

# THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908. #26



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## MONUMENT TO FRANCIS MAKEMIE Chief Founder of Presbyterianism in America

(See page 825.)

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## YONDER GLEAMS THE GLORY.

By Alfred L. Hall-Quest.

I.

Life has its trials, its sorrows and tears;  
Life has its dangers, its doubts and fears;  
Dark seems the shadow that falls on the trail;  
Long seems the waiting while sin must prevail.

II.

Days have their tolling, their hating and woe;  
Hope meets with taunting and sneers here below!  
Faith often trembles when clouds hover nigh;  
Right seems to shun them while men sink and die.

III.

Time has its sinning, its goading and pain;  
Friends meet with discords while singing love's strain;  
Home has its worry that withers our joy;  
Men love their weakness and vice would employ.

CHORUS:

But yonder gleams the glory that remains,  
For all who at the Cross have cleansed their stains,  
Yonder shine the mansions Christ has planned,  
For all who on God's side will take their stand.

St. Joseph, Mo.

✽ ✽

## Italian Tour in an "Auto."

By an American Lady.

THIS letter is begun at Sestri Levante, a town in Italy, province of Genoa, situated on a tongue of land about five miles west from the city of Genoa. The views from this point are almost unrivalled in beauty, even on this coast so famed for its scenery, and its climate is no less charming. The harbor is well protected and many of the people are engaged in fisheries.

The first date is April 7, 1908. We are really in Italy, after all our dreams and hopes, and it is repaying us every moment for the plans and arrangements we had to make to get here. I wrote from Nice just after we had taken that wonderful drive through the Lower Alps from Grenoble. I doubt if we shall ever have a more wonderful day's touring during our trip than that was. Even the weather combined to make it perfect. Our car not only goes as smoothly as in New York, but it inspires one with confidence besides and the steeper the mountain the better it climbs. At one time we were 7,900 metres high on a mountain, and the snow was two feet deep on either side of the automobile. Nice was gay with a mixed crowd of various nations, but we had a pleasant rest there, and on Saturday evening an English friend gave us a dinner at Monte Carlo. We went over in the auto in our "bestest" clothes, and dined at the Restaurant de Paris in great style. Afterwards we went into the great gambling house next door, and watched the people making and losing many hundred francs, until it was late, and then we went spinning back to Nice.

On Sunday we went to the American chapel and heard a sermon, and spent a quiet day. In the evening we took the auto as far as San Remo (38 miles) to spend the night. This place delighted us immensely, as it had far more natural beauty than Nice, and was so thoroughly Italian in its character. We started the next morning about eleven o'clock for the beautiful drive along the Corniche road to Genoa. The sky was overcast, and the air was cold, but the cloud effects were even more beautiful than when the sky was clear. N. was enchanted with the wonderful colors of the Mediterranean. We had Patrick drive almost all day, so that we could drink in the beauty of the scenery. Genoa was cold and we were glad of steam heat in the hotel. We saw the palaces again, and the pictures, and left this afternoon, as we wanted to shorten the road to Pisa.

This road leads through the marble quarries of Carrara, and they have had so much rain that everything is wet and muddy. We find Patrick a very good chauffeur, always cheerful and working hard on the auto. He is very funny with his French, and of which he learned a good deal when we were in France, and

tried it on everybody. When we reached Italy I told him to learn Italian, and he said, "Oh, no! I am afraid of losing my French!"

We expect to reach Florence on the 9th. We shall stay there some days, and go to Rome the 14th. The weather is still cold and chilly, and we need fur coats when driving. The hotels are almost all steam heated, but the halls are cold, and I think winter and spring over here are not pleasant when indoors. Out of doors when the sun shines it is delightful, and flowers bloom everywhere, but the nights are very cold. I like summer best, even on the Riviera for touring.

Florence, April 12.—"Sunny Italy" deserves its name to-day, for the air is balmy and the sun shines brightly, and the scent of the blossoming trees is everywhere. I am sitting by my open window, with the Arno rushing by me, and every now and then some singers stop and serenade the hotel to my endless delight. The last two days have been so full of wonderful things we have seen that I decided to rest to-day (it being a day of rest), and think over all the paintings and works of art. We have revelled in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, the old churches, and the Belles Arts, and can never be thankful enough for this experience. It is something to remember always, and to live on in years to come.

Sightseeing, as we do it, has nothing of the tiresome about it, except mentally! We take the automobile and Patrick to drive, then beside him an Italian guide, who speaks English, and we drive first around the city, and, if possible, to some hill, where we stop, and get a perfect idea of how the city lies, and its surroundings. Then we go to the principal buildings and palaces, and see them from the outside, and hear their histories. The next day we go into the galleries, and our guide takes us to the best in each room, of sculpture and painting, and gives us an idea of the great masters and their works, which is clear and definite, and not mixed with hundreds of inferior things. We have been very fortunate in finding such a guide, a man who has spent fifteen years in learning the history and poetry of art and architecture. We had the same good fortune in Pisa, and I shall try to find an equally good guide for Rome. This afternoon we are invited to tea at a villa outside of the city by a friend to whom we brought a letter. We shall leave here to-morrow for Rome, going down by way of Sienna, where we will stay a night.

Perugia, April 27.—We have arrived here after one of the most interesting weeks we have ever spent. After leaving Rome we spent a night in Naples, and then went directly on in the automobile to Sorrento, as we decided to reach our furthest point south, and then make our way slowly up again to Naples. So we took that wonderful drive along the coast, lunched at Sorrento, and went on later to Amalfi. The day was perfect for such an excursion, and though we all wore fur coats, the air was delicious, and the sun was bright. I never saw such blue water, and the orange and lemon trees hung over the cliffs full of fruit. There were wild flowers on every bank, and, oh! the wonder of that road cut in the cliffs of the mountains, and hanging out over the sea! It is more thrilling than the Corniche road to me, and its intense loneliness, with the majesty of those bare mountains was most impressive. We lingered a long time in Amalfi, eating oranges, and throwing copper pennies to the children. The old women always talk to N. and me, and we can understand almost all they say, and talk quite a little in return. The peasants are so friendly and seem to love our big red automobile. They touch it with their hands, and say, "molto bello," for the bright red leather appeals to them. We drove back to Sorrento in the sunset light, and spent the night there. In the evening there was a tarantella, danced by girls and men in native costume, to the music of their tambourines and guitars. The following day we went to Pompeii, and with a guide saw all the buried city.

We had an amusing lunch at the little hotel near Pompeii, for it was crowded with "Cook's" excursionists, and we had to fight for any food at all. I got laughing so at the rush and confusion, and babel of French, German, Russian and Italian, that I could hardly eat, and the headwaiter got so excited by the crowd that he jumped in the air, up and down, until the other waiters had to take him out. I shall never forget what

# Unveiling of the Makemie Monument

INTERESTING EXERCISES MARK AN HISTORICAL EVENT.

By Henry Pringle Ford.

NEAR the mouth of Holden's Creek, Accomac County, Virginia, in an old family graveyard, rest the remains of Francis Makemie, the founder of organized Presbyterianism in America. It is now not at all probable that the exact location of his grave will ever be determined, although the handsome monument dedicated to his memory in May, mainly through the efforts of the Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., president of the Presbyterian Historical Society, doubtless stands on or near the spot. Once a stone marked the grave and human love watched tenderly over it, but the perishable and inconstant marble has long since vanished beneath vandal hands, and the mourners, themselves quite forgotten, sleep in nameless, neighboring graves.

Although isolated and practically deserted, the place is not an unattractive one. It is said that an Indian tribe once had a village upon the gentle elevation crowned by the monument, and even yet arrow heads and stone hatchets are sometimes found. As we stood on the mound, we saw before us the broad waters of the Pocomoke River and Sound gleam in the warm May sunlight as they flowed onward to mingle with the greater tides of the Chesapeake, and it is said that when the wind is in the right direction, the ceaseless booming of the mighty Atlantic may be heard far off toward the East.

It is a somewhat singular chance that three of the foremost leaders of our great Presbyterian Church probably sleep in unknown graves. This is a silent but eloquent commentary. John Knox (1505-72) is, according to tradition, buried in Edinburgh, beneath the stone which is said to mark his last resting place; John Calvin (1509-64), died in Geneva, and a stone, bearing his initials, is supposed to mark his grave; Francis Makemie (1658 (?) - 1708), is resting in a grave the exact site of which will probably never be known.

The founder of our Church in this country—"The Knox of seagirt Accomac; the Paul of Chesapeake"—accomplished much in the comparatively brief period of fifty years allotted him to live. He organized several churches; instituted the first Presbytery, and traveled from New York to the Carolinas at a time when traveling such distances meant much more than it does to-day.

The erection of the monument to his memory was the culmination of indefatigable efforts on the part of Dr. McCook to mark the site with a fitting memorial stone. The base is of granite, surmounted by a statue of Makemie, with an arm outstretched in benediction over his beloved Virginia, representing him in the attitude of preaching. The monument is seventeen feet high. It is surrounded by three acres of land, now graded and laid out as a small park, beneath the soil of which lie the remains of Makemie, his wife and two daughters, and many of his wife's relatives and neighbors. No mounds now appear, and but for the monument there is nothing to indicate that the spot was once used as a family graveyard.

Makemie has been dead just two hundred years, and it is gratifying to have this honor, although tardy, paid to his memory. On the day of the unveiling of the monument, a special train conveyed a large number of representative Presbyterians from Philadelphia and other northern points to the nearby Virginia station. The ride through the southern fields was one of the most interesting events of the day. Vehicles of every description were at the station to take us over to the monument, three miles distant. A happy party of fifteen clambered as best they could into the wagon drawn by three well-fed mules, to whom time was no object, and speed an unknown quantity. Almost every vehicle passed us in going to the grounds, and both literally and liberally covered us with dust, and we barely reached the train in time to board it on our return, after suffering the most intense

anxiety in anticipation of missing it, and undergoing the same dust-covering ordeal.

We passed many prospering looking homes of colored people. In almost everyone of which we saw

"De woman at de do',  
And de chill'n on de flo',"

or, more truthfully speaking, the children were out in the yard, and not less than a dozen of them were lined up in front of each home, staring at us with undisguised astonishment. Race suicide is here an undreamed of possibility.

The order of exercises at the monument was admirably arranged, and included parts to be taken by the pastors of the five original churches organized by Makemie on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, all of which churches are still in existence. Dr. Joseph B. North, pastor of the Snow Hill church; Rev. Lewis R. Watson, pastor of the Manokin (Princess Anne) church; Rev. J. N. McDowell, pastor of the Pitts Creek church; Rev. Wilson T. M. Beale, pastor of the Wicomico (Salisbury) church, and Mr. E. G. Polk, an elder of the Pocomoke church. Others on the programme were Dr. Henry C. McCook, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. L. P. Bowen, author of "Days of Makemie;" John S. McMaster, Esq., of Jersey City, N. J.; Dr. W. W. Moore, of Richmond, Virginia; Mr. John McIlhenny, of Philadelphia; Hon. Frank Fletcher, of Virginia, and Dr. B. L. Agnew, of Philadelphia.

Dr. van Dyke could not be present and his brief original poem was read by Dr. DeB. K. Ludwig, treasurer of the Presbyterian Historical Society. It is as follows:

To thee, plain hero of a rugged race,  
We bring a meed of praise too long delayed.  
Thy fearless word and work have made  
The paths of God's republic easier to trace  
In this new world: thou hast the grace  
And power of Christ in many a woodland glade;  
Teaching the truth that leaves men unafraid  
Of tyrants' frowns, or chains, or death's dark face.  
Oh, who can tell how much we owe to thee,  
Makemie, and to labors such as thine,  
For all that makes America the shrine  
Of faith untrammelled and of conscience free?  
Stand here, gray stone, and consecrate the sod  
Where sleeps this brave Scotch-Irish man of God.

The following inscription appears on the monument:

ERECTED IN GRATITUDE TO GOD  
And in grateful remembrance of His servant and minister

**Francis Makemie**

who was born in Ramelton, County Donegal, Ireland, A.D. 1658 (?), was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and came as an ordained Evangelist to the American Colonies A.D. 1683 at the request of Col. William Stevens, of Rehoboth, Maryland. A devoted and able preacher of our Lord's Gospel, he labored faithfully and freely for twenty-five years in Maryland, Virginia, the Barbadoes and elsewhere. A Christian gentleman, an enterprising man of affairs, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished advocate of Religious Liberty, for which he suffered under the Governor of New York, he is especially remembered as

THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF ORGANIZED PRESBYTERY IN AMERICA, A.D. 1706,  
AND AS THE FIRST MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL PRESBYTERY.

He died at his home, whose site is nearby, in Accomack County, Virginia, in the summer of A.D. 1708, and was buried in his family cemetery, located on this spot, now recovered from a long desecration and dedicated with this monument to his memory A.D. 1908, by the American "Presbyterian Historical Society," seated at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No authentic picture of Makemie is known to exist. An oil portrait of him was willed by his daughter to Samuel Wilson, of "Westover," Somerset County, Maryland. Subsequently it became the property of the Rev. Thomas Bloomer Balch, D.D., and was irretrievably lost when Dr. Balch's house in Georgetown, D. C., with its contents, was destroyed by fire, in 1831.

There seems to be conclusive evidence that Makemie had but two children—Elizabeth, who died in 1708, in early girlhood, and Anne, who married three times and who lived to be an old woman. As she does not speak of her children or grandchildren in her will, it is a fairly safe inference that she

died childless. If this be true, she was the last of the Francis Makemie line.

The Rev. A. T. McGill, D.D., for many years a professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, thus wrote in reference to the beginnings of Presbyterianism in this country: "Maryland has claimed it, and historians generally concede this claim, because in answer to an application from Colonel Stevens, of Somerset County, in 1680 to the Presbytery of Laggan, Ireland, Francis Makemie came to Maryland in the year 1682, when about twenty-four years of age, and began to organize churches at once. Beyond all question, Francis Makemie, the Irishman, born in Donegal and educated among the Scottish universities, began the organization of our Church throughout the land with abounding missionary toil to gather it and amazing skill of administration to settle it."

Many may be interested in knowing that in March, June, September and December, 1907, numbers of the Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia, appear all the references that are made to Francis Makemie on the records of Accomac County, Virginia, including his will and that of his daughter.

Philadelphia.

### "IN-AS-MUCH."

By C. Crozat Converse, LL.D.

Have you ever helped anybody?  
Anybody who couldn't help you?  
Is your love, like Paul's, for everybody?  
Is your friendship unselfish and true?

If not, your love-talk's but cant;  
Your friendship a fraud planned for gain:  
"When saw we, Thee, Jesus, in want?  
When bade Thee to come not again?"

That Samaritan story is old;  
Yet its lesson of love suits to-day.  
Too often it cannot be told,  
When love is a matter of pay.

"In-as-much"—What a stinging rebuke!  
From the Lamb of God—He who is love!  
Could the world's wealth pay one for His look,  
Standing guilty before Him above?

If you're helping your help-needing neighbor;  
If—like Paul's—your sweet charity's true;  
"Inasmuch" will reward your love-labors,  
For 'twill mean Jesus' mercy for you.

Highwood, N. J.

### JEFFERSON AND THE DECLARATION.

By the Rev. S. B. Dunn.

IT brings the first "Glorious Fourth" appreciably near when it is remembered that the last survivor of the signers of the "Declaration," Charles Carroll, died in 1832—only seventy-six years ago. And it is a proud memory to Presbyterians, not merely that John Witherspoon, a Presbyterian clergyman, was one of the immortal fifty-six who affixed their names to that charter of liberty, but no less that it was his words which fired his compatriots to sign that document at a moment when, awed by the responsibility involved, they wavered and hesitated. The words of the white-headed speaker were:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, a nick in time. We perceive it now before us. That noble instrument upon your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He who will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of a freeman. Although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulcher, I would infinitely rather they would descend thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country."

But it is another incident that gives the Declaration its most fitting setting. "Is this the Fourth?" asked Thomas Jefferson on his deathbed, July 4, 1826, at eighty-six years of age, and on the fiftieth anniversary of the nation's natal day. That same day John Adams, at ninety-one, sent to his fellow townsmen of Quincy the toast: "I give you 'Independence forever,'" adding a few hours later his last words: "Jefferson still lives," although Jefferson had just preceded Adams in the Great Hereafter. Yes, it is the Glorious Fourth, and Jef-

erson and the Declaration that are the triple star to which this nation has hitched its wagon.

The original manuscript of the Declaration covers five pages. Five men were a committee to draft it. It was twenty-four days in preparation. Jefferson was four days in drafting, pruning and polishing it—four long, hot days in a stuffy room—cool in reason was he, but warm in wrath over the wrongs endured by the thirteen colonies. On July 4 it received the signatures of the Continental Congress, and among them that of John Hancock "writ large." "There," said he, "John Bull can read my name without spectacles"—an incident alluded to in the inscription on the pedestal of John Hancock's statue in the Capitol at Washington: "He wrote his name where all nations shall behold it, and all time should not efface it."

It was Jefferson's pen power that won him his proud distinction. He had never spoken in debate, but he was widely known for his public documents. One of them had become famous even in the Mother Country. John Adams once wrote of him: "Mr. Jefferson came to Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science and a happy talent for composition." He could read half a dozen languages, and, better still, he could write well in one.

And all this at thirty-three years of age. He was the youngest member of the afore-mentioned committee of five, and one of the youngest members of Congress, and represented Virginia, the leading colony of the thirteen. Who will say that the pen is not as mighty as the sword? Jefferson's pen was certainly no mean ally of Washington's sword.

How well it did its work in the Declaration is clear from the fact that the immortal document was adopted after a three days' debate without a single addition, with only a few verbal changes, and with the elimination, for politic reasons only, of two paragraphs, one charging the English people with equal guilt with the king and parliament, and the other out of deference to South Carolina and Georgia, who were implicated in the traffic of slaves.

And the declaration itself—what is it? The supreme gift of America to the world. More than those other gifts, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, the reaper, the grain-elevator, the steamship, the electric cable, the telephone and some other modern conveniences, the Declaration gave—to us, a free republic, and to others, in the shining folds of our flag, foregleams of universal freedom. Its immediate effect was to unify the thirteen colonies lying along the eastern seaboard, to assert their right to be reckoned among sovereign peoples, to assume political autonomy, and so to become an independent nation. The signing of the Declaration on July 4, 1776, was the signing of the certificate of our nation's birth. Its essential value is that it enshrines and embodies the spirit of liberty and justice and brotherhood. Edmund Burke called it "the most impressive political document on the rights of man." For "the great weightiness and the weighty greatness" of its content it ranks with the historic Liberty Documents of the world, with the Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, and the Bill of Rights, which Lord Chatham called "the Bible of the English Constitution"; and as not unworthy of a place side by side with the Decalogue of Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount.

New York.

It is proverbially hard to catch a flea, but now advanced medical science tells us that it must be done in the interest of hygiene. Such excellent results, hygienically, have followed the warfare upon mosquitoes and house flies, that now it is proposed to inaugurate a campaign against fleas, which, in hot countries especially, make their home upon rats, acquire there, in the case of diseased rats, a small amount of poison, and then carry it to other rats, or to persons. It is thought indeed that independently of rats fleas may be transporters of disease. The bubonic plague and other dreadful disorders may be spread in that way. Ministers who have a liking for preaching upon current topics might do well to discourse soon upon "the wicked flea." The flea is decidedly a current creature, a fugitive foe of health and the sheriff of hygiene, in the interest of public welfare, should be set upon his track. It is the business of the pulpit to be interested in problems of hygiene, and, without going into the morbid or harrowing medical technique of disease, would do well frequently to use in public discourse facts or illustrations enforcing the need of attention on the part of their hearers to the laws of health and the findings of an advanced sanitary science.