

MEMORIAL SERVICE

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HENRY H. BENEDICT.

In Tribute to the Late Horace J. Morton, William J. Bradley and Charles L. Baldwin at the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

A memorial service was held Tuesday evening by the official board of the First M. E. church in honor of the three former members of the board who have died during the present conference year—Horace J. Morton, William J. Bradley and Charles L. Baldwin. The Scripture lesson was read by Charles A. Baldwin and prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. W. T. Hill. Miss Preudhomme of the church quartette rendered a contralto solo "Thy Will Be Done." The pastor, Rev. Francis T. Brown, who presided, made a brief opening address and introduced the speaker of the evening, Henry H. Benedict, president of the board of trustees. Mr. Benedict was a warm personal friend of each of the three in whose memory the service was held, and during their sickness made frequent and regular visits upon them.

Most of Mr. Benedict's recent addresses have been extemporaneous, but this was in manuscript, and it is in full as follows:

There are localities and conditions endeared by beautiful association and delightful recollection.

Do we not see God in the open, amidst the flow of tide in rivulet or ocean, on the hills, in the valleys? Do we not hear God speak in the thud of falling waters, through the whispering of forest branch, in the rustling of leaf?

Do we not see him in the "crest of wave midst sparkling foam?"

Do we not see him in the sun lit of the forest, or the quietude of the meadow?

Do we not see him in the sunlit flurries of the lake, or on the mountain-top barren, cold, desolate?

"When one that holds communion with the skies."

Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise, And once more mingles with us meaner things,

'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

In the sick room amongst the shut in do we not see inspiration? Does not weakness, suffering, sorrow teach us lessons of gratitude, love, devotion?

Do we not see an object lesson of patience and resignation in the heroism of the invalid?

Do we not there feel the God touch, Ah! in the sick room there are beautiful living pictures of submission, faith, love, saintliness.

Since a boy of eighteen amidst the companionship of the infirm the old and the ill, I have been often stimulated and the better prepared to fight life's battles and sometimes contend with uncomfortable environment or condition.

I remember when a youth that I received the first prize for the solution of a famous riddle puzzle. The first line made an indelible impression.

"Teach me to feel another's woe."

I am not to-night to refer to frequent visitations to our departed friends during the later years of their lives, but I am to briefly speak of three men who only as it were yesterday, were active, earnest, helpers in this historic church, now clothed in its new garments of physical attractiveness and to-day blessed with an able, prayerful, tactful, zealous pastor.

May it membership listen to his bugle summons to service and sacrifice for the lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

HORACE J. MORTON.

Horace J. Morton was born Nov. 14th, 1815 and died October 28, 1905.

My acquaintance with Mr. Morton began in 1857 before I had quite reached my twenty year.

Early in this room will remember the financial panic of 1857. A commercial up-set to-day cannot disturb, cannot create the same difficulties as in 1857.

In those days wealthy individuals carried many business men.

Banking was then in its comparative infancy.

Horace J. Morton, always forehanded; in the fifties possessed with surplus money, loaned it at simple interest to those whom he believed sound.

Amongst them was my father.

I can never forget my father's bright face and buoyant manner when one evening in 1857 he said to me "Horace Morton is a gentleman." A minny, friendly man. He said to me this afternoon.

"Henry I'll ride you over without security and immediately gave me \$5,000 and also assurance of further loans."

No bigger, brighter man, professional or commercial exists than the real merchant he who has the genius for merchandizing.

I have sometimes said a manufacturer, a railroad professor, a college professor was amongst our highest types of brain power, but a merchant, a genuine big broad merchant has no mental superior.

May I remark that we are all professor brothers of something, one of real estate, another of iron another of physics, mathematics, Greek, Latin—what not. If we are good for anything we are professors, so let us never stand upon a pedestal of pride and conceit and imagine we belong to a particular order of mankind. There are two orders of friends, angels and men. Professors are certainly not always angels.

Mr. Morton was a merchant and manufacturer of the old, splendid type. He never joked, never mis-represented, never exaggerated, but told the truth because truth was in him.

A liar is born to it, it has been said. Of Mr. Morton in Shakespearean utter-

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ance it might have been said. "I do know him by his gait"—his carriage stately, unusual, remarkable.

Our friend and brother was a lover of nature, a born angler.

The thud of falling waters, the splash of rapid brook against obstructing logs, rocks, debris seemingly saying get away or I'll wash you away, to him was melody.

He loved the mountain and the meadow, the forest and the lake. In them he saw God. Through them he felt his nearness-by them like others was stimulated to better doing.

Horace J. Morton loved the church, its ministrations, its ministers, its memories.

He appreciated the helpfulness of the church to humanity.

He recognized the devotion-self sacrifice of God's ministers.

Through a long and beautiful life they met him at his home and there talked with him and his devoted wife concerning the eternal verities.

Brother Morton loved prayer, private and family. From it he received strength to well do his work.

Those who saw him at the family altar in supplication in thanksgiving to his Heavenly Father, saw the God touch.

He loved and appreciated his home, its delights its helpfulness.

To him there was no name sweeter than "Wife." In Browning phraseology he could have said "my perfect wife, Elizabeth. Oh heart my own: Oh eyes mine too."

He loved his daughter, his only child. During the long years subsequent to his wife's death in 1859 his devoted daughter faithfully, ceaselessly ministered to his every need.

Mr. Morton in all commercial dealings strove to give value received.

Naturally economical, conservative; his charities, never advertised were given as the outcome of duty. Duty with him was a large word.

The New England conscience of its sturdiest and best type was his rich heritage.

A word or two respecting his later days and last large benevolence.

Sensitive, sometimes annoyed by untactful benevolent representation he occasionally gave evidence of felt annoyance.

Towards life's sunset, placidity of thought, calmness of demeanor-beauty of expression invariably characterized him.

After two benevolences of \$5000 each I presented to him a few months prior to his death another and large one. He said to me "Perhaps God has spared my life to do this thing so Henry I'll do it."

Horace J. Morton, handsomer, taller than most of his fellows; able, forceful with unimpaired mental faculties, physically sound and weakened only by his four score and ten years of life, retired Saturday evening October, 28th, 1905 with the expectation of another Sabbath upon earth. About nine o'clock he called his nurse, complained of difficulty in breathing and at twenty minutes past nine seemingly painlessly took his flight Heaven-ward to his eternal home in the "countries of the skies."

No longer a "prisoner of Earth." On that Saturday night he commenced his real life—eternal, a life of liberty, knowledge, happiness, peace.

WILLIAM J. BRADLEY.

William J. Bradley was born December 3, 1833, and died November 4, 1905.

Our lamented brother did not attain unto the age of his fathers—he came from a long lived ancestry.

Matthew Arnold closes his little poem on Progress with these beautiful words: "Children of men not that your age excel In pride of life the ages of your sirens But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well, The Friend of man desires."

Wm. J. Bradley thought clearly, felt deeply and bore fruit well.

I first met Mr. Bradley on my way to New York in the year 1888.

He and I were commuters. I was at once impressed by his modest, sweet, simple manner.

I saw however in the twinkling of his eye, ability force, stalwartness and understanding why the Singer Mfg. Co. employed him as their general agent at their New York office in a very responsible position.

For many years I frequently met and conversed with him.

During all this period he was an occasional or regular attendant at our morning church service, during the pastorate of Chas. P. Masden.

Mr. Bradley through the influence and effort of the pastor, united with the church and evinced thereafter an increased interest in all church activities.

Prior to his so called conversion and connection with the church, he appeared to be a sincere exemplar of the religion of Jesus Christ.

No especial change was noticeable, naturally modest, secretive, conservative, he seldom if ever alluded to the subject of religion.

His religion was lived, not expressed. Lived in a consistent life and in Christ-like charities.

Mr. Bradley was thoughtful, usually cheerful, always agreeable and sympathetic.

He gave liberally-impelled by duty and not impulse—he never sloped over, never flippant apparently was free from excitement and irritability.

It was my privilege through his protracted illness to frequently call during his shut in period.

He never exhibited impatience but with Christian resignation endured suffering and removal from activity.

Once only did he particularly speak of personal religious feeling and desire for the spiritual awakening of our membership.

At that time enfeebled physically in a tone slightly louder than a whisper but with intensity, he entreated me to use my influence with the pastor towards the quickening of the religious life of the church.

Brother Bradley, naturally timid, never robust, amiable, unobtrusive, was seemingly a marvel.

Energy, application, persistence was always noticeable during his active business life.

His suggestions-sympathy and contributions during the memorable debt paying struggle were extremely helpful.

Invariably he greeted me with a smile whenever a charity was requested.

Often he declined to contribute but never inundated a solicitor with explanations or references to necessary fixed benevolences.

He listened patiently and attentively to every representation of need, never appeared distressed or gave facial evidence of suffering resulting from the

solicitor's persistent attempt to secure a contribution.

It has been stated that his enthusiasm amidst debt-paying schemes, benevolent undertakings and church rebuilding plans were not constant, underwent uncomfortable changes.

Mr. Bradley was sometimes annoyed by indifference or impracticability and seemingly his enthusiasm would temporarily waver, but always he advocated the best methods, helped and not hindered every endeavor which was progressive and practicable.

Wm. J. Bradley sweet spirited-sensitive kind-honest-sympathetic, was a blessing to the church—a benediction to his associates.

During the prolonged weakness and suffering of the later days of his life, a feminine angel sat by his invalid chair or bedside even his wife.

During all the years of my acquaintance a sister attempted to minister to his wants. Can there be a sweeter name than wife or sister? Only one comparable, that of mother.

And so our friend and brother was helped, comforted, stimulated by feminine attention, care and influence.

Brother William J. Bradley, a gentleman, a Christian beloved, beautiful, died in November, 1905, in his seventy-second year.

The church lost a large giver and constant helper. His companions a genial associate. His wife and sister a genuine husband and real brother.

Wm. J. Bradley lives in the beyond. His memory will ever be fragrant. His life was consistent, without blemish, replete with living pictures of Christly doing.

CHARLES L. BALDWIN.

Mr. Baldwin was born Aug. 18th, 1832, and died March 15, 1906.

In Brother Baldwin's death our church for the third time in a few months has been called to mourn the departure of one of its oldest and most valuable members.

Verily the loss is great.

Who will take up Chas. L. Baldwin's mantle. Who by tact, wisdom and diplomacy at our official meetings will hold the helm?

Until Brother Baldwin had reached his eightieth year, possibly longer, he rarely missed a church business meeting.

It has been well said that "wise men change their minds; fools, never."

Chas. L. Baldwin although a persistent contender for the right as he saw it and usually his perception was accurate, was not stubborn.

He would invariably listen to argument, was presently a reasonable man—frequently changed his mind when a brother's method or suggestion commended itself to his judgement.

During my connection with this church since 1877, I can bear testimony to Brother Baldwin's great helpfulness as superintendent of Sabbath school, chairman of committees or in the routine of official work.

His services were practically indispensable.

I am not to speak of his public work or business occupation. These are recognized in the city which was so long his home.

I am not to refer to his long connection with the immense Sargent factories as Secretary of the corporation.

A man of Mr. J. B. Sargent's sagacity would not have so long retained him in a responsible position, had his services not been particularly valuable.

Mr. Sargent in public print testified to his usefulness and fidelity.

I am not to speak of Mr. Baldwin as a conscientious, public spirited honest, able, citizen, but I am to speak and most briefly of Chas. L. Baldwin as a stalwart, christian gentleman.

Gifted beyond most of his fellows in administrative qualities—a thinker—a reader—a wide observer and traveller.

Brother Baldwin was preeminently fitted for the responsibilities which we gladly placed upon him.

Nothing which made for the good of the church, that contributed to our financial or spiritual helpfulness even if laborious or possibly troublesome, was considered otherwise than an agreeable task.

Again may I ask who among us will take up Chas. L. Baldwin's mantle with equal painstaking energy-fidelity?

You remember the Wesley tablet at Westminster Abbey. "God buries the workers—but he carries on the work."

Brother Baldwin was never pessimistic. He was not, however, optimistic in his largest sense.

When I presented to him my Twentieth Century Wesleyan scheme for consideration, he saw a mountain of insurmountable difficulty. No one but he who by faith sees the sunlight through the blackness of the clouds and he to whom the call came could be expected to ally himself with a forlorn hope.

My friend and brother plainly, clearly saw the barriers and did not wish me to sacrifice strength and possibly health to accomplish a seeming impossibility.

This work was beyond the demands, needs of the particular church he so dearly loved—and yet he contributed to some extent towards the debt paying movement.

When the rebuilding of this church was considered and consummated, notwithstanding his inability to give the plans his unqualified approval, he gave most liberally.

His contribution of eleven hundred dollars was a large one.

Few men, very few men, under the existing conditions (men conservative-economical) would have sacrificed to the extent Brother Baldwin did.

His action in that respect alone, ought to stand as a monument to his broad minded apprehension of duty.

This church will never I suspect, be blessed with another Chas. L. Baldwin.

In many respects, although opposite in temperament and disposition I was drawn towards him—drawn to love him and appreciate the bigness of his intellect and purity of his intentions.

Chas. L. Baldwin saw the dangerous reefs in the distance towards which we were drifting. His vision was clear. He saw through the fog toward the sunlight, warned us of difficulty, and threw out the danger signals.

His analysis of men and things was remarkable accurate.

I do not overestimate the remarkable quality of his judgment. He was pre-eminently a man of common sense.

Verily with little exaggeration this may be said of our lamented brother. I do not believe it is best to flatter—picture our fellows.

Brother Baldwin may occasionally have been too cautious in action, but his diagnosis of conditions was usually correct.

In the long run the church profited by his broad conservatism.

With sadness felt not expressed, from week to week, Sabbath to Sabbath, when possible I saw in our friend and brother the decline of vital forces. His mind slightly sluggish toward the later days of his illness remained vigorous to the end.

Three weeks before his departure I saw clearly the death stamp.

The Sunday except one before his death he enquired of me whether Brother Morton and Brother Bradley suffered very much at the last. He said he sometimes thought he would painlessly pass away.

On that Sabbath morning I felt in his weakened grip the approach of the king of terrors. I saw in his eye death, I noticed in his manner the beginning of the end.

He was soon to know God in the uplands of heaven pure where God eternally dwells.

Brother Baldwin many years survived a faithful and able wife. During his last and long illness the dreariness of winter, isolated from the delights of all his years, shut in, was modified and made endurable through the loving devotion of daughter and son. They most thoughtfully and continuously struggled to retain the father whom they loved, but the sands in the life glass could almost be counted in the early days of the winter.

They hoped in vain that when the birds sang, their father under the influence of a warm sun, might recuperate.

Ah! he never heard the birds sing but to-night he may be listening to the harmonies of celestial choirs.

Horace J. Morton, Wm. J. Bradley and Chas. L. Baldwin in some respects were similar in temperament and disposition. All were conservative—none of them visionary. They were not dreamers. All were truthful and honest in their broadest sense.

They had no use for the impracticable. None were toadies, none palaversers. All realized the value of a dollar.

With them conscience was ever dominant. They all loved home, friends, the church of God.

They were able counsellors, wise advisers. Possessed large executive qualities.

With Gen. Havelock they would have said: "Principles are worth living for."

The saintly commander dying under the trees of the Dikooksa declared that for forty years he had so ruled his life that he did not fear death.

Each of them had so lived that they fearlessly confronted death. Its icy grip had no terror.

With them—to live was Christ, to die was gain.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

Hyperion Theatre.

At the Hyperion Theatre to-night, March 29, Kellar, the world's greatest magician, will be seen. In his realm of magic and mystery Kellar is supreme and alone—the only man worthy to be styled a wonder worker. His weird manipulations of the laws of nature; his mastery of all the tricks and quirk style in handling the most abstruse problems in gravitation—all these qualities in this wonderful man are evidenced in his splendid entertainments.

This season Kellar has novelties without number, but retaining the principal of last year's wonders; notably the great Levitation set, a feat which defies explanation.

The chief feature of this season's bill is a magic comedy which Kellar styles "The Witch, the Sailor and the Enchanted Monkey," a sketch which lasts for half an hour and which requires some seven or eight personages to enact. In this droll bit of fooling and mysters, men and women appear and disappear as if "from thin air." Prospero's evocation of the sprites and harpies being mere child's play to the marvels of the materialization and disintegration of the creatures who people the land in which the "Witch" works and the Enchanted Monkey has its being.

Everywhere this newest creation of the great magician has been received with wonderment and awe. The inexplicable nature of the scenes enacted in the little comedy have made it talk of all classes of men and women in the cities which have been privileged to see it. Seats now selling.

CRANE.

The sale of seats for William H. Crane's appearance at the Hyperion on Saturday, March 31, begins this morning. The actor is to present his new farcical comedy, "The American Lord."

On the heels of the hit that this play scored in Chicago and Philadelphia it was most emphatic success in Boston, where it has just terminated its stay. The role played by Mr. Crane is that of John Breuster, who when first seen is the owner of a hotel in North Dakota. Breuster knows little about his ancestors and has rarely given them a thought. He loves the boundless west and is typical of the country. He hates snobbishness, affectation, show and the empty titles of the old world. He would no more allow his daughter to marry a lord, a duke or "one of those things with a handle to his name" than he would think of attempting to fly to Mars. And yet the time does come when such a condition confronts him, when the son of an English lord asks for the hand of his daughter. And as it matters are not bad enough already to this sturdy American's way of thinking he is proved to be the lineal descendant of an English lord and heir to his title. Can you imagine this type of American, and particularly as he will be portrayed by Mr. Crane as a lord? The idea is certainly very humorous and it is easy to believe that the work is rich in amusing complications.

New Haven Theater.

"The Convict's Daughter," which will be the attraction at the New Haven Theatre to-night, Friday and Saturday nights, and at the matinee Saturday, is said to be one of the best presented comedy dramas offered to the theatre-going public, while in incident and theme it is most powerful, every climax breaking with almost volcanic intensity. So much, by way of introduction. To go into the play itself nothing can be said to detract from its worth. In the entire company, from the actor who interprets the leading role down to the mere stage loiterers, there is not one single person who has been negligently selected or unintelligently cast. This comedy drama, which lacks all the dramatic thunder of by-gone days, is new and unknown, but cannot remain so, for its magnificent staging at once becomes its herald and sounds its own alarm. Nothing has been sacrificed to appearances, for there is brought together a series of incidents that hold the interests as had nothing that has come before it. The situations, the motives, the characters commingle without the least jarring or tugging or straining, giving a pleasant finesse to a story that is said to be taken from life. The climaxes develop quickly and break magnificently, while the lighter moments are as rolling as a Sousa march, the sentimental fragments being truly natural and the comedy hits as sparkling as the lights which adorn the stage.

THE OLD CLOTHES MAN.