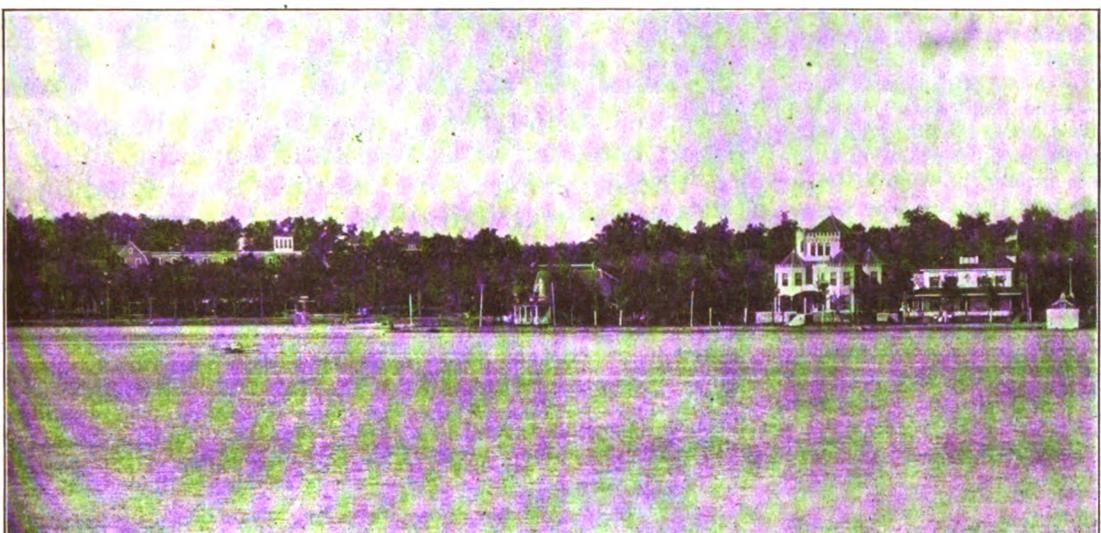
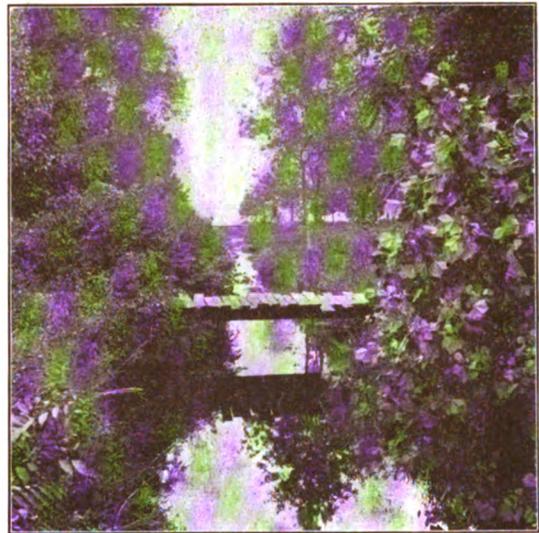
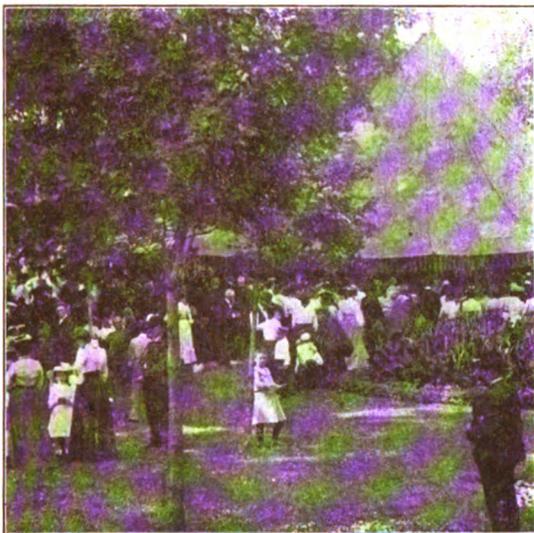




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WINONA ASSEMBLY



"The Groves Were God's First Temples"

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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.

WHAT A PASTOR SEES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By H. D. Jenkins, D.D.

“WHY don't you put into print your own experience with this thing?” was the question addressed to me recently by a Bible-class teacher who had been asked certain questions about Mrs. Eddy's cult the Sunday before. “We laymen see its beautiful edifices and hear its marvelous claims, but we know little or nothing as to its real history. Tell us what you have learned from actual contact with it, and it will help us.” Perhaps so. But I have long since come to the conclusion that people who will not believe their own eyes and ears and nerves will not believe another's words. Nevertheless, a real experience with nothing extenuated and nothings set down in malice may help keep some young person from falling into the pit.

When the fad first began to attract attention, as in duty bound I set out to learn what this strange thing might be, I procured Mrs. Eddy's pretentious books upon “Science and Health, or the Key to the Scriptures,” and having been a student of philosophy for years, it did not take me long to discover that Mrs. Eddy had made the same blunder which every tyro in philosophy makes by assuming the non-existence of matter. This was her “great discovery!” She was too ignorant ever to have heard of Berkley, and to have read Turgot's History of Philosophy, in which her hypothesis is ridiculed a hundred years ago as “the first guess of every beginner” was beyond her powers. It was the same old “suicidal system,” in which, if you grant the premises, you destroy the conclusion. So, after a little laugh, I dropped it, thinking people were too sensible, too well educated to be humbugged by it. But I was mistaken, as it proved.

I began to hear that this and that one had been infected with it, and an ubiquitous reporter asked me on the street one day why I did not “go for it” from the pulpit. I told him that “the people who accepted it were, so far as I knew them, good Christians, even if their creed was pagan; and I did not wish to root up the wheat with the tares. The next day a good parishioner, a widow, met me and said, “So you called me a pagan to the reporter yesterday?” “Quite the contrary,” was my answer. “I said your creed was pagan, but you were not.” “I am what my creed is,” she hotly retorted. “I doubt it,” said I. “Now let us look at the matter squarely. Does God love?” “Most assuredly,” was the response, “that is the fundamental article of our creed.” “Very good,” I said, “that is Christian. Now let us take one step more. Is God a person?” “By no means,” came the instant rejoinder. “Well, that is paganism,” I said. “Will you as a next step kindly tell me how anything without personality loves?” That finished the conversation. She “had not got so far as that.” And she never got much farther, because soon after that having started a blister upon one heel by a long walk on a hot day she repeated the walk the next day to prove that her heel itself was all in her imagination. Naturally, she then had proud flesh in the sore. The third day, to make the evidence conclusive, she repeated her tramp, and she died of blood poisoning a week or two later. I buried her with Christian rites, for despite her suicidal folly, her heart was right toward God.

About the same time I was called upon to bury a prominent business man who had been stricken suddenly, who died before he had time to arrange his affairs or even to tell his family in what condition they would be found. His widow, a “confirmed invalid for many years,” whom he had carried to and from her lounge whenever she wished to be moved, was laid upon the sofa to listen to the services which I conducted. I remember that I said to myself at the time that the healthiest looking woman in the room was that same “confirmed invalid.” Well, the investigation of his affairs after the funeral showed him hopelessly and irretrievably bankrupt. There was absolutely no one to whom the widow might turn for assistance. It was a case of either “fish or cut bait.” Thereupon she was carried to the train. She was brought before a “healer,” and, of course, came back inside of three weeks “well!” She is now, next to Mrs. Eddy, perhaps the most famous expounder of the new cult in the States. Had her husband left a fortune, she would probably be in bed yet. A great many people find they can walk when there is nobody ready to carry them.

A young couple whom I had married came to me some three years later in great distress. Their only baby, a beautiful boy, had died. They were followers of Mrs. Eddy, and declined to talk about the case; but with tears implored me to officiate at

the simple funeral. Of course, I assented. But I confess I was surprised upon going to their apartments to find nobody in the room where the little white casket lay. The mistress of the manse walking beside me, went to the bier and looked upon the lovely baby features. She turned to me with a start. “Father, it was a case of diphtheria, wasn't it?” “Certainly,” I replied, “but you may stay. The family will not risk themselves in this room, but they are willing to expose us and our children.” We called two weeks later to offer condolences, and found the room recarpeted, repainted and repapered. The child had died without any physician's care, but after it was lost, while they would not acknowledge that it had died of an infectious disease, they would not occupy the rooms again until they had been completely renovated.

The family most prominently identified with the movement in my field is now almost extinct. Except the parents, not one reached middle age. Five or six members of the household died in swift succession, one by a lingering and excruciating disease which racked and tortured her in every limb. But to the end she would never admit that she had ever felt a pain. Her sister, who had led her into this delusion, was soon after taken to an asylum for the insane. Her mind had given way under the strain. Yet “nothing was the matter,” as the few survivors still insist.

One of my neighbors recently went to attend Mrs. Eddy's “jubilee.” He and his wife were full of joy. They had discovered the secret of immortal youth. They and the party with them had bought a diamond tiara for their “mother.” The poor fellow left the diamond crown East, but he brought his wife back—in a coffin. When any one asks me “What do you think of Christian Science?” I answer, “Just what any man must think of it who has been burying its adult dupes and its infant victims for twenty-five years.”

Just now there is a tendency upon the part of the people managing the affairs of the society, for it is a close corporation, and while everything is done in the name of the “discoverer,” observant persons realize that there exists a secret cabinet which controls the policy of the whole order—there is a tendency to make of it a sort of high-muck-a-muck club, an exclusive affair to which only the “illuminati” with plenty of cash and jewels shall be welcomed. The houses of worship are built with a view to social requirements, with spacious vestibules, commodious cloak-rooms and elegant parlors. The cost of these things is kept a profound secret. The “church” never passes the hat and never makes a report. It is given out that money flows like water. But personally, I happen to know from the bank that there is a bonded debt of \$125,000 upon one of these \$200,000 marble structures just approaching completion. The attendants in this “Church of Christ, Scientist,” flatter themselves that they form an exclusive and learned coterie, whose social standing is attested by the number of carriages at the door. They do not realize, and probably never will realize, that every time an educated man reads “Church of Christ Scientist” he has a little laugh over the pretentious and sham learning of its founder, who doesn't know a noun from an adjective when she sees it, not even when chiseled in marble.

Well, like the other mushroom growths, it will have its day and cease to be. Its first generation is now rapidly dying off, and the second appear far more intent upon its society features than interested in its therapeutic virtues; and as it from the first denied the reality of sin or the need of a Saviour, it never ranked as a religious organization. Its only perpetuity lies along the line of its snobbery. This is now becoming almost as ridiculous as its “metaphysics,” and when it does finally disappear it will die amid the inextinguishable laughter of the world.

Chicago.

* *

“Follow Me” is not a call to a stroll, but a conflict.

Suffer the religion of the Spirit to appear.—Auguste Sabatin.

You cannot feed the multitude out of an empty basket.—President Faunce.

It matters not what face of truth is revealed to you so long as you get a vision that will help you to bless your fellow men.—Kate Douglass Wiggin, in Mam. Liza.

Insomnia has lost its dread since I learned the meaning of the Psalmist's declaration, “My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate upon Thee in the night watches.”—Lyman Abbott, D.D.