

**THE
BUTLER FAMILY**

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The Butler Family by Albert Wilmot Rook

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ALBERT WILMOT ROOK

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BUTLER FAMILY**

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The Edition de Luxe, on hand-made paper, comprises the first one hundred and fifty copies printed, of which this book is No. _____



THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DEACON
JOHN BUTLER BY HIS DESCENDANTS.

THE
BUTLER FAMILY

ARRANGED BY ^C
ALBERT WILMOT ROOK



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AN HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL RECORD DATING
FROM JAMES BUTLER, ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS
OF NASHAWAY, AFTERWARDS NAMED LANCASTER,
MASS., BRINGING ONLY THE DESCENDANTS OF HIS
THIRD CHILD, DEACON JOHN BUTLER, DOWN TO THE
PRESENT DAY, 1901

ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE BUTLER FAMILY REUNION, HELD WEDNESDAY,
JUNE 9, 1886, ON THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE
MEMORY OF DRAGON JOHN BUTLER, THE FIRST SETTLER OF
PELHAM, N. H.—1722.

BY FREDERICK PAUL HILL (A DESCENDANT).

DELIVERED BY MISS MABEL HILL.

I.

When God of old led Judah to the land
Long promised, through the waste of sea and sand,
He bade a cloud descend to lead the way—
A pillar—fired at night by heaven's ray.
And this because men's hearts were carnal, slow,
And needed outward signs His power to know.
But when, long ages past, He led again
His chosen people from the bonds of men
Across the stormy sea to Freedom's shore,
No cloudy column marked the way before;
No blazing shaft, against the dreary night,
Betrayed His presence in their holy flight;
But in each Pilgrim's breast a flame burned high,
That led them on beneath the wintry sky,
With hope ascendant, toward the evening star,
Faith's lofty column, shining bright and far!
O Faith triumphant! Million souls have been
Redeemed by Thee from misery and sin.
Thy glory made the martyr's crown a joy;
Thy strength forbade the zealot's fire destroy;
Thy presence stilled the heavy heart to rest,
Consoled the mourner, lifted the oppressed.
Yet not in all the scenes of human ken,
Since God first breathed His spirit upon men,
Hath thy divinely born, inspiring glow
Arched in man's heart heaven's mystic promise-bow
As when, on God's most wondrous purpose bent,
Thou ledst our fathers to this continent—
A broad, fair land, a freshly virgin soil—
Where purity and love should blend with toil
To bid the desert blossom as the rose,
And His great goodness to the race disclose.
Oh, not with mighty pomp and state they came,
As Roman warriors marched to conquer fame;