

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED
IN THE FIRST
PARISH, BEVERLY,
OCTOBER 2, 1867**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649347964

An Address Delivered in the First Parish, Beverly, October 2, 1867 by Christopher T. Thayer

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED
IN THE FIRST
PARISH, BEVERLY,
OCTOBER 2, 1867**

*Presented by Mr. J. S. Libby.
10/23, '77.*



MR. THAYER'S

BI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.



AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PARISH, BEVERLY,

OCTOBER 2, 1867,

ON THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
ITS FORMATION.

BY

CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER.

Published by Request of the Parish.

BOSTON:
NICHOLS AND NOYES,
117, WASHINGTON STREET.
1868.

CAMBRIDGE :
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

Mr. Dalrymple
with the kind regards of
C. J. Hayes.

ADDRESS.

MY RESPECTED FRIENDS AND AUDITORS OF THIS NUMEROUS ASSEMBLY, — As I saw this bright and genial October sun rise from its ocean bed yonder, my thoughts being occupied with preparation for these anniversary services, I was ready to recognize it as imaging Heaven's smile upon them. I could easily fancy it, in relation to them and their objects, illuming and bearing a benediction from the past, shedding a brilliant radiance on the present, and casting cheering beams into the future. And though here and there, even in the effulgence of this morning's rays, as in all human experiences and anticipations, —

"A cloud I might behold,
Hope played on its edges and tinged them with gold."

On this beautiful and chosen day we have met, to exchange mutual congratulations, and to indulge meditations on the past, the present, and the future, which may befit the introduction of a new century, — the advent of the third century in the life of this parish. That the occasion is one of no common interest, is attested by the large audience before me, composed not only of the parishioners and those more immediately concerned, but of others far and near who have afforded their countenance and sympathy. The mother church, the first in Salem, has here her representation, headed by one of her most able ministers, who at the same time is to be regarded as among her chief lay supporters and pillars, and whom I am most happy to regard as the friend of my youth, my life-long friend. The eldest daughter of this church, now more than a century and a half