, our dearly beloved country, — East, West, North, and South.

President Lincoln's mother died when he was but ten years of age. Years after, when men were looking to him as one who might become a national leader, he said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother."

My friends, as I stand here in your presence to-day, I look out beyond this hall, and I seem to behold a beautiful picture, — no, not a single picture, but many. I look over your hills and through your valleys. I see the homes in the village, and the many scattered all over your township.

The day is past, — the farmer's work is done; the places of business are closed; the boys and girls have had their out-door sports and enjoyments, and as the shades of evening approach, parents and children have again gathered together within the dear old home.

All have partaken of the evening meal, and now the bright burners are lighted, and around the large table in the centre

of that room which bears the dear, old, familiar and social name, the "sitting-room," the family are seated.

There is the ever busy mother plying the needle, and by her side the father with his sharp eye gathering all the news, from near and from far, which the indispensable daily or weekly paper will afford him; and close to the table I see the boy and the girl and the friend, each with a book in hand taken from the Reuben Hoar Library. Oh, what a power for good will ever flow from this new building which to-day you have dedicated, and from the Reuben Hoar Library placed within its walls.

The library at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union has always been regarded as a very popular and important branch of our work, and now contains over thirteen thousand volumes. Books for the library are selected for examination, and receive the careful attention of our special library committee, none being placed on the shelves except such as are believed to be fitting every way.

Our aim has always been, and in every way, to make our books as useful to the reader as if they were his personal property. Our library is open every day in the week from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. The Union Rooms are open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

In taking the initiative, more than a quarter of a century ago, of keeping the library open on Sundays, we were simply pursuing our policy of freedom, coupled with our earnest desire for a judicious and proper use of the Sunday, the day of rest, on the part of the young people in our city.

At the time of a hearing given June 4, 1872, on the proposition to open the Boston Public Library on Sundays, I stated, and my words were repeated at the hearing, that if the Young Men's Christian Union were obliged, by any city statute, to be closed on one day of the week, and it were left with me to decide which day of the seven it should be, I would choose any other day than Sunday. Experience extending over nearly twenty-eight years that I have been

the President of the Union has served to convince not only myself, but all who are associated with me in the work of the Union, that this position was correct.

It is an inspiring and a beautiful sight on Sunday afternoons and evenings to watch the throngs of young men who gather in our Library and Reading Room. Many of them are living in cheerless lodgings; some cannot afford to have even fires in their rooms. It is a great boon to them to have a comfortable resort where they may quietly and undisturbed spend their hours in reading.

To the young people I see before me, let me say here, in this the town of your birth and home, you must lay the foundation of your future characters.

The young must ever aim to start right, to keep right, to go right. Not all of you will remain permanently in this town so dear to you. Many will leave the old home and the dear ones there. The great world is before you, and many of you, now here, may be near or far away, devoted to the active affairs of life.

My young friends, fail not to fortify yourselves to meet with the exposures, the temptations, the disappointments, yes, and with the successes of life.

Always aim to take a bright and cheerful view of life, with heartfelt thanks and gratitude to Almighty God, that you are allowed to be members of His great earthly family. Thus fortified, you will be able to meet the world with all its experiences, with a noble fortitude, and with a true, heroic courage.

Fail not to fully appreciate the great blessings which surround you in this your pleasant town. The Christian churches, the Sunday schools, the public schools, and the Reuben Hoar Public Library, — these, one and all, are freely offered to you. Fail not to appreciate and fully value these great blessings.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY. — All who are interested in the local history of this vicinity are acquainted with the valuable services to history of the one now to be introduced to you,— the Rev. Edward G. Porter, formerly of Lexington, now of Dorchester.

ADDRESS

BY EDWARD G. PORTER, D. D.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am deeply impressed by the motives which have led to the existence of the noble institution which we so gladly dedicate to-day. We see not only a fine new building but one that commemorates some of the truest and tenderest sentiments of our nature — sentiments which I rejoice to feel will be perpetuated as long as this library shall fulfil its beneficent ministry to the people of Littleton.

The name it bears suggests the first sentiment which engages our attention, that of gratitude. Why is it called the Reuben Hoar Library? Not, as a stranger might suppose, because a person of that name founded it, or, as far as he knew, had anything to do with it. It is a posthumous honor of which he never dreamed. Yet he unwittingly earned it in the judgment of the one who conferred it, and so the library is a monument to Reuben Hoar. It illustrates a deed of neighborly kindness performed by him long ago.

It was, to be sure, not a very great act in itself, only lending a hand to a friend in need. He was able to do it, and what is more, he was willing. His heart turned in sympathy to his neighbor, and he was glad to help him over a hard place at a critical time.

The act was not forgotten in the family that received the timely benefit. Years afterwards a son arose and executed the purpose formed in boyhood to signalize the event by

establishing some memorial in the town, in honor of his father's benefactor. That memorial took the form of a public library, to which the name of Reuben Hoar was gratefully given. In this, my friends, we see a fine example of the first sentiment that appeals to us to-day, viz., the feeling of gratitude for an act of brotherly kindness.

There is another feature equally characteristic of the donor which should be mentioned here, for it is even more rare than that of gratitude. I refer to that instinctive modesty of his, which led him to withhold his own name altogether from the library which he founded.

Those who knew Mr. William S. Houghton will not be surprised at this, for it was in full accord with the tenor of his life. I had the pleasure of his company, and that of his wife, on a trip to California many years ago; and I then saw this trait exhibited on various occasions. It is in such striking contrast to the habit of self-assertion, so common in the world, that it deserves to be recorded, that this library was given by one who sought to conceal his own name from it.

And yet, such an instance of generosity should not, in the general judgment of mankind, be forgotten. The world wishes to know who its benefactors are, that it may hold them in remembrance and find fresh inspiration from the knowledge of their deeds. Prompted by this feeling, the son and the daughter of Mr. Houghton have been led to complete the work so well begun by their honored father, and have provided this beautiful building, so chaste, so classic, and so admirably adapted to contain the collection of books, which constituted the original gift.

And this equally generous offering of theirs which we are called to dedicate, reveals a most creditable sentiment that deserves mention, and one that will always be identified with this new edifice. I refer to that tender feeling of affection which has animated Mr. Clement Houghton and his sister in all their plans for the construction of this temple

of knowledge; we honor them for this. They have acted wisely in obeying the instincts of the heart, and letting love—the love of children for a father—declare itself in this visible and useful form.

Henceforth the library will be a double memorial. The books will tell of Reuben Hoar, and the building of William S. Houghton, both worthy to be thus handed down to future generations.

I have sometimes thought that we do not sufficiently honor our parents. We see them toiling hard and long for our comfort. We accept the countless advantage, which their industry, their character, and their thrift have left us, and we take all this as a matter of course and do nothing to preserve the memory of their worth. I know, to be sure, that in many cases there seems to be nothing that can be appropriately done. The parent's life was quiet, we may say, and humble like the lives of a great many others. Very true, and yet how often and how justly a thoughtful, filial piety might have dictated some tribute beyond an epitaph in the cemetery. A fund for the poor, a gift to the church, a lectureship for the town, a prize for the public schools, a scholarship in an academy or college, an endowed bed in some hospital, a piece of land for a park or play ground, a fountain by the wayside, a fund for the planting of trees, or even for the sprinkling of the village streets in summer or the shovelling of snow in winter.

Some of these gifts would not require an outlay beyond the means of many of our prosperous farmers and merchants, and as a mode of expressing our regard for a deceased parent, to whom we owe more than we can ever repay, they appeal to us on the side of family affection which, by identifying itself with some object of public utility, links a good name and a good cause together for all time.

And, my friends, this leads me to suggest, as the last sentiment brought to our notice on this occasion, the grand idea that we owe something to the public, to the town in

which we were born, or in which we live, to the State and to the nation in which we have our citizenship. Here our Christianity, our altruism, and our patriotism meet. And this library, I am happy to observe, is a fine embodiment of them all. It creates a public spirit in the community. It combats ignorance and prejudice and corruption. It promotes social, moral, and political regeneration. It meets a distinct want created by the church, the school, the press, and the lyceum; and under proper management it will become more and more the purveyor of wisdom and of inspiration to you and to your children through successive generations. It will surely develop the civic virtues and that patriotic spirit which are so much needed in our time.

And for our somewhat isolated country towns we see the economy of such an institution. It is better to distribute the reading of a thousand books among a thousand people than to give a single book to each individual. The greatest good of the greatest number is gained by it.

Massachusetts has worked out this latest development of a refined civilization better than any other State or country in the world. In the past few years, partly by the aid of legislation, we have planted these little universities, as I would call them, in almost every town in the Commonwealth. Last summer, as I was exploring the Berkshire Hills, I came to one of the highest and quaintest and most inaccessible towns in the county. Indeed the population is so sparse that there are only about thirty-five voters. The houses are few and far apart, yet the people there maintain a Union Church in the topographical centre, and in it a public library of a few hundred volumes. The key is kept at the nearest farm house, half a mile away, and I was glad to learn that the books circulate extensively from week to week.

Citizens of Littleton, we can hardly overestimate the advantages of such a silent, yet effective, agency as this, reaching most of our self governing and self respecting com-

munities, leavening them with wholesome knowledge, illuminating them with the light of truth, and arousing within them new purposes for higher and nobler achievement.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.— I have now the honor of introducing to you a member of a distinguished family, a representative of our country, the Hon. Sherman Hoar of Concord, United States District Attorney.

ADDRESS.

HON. SHERMAN HOAR.

[Mr. Hoar regrets that he is unable to send for this report the manuscript of his address. The report of the *Lowell Journal* is here given.]

Hon. Sherman Hoar, United States District Attorney, like the others, was most cordially received, and made a rousing address. He said his speech had already been made seven consecutive times. He thought, as a whole, Mr. Houghton's the most impressive. He was especially delighted to see the soldiers' tablets upon the library walls, for there is no better educator than a soldier's monument. There is something about the monuments and statues at the national capital that is a lesson to every American who sees them; so, too, of the tattered flags at our State House. Mr. Hoar paid a most eloquent tribute to the heroes of the civil war. He said he would like to have in every public library an alcove devoted to tributes to American heroism for the benefit of the young.

CLOSING REMARKS.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.— The Honorable Mr. Hoar is certainly right when he says there are at least five hundred persons from whom we would be glad to

hear to-day. We are honored with the presence on this platform of Hon. George A. Marden, of Lowell, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Hon. George J. Burns, of Ayer, State Senator. But since the time set for the closing of these exercises is already past we regret exceedingly that we are not permitted to have them address us at this time. Perhaps, however, Mr. Marden may wish to say a few words.

In response to this courteous invitation of the presiding officer, Mr. Marden made due acknowledgment, but deemed it best not to prolong the exercises, since a large number were to take the trains.

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13. HYMN, "America" . . . *Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.*
Chorus, Orchestra and Audience (all standing).

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14. BENEDICTION. *REV. AMELIA A. FROST, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Littleton.*

APPENDIX I.

ORIGINAL PROPOSAL OF WILLIAM S. HOUGHTON AND ACTION OF THE TOWN THEREON.

LITTLETON, March 23, 1885. — The following announcement is self-explanatory:—

"The undersigned, duly authorized, hereby make known to the people of Littleton, with great pleasure, that the sum of \$10,000, as a fund for a public library, is now offered to be given to this

town, upon certain conditions. To consult together and consider this generous offer with its stated conditions, and in its relations to the kindred matter of a new town hall, the people of Littleton, both ladies and gentlemen, are hereby invited and urgently requested to meet in Central Hall, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Monday, March 23."

Pursuant to the issuing of the above there gathered several hundred of the townspeople. The meeting was organized with N. B. Conant, chairman, and Edward Frost, secretary.

The object of the meeting was to consider a proposition by which \$10,000 is offered the town for a public library, with the conditions that there shall be \$10,000 appropriated by the town for the building, and \$2,500 raised by subscription to be invested for annual maintenance. It is also conditioned that it be called the Reuben Hoar Library; that \$5,000 of the donation be invested in books, \$5,000 to be invested and the interest expended yearly in books; that the books be kept insured by the town, and that the library and its fund be put in charge of seven trustees, as follows: Pastor of the Unitarian Church and one layman, pastor of the Congregational Church and one layman, pastor of the Baptist Church and one layman, and one Selectman.

The sentiment of the meeting was strongly in favor of accepting the proposition, and resolutions to that effect were adopted. Resolutions were also adopted to the effect that it would be advisable to build a new town hall, and having a portion of it used for the Reuben Hoar Library. The following soliciting committee was chosen to solicit the \$2,500 which, according to the provisions given, must be raised by subscription: Miss H. P. Dodge, Miss J. A. Howard, Mrs. William Kimball, Messrs. Edward Frost, E. H. Barker, W. E. Conant, and N. B. Conant. [From the press.]

II.

DEDICATION

OF

LITTLETON TOWN HALL AND LIBRARY,

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887, at 1.30 o'clock P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. OVERTURE, Norma *Bellini*
2. PRAYER, REV. R. G. JOHNSON, Pastor Baptist Church, Littleton.
3. CHORUS, To Thee, O Country *Eichberg*
4. REPORT OF BUILDING COMMITTEE, and Delivery of the Keys, by the Chairman, GARDNER PROUTY, President of the Day.
5. ACCEPTANCE FOR THE TOWN, by the Chairman of Selectmen, NELSON B. CONANT. [Mr. Conant's Address read by JOHN W. ADAMS, Selectman.]
6. SELECTION, Erminie *Jakobowski*
7. LETTER — from the Founder of Reuben Hoar Library.
8. PAVANE, Marie Stuart *Vasseur*
9. ADDRESS, HON. JOHN D. LONG.
10. PICCOLO SOLO, The Wren *Damare*
11. ADDRESS, HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.
12. MARCH, Boston Commandery *Carter*
13. ADDRESS, HON. CHARLES H. ALLEN.
14. OLD HUNDRED, with Orchestra Accompaniment.

The Audience are requested to rise and join in singing,

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BENEDICTION, REV. A. B. MUZZEY, Cambridge.

MUSIC by Carter's Orchestra, Boston, and Chorus of local singers.

III.

LETTER FROM THE DONOR,

WRITTEN BY HIM AND READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
TOWN HALL, JULY 28, 1887.

About fifty years ago a resident of Littleton became involved and was obliged to fail in business.

Reuben Hoar being his largest creditor was made assignee. After looking over the assets and finding that if sufficient time was given they might realize just about enough to pay the debts in full, Mr. Hoar said to the man, "I will make you my agent; go on, collect, and distribute until you have paid all their just due, and if there is nothing left I will furnish you with capital to start again."

For some two years the business was managed with the most rigid economy; during which time Mr. Hoar proved wise in counsel and generous in help.

When the estate had been settled, leaving a sufficient surplus to pay Mr. Hoar his legal and proper commission as assignee, he refused all compensation.

It is from the careful use of that small residue by two generations that the means have been acquired with which to found this library in honor of Reuben Hoar.

BY THE DONOR.

IV.

CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON,
24 High Street, Boston.

MAY 9, 1894.

To the Selectmen of the Town of Littleton:

GENTLEMEN, — Whereas it was the private intention of the late William S. Houghton, founder of the Reuben Hoar Library, at some time to give the town a separate building

for the use of said library, we, his children, desiring to carry out his wish and to perpetuate his memory, do hereby make to the town the following proposition:—

If by proper vote the town will permit the use of "the lot of land at the centre, bounded on the west by the road leading from the centre store to the Town Hall, on the southeast by the road leading from the Orthodox Congregational Church to the Town Hall, and on the north by the road leading from said church to said store," as a site for a public library building, and will accept also the conditions of this proposition, we at our own expense will cause to be built such a building, to be known as the Houghton Memorial, or by some other appropriate name. We will endeavor to make it suitable in every way to the needs of the town, having due consideration for architectural merit and practical convenience, as well as safe-keeping of its contents, but until finished it is to remain our property.

After its completion we will, by deed of gift, convey the building either to trustees, or to an incorporated library, if it shall be deemed best to form one, to be held as a free library for the use of the inhabitants of Littleton. But we make this gift upon condition that the building shall be used always for the purposes of a library building and reading-room; that the Reuben Hoar Library shall be placed in and always kept in this building, and that the town annually make appropriation, under the authority given to it by Chapter 40 of the Public Statutes, for the maintenance and insurance of the building and library.

(Signed) * ELIZABETH G. HOUGHTON.
 * CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

V.

LITTLETON LIBRARY BUILDING.

DEED OF TRUST.

Know all men by these presents: That we, ELIZABETH G. HOUGHTON and CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON, both of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, children of WILLIAM S. HOUGHTON, late of said Boston, deceased, in token of filial respect for the memory of our father, and in recognition of his interest in the welfare of his native town of Littleton, and for the purpose and in the desire of carrying out his wishes by providing a separate and suitable building for the Reuben Hoar Library, in consideration of the premises and of the acceptance of this deed, do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell, convey, transfer, and deliver unto the said Town of Littleton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Library Building recently erected by us in said Town, together with the fixtures and furniture therein, *to have and to hold* the same, with the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to the said Town of Littleton, its successors and assigns to their own use and behoof forever, but in trust, nevertheless, for the purposes and upon the conditions following:—

First. The building shall be maintained forever as a library for the free use of all the inhabitants of said Town of Littleton.

Second. It shall be kept insured and the expenses of the maintenance and repair thereof shall be provided for by said Town in so far as it shall have authority of law so to do.

Third. The management and control of said building shall be given to Trustees to be chosen by the Town in such manner and with such powers as said Town may determine, from time to time, at any legally called meeting of the voters thereof; but it is the desire of the grantors herein

that, if it be deemed expedient, the Trustees for the time being of the Reuben Hoar Library shall be also the Trustees hereunder.

Fourth. Said Town is hereby authorized and empowered to convey and transfer said building and other property given to it by this deed to any corporation hereafter created for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a free library in said Town.

In witness whereof, we, Elizabeth G. Houghton and Clement S. Houghton, both being unmarried, hereto set our hands and seals, this fourth day of December, A. D. 1895.

(Signed) ELIZABETH G. HOUGHTON.
CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. *

SUFFOLK, ss.

BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1896.

Then personally appeared the above named Clement S. Houghton and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be his free act and deed.

Before me,

(Signed) BENJ. E. BATES,
Justice of the Peace.

VI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

BY THE ARCHITECTS, CHARLES B. PERKINS, CORNELIUS G. BETTON, OF BOSTON.

The building which stands on a triangular lot of land on the main street and near the town hall is built of yellow brick, with white terra-cotta trimmings, and has a frontage of fifty feet with a depth of fifty-seven.

The main entrance, which is reached by a flight of five granite steps, is composed of three semi-circular arches, sup-

ported on columns, all of terra-cotta, and carved and decorated. The centre arch forms the entrance, while under the smaller side arches are bronze tablets containing the names of the soldiers who served in the late civil war.

The entrance leads to a vestibule, five by fourteen feet, with an inner door which opens into the main hall. This hall is twenty-three feet long by twelve feet wide, and is eighteen feet high. From this opens the Librarian's room, opposite the entrance, and the reading-room on the right.

It also contains the main delivery desk and the stairs leading to the basement, and is lit by two large windows on the side, and one in front.

The stack-room opens out of the Librarian's room. This is twenty-three feet wide and twenty-eight long, and twenty high. It contains a double storied iron stack, similar in pattern to the one in the new Congressional Library in Washington, with rolled steel shelves and a glass floor, and is capable of containing about twenty-five thousand volumes.

The reading-room is eighteen by twenty-four feet and eighteen high. At one end is a large ornamental fireplace, over which hangs the portrait of Mr. William S. Houghton, the father of the donors. Opposite this is a portrait of Mr. Reuben Hoar, in memory of whom the Reuben Hoar Library contained in the building is named. Under this is a bronze tablet, with an inscription in memory of Mr. Houghton. The reading-room is fitted up with tables, chairs, etc., and cases for reference books.

In the basement are the heating and lighting apparatus, lavatory, etc. The interior is finished with white painted wood work. The walls in the hall and Librarian's room are painted yellow, while the reading-room is a dark olive green above a high white panelled dado.

The whole style of the building is Colonial, all the details, both exterior and interior, being in accordance with this.

The cost of the building, complete, was about twenty-five thousand dollars.

VII.

NAMES ON THE BRONZE TABLETS.

On the right and left of the library entrance are two bronze tablets set in gilt frames, upon which is this inscription:—

MEN OF LITTLETON WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

1861—1865.

Edward D. Battles, William Haley, Luther Battles, Charles H. Holton, Daniel Brown, George A. Hosley, Jos. A. Butterfield, E. Hartwell Jefts, Henry O. Burnham, Charles H. Jefts, J. Emery Clark, Sherⁿ H. Jewett, George W. Clark, Abel H. Jones, Sherman Conant, John M. Kidder, Marcus Conant, Fern^{do} W. Kimball, James Costello, George W. Knowlton, Isaac N. Dodge, Calvin L. Lapham, James L. Durant, Henry A. Lawrence, William L. Flagg, George A. Loring, Daniel C. Fletcher, Alb^t B. Marshall, Edward Fletcher, Edmund Maunder, John Fowley, Patrick Moore, Edward Golden, George G. Munroe, Francis W. Goodwin, Nicholas O'Neil, Michael Gubbins, George H. Patch, John S. Hartwell, Cyrus P. Pickard, Jerry Haley, Oscar A. Preston, Herbert E. Preston, George A. Reed, James C. Smith*, Charles W. Reed, William C. Turner, Albert W. Robbins, Nathan E. Tuttle, John Ryan, Homer A. Warren, Luther R. Searles, Allen P. Whitcomb, Henry L. Willard.

DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Hallowell R. Dunham, Warren W. Gilson, Barney Golding, Darius H. C. Nelson, Isaiah L. Pickard, Ralph W. Parker, Adams W. Tuttle, George L. Whitcomb, Nahum H. Whitcomb.

* Should be James E. Smith.

