

## Laying the Corner Stone of the new Presbyterian Church

The corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church, was laid on the afternoon of Thursday last.

At 3 o'clock a large number of our citizens having assembled, portions of scripture were read by the pastor Rev. E. Buehnel. After singing & prayer Dr. S. Stilwell made the following address:

Brethren & Fellow Citizens: — We have met to lay a corner stone. On account of the relation I bore to the old church, Brethren having charge of the ceremony thought it appropriate that I should address you on this occasion. While I came to do their bidding & will occupy the platform a few moments for that purpose, I came here to witness a ceremony that seldom repeats itself in a mans lifetime. It is repeating itself in mine today.

Twenty-five years ago I stood upon this ground & saw settled into its place this old corner stone & in it deposited these relics of the past — one of which I hold up to your view. It is a document — which this hand wrote & which this faithful custodian [the corner stone] has securely kept; & to whose care we are about to recommit it, with others to day, to remain a memorial of the times in which we lived, when we ourselves shall have mouldered into our native dust & the people who pass through the doors of this temple shall sit in our seats unconscious that we ever had

a name or a habitation among the children of men.  
It is a list of the officers of the village of Lower  
Sandusky in the year when this old corner stone was  
laid. — As I stand in your presence 25 years from  
the day it was written — exercising the prerogative of the  
office of recorder which I then held in the board — I  
once again call the roll:

Mayor: John Bell.

Recorder: Thomas Stilwell.

Trustees — Samuel Thompson, Isaac Van Doren, John R  
Pease, John Stahl, David Burger.

Marshal: — Jeremiah P. Brown.

Treasurer William W. Morgan.

But one to answer! Our esteemed fellow-citizen Capt.  
Thompson. The others are dead. All dead.

What a significant admonition to us who are here  
today to re-perform the ceremony of 1844.

The march of time goes on. The gap made by the  
dropping out of many or the few by the way is more  
than filled — a village unpretending twenty five years  
ago, becomes a city. Front street pulls down her low  
frame buildings & erects in their stead, stately brick  
blocks — creditable to art & monuments of enterprize  
The shadow of the old stone school house, which stood  
in yonder corner is overcast by the lengthier shadow  
of that, its more pretending successor.

The hot rays of the noonday sun descend into the  
door-yards & on the sidewalks, no longer unobstructed,  
but steal down through the thick foliage.