

FAITH HOPE LOVE



THE
WESTMINSTER

OUR FOUNDATION - - - THE WORD OF GOD
OUR PURPOSE - TO UPBUILD THE KINGDOM

I Corinthians XIII.

BY MABEL DODGE HOLMES.

What is the love that I would bear my friend?
A love that waits in patience, silently,
Till time brings comfort; that will print no scar
By word or act, upon the heart of love;
A love where envy cannot enter in,
Marring the harmony; where happiness,
Even at the cost of self-effacement, rests
All on the joy of her I hold so dear.

A love wherein no thought of self intrudes
With eagerness to grasp the goal of good;
A prideless love, and seeking not its own.
A love from anger and from doubt apart,
Willing to bear, believe, to hope, endure,
On to the end; a love that never fails,
Though all things vanish, and though time shall merge
Into eternity before God's throne.

FORGETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE
BEHIND AND REACHING FORTH UNTO
THE THINGS THAT ARE BEFORE ++

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A Look at the World.

AN INTERPRETATION.

The Address of the Bishops of the M. E. Church.

Bishop Goodsell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has delivered to the General Conference of that Church in session in Baltimore the address of the bishops. Like all documents produced by this very remarkable body of men, it is exceedingly able. The general parish or diocesan territory of these bishops is the world, and true to their function as overseers, or *Episkopoi*, they take in the whole world in this address. One portion of it will particularly interest those whose hearts are devoted to the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus among the nations. This part alludes to world-wide evangelization.

At home and abroad the Church is aggressive and advancing with a strong and steady tread. In the last four years, the time since the meeting of the last Conference at Los Angeles in 1904, the net increase in the membership of the M. E. Church in the world has been more than a quarter of a million. The exact figure is 278,357. Without doubt the great bulk of this number has come out of evangelistic work and the regular revival campaigns for which this Church is famous. It is probable that this number represents a faithful declaration of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners to vast numbers of the unconverted. Probably two hundred fifty thousand souls have been brought to Christ by this Church alone in the quadrennium.

The bishops make a prophecy that the "vanguard" marching westward from Japan through China and Siberia will meet in Tibet the missionaries now preaching in Russia and moving eastward. That will be a wonderful day for the world. Already Korea is almost won for Christ. A decade will see that people a Christian people. These are great prophecies, but the bishops make one more. The world will be converted to Christ in a century. There is, no doubt, ground for the hope, but it is a hope that will not be realized unless the Christians of the world awake to Christian living; awake to the need for new consecration; awake to the fact that the Church must conquer on its knees.

* * *

The Reasons for the Gain.

Why the gain of the last four years? The bishops give the answer as it appears to them. It is to be found in the return of their preachers to the old-fashioned preaching of the gospel, and to abandonment of belief in or acceptance of the propositions of destructive criticism. The reason is good. A Church that gives itself to the advocacy of destructive criticism

of the Bible will not grow by numbers added on profession of their faith in Christ. That is, it will not grow at a rapid rate. The world wants a positive and not a negative leadership. It wants a real Jesus Christ, who was born, lived, died and rose all according to the Scriptures, and not according to the Scriptures *scholarized* and destructively criticised. The Church that meets this want will be the growing Church in the next century, and if it meets it as the world wants the need met, it is not at all impossible that the world will be converted to Christ in the coming century.

* * *

A Comparative View.

This claim of the bishops causes one to look at the work in the same period of another great Church. The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. has even a more encouraging record. There are not as yet available the figures for the year ending April, 1908, but the activity along evangelistic lines in this past year has been so great that it is fair to assume that the accessions of converted souls has been as great as in the best of recent years. Adding to the official totals for 1905, 1906 and 1907, the same number for 1908 as was added in 1907, there will appear a grand total of 306,346 persons added to this Church on examination alone. Decrease that number by the number that have died in the four years, there will remain a net gain on confession 237,197 souls. When it is remembered that the Methodist Episcopal Church North is more than thrice as large as the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., it is evident that the figures for results greatly favor our own Church when looked at comparatively.

* * *

The Cause.

One need not look far for the cause. The Evangelistic Committee of the Church has been a great inspiration to gospel activity even in localities where no representative of it has been. The impulse has been cumulative. The eight years of the existence of this force in our Church have been wonderfully productive years. The beginning was small. The growth has been steady. The last year has been phenomenal. The campaign just ended in the city of Philadelphia was never surpassed. The Presbyterian Church is to-day in line for such a work as it has not done in its previous history at any time.

Of course it is impossible to say of how much advantage this agency has been to other Churches, but the simultaneous interdenominate method has quickened many churches that are not Presbyterian. Concentration has been the word, consecration has been the thought, and conversion has been the result.

The Story of the Makemie Monument.

BY HENRY C. M'COOK.

You ask me to write some account of the inception and execution of the plan to erect a monument to Francis Makemie on the site of his burial. The suggestion grew out of the Bicentennial commemoration of the founding of organized Presbytery in America, held two years ago. At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Presbyterian Historical Society in June of that year (A. D. 1906) I called attention to the neglect of Makemie's grave, and read from the "Notes" in Dr. Bowen's "The Days of Makemie" a statement of the facts. A resolution



DR. HENRY C. M'COOK.

to begin an effort to redeem this spot from its long desecration and designate it by a fitting monument was there and then approved. The writer, as president of the society, assumed the head of the movement, and Prof. DeB. K. Ludwig, Ph.D., for quarter of a century the faithful and efficient treasurer of the society, took charge of the funds.

The first step was to find out by personal observation the exact facts. An appointment was made with Mr. E. G. Polk, of Pocomoke City, in Southern Maryland, who thoroughly knows the whole field of "Makemieland," and who entered with hearty sympathy into the plan. A drive of nearly twenty miles across the State line brought us to the old Makemie farm in Accomack County, Virginia. It lies along the eastern bank of Holden Creek, an inlet from Pocomoke Sound, named after Madam Anne Holden, a daughter of Francis Makemie, who succeeded to the ownership of the farm. This she left to a Mr. John Milligan, of no kin, but who, a tradition runs, had won Mrs. Holden's admiration for certain patriotic actions during the American Revolution. Strangely, she failed to make any reservation of or provision for the family cemetery, which, according to the custom of the time and country, was located near the house, and in which her grandparents and parents were buried, and where she herself was to sleep. A careful examination of the grounds, afterward renewed, confirmed the tradition, the existing evidence and the unassailable testimony presented in Dr. Bowen's "Notes," that this tract of ground on Holden's (formerly Houlston's) Creek, then known as the "Miles farm," is the old Makemie farmstead and contains the family cemetery.

Indeed, evidences of the former uses appeared from sundry excavations; also many of the old so-called "English bricks," whole and in parts, which had formed the cemetery wall and the walls of the "table tombs," still remained. When I was satisfied with the identity of the place, I requested that no further diggings should be made, and everything be left as it then was. The exact site of the old cemetery could not be located, but the graves of the Milligans were *probably*, and those of their immediate descendants, the parents of the gentleman who now owns the unreserved portion of the farm, were *certainly*, determined as lying in a little clump of trees then adjoining the stable yard. They seem to have been just outside the old cemetery wall, thus pointing with much probability to the fact that the

cemetery itself lay wholly or in part within the yard then covered with the muck and filth of horses and cattle. There we meditated—at the grave of Francis Makemie!—in whose honor, as the chief founder of organized Presbytery in America, our great Church was celebrating the Bicentenary of that act done in the city of Philadelphia. And there I resolved, by the help of God, that this crying shame should be removed from our records ere the year should close.

This much done, the next step was to visit Accomack Court House (the county seat), an interesting old Virginia town. A research of the valuable documents, dating back to the seventeenth century, therein found, was there made. Every step of this tedious but intensely absorbing work to an antiquary deepened the conviction already established.

By the way, one cannot but feel anxiety at the exposure of these invaluable historic papers to destruction by fire in their present quarters. Two things, if a stranger might be permitted the suggestion, should at



once be done by the State or the county: First, *typewritten copies*, with carbon duplicates, should be made of all the early records. And second, a *fireproof annex* should be made as soon as possible to the county buildings, in which the documents should be kept.

Now arose the query, Can the land be bought? And for how much? How the desecration had been wrought was readily learned. The land had passed into the hands of one who cared nothing, perhaps knew nothing, of the labors of Makemie and the historic interest attached thereto. The cemetery walls had fallen into decay. The tombstones had been broken and carried off for whetstones, doorsteps and oven beds. There was no historical society to cry the alarm and stay the hand of desecration. The cemetery lay near the house. It was needed to enlarge the stable premises! Thus enclosure, walls, tombs disappeared and became at last a recollection lodged in the memories of a few aged people.

But the point was not so much how the desecration came about as how it could be removed. For a lifetime certain inheritance encumbrances had tied up the sale of the farm. These had *just been released*. The way was clear. Then followed an interview with one of the two young owners, and an option upon the whole farm. No other condition would be accepted by him. So I again returned home and prepared circular No. 1. Surely, enthusiastic friends said, every loyal Presbyterian church and pastor will respond! Well, I was soon to find that thousands of "loyal" Presbyterians, pastors and churches would *not* respond, and never have responded, notwithstanding the high eloquence and enthusiasms of the Bicentennial year. God's benison upon those whose hopeful words and helpful acts cheered on a task that more than once seemed destined to failure.

I had written hundreds of personal letters, made many personal appeals, had prepared an illustrated lecture on "Makemie and Makemieland" and taken engagements from Charleston northward and Philadelphia westward, when suddenly in mid-November I was stricken down, with scant hope, for a while, of recovered activity. My plan seemed blighted in the bud. But it was all right. As our fathers were wont to say: Nothing *happens* to a Presbyterian.

Five weeks after my attack a message came to me that the owner of the farm was not willing to wait longer for my recovery and was about to sell to another party. What should I do? There I lay helpless in the hands of physicians and trained nurse. I could not even consult with my associates of the Historical Society.

Knowing that I was seeking the honor of one of God's saints, I appealed to the Head of the Church, to Whom "the memory of the just is blessed." And then I took the responsibility. I wired Mr. Polk \$500—all the monument funds in hand—and, confident that the Church would sustain me, guaranteed the remainder.

Then the tide began slowly to rise. Though still confined to my bed, I was permitted to dictate and later to write letters, a few at a time. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, appreciating and approving the effort to honor such an eminent Ulster Scot and champion of religious liberty as Makemie, promised me the last \$500 due on the farm. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), whose distinguished career so lately ended amidst the mourning of two continents, gave a lecture for the fund which, through the management of Mr. Harold Peirce, brought in over \$600. The National Scotch-Irish Society sent \$200, and the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society added \$200 more. And so the tide ran on. Thanks, thanks for all these open-handed helpers! And, above all, thanks to the hidden helpers, the almoners of God's droplets of bounty, whose large charity and small contributions and cordial messages cheered me on to the end.

The long-drawn-out and wearisome details; the enormous correspondence; the practical difficulties to be overcome, increased by the isolated site of the farm on a secluded part of "the ole Virginny shore"—all these, wrought amid the fluctuations of uncertain health and *certain* old age, need not be dwelt upon. They have been overcome. All the money has been raised but about \$300, to which the readers of these lines are privileged to contribute, if they wish to have some part in redeeming from its long desecration the *grave of Francis Makemie!*

What has been accomplished and how well the work has been done, others will decide and tell. But that it is *done*, none will be so greatly relieved and so deeply grateful as the writer.

"Makemie Land."

BY MERVIN J. ECKELS.

Members of the Presbyterian Historical Society having charge of the arrangements for the dedication of the Makemie Monument, Thursday, May 14, having learned that I spent some of the earlier years of my ministry in one of the old Makemie churches, and that I am familiar with the character of the region and with its historic places, have requested me to prepare a brief statement, such as may serve to increase the desire of Presbyterians to visit this "Cradle of Presbyterianism" on the day of the dedication of the Makemie Monument. Perhaps very few of our Philadelphia people have any very definite idea as to what constitutes "Makemie Land" or just where this land lies or how it may be reached. "Makemie Land"—where the first "Apostle of Presbyterianism," coming from Ramelton, Ireland, began his labors and founded some of the oldest Presbyterian churches in America (we think the very oldest)—is part of that "narrow neck of land" lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, which constitutes what is commonly spoken of as the "Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia." With his base of operations at Rehoboth, on the north bank of the Pocomoke River (a beautiful tide-water stream, navigable up to Snow Hill), "Father Makemie" founded churches at Rehoboth, Snow Hill, Berlin, Princess Anne and Rockawalking (all in Maryland); also at Pitt's Creek and other points in Virginia.

Presbyterian churches exist at all these points to-day. The old Rehoboth church—a quaint brick structure, remodeled and diminished in size—is still used for preaching and Sunday-school purposes. An effort is now being made to secure endowment for it. This "Old Mother Church" can be conveniently visited by carriage or boat, a few miles down the river from Pocomoke City, the nearest good-sized town to "Makemie Park." At Snow Hill, a few miles higher up the Pocomoke River, the old church edifice has been succeeded by the present pretty Makemie Memorial Church, erected largely through the beneficence of Lady Kortright, whose parents (the Richardsons) lived at Snow Hill. This church disputes with Rehoboth the claim to be Makemie's *first* church. Snow Hill can be conveniently reached from Pocomoke City by daily boat. The old Episcopal church in Snow Hill is one of the finest old colonial churches I have seen. Berlin, with its old Buckingham Church, lies off the main railroad near Ocean City, Md. Princess Anne, with its broad Main street and many colonial mansions, is the quaintest, most attractive old county town on the lower Eastern Shore. In fact, it is the only town that has almost wholly escaped the recent fires that have almost wiped out the old wooden buildings.

Princess Anne Church (with its original walls and beautifully remodeled interior) is only a few minutes' walk from the railroad station and well worth a visit. Old Rockawalking Church, a few miles distant from Salisbury, Md. (the handsomest and busiest "business town" on the lower peninsula), has been succeeded by the prosperous Wicomico Church, in Salisbury. Of this church I was pastor 1885-90.

Pocomoke City has a modern church—an offshoot of old Rehoboth—which has prospered with the little city.

In all these towns (Pocomoke City, Princess Anne and Salisbury, all on the main line of railroad, and Snow Hill, off the main line), are well-conducted hotels where one may stop comfortably. The few "old-time Presby-