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Martinique and St. Vincent

ST. PIERRE BEFORE THE ERUPTION

ONE of the most dreadful calamities of modern times has just now befallen a beautiful island in the Caribbean sea. I interrupt my series of letters from Cuba to revert briefly to a visit made to the island of Martinique, a few years ago. The account of a winter's tour among the West Indies is published in my book, "Cruising Among the Caribbees," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. While our vessel lay at anchor off St. Pierre, the tourists passed the days in the town or journeyed about in the island. We had been looking forward to Martinique as the queen of the Caribbees, and in some respects were not disappointed. The island was most beautiful in its outlines, admirably cultivated, peopled with lively and enterprising inhabitants, and full of sights and sounds which attracted and entertained the traveller. Its lofty Montagne Pelée remained hooded with clouds a great part of the time, but now and then the summit was revealed, a mass of green, sky-piercing and grand, supported by vast flanks that swept in graceful undulations to the sea. There were luxuriant plantations, dense and dark forests, villages upon the high slopes, and two picturesque towns, St. Pierre and Fort de France, along the shores. The former town was unique, a strange mingling of France and the tropics. It lay along the curve of a pretty bay and rose in terraces upon the mountainside. The prevailing color of the stone houses was a golden yellow, which was set off by red tiled roofs here and there. A hurricane had desolated the place a few years before, and when the houses were rebuilt, many of them were roofed with corrugated iron, which had none of the picturesque effects of the old red tiles. The houses of the town were mostly built along narrow streets, and had

unglazed windows, which at night were covered with heavy wooden shutters, in which there were movable slats. The streets were steep and well paved, and through the wide gutters a constant stream of water poured down, carrying all the sewage to the sea. This rushing mountain water was the feature of the town; it flowed in numerous pretty fountains, and was the public scavenger of the island. Men with huge poles and hooks kept the gutters from becoming clogged, and cleared the cesspools at the foot of the streets, which would otherwise have become stuffed with cocoanut shells, and palm leaves, and plantain skins, and all sorts of rubbish which were constantly thrown into these street channels. On the quay were thousands of hogsheads of molasses, and casks of rum, and bags of sugar waiting shipment. Powerful blacks swarmed among them, rolling and carrying them from place to place.

I was at St. Pierre during the festival of Mardi Gras, and the people of the place gave themselves up to a strange mingling of devotion and dissipation. The costumes of the women of this French island were fantastic and bewildering at any time, but as the festival advanced, they became as grotesque and brilliant as in any scene that ever was set upon the stage. The various faces of black, and red, and brown, and yellow, and of delicate cream and rouge, were a study for a painter, or an ethnologist; and the straight bodies and easy swinging gait of the unshod feet of most of the inhabitants produced a novel impression upon the beholder. On Sunday morning, high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral, and afterwards the whole town seemed to be given up to revelry and dissipation. Bands of masked men and women paraded the streets dressed in the most vulgar style. As night came on, the tumult increased, the great theatre was crowded to suffocation, and yelling, laughing, dancing and deviltry of all sorts made night hideous. I was glad of the refuge which the steamer afforded from such a pandemonium, but even at our anchorage we could hear the blare of the trumpets and the shouts of the excited crowds upon the shore.

Martinique, however, contrasted favorably with the islands belonging to Great Britain. The people had an air of thrift and self-respect, which found expression in the cleanliness, dress and taste displayed in their streets, houses and costumes. There was none of the abject poverty and beggary which met one at every turn in the English islands. Some of the women were very pretty. They wore their gay dresses in a style which left one arm and shoulder bare, and with their long skirts looped up at the hips. A large proportion of the population were of mixed blood and had the fondness for ornaments and display which is common to all half-breeds. At the Cathedral, a large and handsome building, I saw a congregation which filled the place, and was composed, like most Roman Catholic assemblies, chiefly of women. Nearly all of these wore yellow and green turbans, made of Madras handkerchiefs, with one end sticking out above the regular rolls of the silk or linen, like the plume of a soldier's cap. Some of the women had many bracelets and bangles on their arms, chains of huge gold beads around their necks, and curious earrings of three or

foreign missions suggesting the expediency of a cooperation of the two societies. Our Assembly replied in substance that the business of Foreign Missions might better be managed by a single Board, and that the home mission engagements were so numerous as to render it inconvenient to take a part in foreign missions.

The year before the organization of the present Board of Home Missions, viz., in 1815, the appointment of missionaries covered a distance extending from Lake Champlain and the Canadian line on the North, and from Long Island and the Delaware River in the East, to the Indiana Territory in the West and Kentucky and Tennessee in the South.

The Home Board in its present form was organized in 1816. Its title was "The Board of Missions acting under authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States." They were authorized to generally conduct the work of home missions in all its phases.

After the organization of the Board, the work grew rapidly in every direction. The stream of population flowed into the central and western parts of the country. The Erie canal was completed in 1825, and a new impetus was given to the westward movement; Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin were being settled. Before the middle of the century advancing columns had crossed the Mississippi river under the lead of such pioneers as Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spaulding.

The progress of missions in the latter half of the century is comparatively recent history. It is an epoch of much missionary heroism that has not yet been written. The materials for it are abundant. How in one generation our Church organized nearly two thousand churches in the states of the plains between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains; how schools, colleges and universities sprung up in the new towns and cities all over that region, bearing an impress of and exercising a Christian influence; and how in the latter part of the last century the tide of population, moving toward the Pacific coast and up along that coast to Alaska, gave opportunity for the going of the pioneer column of the home missionary and the Christian teacher; this is now a familiar story. It constitutes the most encouraging phase of our national expansion. Indeed, without that phase our national expansion had been more than a peril—it had been disastrous.

And now, for one glance toward the future. To take in the opportunity for home mission work with which this century dawns, would be a survey stimulating enough to awaken the enthusiasm of the dullest brain. Never in the history of our historic American years have events so accumulated to stir the heart of Christian patriotism as since 1898.

What shall we be to ourselves? What shall we be to the nations of the earth? There are questions which come to us with new force. The answer to them very largely is to be found in the work of Christian missions. Whether the gathering of new populations under our flag will be a blessing or a curse, depends on what education and the Gospel shall do for those peoples. They are ready to receive them. Weary of the paganism and superstition under which they have lived, they are ready for better things. The Church of Christ has a summons loud enough to call forth all its energies. Will she respond in a measure at all adequate to the needs of the hour, so far as home mission work is concerned?

And what we shall be in our new frontage to the nations of the earth depends finally upon what we are in ourselves, in our Christian principles and institutions. Again the importance of home missions emerges. If the light that goes out from our shores is mellowed with Christian influence it will indeed be a light to lighten the nations of the earth.

"New occasions teach new duties." The occasions have come and the duties are before us. Let us, as a Church that is proud of its patriotic history in the past, and of its Christian zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom, gird our loins and trim our lamps and go forward to garner fields that are white unto the harvest.

New York.

An Ordination in the Wilderness

BY THE REV. S. HALL YOUNG, D.D., GENERAL MISSIONARY FOR ALASKA

THERE is no more picturesque and beautiful town in all Alaska than Eagle on the Yukon, just on the eastern border of Alaska. The houses are all built of logs, but many of them have risen to two story dignity beyond the name of cabin. Here is the largest of the military posts of Alaska, Fort Egbert. Here is also the seat of Government for the Third Judicial District of Alaska, comprising more than half of its vast territory.



TWO PRESBYTERIANS AT TELLER

The Yukon makes a bend which is almost a right angle, and just below the bend is a high, rugged and very beautiful mountain. Level table lands shut in the river up and down. On a bank high above the river and quite level, sandy and free from mud, the village of Eagle is built. The climate, while not subject to sudden changes or storms, has a difference between the extreme cold of seventy degrees below zero and ninety above. The summer climate is simply delicious, almost cloudless weather, with unbroken summer day. The night hours show only a cool twilight, wherein it is easy to do all kinds of work, affording the miner, traveller, or laborer with mind or hands an opportunity to do his work as if in a cool and cloudy day. So we turn night into day there, because that region resembles Heaven in at least that one respect, "there is no night there."

Here early one morning the first days of July, 1901, arrived quite a company of missionaries. Dr. Horatio R. Marsh was returning with his family to his lonely post of Point Barrow in the Arctic. With him were Peter Koonooya and his wife, returning from the General Assembly to the same mission; and Dr. Campbell with his young wife, going full of missionary enthusiasm to their no less lonely station on the island of St. Lawrence. I had procured passes on some of the Yukon steamers for this company, and so we joined forces. We had descended the hundred miles of river between Dawson and Eagle in a large scow, no steamer being ready. The rapid current of the Yukon, sweeping steadily along at the rate of six miles an hour, leaves the traveller without

excuse for delay; so we simply bought a large scow at Dawson, loaded all of our goods and ourselves upon it, and navigated it to Eagle.

What a welcome we got from the Rev. and Mrs. Kirk! They opened their doors with the free hospitality of the North, and we had a more than comfortable—a luxurious visit with them. Of course, the manse at Eagle is not a palace. The original log cabin, purchased three years ago, a low structure, with a dirt roof, has been added to, until now there are parlor, dining room, bed room and kitchen, all separate log houses, placed together; and then, as a wing, Mr. Kirk has with his own hands built a commodious log house which he dignifies by the name of church, and uses every day as a public reading room. The living apartments have been brightened and ornamented as only a refined woman can do. The parlor walls are brightly papered and hung with pictures; a piano, upon which Mrs. Kirk plays classical music, nice furniture, mostly made by Mr. Kirk's own hands, and a beautiful rug donated by their friends in Philadelphia, make an apartment that seems out of place in a log house, but gives the weary traveller a cozy sense of homelikeness and peace that is refreshing indeed. We could sympathize with the young man from New York, used to luxury and ease in his native city, but who had been roughing it to the fullest degree up the gold-bearing creeks, living in a stuffy little dark mud-chinked cabin, with earth floor, cocking for himself, living on rough food, who, when he was ushered into this bright room, found a surging tide of homelikeness sweeping over him, and lay down on that rug, rolled on it and kissed it with tears, so much did it remind him of the scenes he had left.

The ladies of our party occupied the bed room of the establishment with the babies, while Mr. and Mrs. Kirk took the dining room at night. Kooncoya and his wife were domiciled in a vacant house near by, and the three other men of us bunked in the cabin of some mining friends across the way. Fresh vegetables from Mr. Kirk's flourishing garden, fresh arctic trout which rose to the flies of Dr. Campbell and myself, and other luxuries of the season, supplied our Yukon appetites. A Fourth of July celebration, including a salute of forty-five guns from the cannon of the fort, a game of baseball played by nines of the soldiers and civilians, races and other sports, kept alive our patriotism.

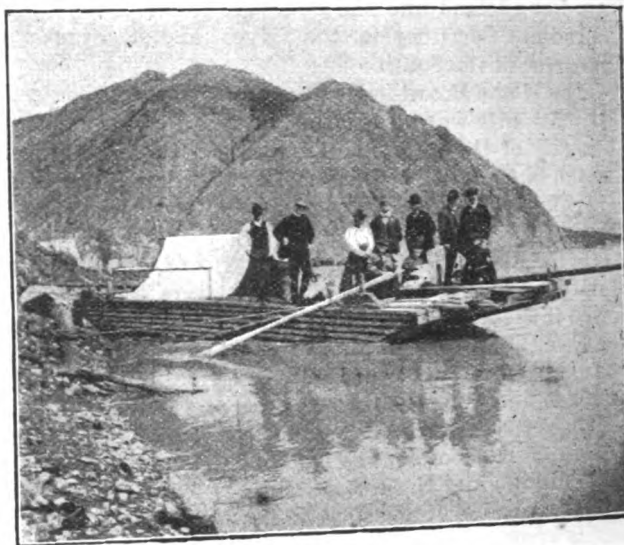
But the meeting of the Presbytery of Yukon was the



MISSIONARIES FOR NORTHERN ALASKA

principal event of the summer at Eagle, at least in our estimation. Dr. Marsh was chosen moderator, and I acted as Stated Clerk in the absence of Dr. Koonce. All the affairs of our missions were discussed and many plans for the evangelization of that vast territory were talked over, many of which I fear will be hard of execution, but the principal event was the examination and

ordination of Dr. E. O. Campbell to the Gospel ministry. This young servant of Christ has never had a seminary education, but has compensated for that lack by earnest study in the Moody Institute and in Christian conventions and by long putting in practice what he has learned in his offices of elder, Sunday-school superintendent and general Christian worker. It is enough to say that his equipment for the work of a missionary is at least as good as that of the average graduate of our theological seminaries, and his examination was most satisfactory.



IN ROUTE AT EAGLE

The ordination was made a special occasion, and Judge Wickersham, of the District Court, Captain Farnsworth, commander of the post, and the other civil and military officers with their families, as well as a mixed company of traders, miners and Indians, filled the house. I preached the sermon, Dr. Marsh propounded the constitutional questions, and made the ordination prayer, and Mr. Kirk delivered the charge. Then a solemn communion lifted our souls heavenward. It was a Sabbath which neither the ministers engaged in the exercises, nor the people of Eagle, will soon forget. The fact that Dr. Campbell and his young wife were on their way to an island prison, where their only associates will be Eskimos, and where they will be cut off for the whole year from all intercourse with the outside world, only receiving their mail once a year, gave an added solemnity to the service; but anybody looking upon that joyful, rapt face of the young missionary physician, and the no less joyful look on the face of his wife, could doubt that the fullest happiness possible in their lives was the result of their sacrifice. After all, while the far away Alaska missions demand perhaps more from a missionary than any other fields, home or foreign, yet the compensation is, I consider, greater in proportion. It is not far to Alaska from the home churches by way of the Throne, and the prayers of the whole church lift us in these solitudes very close to Heaven. Dr. Campbell and Dr. Marsh and their wives need no sympathy or commiseration. They are to be envied. Theirs is "hilarious giving."

We did not finally adjourn our Presbytery. Its sessions were continued a month afterward at Teller, Mr. Kirk alone being absent. He had made the trip of 1,800 miles to Nome the summer before to attend Presbytery and felt he could not take the journey again. His presence was needed constantly at Eagle, but Dr. Marsh and Campbell and Elder Kooncoya and myself went to Teller on Behring Sea, where we were joined by Dr. Koonce and Elder Meacham, and other business was transacted. We did not all start together for this trip down the Yukon. Finding that the steamboats down the river were likely to be long delayed, I took Kooncoya and we embarked in an open boat for Rampart. This trip of six hundred miles through the great mosquito-haunted

Yukon flats, took us nine days, travelling day and night. We had simply to let our boat float with the current and keep it from running into the side channels and sloughs which in some cases meander thirty or forty miles out of the direct course. A multitude of level, swampy, heavily wooded islands form these flats, and in some places the river is forty miles wide from shore to extreme shore.

The mosquitoes were so bad sometimes that we not only had to stay out in the middle of the river, but had to keep our helmets and buckskin gloves on constantly, and in spite of all precautions and devices, there would be periods of twenty-four hours or more when sleep was impossible. We were a tired couple of mortals when we landed at Rampart. We found accommodations in a house formerly occupied by Dr. Koonce. He was absent, as we have had to spread that very energetic and capable young man over a very large expanse of country. In addition to building the church at Rampart and ministering to the miners of the Manook gold region, he has had to minister to the Mission of St. Michael's, a thousand miles distant, as well as Nome, Council and Teller on the Seward Peninsula. If we could only multiply him by ten we could find room and work for each individual in the gold fields; but there is only one Koonce. This is the man who has just made the little walk of a thousand miles from Rampart to Eagle, and then across the mountains to Valdez on his way as commissioner to the General Assembly. Sometimes the past winter he has walked on snowshoes, and along the frozen trail up the creeks two hundred miles between Sundays, preaching to the miners wherever he found them.

Surely the harvest of Alaska is great and the laborers very few. The activity of the miner and prospector in exploring this great territory has far exceeded the activity of the church in supplying him with the Gospel. Not one half of the fifty or sixty thousand whites of Alaska will be able next Sunday to hear a sermon, even though they should walk, as some of them do, forty or fifty miles to church. Men of fine preaching ability, adaptable, resourceful, full of consecrated common sense, are needed immediately by the Board of Home Missions to supply the new mission point of Teller with the adjacent gold camps, to take the place of Mr. Koonce this summer at Rampart, and of Mr. Kirk next winter at Eagle, and a third to take charge of the combined white and Indian church at Haines. Eight or ten new men could be utilized by the Presbyterian church at once in Alaska, but these three we must have. Who will go for us, and what men and churches of wealth will send them?

A Narrow Place

BY THE REV. WILLIAM P. FINNEY

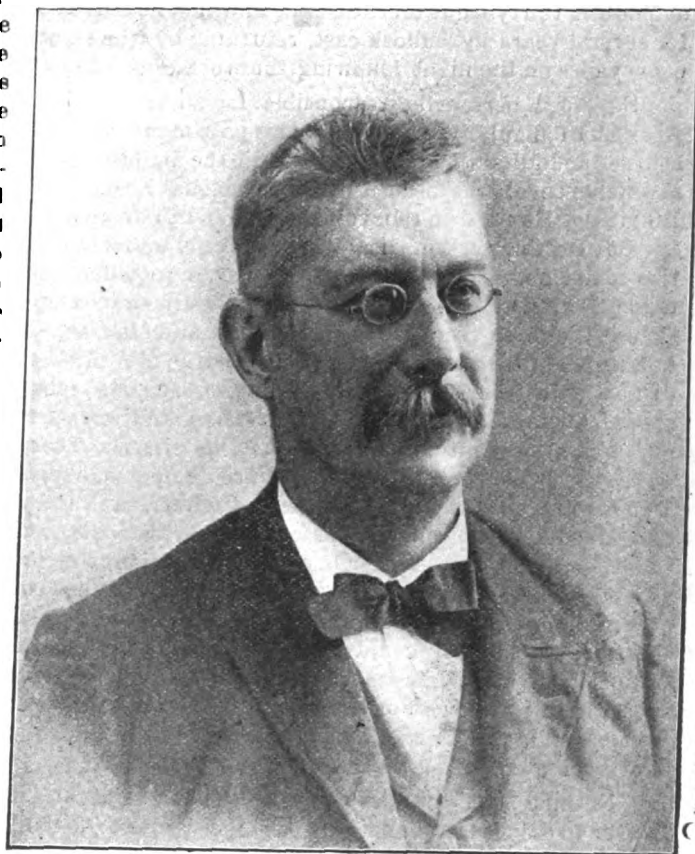
O soul, that's filled with discontent,
Should'st thou lament,
Because thy life in narrow bounds is pent?
The land was small where Jesus dwelt,
Yet he ne'er felt
That God with Him had thus unwisely dealt.
But rather, in His narrow place,
He set His face
To do God's will—and there redeemed the race!
So, soul, learn this: Thou hast a part,
Just where thou art,
Which, if thou'lt do, will surely bless some heart;
And not so much where thou dost dwell,
As whether well
Thy work thou dost, at last thy fate will tell.
Moretown, N. J.

"We want to know more than the silent God deems it good to tell; to understand the 'why' which He bids us wait to ask; to see the path which He has spread on purpose in the dark. The Infinite Father does not stand by us to be catechised, and explain Himself to our vain mind; He is here for our trust."

Memorial of Rev. Edward Chester.

BY THE REV. CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD, D. D.

THE death of the Rev. Edward Chester, M. D., was reported by the American Board of Missions, as occurring at Dindigul, Madura District, Southern India, March 26, 1902. Dr. Chester was born in New York city, July 12, 1828, studied in Yale College and Union Theological Seminary, being graduated from the latter institution in 1857. He expected to sail at once for India, but was delayed for more than a year by the Indian mutiny.



EDWARD M. CHESTER, M. D.
From the Missionary Herald for May

During this year he studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in order to qualify himself to practice in the mission field. This knowledge was of great service to him during his long missionary career. He supported himself during his studies by keeping the accounts of a large estate for the executor, and, at the same time, took full charge of the Manhattanville Presbyterian Church at One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth and Lawrence sts. This church was afterwards carried on by Arthur Mitchell, and Charles A. Stoddard, and later by George Post and Samuel Jessup. Mr. Chester continued his interest in the church, until it was merged in other churches in Harlem, writing letters to it from the mission field, and receiving from it a yearly contribution for the medical part of his missionary work, and it was due in no small degree to his influence that three of his successors, Mitchell, Post and Jessup, devoted their lives to foreign missions.

Mr. Chester sailed from Boston, Dec. 8, 1858, in the ship *Cosmo*, accompanied by his wife and other missionaries. Soon after his arrival in India, he obtained leave from the Board to study a year in the Madras Hospital those forms of disease which are peculiar to the tropics. On his return to Madura, he was appointed mission physician, and put in charge of the Madura hospital and dispensary. The natives wondered at Dr. Chester's success, and began to throng his hospital. The cases of which he took charge increased from 3,100 in the first year to 51,000 during the last; and of these, more than 22,000 were new cases. To all of these patients, the Gospel was preached daily, and a dispensary ticket, containing the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, was given