

**SARAH
WHITMAN**

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Sarah Whitman by Various

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This is a record of the Service held in memory of Mrs. Henry Whitman, by her friends and neighbours, at the Baptist Church, Beverly Farms, on Sunday afternoon, July the seventeenth, 1904. It includes four addresses; a brief poem; and a prayer and benediction by the minister, the Reverend Clarence Strong Pond.

PRAYER

THE God of love and the God of peace, Thou that maketh Thyself real unto the children of men according to their needs, unto Thee we pray, asking for Thy presence at this hour, that while we commune with the spirit of the Holy One in prayer we may also learn by the life of one who has gone of the qualities of goodness that Thou dost require of true womanhood. We ask Thee, our Father, that all the words of the mouth shall be truly acceptable to Thee, and that every moment, every hour, and every lesson, may be consecrated to Thy service in fullest measure. In His Holy Name. Amen.

ADDRESS OF JAMES B. DOW

FRIENDS and Neighbours: We are gathered here this afternoon to pay honour to a very near and dear friend, Mrs. Henry Whitman. It is not my purpose to try to follow her into the higher walks of life, into the higher realms of literature, and art, and science, and music, and all those beautiful things. There are others here who are much more competent to do that than I; but I simply want to speak to you of what she was to us as a community and people.

I think I am correct in saying that there is not a house, and hardly a heart in this community, but felt the power of her influence and her inspiration during the years that she has lived among us; and, perhaps, in enumerating some of the things that have come to us all through her influence and energy I may mention this beautiful house in which we are gathered this afternoon. You all know quite well the typical old New England meeting-house, with its hard, harsh, and somewhat uninviting interior as well as exterior; and the time had come in the life of this community when some change had got to be made. You remember, no doubt, quite a number of you, the old chapel that stood here in the corner, and you remember the old church, good of its kind, that stood about where

this building stands more than twenty years ago. The matter had been discussed as to what to do to provide facilities for church work and Sunday-school work. Committees had been appointed and plans drawn, but nothing seemed to satisfy, and the work did not proceed. So only a few years ago, as you all know, many here contributed largely to the carrying out of this work. Mr. Hoyt, who was then the pastor here, took up the work of soliciting subscriptions for the purpose of renovating or enlarging the meeting-house. He succeeded so well that the Society appointed a committee to carry out the work; and you all know very well whom we went to for counsel and advice in this matter. Many had tried and failed. We went to our friend, and calmly, quietly, but how clearly, she said, "All you have to do is to lengthen the meeting-house and put two wings on it, and you will have just exactly what you want." That was done, and here is the work as you see it. The building itself, in some form or other, somehow or other, leads us into that frame of mind, of devotion, of thoughtfulness, that is so becoming in the house of God.

Then, too, in a little larger field we may speak of her other efforts and her work for the community. As many of you know, who have helped and aided us in this work, when