IN MEMORIAM: WILLIAM BROWN SPOONER, BORN IN PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 20, 1806

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In Memoriam: William Brown Spooner, Born in Petersham, Massachusetts, April 20, 1806 by Various

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VARIOUS

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M. B. Spooner

no author

VIn Memoriam

WILLIAM BROWN SPOONER

Born in Petersham, Massachusetts

APRIL 20, 1806

Died in Boston, Massachusetts
OCTOBER 28, 1880

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PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.



THE funeral of Mr. William B. Spooner took place at the Second Church, on Boylston street, Monday, November 1, 1880, at one There was present a large number of relatives and friends, representatives of the Boston Board of Trade, New England Shoe and Leather Association, Shoe and Leather National Bank, Board of Managers of the Little Wanderers' Home, Board of Directors of the Washingtonian Home, Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, and about fifty gentlemen connected with the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society - of which he was the loved president. The floral offerings were of the richest character: a large anchor, made of ivy leaves and white roses, was furnished by the Board of Trade; a pillow of white flowers, with the word "Rest" worked with violets in the center; a large cross of ivy leaves placed on a base of calla lilies; a large wreath of white roses, and a double sheaf of ripened wheat tied with white roses. The floral offerings were placed upon and around the casket, near the pulpit.

The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Hon. William Claffin, Hon. J. Warren Merrill, Hon. Avery Plumer, Ezra Farnsworth, Hon. Seth Turner, Josiah M. Jones, Nathan Clark, and H. S. Chase.

Rev. Edward A. Horton, pastor of the church, delivered a just and careful analysis of the life and character of Mr. Spooner; and the closing address, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., was deeply impressive. The music was most appropriate and finely rendered, and all the services such as would have been approved by him whose loss we mourn.

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ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD A. HORTON.

The time has come to our friend that is appointed to all—a time that never grows familiar though it is so universal; and we come together with no less depth of grief because this life seemed well rounded and full of years. But there are frequently mitigating thoughts which take away the heaviest part of the burden. In the case of him who commands our tearful offerings at this time there were many cheering features; facts which, when recalled, brighten the hour and pour sunshine into our meditations. They cannot make up to us our loss, but they can go far to relieve the gloom, and make us not only resigned but thankful.

We are remembering one, in these last offices of friendship, who passed a long life with comparatively little sickness and pain. His well-ordered habits brought daily vigor. Not until this last crisis came did he know what prolonged distress meant. This chapter of his illness was not long, measured by the length of his life; nor was it painfully severe. You will be glad to know that by the physician's skill his last weeks on earth were rendered somewhat comfortable. He passed away, at last, as tranquilly as the babe falls asleep on its mother's breast. He was ready to depart; he never was unprepared. Those eternal things that concern life and death were always before him. To the last, while consciousness remained, his face lighted up at the mention of the names of friends, and his messages of love were promptly spoken. The autumn leaf falls in all its beauty, and is trodden under foot of men; but a man like this passes not from among the living without leaving something enduring.

Let us briefly dwell upon some virtues in his career; not for the purpose of eulogy, but to aid ourselves in the building of our own character.

That which all noticed, and noticed to admire, was his probity. This trait serves as a key to all else in his actions. The sense of rectitude governed his conduct; it imparted veracity to his statements, guaranty to his promises, and honor to his motives. carried an atmosphere of sincerity; therefore men confided in him, leaned on him in emergencies, and looked to him for a standard. This is a rare function to fill in business. No nobler one can I think of. It is often assumed that in mercantile pursuits probity is impossible; and when we consider the temptations and excitement of a great city's occupations, the difficulties in the way tower high. But they were overpassed by his fidelity to principle. He kept himself unspotted. We are well aware that he rose to prosperity by persistent struggles. He possessed that self-making power which has characterized so many New England merchants. Obstacles became incitements, and those impediments that daunt the less resolute roused him to effort. This is the school of experience where so many learn their best lessons. Not much did he obtain from books, not much from schools -- the more to his after regret, no doubt; but with a holy purpose to get from the great world what others receive in sheltered libraries and studious years, he was an apt pupil in the college of humanity. He grew wise in practical judgment; he stored up common sense and made a place for himself.

Mr. Spooner's benevolence was a crown of glory. He did not wait for death to reveal his generosity. Day by day he quietly blessed the poor, rescued the suffering, and clothed the naked. Day by day he was the answer for his Father in Heaven to those destitute ones who cried out "Give us this day our daily bread," What he gave away was, I am sure, given discreetly and to the wisest ends. What a multitude we may imagine will rise up to call him blessed! In view of such a philanthropic career, who would not say, "Give us more men of wealth; give us more successful men of business"—for money when thus employed guards the asylum,