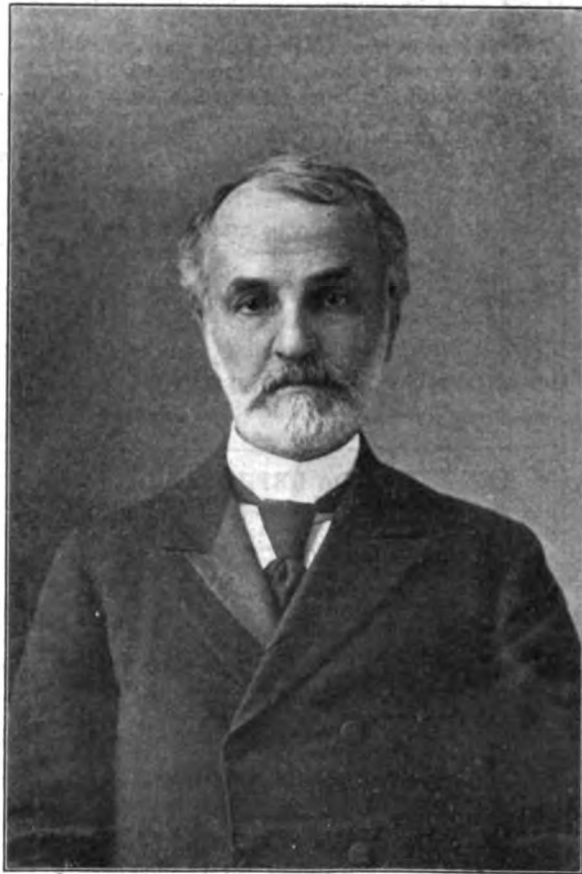


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THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.



REV. FRANK FIELDS ELLINWOOD, D.D.

Missionary Statesman of the Presbyterian Church.

(See Page 454.)

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"GIPSY SMITH."

A PORTRAIT.

By Mrs. Flindley Braden.

He stands within the limelight of the hour,
A figure strong, unique, and gentle too,
His swarthy face aglow with righteous pow'r,
That each succeeding day can but renew.
An earnest, faithful, clean, God-loving soul,
Who other souls would ever seek and save,
And broken, sin-sick hearts make glad and whole,
Ere they might sink beneath Oblivion's wave.

A voice from out the tents across the sea,
To strangely away clear minds, or fickle hearts;
Speech picturesque, yet rugged, bold and free
And full of timely, telling, well-aimed darts.
A roaming gipsy lad, redeemed by Grace,
And set apart for service true and great,
A song upon his lips in every place,
Still ready for whatever may await.

Just doing for the Master what he can,
In his own way, while strength and life will last;
No thought of self in all his modest plan,
Forgetting not his curious, humble past
He looks to God for guidance and success
In all his labors, reverently begun.
He would do more, and cannot e'er do less,
While hundreds hunger still, from sun to sun.

And men of learning, rank and eloquence,
Have listened to his simple, forceful words,
With sympathy, and interest intense,
Christ shown as pattern, straight uplifts and girds.
The masses too swift follow as he leads,
Them one by one to Him, from life's turmoil.
Full well he knows their failings, cares and needs,
And God's rich blessing rests upon his toil.

Germantown, Pa.

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Summer in the Northwest—IX.

Steamer Life in Alaskan Waters.

[T was on Saturday, August 1, that we started upon our Alaska cruise, from Victoria, British Columbia, after a delightful "tally-ho" drive around this capital and its beautiful park. Our steamer was the "Spokane," a vessel specially built for passenger traffic and newly equipped for the northern route among islands, ice and many dangerous currents and tideways. One portion of the upper deck was enclosed with plate glass windows, and fitted up with seats like an observation car upon the railroads. There was no more motion on the vessel, except twice, when for an hour we were on open sea, than there is upon one of our large river boats, for our course was through bays and sounds, inlets and straits, where islands and promontories protected us from the long roll of the Pacific Ocean, and high mountains and dense forests shielded us from violent and furious winds.

There were about 150 passengers on the steamer, most of whom were tourists, from every part of the United States, Canada, and a few from other parts of the world. The staterooms, dining rooms and decks of the vessel were commodious, and the table was supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Good music was provided by instrumental performers at meals and in the evening, and a series of talks upon Alaskan history, Indian customs, the features of the country, its mines and industries was given in the observation saloon on suitable occasions, by Mrs. Mary Hart, who has lived in and traveled through all parts of Alaska for twenty years, and represented its interests at more than one World's Fair. She is a large and handsome woman, of good address, well acquainted with her subjects and ready to give of her stores of information to every inquirer. Some of the pleasantest

hours of the voyage were spent in listening to her agreeable, informal lectures.

On the Sundays of the tour religious services were conducted by the Rev. A. Duane Pell, the Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., of New York, and the Rev. Herbert F. Moulton, of Biddeford, Me., and there was music on Sunday and other evenings. On the Sunday passed at Wrangel, Mr. Pell and Dr. Stoddard conducted services on shore, the former at the Episcopal Chapel and the latter at the Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. Mr. Clark, the missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, is the pastor. Landings were made almost daily to visit places of natural or historical interest, and opportunities were afforded to make excursions, to inspect factories, canneries and towns, or to fish for halibut and salmon when the steamer came to the fishing grounds. In such cases the boats of the ship were manned and at the service of the passengers without extra charge, and the officers and crews of the vessel were devoted to their comfort and interests throughout the voyage.

On such a long voyage, with at least sixteen hours of daylight out of every twenty-four, there was much time for reading and some of the passengers used it to good advantage. There are many books upon Alaska, considering its recent entrance into geographical and historic importance and the comparatively short time that it has been a resort for tourists.

One of the earliest volumes, published in Boston 1870, is that of William H. Dall, director of the scientific corps of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, whose enterprise came to an untimely end by the success of the Atlantic Cable. Whymper's *Travels in Alaska* belong to that early date. Mr. Dall gives an exhaustive catalogue of books and writings in regard to Alaska—(largely as might be expected from Russian sources)—before it became the territory of the United States, and references to executive documents concerning the Alaska Purchase, etc. The most complete and valuable work of recent times is the narrative of the Harriman Expedition in two volumes octavo, an elaborate and sumptuous account of the voyage of Mr. E. H. Harriman, the great railroad owner and promoter, with his family, relatives and invited guests, including John Burroughs, George B. Grinnell, the editor of "Forest and Stream"; Prof. John Muir, the geologist, and other literary and cultured Americans, to Alaska, in a large steam yacht during the summer of 1899; the book has a number of scientific supplements.

This account is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., and up to its date is complete and leaves little to be desired in history, geography and scientific knowledge. But the constant change in population and development, especially since the discovery of many new and valuable mining regions, has called out fresh writings of various sorts and value.

The most recent of these is "Alaska and the Klondike," by John Scudder McLain, of Minneapolis, who accompanied the Senate Committee on Territories, in the summer of 1903, and wrote a series of letters to his home journal, which have since been published in book form by McClure, Phillips & Co. in 1905. The book is written in entertaining style, and contains a great fund of information, especially about the Klondike and the industries of Alaska. Mr. McLain had rare opportunities and he used them well.

"Through the Goldfields of Alaska to Bering Straits," by Harry de Windt, V.R.G.S. (published by Harper & Bros.) is a tale of adventures and privations at the time of the discovery of gold. Its text and illustrations are equally exciting. Jack London's "Children of the Frost," published by The Macmillan Company, is congenial reading amid snow-capped mountains and glacier bays full of icebergs.

The weather during the cruise was cold and mostly fair.

Rehoboth on the Pocomoke

MEMORIES OF MAKEMIE AWAKENED AT A SABBATH SERVICE.

By Henry Pringle Ford.

ON a beautiful Sunday morning during the summer just past, it was our rare privilege to go down the Pocomoke river, from Pocomoke City, Maryland, in a small launch, to attend divine service in the old Rehoboth church, eight miles below. Our companions were two whole-souled, widely-known Presbyterians—Dr. L. P. Bowen, author of "The Days of Makemie," who has done so much to remove the dust of years from the founder of organized Presbyterianism in America and restore him to his rightful place in history; and E. G. Polk, an elder for forty-five years of the Rehoboth church, whose devoted loyalty has preserved this venerable old pile from the desolation of abandonment and made it the attractive and comfortable home of worship it is to-day.

We started at nine o'clock on our voyage down the historic river, with its cypress-fringed banks and tea-colored water, stained thus by the cypress swamps. Here and there a stop was made for passengers, who, like ourselves, were bound for Rehoboth.

Soon after our landing we reached the well-preserved old brick building, enveloped in the dignified repose which only age can give. Francis Makemie himself superintended the erection of it, and gave the ground on which it stands, being careful to stipulate in his will the purpose for which he wished it devoted: "For ye ends and uses of a Presbyterian congregation and to their successors forever; and none else but to such of ye same persuasion in matters of religion." In the application for license, in 1708, the building is described as "The new meeting house lately built in Rehoboth town." So this house is certainly two hundred years old. It was preceded by at least one, perhaps two, wooden structures. It will be remembered that Makemie came to Rehoboth in 1682-3. He died near here in 1708, at the early age of fifty years.

Venerable and retrospective the old church stands to-day, quite unchanged in its exterior appearance. About it are the graves of many of those who helped to make its continued existence possible. New graves are rarely dug now which do not disturb the dreamless repose of some long-since forgotten sleeper.

The interior was renovated and modernized in June, 1888, but is still simple, dignified and reposeful. It was at this time that the memorial tablet back of the pulpit, with the following inscription, was unveiled by Dr. James Conway:

To
FRANCIS MAKEMIE,
Father of the
American Presbyterian Church.
REHOBOTH,
His First and Favorite Child:
Founded A. D. 1683.

These Sacred Grounds were
Given by him.
He said:

"Everything should tend Heavenward."

A Sunday-school service, superintended by Mr. Polk, and attended by a number of young people, preceded the preaching service.

Dr. Bowen, who was the pastor here from 1878 to 1880, and who, we are glad to know, is again in charge of the field, conducted the morning service. His valuable contributions to Presbyterian history and his disinterested devotion to all that pertains to the well-being of the Rehoboth church, made his appearance in the pulpit specially fitting and gratifying to us. We have rarely worshipped in a more congenial and devotional atmosphere. The congregation was large and unusually attentive; the singing, led by helpful Mr. Polk and a choir of ladies, which included the pastor's daughter, Miss Lillian, was inspiring; indeed, everything tended to emphasize the devotional spirit of the hour. The prayer was an ideal one, and full of heartfelt thanks "for the heroic dead, the benediction of the past, the noble men and women who have

labored here, the inspiring records of old days, and the Bible and its helpfulness." The prayer closed with the earnest petition that "Here where our forefathers fought the fight and kept the faith, may Thy work go on. May we, too, prove faithful to the trusts reposed in us until we, as little children, shall enter, with rejoicing, into the Kingdom of our God."

The Bible lesson was from the 17th chapter of First Samuel, and, as read by Dr. Bowen, was a sermon in itself. Would that our ministers in general would give more attention to



DR. L. P. BOWEN,

At the grave of William Stephens, who invited Francis Makemie to this country in 1682.

this important part of the service! We have rarely seen closer attention given to the reading of God's Word. The text was from the 40th verse of the selection, "Five smooth stones out of the brook." The Doctor had with him in the pulpit five stones, and by holding these up in turn helped to hold the attention of the little people present, to whom the sermon was specially addressed. The points he emphasized with the stones were: (1) "Early Piety"; (2) "Trust in God"; (3) "Bravery in the right"; (4) "Prayer"; (5) "God on our side."

The sermon was a sympathetic, fatherly plea to the young people present to make the most of their opportunities, and be worthy of their glorious heritage. It was closed with the following interesting original lines:

In the climes where old Rehoboth
Her unfaltering flag unfurls,
Here we want superior boys,
And we want unrivaled girls.

Where of old the fathers worshipped,
Where of old Makemie spoke,
Here we want superb successors
All along the Pocomoke.

Here where now the ancient graveyards
Whisper of the vanished faces,
Here we want our lads and lasses
Still to grace the vacant places.

Yes, we want young men aspiring
To the noble and the good;
Yes, we want young ladies ripening
For resplendent womanhood.

Here where Stephens and where Jenkins
Once adorned the virgin land,
Here we want our fine young farmers
Well on up in front to stand.

Where once smiled Makemie's sweetheart,
Young Naomi, chaste and fair,
We want now our farmers' daughters
Just as plous, just as rare.

Thus we claim Rehoboth's youngsters
For ennobled Christian lives:
We'd like to have the boys for preachers
And the girls for preachers' wives.

Philadelphia.