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THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

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Thursday, September 7, 1905

farewell.

By Miss Margaret Jeannette Gates.

Midsummer is fled,
The true hearted discovers
The print of her tread
And the tears of her lovers.

As Southward she sped
Of her dear robe a corner
She left. Just a shred,
To make farewell forlorn.

The robin's old call
From out leaves which are turning
fills the slant dawns of fall
With glad Spring's dewy yearning.

And here a wild rose,
Like one born out of season,
Sheds June fragrance which throws
All my pulse into treason.

O sunshine, O shade
Of the long days now banished!
for Midsummer we prayed—
Ere she came she had vanished.

Washington.

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THE SONNET BEATITUDES.

By Oliver Olden.*

THEY THAT MOURN.

Matt. v. 4

Be not cast down with earthly grief or pain,
It worketh death and giveth nought secure;
But if thou would'st God's exaltation gain
Be humble in His sight, and true, and pure.
Whoever Godly sorrow doth endure
Shall also Godly peace and comfort find;
For all that truly mourn, His help is sure,
And garlands for their ashes are assigned.
In heaviness of spirit and of mind
The oil of joy shall consolation be,
Repentant heart that is to Christ inclined,
Shall feel His soothing balm eternally.
O blest are those that for salvation mourn,
To them has heaven's comfort been foresworn.

*Copyright, June 6, 1905.

A Long and Useful Life

ASHBEL GREEN VERMILYE, PASTOR, CHAPLAIN,
AUTHOR.

ON Sunday, July 9, 1905, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and submission, the Rev. Ashbel Green Vermilye, D.D., died at his home in Englewood, New Jersey, at the age of nearly eighty-three years. He was born at Princeton, New Jersey, September 6, 1822, from a distinguished ancestry, which has been traced back to the Italian Count Stephen Vermigli, a friend of Savonarola, and the father of Peter Martyr. Their descendants live in France, Italy and Holland. It is from a Huguenot branch in the Netherlands that the Vermilyes of America trace their descent. These ancestors settled at New Haerlem on the Hudson River, and became prominent among the Dutch residents of New York. Ashbel Green Vermilye's father was the Rev. Thomas Edward Vermilye, D.D., LL.D., who was born in 1803, graduated at Princeton Seminary in 1825. After being in a Presbyterian Church in New York four years, and in the Congregational Church at Springfield for five years, he came into relations again with the Church of his forefathers in 1835 in the First Dutch of Albany. In 1839 he was settled over the New York Collegiate Church, in which relation he continued till his death in 1893, a period of fifty-four years. Ashbel's mother was Elizabeth Breese Hazard, widow of Ebenezer Rockwood.

On November 24, 1847, Dr. Vermilye married Helen Lansing De Witt, daughter of Rev. John De Witt, of Albany, who died at Englewood, May 16, 1903. They had three children. Fifty years after their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Vermilye celebrated a wedding which was indeed golden. It was my privilege to be one of the guests on that occasion, and to join my congratulations with those of several hundred friends. Upon that anniversary, in addition to good wishes and valuable gifts, an epithalamium was read by the Rev. Denis Wortman, D.D., which with letters, tributes, incidents and pleasant memories and the presentation of a volume of his essays formed a wedding souvenir, which the venerable pair provided for all their guests and friends. Dr. Wortman has quoted a few stanzas from his poem, at the close of some beautiful reminiscences, published in "The Christian Intelligencer" of July 19. The verses will be read with interest here:

And so to-night in grateful group we form
To hail these friends in salutation warm;
We greet them on their hallowed, halcyon past,
And say: God bless you to the very last!

We greet them on their rich inheritance
Of martyr soul and valorous blood from France,
And Holland, where for Right they'd never quit
The fight! God bless Vermilye and DeWitt!

We greet them on their several ministries,
Where Whitefield's dust yet hath its sanctuaries.

Where 'mong her patriot hills the Mohawk flows,
Over whose shrines our mutual fervor glows.

We greet them that, wherever they might roam,
Their's were the harmonies and hopes of home;
The old revered, the young in training found,
The present blest, the absent blest beyond.

We greet them that, from such sweet Ingleside,
Their's is fond westward gaze toward eventide;
Lovely their life—then up and glad away
Beyond the rich vermilioned Gates of Day!

Surely this Golden Festival shall be
Of the Golden City type and prophecy,
Where Christ the Marriage Supper shall provide
Himself the Bridegroom and the Church His Bride!

When Dr. Vermilye was a boy his parents moved to New York, afterwards to Albany, and back again to New York. While they lived in Albany, Ashbel entered Williams College, where he remained for two years; and upon the return of his parents to New York he entered New York University and was graduated in 1840. As soon as he became of age he entered the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, and upon graduation was licensed by the Classis of New York and supplied for a short time the South Dutch Church of New York. Then he was called to the Presbyterian Church of Little Falls, New York, where he continued for four years; to the old Whitfield Church at Newburyport, Mass., where for thirteen years he maintained the orthodox creed valiantly in the midst of defection and unbelief; to the Dutch Reformed Church at Schenectady, which he served for six years and that of Utica, where he remained eight years. In April, 1879, he accepted the call of the American Seamen's Friend Society to become the chaplain of its Marine Chapel in Antwerp, Belgium, at a critical period in its history. He was chaplain at Antwerp in 1879 and 1880, succeeded in reconciling all parties and by his courteous manners, wise counsels and generous spirit commended himself to English and Belgian Christians, as well as justified the confidence reposed in him by his American supporters. He placed the chapel work upon a firm basis, in the hands of a strong international committee, and for the past quarter of a century the work among seamen has gone on successfully at this port. He was devoted also, during his residence at Antwerp, to the work of the Society among individuals, and I was a personal witness to this branch of his service to the American Seamen's Friend Society. He remained for a year of travel in Europe and attended the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Basel.

On his return to America he was elected a director of the Society which he had so successfully served and remained a member of the Board till his death. He was regular in his attendance at the meetings of the Board, presided over the Chaplaincy Committee, and gave the benefit of experience and sound judgment to our counsels so long as his health lasted. He was active in Christian service, doing much for the Reformed Church, and was for nineteen years previous to his death the only clerical member of the Board of Directors of this Church which he heartily loved and faithfully served.

Dr. Vermilye was a man of high culture and literary pursuits, a favorite writer for the religious press and an acceptable and useful preacher. Rutgers College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1860, and the General Synod elected him its president in 1871. He was a good and pious man, evidently of pure mind and sincere heart, far removed from evil passions and base thoughts. To be in his company was to be under a benign and comforting influence. He was strong but also tender; wise and prudent and at the same time gentle and loving. He was a friend and a helper who could be counted on for foresight and faithfulness, discretion and perseverance. The Rev. John B. Thompson, D.D., in an elaborate article published in "The Christian Intelligencer," July 12, sketches and characterizes Dr. Vermilye's life, a few sentences from which may suitably close this friendly tribute

from an associate in the ministry and in Christian work. Dr. Thompson says of Dr. Vermilye:

"Perhaps the characteristic most noticed by the casual observer was his *courtesy*. It seemed innate, a part of his being. He recognized, as if instinctively, that kindness is true politeness, and he was as ready to show kindness by his deeds as by his manner. He was glad to lend a helping hand to every good word and work.

"The divine purpose is the formation of character. In the process of this formation 'manners maketh man.' The adage is the crystalized statement of the fact that character is formed by the choices made by the human will all day long and all life long. The habit of choosing to think and say and do what under like circumstances Jesus would have thought and said and done creates a character ever more and more like his.

"The world is poorer to-day because of the departure from it of one who, not only from organic and social heredity, but also from choice in the myriad instances of daily occurrence, showed by his whole manner that he was the disciple of the Divine Man whom Chaucer designates 'the first stockfather of gentleness,' and Decker describes as

'A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first gentleman that ever breathed.'

The funeral services of Dr. Vermilye were held at Englewood, New Jersey, on Wednesday, July 12. There was a large attendance in spite of the great midsummer heat. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Hamilton, D.D., pastor of the Englewood Presbyterian Church, the Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Church, and Rev. Joachim Elmendorf, D.D., pastor of the Harlem Collegiate Reformed Church, who delivered the eulogy. The Collegiate Reformed Church, the Historical Society, the American Seamen's Friend Society and other bodies with which Dr. Vermilye was connected, were represented at the funeral.

Augustus.

A NOBLE RESULT OF STUDY.

By Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

"WHAT we want to have come out in the nation we must put into the schools," is one of the working axioms of later educators. What young students find interesting in the themes they study, is apt to fix their attention and become important in their thoughts and to direct the course of their conduct. So fruitful and interesting a subject as Political Economy and its kindred one of Sociology, cannot fail to secure the attention of many thoughtful young minds and to fix their lives in a permanently altruistic direction.

The schools of Washington, our Nation's capital, are particularly well organized, and the community at large feels the good effects of a body of young people in the city, ambitious to excel in study and ready to practice the principles they find in the writers and thinkers whose works are their text-books. During the last Thanksgiving season "the members of the Political Economy class at the Western High School discovered living near their building a poor old woman, nearly seventy-five years old, suffering with an incurable disease and destitute of the necessities of life. When found she had not a penny. A meeting of the class was called, and as a result the class raised enough money to take care of the unfortunate woman as long as she lives. She has become the charge of the boys and girls, who are aroused in her behalf. When they visited her humble little home, they found it exceedingly neat, although there was not a morsel of food in the little hut. She swept her floor by crawling about on her hands and knees. Now she will be taken care of. The students of the Western High School also themselves distributed food to the needy at Thanksgiving time; but they waited until twilight in order that neighbors might not learn that the people helped were receiving charity."

If our philosophers are right when they say that only those objects have reality for us which are interesting and important to us, every good teacher opens the eyes of his pupils to attention on those things which he wants to have become a thing of moment and interest. Every good pupil fixes his part of his character.

Washington.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

A SEA voyage is a symbol of the voyage of life. When I have crossed the Atlantic I have loved to go out on the deck at night, and, standing by the binnacle, to watch the steersman at the wheel. The present gigantic steamers do not afford a passenger the opportunity to do this, as we once could do on a sailing packet. I have stood by the steersman when beyond the bow there arose a wall of darkness. Huge waves were smiting the vessel in the face. Great chasms opened in the dark for her prow to plunge in, and then, leaping upward, she would toss the spray off her, as a lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. It looked hazardous enough for that great ship, with its freight of human life, to be driving on through the black midnight.

But all the time the pilot was at the helm. He looked steadfastly down at the binnacle light which shone on the face of the compass. That binnacle compass was the eye of the ship. By that faithful guide she sees her way through the pitchy darkness.

We hear the bell struck in the night,
We hear the noise about the keel,
We see the compass glimmer bright,
We know the pilot's at the wheel.

And so the shipmaster "cracks on" the canvas, and pushes trustfully through the dark and over the billows.

In the same manner every child of God is to sail his way toward eternity. The future is all a mystery. No one knows what the next hour may bring forth. There are unseen trials and unlooked-for assaults of temptation. There are perils in the deep and threatening lee shores. Headwinds of adversity often swell into gales that send ruinous waves which make a clean breach from stem to stern. We know not what is in the darkness. But we do know that our compass is all right. It is of Divine workmanship; it is God's own, infallible inspired and unchangeable Word. The binnacle light shines full on its face and in the darkness we can read such precious truths as these which flash out like diamonds: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "No good thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly." "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The binnacle light flames down beautifully on this precious truth: "All things work together for good to them who love God, who are called according to his purpose." "Hope thou in God, for we shall yet praise Him, who is the health of our countenance and our God."

Come up close to the light, all ye who are burdened with anxieties, and read these assuring words: "Be anxious for nothing; cast your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." Are you sorely tried with sharp providences that seem to your eye harsh and cruel? Then read these sweet words by the binnacle lamp: "Whom I love I chasten. No chastening is for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

Wait and see, my brother! Sorrow-stricken sister, wait and see! Look, too, at this glowing verse that flashes out in the darkness: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The end of the voyage is not far off to some of us. What saith the legend of the compass? Here it is: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe also in Me; in My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." No matter, so long as we know that "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Let the winds roar, then, if they will. Our Pilot is at the helm!

Slacken no sail, brother,
At Inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully.
Darkness is round thee,
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's Word is thy compass
Christ is thy light.

Crowd all thy canvas on
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning,
And heaven be thy home.

Brooklyn, New York.