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DEPARTURE.

By Miss Margaret Jeannette Gates.

To look on alien stars!

For I must sail away to Southern seas,
So far from these bright burning galaxies
That other constellations with their bars
Of dwindling lustre and expanding light
Will make pale day of each clear Austral night.

Those distant heavens are high;
But, ah, to leave the stars which I have known,
And, voyaging, to look up in some far zone
Into the velvet darkness of the sky
Pierced by strange clustered points of fire, will be
To long for those which shine this side the sea.

Then while once more I tread,
Before departure, this cool dew-spread sward
Where night is creeping, O, dear stars afford
Me of yourselves, ere, summoned, I have fled,
A radiant impress, that I still may gem
My foreign heaven with your rare diadem.
Washington.

* *

Our Voyage to a Summer Island

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA.

Natural Beauties. Weird Legends. A Story of Nelson.

THE Jamaica Railroad finds its northwestern terminus at Montego Bay. It winds down the mountain side for seven hundred feet, and about halfway down dashes through a long tunnel, crosses a lofty iron trestle over a deep ravine, and opens to the tourist an enchanting view of a capacious bay surrounded by a semi-circle of hills, at whose base lie fertile plains and coral shores. The smooth crescent of waters affords a protected anchorage in the deep sea, while nearer to the land are the Bogue Islands, whose mazes shelter the blue heron and a multitude of gulls and other sea birds. Around the shores the old town was built, and on the heights castles and villas and private dwellings show their white walls amid a mass of tropical greenery. Montego Bay has always been an important town, although fallen from the high estate which it held, when Michael Scott is said to have conceived the idea of "Tom Cringle's Log" here, by hearing the pilot of his brother-in-law's frigate singing in the Bay the old Pirate's song:

Robin Rover said to his crew,
Row, boys, row;
Up with the black flag, down with the blue,
Row, boys, row.

Fire on the maintop,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun deck,
Fire down below;
Row, boys, row.

Row, boys, row;
The prize is before us,
The black flag is o'er us,
Pull away, my hearties;
Row, boys, row.

There are many traditions in this faraway region of Jamaica, some of which are gathered in a booklet compiled by Oscar Plummer. The Parish Church, where I attended Sabbath worship, is a large cruciform structure, standing in a spacious churchyard among majestic cotton and bignonia trees. It has a massive tower at its west end, in which are two bells, one of which is said to be the largest in the West Indies. This was originally intended for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Lima, but on account of a South American war

it failed to reach its destination, and now wakes the echoes around the English Protestant shores of Jamaica. Bells have no more moral character than Standard Oil, and though this one was blessed by a Papist before it started for the Romish church in Lima, I can testify that it does faithful service for heretics at Montego Bay.

Inside of the church are many fine monuments, and in particular a beautiful marble erected by Hon. John Palmer to his wife, Rosa. Authorities are divided upon the character of Mrs. Palmer. Some say she was an estimable lady, whose name has been confused with a woman of bad repute commonly known as the "lady fiend of Rose Hall." Rose Hall still stands, about nine miles from the Bay, and parts of it are in good preservation. It was a palace, built in the effort of a wealthy planter to outvie the King's House at Spanish-town. The palace fronted the sea, and was defended by a battery of guns. There were 365 windows, 52 doors and 12 staircases. It was elegantly furnished with pictures and paintings, and a central staircase elaborately carved, a marvel of patient art. Here, according to one tradition, Mrs. Palmer died from the effects of slow poison, administered by a beautiful Irish woman, who was subsequently strangled by her negro paramour. The other legend is that Mrs. Palmer, after poisoning a succession of husbands, was finally strangled by her slaves on account of her cruelties. A blue vein on the neck of the marble throat of the figure in the church, and some red spots on the pedestal, have given local color to the murderous tale, and some of the negroes even point to the stained marble throat of the statue as *proof* of their dreadful story.

Near Montego Bay there is a spot called Adelphi, where nearly a century ago a benevolent Quaker began to teach his slaves and prepare them for emancipation. He employed a blind man, named Moses Baker, and stationed him at a place called "Stretch and Set," from cruelties which had been enacted there. So barbarity was succeeded by mercy, and Marley Castle, where Isaac Lascelles Winn lived, is remembered as a landmark in human progress. The ruins of the Maroon tower are to be seen upon neighboring heights, and there is a dungeon on the sugar estate of Lethe, which is said to mark the place where crimes were committed which all the waters of Lethe cannot wash away. A more agreeable legend is told by Mr. Plummer of Nelson's courage in the harbor of Montego Bay, when he was a Lieutenant on board the sloop *Badger*. The Glasgow frigate, just arrived, took fire from the steward's carelessness while he was stealing rum. After throwing the gunpowder overboard, the ship was deserted. Captain Lloyd, of the frigate, went to where Nelson was dining, and told him of the occurrence. Nelson at once asked the captain what he had done with the guns. Hearing that they were left in their ordinary position, he started with his boat's crew, pitched every gun muzzle up, and then left the frigate to her fate. The cannon discharged their balls into the air, and thus the town was saved from what might have been a destructive cannonade.

There is a good hospital at Montego Bay, and not far off a coral cave opens upon a beach of silver sand and forms an ideal bathing place. A bath in the early morning at Doctor's Cove is a good beginning for the day. The air is full of fragrance, the water is perfect in purity and temperature. It is worth many miles of travel to enjoy such a bathing place.

Augustus.

Service: An Opportunity and an Obligation

SERMON OF DR. J. ADDISON HENRY, THE RETIRING MODERATOR.

THE following is the sermon in full prepared by the Rev. J. Addison Henry, D.D., of Philadelphia, the retiring Moderator, to be delivered at the opening of the General As-



J. ADDISON HENRY, D.D.

sembly this morning, taking for his text these words from Matthew xxi:28: "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Dr. Henry said:

Fathers and Brethren.—By the kind providence of God, we have been brought to this place, to participate in the exercises of the one hundred and seventeenth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America. I can hardly realize that a year has passed since the Assembly met, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

It has been, to many who are here to-day, a year of activity, in the great work in which we are all engaged, a year of decided progress in that branch of the Church that we represent, a year of many conversions and reconsecrations, and a year of great success for the various institutions under the care of our General Assembly. We are glad to meet here in this beautiful spot, one of the homes of our Church, this centre of religious thought and action, and I trust we shall offer, at the very commencement of our sojourn here, the sincere prayer that this Assembly may indeed prove to be a great blessing to all the ministers and ruling elders which compose its body, and that its influence may be widely felt throughout this and other lands.

The General Assembly has been called the bond of union of the Presbyterian Church, and it truly has proved itself to be a bond of union. It has had great influence in our country, and this influence has been felt in every part of the world wherever our Church has established her missions. Our ministers and ruling elders will ever desire to come hither, if the Commissioners return to their homes and to their work, with clear and undoubted evidences of a better understanding of our Church's demands, and with an increased love in their hearts for the great Author of our holy religion, and for His blessed work. With more earnest desires also to do good to all men, and thus to advance the kingdom of the Lord, "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

Our form of government, as you know, requires that the General Assembly shall meet at least once in every year; that

on the day appointed for that purpose, the Moderator of the last Assembly, if present, or, in case of his absence, some other minister, shall open the meeting with a sermon, and preside until a new Moderator be chosen.

To fulfill this requirement, and also because it is proper and highly becoming that your pure minds should be stirred up "by way of remembrance, that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the Commandments of us, the Apostles of the Lord and Saviour"; permit me, as briefly as possible, to direct your thoughts to the language of the text for this morning, which contains indeed the very words of our blessed and divine Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

The parable from which the text is taken has been dwelt upon so frequently, and its meaning so clearly unfolded, that it requires little, if any, explanation at this time. You are aware that, in some respects, it is similar to another parable, that memorable one recorded by St. Luke in the latter part of the fifteenth chapter of his gospel. We have an account in *both* of a certain father who had two sons, and by the brothers in both instances the same classes that are constantly met in the world may be intended. And yet the narratives differ considerably, and the *one* is much fuller than the *other*; but the one before us, however brief, is worthy of being seriously pondered by all, especially these seven words of our text, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

We see, then, that these words contain an important command. "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." "And he came to the second, and said likewise." (I shall simply follow the natural or textural divisions of our theme.) Observe then, we have brought to our notice:

First, the *person* to whom the command is addressed, "Son"; it is not slave, not servant working for wages, not even friend with a neighborly kindness, but "Son," with an heir's interest in the paternal estate. Coming then from the lips of a father, the command is authoritative. There is no authority on earth so absolute as that of a father. The authority of a master, or even of a commonwealth or nation, is but a shadow in comparison with this. Coming from the lips of a father the command will also be a loving one. The very words, "Son," displays a bond of tender sympathy. The absoluteness and kindness of the authority of the human father, are, however, but very faint emblems of that power and love which characterize the authority of God. And, to those of us who feel that we hear to this infinite Father the peculiar relation of sons by adoption, this thought is intensely pleasing and satisfying. Christian friends, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God, wherefore thou art no more a *servant*, but a 'Son,' and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." "Adoption is an act of God's free grace, whereby we are received into the number, and have a *right* to all the privileges of the Sons of God."

Sonship implies affection, and God calls you "Son," whether you are a pastor, or a professor in one of our colleges, or theological seminaries, a missionary, home or foreign, or a secretary of one of our boards, you are a "Son," and the divine Lord addresses you as such to-day. It would be well if each one of us should ask himself this question at the very commencement of our work in this "General Assembly," "Do I really hear God addressing me as His Son?" It is even so, and He is willing to forgive and to forget my follies and wanderings, and to welcome me back again into His family, and give me work to do in His vineyard.

"Son" it is! Brethren, then, as if God were saying to-day to each one of us, You are my "Son"; as a child I have loved you, chosen you and blessed you; to me, then, you owe all that you have, and all that you are. You are not your own, but *mine*, therefore, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." And what a call is this, especially to the young men of the Church. We hear it said in this day that the young men are not replying with enthusiasm to this invitation. There has been,

during the past year, and still is, as we all know, much discussion in the secular papers, upon this question, "Are aspirants for the gospel ministry on the decline?" Some of these arguments may be, to us, greatly interested in this question as we are, forcible and profitable, but other views taken of the subject, in their very irrelevancy, are not so much so. Still, it is constantly asserted that there has been in the last decade, at least, an inclination, on the part of our college and university students, to seek other professions. It has been asserted that lack of home and pastoral influence is the cause of this decline in candidates for the sacred office. There are others who have declared that the support afforded the ministry is often inadequate, and therefore influencing many of the sons of the Church, in not choosing this greatest of all professions. You will permit me, however, just here to say that I do not feel that this obstacle can be keeping the most desirable of our young men out of the ministry. If a young man really feels called to this most blessed of life's engagements, the matter of support at the time does not trouble him so much. That young man only wishes to know what the will of the Father is in regard to himself, and he has the confidence that, if as a son, he hears the divine call and obeys, his every needful want will be supplied.

I think the great question which many of our young men earnestly wish to have decided is, "Does God, my Father in Heaven, really call me to this great work? Does He say to me, in such a way that I cannot misunderstand the call, 'Son, go work?'"

It is clear that we have not here the time, or is this the place, to indicate as fully as we might be able to do under other circumstances, what constitutes a call to the gospel ministry. What I simply, in a word, desire to enforce to-day upon you, the ministers and ruling elders of our great Presbyterian Church, is this, that our Church, and that the Church at large, must not simply remain in the attitude of waiting for candidates to offer themselves, before she takes steps toward influencing her sons in the direction of the gospel ministry. Many years ago the Rev. James Wood, D.D., who was then one of the secretaries of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, prepared a tract on "A Call to the Gospel Ministry, designed for the consideration of pious young men, and of ministers, ruling elders and members of the Church," and in that he most forcibly states that the duty of the Church is not fully discharged, when, through her judicatories, she sits in judgment on the futures of those who offer themselves for this work, but measures, he insists, should be adopted for bringing this subject distinctly before the minds of her young members, and if need be, express to them, either officially or unofficially, her own convictions of their duty to preach the gospel. Have you *ministers* of the Church of Christ, here before me, faithfully performed your office before God, in influencing and aiding the young men of your churches, to seek this most sacred calling? Have you *elders* conscientiously upheld the hands of your ministers by using your even greater opportunities of more direct contact with the young of your communities that they may become preachers of the gospel?

Ah! brethren, if such were the action of the Church in our day, in regard to the sons of the Church, how many noble and devoted young men might, through your influence, be induced to take part in this ministry with us, who are left to enter other professions or engagements upon which their hearts and energies are not really enlisted?

I believe that many of our choicest sons would gladly enter this noble profession, which may not be the position in which to amass worldly honor, if they were thus encouraged to seek the ministry by those, whose right and duty it is to thus lead them.

Above all things, let us remember, at this General Assembly, that the fields are white unto the harvest. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into His harvest."

But, I must now turn your attention to the fact that we have in this most encouraging passage of the Word, not only the *person* to whom the command is addressed, but, *secondly*, the design of the command, its purpose or intention. "Go work." It is work, then, that is required. And no requirement is more imperative, more universal, more necessary, and, perhaps, it can be truly said, more merciful. He is of all men most wretched who has nothing to do. Happiness and indolence

are incompatible altogether—unless inactivity is forced by circumstances over which we have no control. The doctrine, not only of our text, but of this Holy Word, is that true labor is the true idea of life.

Christian men, I trust that you will hear to-day the voice of God, and act upon it immediately, as you have never done before, "Go work." Inactivity is not permissible in the service of God. Angels are incessant in their ministry. The redeemed, who are before the throne of God, "Serve Him day and night in His temple." Recollect what is commanded! Not merely to long, or even to pray, for the advancement of Christ's cause alone, but to work unceasingly in His service. You must not stand idly waiting for work to come to your hands, to happen along, as it were, but *go find it*, "Go work!"

Perhaps I may induce some who are within the sound of my voice, and others, whose eyes shall fall upon these words, to forsake their inactive life, and to begin vigorously to labor for the good Master who gives the command, when I assure them that His work is very *pleasant*. A work may be honorable, as this certainly is, yet attended with privations and peril. God's work is not only creditable, but in the day in which we are now living, "His ways are" (emphatically) "ways of pleasantness." And it may be that I shall succeed in urging others to still engage more actively as ministers and laymen in all the duties pressing upon them, in the home, the church, the city and the world, as I seek to convince them how profitable the work is. Men everywhere are affected by the considerations of profit, and, alas! too many there are who seek it, in these times of the accumulation of great material wealth; but there are others, who are following Christ's call to duty and find that "Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

And, friends, it is a blessed thought to us who are, as I trust, co-workers in this day with our Divine Lord, that He hath need of our talents and powers, our time and our possessions. He requires us with all our energies, and all our faculties to do His work in the world. He could do it alone, but He has chosen to accomplish it by His "sons," "*Son, go work.*" It is a wonderful part of the great system under which we are living, and acting, that God, the Father, seldom performs any of His great works in this world without the co-operation of His children. And does not the labor seem vast indeed in this age of the Church in which we are living? It is still, even in this twentieth century, the salvation and happiness of the whole world that are to be sought. Every talent you possess, my brothers, every moment of time, every influence you can bring to bear, are needed for this great service. Do not hesitate—no not delay—for if you do, as far as you are concerned, the work of God, the Father, is stopped, the Church will be the poorer, and our Divine Master robbed of that which is His just due. Said one to the keeper of the Calais lighthouse, on a wild and dreadful night, "Need you venture to stay in the house and keep the light going this terrible night?" The reply was, "If the light were not burning for a single hour, I should hear of it from all parts of the world, for months to come; passing ships would note the omission, and carry the news the world over."

Brethren, so men are taking knowledge of us daily, and carrying this knowledge to every portion of our country, and the world. Keep your light steadily burning, friends. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

And, in our special work, in connection with the extension of Christ's kingdom, dear brethren in the ministry, let us ever bear in mind that the deepest want of this age, and, indeed of every age, is Christ, and that that preaching will be the most potent and the most efficacious, that most adequately represents Him.

It is a cause for rejoicing to know, and to believe, that there are so many workers in this day, preaching the truth from Sabbath to Sabbath, in all lands, and among all evangelical bodies, who can exclaim, with the great Apostle, when he referred to the Author of our salvation, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom." From what I have heard, and have seen of the efforts put forth by your General Assembly's Committee on Evangelization, I am persuaded that those who represent this Committee make it their *one* effort to preach a pure gospel authoritatively, yet lovingly, and seek to enforce upon their hearers

while so doing the duty of working in the vineyard of our Lord.

"What shall I preach during the coming season?" I learned recently was the inquiry of a young minister, who was laying out his work for the new year that was approaching. An old clergyman replied, "Preach to the sinful souls that are before you redemption by the Cross of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit; preach it *tenderly* and *fervently*, without de-falcation or *discount*. Do not waste a moment in defending your Bible. God will take care of His own Word, if you will only take care to preach it. Stand by that bridge of redemption, which Divine love has reared, and exhort every man to hasten back by it to God. Pay no heed to the noisy challenge of the skeptics. When the bridge of redeeming grace has carried millions upon millions of sinful humanity over into a purer and holier life, and onward into heaven, there is no need that you or I should be continually digging up the piles to see whether they are sound, or whether they are rotten. Praise the bridge that carries you safe over, and brings you to God. Jesus Christ came into this world to bring men to God; and your chief business, my brother, is to lead every one you can reach to Jesus Christ. Preach Him." That was, indeed, faithful advice, fit and worthy to be followed by us all.

But, do you ask, where is the place?

III. The place for fulfilling the command of the text or the field of action appointed? The answer is in the very words before you. The finger post in the text has inscribed upon it, "In my vineyard." This is the circle of your influence, friends. And you will find it large enough and constantly widening, if you cultivate it aright. Translated into the language of our familiar way of speaking, this command for us means—make your own lives, and the lives of others with whom you daily associate, as fruitful as they can possibly be made. I trust it may never be necessary for any of us to say, "They made me keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." Wherever you can labor for God, that is the part of the vineyard to which he calls you. And whatever we can do for Him that is the work He bids us do. In every direction, vineyard work may be found. We must, however, bear in mind that the Father's command is, "Go work in my vineyard." We must, in order to achieve absolute success, be employed where He appoints us. "The *Father's* vineyard" a place in which His "sons" are personally interested. In the revised version it is rendered, "In the vineyard." God's vineyard is His Church. The Church truly finds work for all. Some are employed to plant, some to weed, some to water and some to watch. Into the Church we are, of course, to enter by personal piety. And here we are to grow in meekness for Heaven. We are to improve our graces, employ our talents, do good to our fellow men, and glorify God. Has not God a right to specify the sphere of duty as well as the labor He demands? And does it not seem that the very expression indicates that the agency of God's sons, is to take some definite direction or course, which is not pursued by the masses of our fellow men? or that God desires His sons to aim at some specific object? And what is that? In a word, it is the moral cultivation of the soul! The soul requires culture, and the first duty pressing upon us (may we feel it to-day, ministers and ruling elders in the Church, as we never have felt it before) is to look at self, and if we do this aright, I am sure we shall find that our great work is to till into beauty and fruitfulness our own souls which constantly lie open to the foot of every intruder. And yet, we must not suppose that the work is limited to our *own* souls. The vineyard is wherever fruit may be cultivated, and grow to full perfection for our blessed Master. There are numerous spheres in the great social system, into which the sons may enter, and do effective work, and it will be well if we each thus have the wisdom to choose our proper field for action. In many ways (I will not say the rule is absolute, for sometimes it may be true, "A little child shall lead them")—in many ways, however, the liberally educated and intellectual man is above the uneducated masses in his teaching and preaching; and the general rule is that those in humbler circumstances and conditions of life seldom have access to men of fortune and position. And so we are obliged to recognize the fact that each man, each woman, each young person has a part allotted to them in this great vineyard, for which no other is so well qualified, or as equally responsible. Men and women, of the great cities of this wonderful land, who can labor so intelligently and successfully for the spiritual welfare of these masses of your

fellow citizens as those to whom these cities are the places of their birth, or their homes by adoption and long residence? Employers, who have such access to the hearts of your employees as you have. Parents, who can enter so readily into the thoughts and feelings of your children, as you can? Pastors and ruling elders, Sabbath school superintendents and teachers, who can possibly have such a deep interest in those immortals committed to your care, and such success in winning them for Christ, as you may have?

God grant that we all may feel at this time our great responsibility as we have never felt it before, and may our sincere prayer be that God would enable each of us to perform His sacred duty to fulfil His sacred trust.

The present seems to be peculiarly a time, when every minister and layman should feel that God has called him to renewed energy, in working mightily in the great moral vineyard.

The labors of God's servants in connection with the evangelistic work of our Church during the past year in many of our cities, have clearly proved that revivals of pure and undefiled religion are not *outgrown*. In one of these cities (Denver) a daily paper, commenting editorially on the great religious movement in that city, writes, "There is no earnest, thoughtful citizen, who will not rejoice at the success which has thus far attended the religious revival now being carried on, under the auspices of the churches of this city, viewed from any standpoint, the result of such an awakening cannot fail to contribute to the best welfare of the communities, where held." It has been confidently stated that "never before in the history of Los Angeles has there been a time when so many listened to the word of God. The gospel of Christ has been preached in every part of the city, the hymns of Christ were sung by thousands of voices, and the hearts were here expectant." It will truly appear that God is opening the hearts of men everywhere throughout our country, and indeed in all lands, for the reception of His own truth, and we confidently hope and believe that in answer to our prayers regarding our work, He will speedily pour out upon us blessings rich and abundant. May every Presbyterian minister and ruling elder stand ready to do faithful evangelistic service in the vineyard *now*. May all of our members be revived and reconsecrated, and many thousands be converted to God.

The question has been asked, "Can there be a genuine revival, which does not begin with or include the Church, in its work?" That seems to be one of the marked features of the great revival in Wales. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, a distinguished preacher of England, writes, "What is the character of the revival? It is a church revival. I do not mean by that, merely a revival among church members. It is *that*, but it is held in church buildings. Now, you may look astonished, but I have been saying for a long time that the revival which is to be permanent in the life of a nation, must be associated with the life of the Churches. I am tremendously suspicious of any mission or revival movement that treats with contempt the Church of Christ, and affects to despise the Churches. The Churches of Wales have enrolled during the last five weeks 20,000 new members. It is a movement in the Church and of the Church; a movement in which the true functions and forces of the Church are being exercised and filled." So writes Dr. Morgan. Brethren, what encouragement do we derive from all this, that we may look for untold manifestations of His favor, as we labor in the vineyard—His Church?

Let me simply advert to

IV. The *time* for obeying the command. It is *to-day*, "Son, go work to-day." Christian sonship makes Christian service imperative. The earnest and loving follower of Christ takes the motto of his Master for his own, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." How liable are we all to postpone duty! We expect to do great things for God before we die; but the *now* is all the time that God gives. The immediate duty is urged by our Father. Plant your tree at the right season; sow your seed while the soil is prepared; cut your crop to-day, the flood may spoil it by to-morrow. Pluck the ripened fruit at once, or the worm may be before you. How pressing and urgent the work, and the *time* at which, if never before, God would have us begin is "to-day."

The harvest is great, the laborers are few. Life is short, therefore, "Work while it is called to-day," whether it be a Sabbath class or a night school of some sort, for poor and neglected children, a cottage prayer meeting, or a district for house to house visitation, to say nothing of more extensive