

**COMMEMORATION OF THE  
ORDINATION OF JOHN MILTON  
WHITON TO THE MINISTRY OF  
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN  
ANTRIM, N. H.**

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Commemoration of the Ordination of John Milton Whiton to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Antrim, N. H. by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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DR. JOHN MILTON WHITON  
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE, ABOUT 1843.

THE REVEREND JOHN MILTON WHITON, D. D., born in 1785, deceased in 1856, was ordained in 1808 to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church of Antrim, New Hampshire, in which he continued to the end of 1852. The Church, organized in 1788, had been able before Mr. Whiton's coming to secure a settled ministry for but four years—1800-1804. Since his coming its history for a full century has been the history of but three successive pastorates. As the fortunate century neared its close, it seemed that its beginning was worthy of commemoration. On conference between the Committee, appointed for the observance of Old Home Week in Antrim in the summer of 1908, and the descendants of Dr. Whiton, it appeared that they were of one mind regarding this. It was also agreed that Old Home Week was a far more convenient time for such a commemoration than the precise anniversary day six weeks later, September 28. A circular note accordingly sent out to the family drew twenty-three to attend the commemoration—one representative of the first generation, ten of the second, eleven of the third, and one of the fourth. They resolved that the following record of their proceedings should be preserved, not only for absent kindred, but especially for the generations to come.



## COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

AUGUST 16, 1908

### MORNING

About nine o'clock on Sunday morning, Maplewood Cemetery, half a mile northward from South Village, was visited by the entire party accompanied by a few near friends in Antrim. Here are the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Whiton, and of members of four of the six families of their descendants. These had been decorated with bouquets and wreaths. After some time spent in visiting and viewing each, a brief prayer was offered and benediction pronounced by the Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., forty years the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The company, standing in a circle, sang one stanza of

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and returned to attend the service at the Presbyterian Church. This is its third house of worship, the first having been erected on the hill-top at the Center, and the second on the hill-side at the Center on the road around the hill.

The audience-room had been beautifully and abundantly decorated by Antrim friends with the tribute of garden and field. Mrs. Willis D. Thompson of Concord, a grand-daughter of Dr. Whiton, presided at the organ. The choir was composed mainly of his descendants, as follows: Mrs. Katharine Duncan Paine, Marion D. Paine, Horace Whiton Paine, Mary Whiton Calkins, Grosvenor Calkins, Esq., Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury, Margaret Woodbury, Helen D. Richards, Marie L. Richards, Helen F. Woodworth, and Catherine E. Smith. They were assisted by Mr. Charles W. Prentiss and Mr. Louis H. Carpenter of Antrim.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of New York, a grandson of Dr. Whiton. It opened with an organ prelude, followed by the doxology. The Rev. Alba M. Markey of the Methodist Church offered the prayer of invocation, and the choir sang an anthem by Dudley Buck.



Responsive reading from the Psalter, closing with the "Gloria Patri," followed. The Scripture lesson then was read by the Rev. William Hurlin, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Antrim, ninety-six years of age, as clear of voice and keen of sight as when thirty years younger. A tender and impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D. An offertory solo upon the violin, Schumann's "Abendlied," was rendered by Miss Marie L. Richards, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury, the latter a grand-daughter, the former a great-grand-daughter of Dr. Whiton. The choir and congregation then sang the following hymn, by the Rev. James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., of New York, a grandson of Dr. Whiton.

#### THE PRAYER OF ST. PAUL.

Ephesians iii. 14-21.

Father, to Thee we bow;  
Father of Christ art Thou,  
Father of all.

In Thee we live and move:  
Thy family of love  
Is one—below, above;  
Thou, All in all.

Thy rich and glorious grace  
Gird all our struggling days  
With holy power;  
That so Thy Spirit's might,  
Filling our souls with light,  
May lift to cloudless height  
Each o'ercast hour.

In us may faith enshrine  
Thy Christ—his cross our sign,  
His love our root;  
That power to apprehend  
The love which knows no end  
From strength to strength may tend  
With holy fruit.

We with all saints would know  
The utmost Thou wouldst show  
In Christ our Lord:  
All lower longings stilled,  
From him would we be filled  
Full as Thy grace hath willed,  
Fullness of God.

To Thee, who more canst bless  
Than prayers of thoughts express  
    With power divine,  
Thy Church in Christ doth raise  
Her filial hymn of praise:  
Through everlasting days  
    All glory Thine.

[Reprinted from *The Outlook*.]

The commemorative sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of New York, Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society.

#### SERMON

"The armies which are in heaven followed him."—*Revelation* xix. 14.

The closing book of our Bible is of extraordinary interest. It is a great dramatic poem, like the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, or like Dante's immortal Trilogy, setting forth the tragic conflict between good and evil in God's universe. It is a brilliant and splendid allegory, like that of the great dreamer of Bedford jail; only Bunyan depicted the typical experience of a single soul on its heavenward journey; while the Apostle pictures the experience of humanity, battling its way upward and onward toward the New Jerusalem.

It is a great, glowing panorama of spiritual experience rather than of political or ecclesiastical history. Its great scenic symbols, picturesque, and sometimes grotesque, represent the universal facts of spiritual life, as men find themselves caught into the swirl of that tempestuous struggle which is always going on between right and wrong.

Written in the first century, the characters and events of that very period furnished the writer with abundant illustrations with which to set forth the drama of the moral life. Nero, and Galba, and Vespasian; Rome, and Jerusalem; famine, such as brought the Holy City to the horror of murder and cannibalism; pestilence, such as swept to death 30,000 persons in a single year of Nero's reign; martyrdoms, such as seemed to fill the world with crosses, provided abundant material for the poet's use.

Doubtless it seemed to this fiery-hearted "son of thunder" that the condition of the world in his day demanded such a prophetic song of struggle and victory as he wove out of these

elements. Truth seemed hopelessly crushed to earth; iniquity was crowned and regnant. Incarnate Love had been slain on Calvary; incarnate selfishness sat enthroned in Rome. Everywhere sin ran riot with unspeakable cruelties and sensualities.

Was it to be forever so? No. The writer of this prophetic poem was sure that, weak as goodness might seem, it would be victorious at last. Impotent as Christianity might appear, compared with the beasts and dragons that filled the world with their shameless iniquities, it would fight its way to universal conquest, and would finally fill the world with the purity and peace of heaven. His heart was kindled with a splendid Christian optimism, such as our own Lowell had when he sang,

"Right forever on the scaffold;  
Wrong forever on the throne;  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own."

So, as Michael Angelo filled the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with his magnificent frescoes, exhibiting the progress of human history, from the creation onward to the tragic sequel of the Last Judgment, this inspired artist depicted on these glowing pages with masterly power the scenes that mark the steady moral advances of our race, till in his vision it reaches the glorious consummation for which God planned it.

The great drama opens with a resplendent picture of him, who is not only the overshadowing hero of human history, but the conquering Chieftain of the whole moral universe, the Son of God and Prince of Life. He walks amid the golden candlesticks. He sends messages to the Seven Churches, like a great general sending orders to the divisions of his grand army.

The scene changes. We see heaven opened, and behold the Ancient of Days upon the Great White Throne, and the host of the immortals bowing in reverent homage before him. The seven-sealed Book is brought; and when it is asked, Who is worthy or able to open the Book? the same Prince of Glory, the Lamb of God, steps forth as alone able to interpret the mysteries of life, and solve the problem of human destiny.

**EIGHT**