

boys, who have with loving hearts and faithful service kept the household goods unharmed, the household name untarnished, and the ancestral graves crowned with honors.

OLD WEYMOUTH, clad in her beautiful autumn array, greets us. Her three hundred and fifty Bicknells and their children, in whose veins flows good Bicknell blood, interlaced with that of the Dyers, Richards, Turners, Truphants, Bates', Merchants, Tirrells, Salishurys, Goodspeeds, Frenchs, Mardens, Pratts, Reeds, Torreys, Newtons, Rices, Raymonds, Spilsteds, Orcutts and others, greet us to-day, and as face answers to face in water, so the Bicknell recognition is manifest, even though the visage bears not the well recognized Roman beak, the eye has not the touch of the pencilled blue, and the frame has not reached the regulation height of six feet.

Brothers and sisters from far and near, do you realize the fact that you are at home to-day? You have long desired to see the sites which this day greet you, to see the men and women of our blood who have joined in this joyful assemblage. Imagination has often travelled the spaces which separate us from these sacred family scenes and has pictured the homestead of old Zachary and Agnes, the house they built, the land they cultivated, the church in which they worshipped and the graves where they sleep. It is a precious privilege that as pilgrims we may now gather at the shrine of our fathers, and in the spirit of devout worshippers gather something of the inspiration which led them to build here an edifice, better than their fancies dreamed. For look where you will, the Bicknell blood has nowhere done dishonor to the Bicknell ancestry, and bating the common frailties, which prove us genuine descendants of an earlier common stock, we have whereof to boast.

Of Goodman Zachary and Goodwife Agnes, we must read their history between the lines of the few historic facts which have come to us. Of good English, and if we may credit the tradition, of Scandinavian blood, we find the Bicknells in 1635 as to-day, dwellers in the County of Somerset in the southwest of England. Most probably from the old town of Taunton came our ancestors to join the Weymouth Company, under the pastoral care of Rev. Joseph Hull. Dissenters by faith, feeling at home the heavy hand of social and political persecution, they looked to the new world as a quiet resting place for faith, if not for fortune. Troublous times were behind them, but do you not count them brave to face