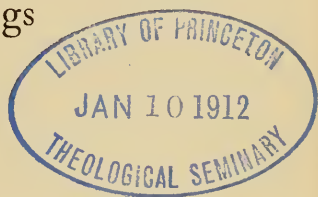


Makemieland Memorials;

WITH

Eastern Shore Wild Flowers
and Other Wild Things



BY
REV. L. P. BOWEN, D. D.,

Author of "The Days of Makemie," "The Old Preacher's Story,"
"The Daughter of the Covenant," Etc.

WHITTET & SHEPPERSON, PRINTERS,
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MAKEMIELAND

MEMORIALS



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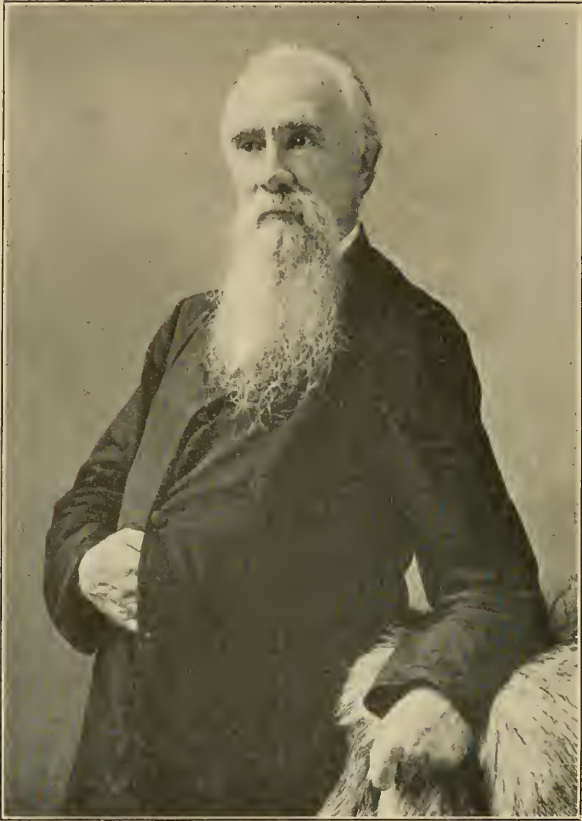
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The Author.



Sincerely Yours—
P. P. Bowen.

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AN APPRECIATION.

THROUGH his masterpiece and best monument, "The Days of Makemie," published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication in 1885, Dr. Bowen created a new interest in Rev. Francis Makemie, the chief founder of the Presbyterian Church in America, and thereby started the movement which resulted in the erection twenty-three years later (1903) of the splendid granite monument to Makemie, in Accomac County, Virginia. Material for this book was gathered through much labor and skill from many original sources in this country and abroad, and much of it was obtained from the ancient court records of the lower Eastern Shore counties of Maryland and Virginia. Dr. Bowen thus acquired at first hands an intimate knowledge of much of the history of these parts of the Eastern Shore during the days thereon of Makemie (1683-1708), and so greatly did it interest him and seem worth while that he also then gathered from these old Eastern Shore records and elsewhere much further data concerning the late Colonial and Revolutionary War period (1708-1815) which he has effectively used in other publications and more of which is already in manuscript and could yet be published under some title as "The Blue Bell of Rehoboth."

8

After his researches above, made when he was pastor of certain of the Makemie churches in that part of the Eastern Shore, Dr. Bowen returned to pastoral work in the West and far South, and when he had done much further ministerial and literary work there and was retiring from his labors and enjoying in his old age a well-deserved rest, was recalled in 1908 to resume his work in the Old Mother Church at Rehoboth, Maryland, not far from the Makemie Monument. Since this last return to the Eastern Shore, he delivered in 1908 the chief address at the dedication of the Makemie Monument, and also in 1909 delivered the chief address at the dedication in the upper part of Worcester County, Maryland, of a Monument to Colonel John Postley, the first to leave a permanent endowment fund for the cause of public education in that county. Dr. Bowen has of late in addition to these two notable addresses, written sometimes seriously but more often for his own amusement and that of certain of his friends, many verses concerning Makemie and his early churches and of certain people and events in this part of the Eastern Shore. Many of these verses have been published in the newspapers.

At some of the High Schools in this section there have been lately established permanently endowed prizes known as "The Old Home Prizes," given each year to that member of the graduating class in each school who writes the best essay on some topic pertaining to the past, present or future of the Maryland, Delaware and Virginia Peninsula, commonly known as "The Eastern

Shore," and long known as "The Land of Gentlemen," and the lower part of which is now generally known as "The Land of the Evergreens." These essays have been well received and are filed for preservation in the school libraries.

Several of Dr. Bowen's friends lately suggested to him that his two historical addresses above and some of his recent verses ought to be published in permanent form, as a further addition to the permanent literature of the Eastern Shore and as an aid in the Old Home Prize idea. Whilst willing that the above addresses in prose be thus published, he objected to having further published any of his verses, declaring that, notwithstanding the favorable reception they had already generally received, he regarded them as merely playful rhymes and not as poetry; that he is "a poetaster for the fun of it."

Notwithstanding this criticism of his own work in verse many others thought differently and believed that much good, along the lines above suggested and as showing a further appreciation of Dr. Bowen, will be accomplished by its publication.

In "The Days of Makemie" we see Dr. Bowen's work in his prime in middle life; in this latest book we see him in his hale and hearty and happy old age, both at serious work and at play, and in all we see him always trying in this and other ways to do his best for the advancement of the Kingdom of God and of the Eastern Shore, his beloved native section.

It is our sincere wish that this little book will be received by the public in the spirit in which it was written and published and will help at least to accomplish some of the aims above indicated.

The Rev. Littleton Purnell Bowen, D. D., its author, is affectionately known by many of us who know him as "the Grand Old Man and Poet Laureate of Makemieland," and our desire is to continue to show our appreciation of him while he is living, rather than to reserve most of it until after he is dead.

JOHN STEVENSON McMASTER.

Jersey City, N. J., June 1, 1910.



MAKEMIE MONUMENT.

Unveiled on May 14, 1908, at Holden's Creek, Accomack County, Virginia.

Inscription on the Monument:

ERECTED IN GRATITUDE TO GOD

And in grateful remembrance of His servant and minister

Francis Makemie,

who was born in Ramelton, County Donegal, Ireland, A. D. 1658 (?), was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and came as an ordained Evangelist to the American Colonies A. D. 1683, at the request of Col. William Stevens, of Rehoboth, Maryland. A devoted and able preacher of our Lord's Gospel, he labored faithfully and freely for twenty-five years in Maryland, Virginia, the Barbadoes and elsewhere. A Christian gentleman, an enterprising man of affairs, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished advocate of Religious Liberty, for which he suffered under the Governor of New York, he is especially remembered as

THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF ORGANIZED PRESBYTERY IN AMERICA,
A. D. 1706, AND AS THE FIRST MODERATOR OF THE
GENERAL PRESBYTERY.

He died at his home, whose site is nearby, in Accomack County, Virginia, in the summer of A. D. 1708, and was buried in his family cemetery, located on this spot, now recovered from a long desecration and dedicated with this monument to his memory, A. D. 1908, by the American "Presbyterian Historical Society," seated at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Makemieland Memorials.

ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO FRANCIS
MAKEMIE ON HOLDEN'S CREEK, ACCOMAC
COUNTY, VIRGINIA, MAY 14, 1908.

OVERLOOKING thoughtful Loch Swilley, the Lake of Shadows; standing by the picturesque windmill at Ramelton, in sight of Stewart Castle and the old Meeting House, its roof thatched with heather from the Donegal hills; his gaze turned westward in the track of the explorers, under the spell of Pisgah's visions or the romantic Scotch second-sight; did some Celtic Moses catch glimpses in the sun-setting of "A good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and the hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and figtrees and pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land where they shall eat bread without scarceness (and clams and oysters and canvas-backs and diamond-backs) and where when they have eaten and are full, they shall bless the Lord for the good land He had given them?"

This Presbyterian Moses of 250 years ago, was he shown from the Presbyterian Nebo the new Land of Promise, all the land of Giliad unto Dan and all Naphtali and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea and the South; and there

upon the frontiers of the great Canaan Continent did he catch the unwanted syllables, Chingoteague, Assateague, Pungoteague, Watchapreague, Matomkin, Occahannock, Pocomoke, Accomack, Matchatank, Chesapeake, and a hundred more reverberations as musical as Homer's?

Turn your gaze nearer home, rapt seer. There close to your Mount of Vision and certainly in the Divine Councils, saw you the blue-eyed, fair-haired, light-complexioned stripling who is thinking of America too; listening to the Supernatural, in perilous times; defying Bishop and cruel Monarch, and ordained by Presbyterial hands that are galled with chains? Saw you that young hero, conferring not with flesh and blood, turning from home and the loved, challenging the mythical wilderness, threading the dim streams on his sloop Tabitha, reining Pony Button through gloomy pines and the cypress jungles, ministering to the scattered elect of God, planting an organized force which in the predestined days was to illumine forty-six great commonwealths!

Who my Donegal Moses was I cannot tell you, unless it was the boy's rugged pastor at Ramelton, true and tried old Thomas Drummond; he whom the boy at four years old had seen ejected from the pulpit in 1661 and driven forth to starve; whom again at six years old in 1664 he had seen arrested, excommunicated and with three other godly ministers imprisoned for six years at Lifford. Amid scenes like these young Francis grew and came to Christ in his teens. He knows the jeopardy he is to face. In 1675 he departs for Glasgow University during Scotland's bloody "killing time" and there witnesses the rage of the persecutor and the fidelity of Scotia's martyrs.

When in 1680 the scarred veteran Drummond vouches

for the piety and backbone of the youth before the heroic Presbytery of Laggan, we would love to fancy the proud pastor enjoying fond visions of the mission and achievements of the young probationer in the days to come.

I have a fine Calvinistic thought for you now. Our story is a story of the Infinite Ruler. Persecutions by the Anglican Church are raging, yet a letter written by an adherant of that church for his Presbyterian neighbors brings the Founder of our great American Presbyterianism across the seas. On the 29th of December, 1680, that letter of the Colonial Official and big-hearted Episcopalian is read before the Presbytery and God has young Francis there to hear! What were his dreams that night?

Brethren, put the shoes off your feet, for it is holy ground. You can hardly take a step on this lower Peninsula without touching sacred dust. The cattle have been herding on the sepulchres of the saints. All honor to noble William Stevens! Yonder on his ancient Rehoboth Plantation patented with its Bible name way back in 1665, his name upon the slab still legible, that model Colonial officer sleeps. At his house in 1672 the great English Quaker, George Fox, preached. The same year, by appointment of the Grand Jury, with its Scotch Presbyterian foreman, David Brown, religious services were held by Robert Maddux—whoever he was. The broad-minded proprietor welcomed all Christians. And there, in that centre, the Father of the first American Presbytery undoubtedly first landed and delivered the Inaugural.

Was that sermon on the text from which he had preached before his Presbytery, April 26, 1681: "Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart and of a good conscience?" 1 Tim. i. 5. Or was

it that other of his trial sermons, May 25th of the same year, from Matt. xi. 28: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Or was it the sermon he preached at Burt April 2, 1682, the last mention of him in his native land, from Luke xiii. 3: "I tell you Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish?"

In ancient days a strip of land not much larger than this Peninsula was chosen by the Supreme Organizer as the Repository of His Oracles. In the bloody seventeenth century did the same Sovereign Manager point to the retired Eastern Shore as the rendezvous of the Apostolic Doctrines? Thus our contemplative little Pocomoke claimed kinship with the streams of Caledonia, Ulster and Palestine, and as certainly in the Divine Counsels as Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel and Euphrates.

Was the expectant Presbytery of Laggan itself upon the Prophetic Mount and looking westward while young Francis was taking his vows, giving "Distinct and positive answers to the questions usually proposed for showing soundness in the faith, and adhering to the truth professed in the Reformed Churches against Popery, Arminianism, Prelacy, Erastianism, Independency, and whatever else is contrary to sound doctrine; and also a resolution to adhere to the Covenant." No false note here, ye loose-jointed. True grit for the Western Hemisphere!

Thus equipped, a young Theologue of twenty-five years old, to pre-empt the Continent, he plants the blue banner in 1683 upon American soil; here where the quaint old territories with their sunny coves and green marshes and white beaches, and blue skies and sylvan nooks, and old-fashioned ways and reverence for the fathers should be God witnesses forever. I hear the echo of the ancient

Scriptures: "And he removed thence and digged another well, and he called the name of it Rehoboth, and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us and we shall be fruitful in the land."—Gen. xxvi. 22.

From the Ezcks and the Sitnahs
 In the European land,
 Came our Presbyterian fathers,
 Here and there a little band;
 Where the welcomes of the exiles
 And the water-lilies bloom,
 They are yearning for the Gospel—
 Fair Rehoboth, there is room!

There the sparkle of the river
 Waits and watches for the keel,
 Which shall bring the Giliad balsams
 Sent to comfort and to heal;
 Oh the tidings, joyous tidings—
 Far across the deep they come;
 'Tis the youthful blue-eyed Herald—
 Glad Rehoboth, there is room!

Yes, he comes with helmet on him
 And with Gospel sandals shod;
 Our Makemie, brave Makemie,
 Hail, O Messenger of God!
 Holy Church of our Redeemer
 Finding here congenial home;
 Blessed little virgin village,
 Proud Rehoboth, there is room!

And two centuries and a quarter afterwards, for loyal thinkers, I am answering historically the question, Who was this Francis Makemie, dwelling successively on the Matchatank, at Pocomoke Town or Rehoboth, and on Holden's Creek. Amid the music of his rivers and the traditions of his forests, why, under the chivalrous

leadership of Henry McCook, Emerson Polk and John S. McMaster, are we dedicating this memorial, tardy and yet timely and in reverence, here to-day?

1. He who brought the Church to these shores, was a qualified witness-bearer; he *was a man of God*. I emphasize the title, for so was Moses and so was Elijah and so was David. He had tested the jewel he brought. Friends said, Fling away your manuscript and give us one of your rattling talks. But I meant that Makemie himself should be the foremost speaker here to-day and I meant to emphasize his own words. Here is a nugget of autobiographical gold: "Ere I received imposition of hands in that Scriptural and orderly separation into my holy and ministerial calling, I gave inquiry satisfaction to godly, learned and judicious men of a work of grace wrought in my heart at fifteen years of age, by and through the pains of a godly schoolmaster who used no small diligence in gaining tender souls to God's service and fear; since which time, to the glory of His free grace be it spoke, I have had the sure experiences of His infinite and unerring wisdom to my unspeakable comfort." A regenerate boyhood, a consecrated manhood. To George Keith's flings against the Sacraments, he thus out of his own heart's elevations magnifies the Lord's Supper: "My own experiences of the grace, blessing and benefits of this great, special and solemn ordinance, shall be an unanswerable argument to me against all heretics in the world." There like the Beloved Disciple, he had leaned upon the bosom of Jesus. As one who knew, he declares that he will witness "to the end to the illuminating, sanctifying, mortifying, quickening, operations of the Holy Spirit of God in the heart of every believer, in

restoring the corrupted soul to the forfeited image of God."

2. He was *an educated preacher; not a novice; a workman that needed not to be ashamed*. The University of Glasgow and a cultured Presbytery had left their stamp upon mind and mission. Of his Church he rather boasts, "They are highly for school education, and learning and Academical accomplishments." He interests himself in the new county in establishing schools and securing better privileges for the young. "The advantages," he says, "of early instruction is witnessed by experience of many godly of all ages." Thus he testifies for a religious education. What would we not give here to-day for one copy of that Catechism which he composed and scattered over these shores and whose tenets he was able and prompt to defend against all assailants? Out of our Eastrn Shore literary gardens, a Presbyterian Catechism was the first blossom!

3. Who and what was Francis Makemie? He was a Calvinist through and through—as erect and sturdy as one of the basaltic columns in the Giant's Causeway of his native Erin. In the book, "American Presbyterianism," its author, in trying to prove that our planting on this continent was Broad Church, knew that he must get the Apostle of the Chesapeake out of the way. Therefore he adroitly labors to minify the ability and influence of our Founder. It hardly seems ingenuous in the writer. Who corresponded and who traveled to bring together the Mother Presbytery? Who was its first Moderator and every way *primus inter pares*? During his twenty-five years in America, who came even to his shoulders? Dr. Briggs tries to overshadow Makemie with William

Trail, but William Trail was less than six years in America and left fifteen years before the Philadelphia Presbytery was organized. Trail was a noble specimen of the true-blue, living for five years just below Rehoboth and one of her jewels, but his presence on this continent was utterly forgotten until I dug his name and plantation out of the dusty Somerset Records. And then, too, William Trail had helped to train Makemie in orthodoxy, ruggedest Scotch type. There is no comfort for the lax either in Makemie or Trail. Oh no, Dr. Briggs, the type of Calvinism finding its habitat here was as blue as the bluebells of Scotland and as adamantine as her crags.

So we hear our Pioneer saying: "Though I owe not my birth to that kingdom, yet having read many of their books, heard several of their ministers for several years on all doctrines of the Christian religion, and having always with me their Confession of Faith and their Catechisms, I do declare myself fully of their sentiments in this (*i. e.*, election) and all other doctrines of faith; and, in God's strength, I shall never swerve nor prevaricate." He calls the great Genevan, "Holy Calvin." He tells us that in his Catechism he embodied: "The judgment of all my brethren, and particularly of those of the Westminster Assembly both in the Larger and Shorter Catechism." Said Lord Cornbury to his prisoner in New York: "You shall not spread your pernicious doctrine here." Straight as one of his Holden's Creek pines, he answers: "As for our doctrines, my Lord, we have our Confession of Faith which is known to the Christian world, and I challenge all the clergy of York to show us any false or pernicious doctrine therein!" There he stands! Such were his testimonies, as pure as the breath of the myrtle, as invigorating as the ozone of

the seas. And like their Founder, the pulpits of this lower Peninsula have never swerved nor prevaricated! At Onancock, Drummondtown, Bay View, Belle Haven, Snow Hill, Pitt's Creek, Pocomoke, Monokin, Wicomico, Buckingham and Mother Rehoboth, John Calvin and John Knox and Francis Makemie hold the fort!

4. Who and what was he? He was a *partner in Paul's tent-making, a man of affairs, an unique man for the times*. He refused to be a burden upon the impoverished colonists. So he says, perhaps with some pride, "Whatever others have done, I dare affirm I never bargained with any people for a maintenance and oft refused money when freely offered." Cornbury writes pettishly to the London authorities: "He is a Jack-at-all trades; he is a preacher, a doctor of physic, a merchant, an attorney, a counsellor at law, and which is worst of all, a disturber of governments!" Evidently one functionary of government was disturbed!

In 1705 he writes to Governor Nott, of Virginia, urging measures for "Promoting and encouraging education and virtue, checking and discountenancing vice or immorality in all, from the highest to the lowest, by the example of a severe and virtuous conversation in Governors and Counsellors; and promoting a reformation of manners, in putting all our penal laws in due execution, encouraging strict justice in all of our judicatories, and in propagating the true knowledge of the Christian religion to all Pagans, whether Indians or Negroes; all of which has been lamentably neglected." This was probing to the roots. To his inventory of Makemie's avocations, Cornbury might have added, Statesman!

At first the careful Pioneer was not overcharmed with the Peninsula wilderness. The persecuted left be-

hind were expecting to hear from him as advance-guard. William Trail was thinking of following. In 1684 Makemie writes back: "My friends in Ireland I design to be very cautious in inviting to any place in America I have yet seen." The primitive Eastern Shore and the smiles of Naomi Anderson had not yet had time to get in their work. Hear him in 1705, "I need not inform you what an excellent and desirable country you inhabit, not inferior to any Colonies in the English America; situate in a moderate climate and Northern latitude, suitable and agreeable to European bodies; supplied with the spacious Bay of Chesapeake which runs through and divides first Virginia, next Maryland, about eight leagues breadth; capable of receiving vast fleets of ships without skillful pilots, not to be affrighted with dangerous rocks and dismal sands; a Bay in many respects not to be outdone by the universe; having so many large and spacious rivers branching on both sides, and each of these rivers richly supplied and subdivided into sundry smaller rivers, spreading themselves both on the north and south sides to innumerable coves, admirably carved out and contrived by the Omnipotent Creator for the advantage and convenience of its inhabitants; so that I have oft, with no small admiration, compared the many rivers, creeks and rivulets to veins in human hands." Here is a Political Economist enthused! Listen again: "Here we have a clear serene air, a free and fertile soil; here are vast quantities of timber for shipping, trade and architecture, our country being generally woody; a soil suitable for producing anything agreeable for a Northern latitude and with as little labor as any place in the world; spacious and flourishing orchards, replenished with fair and pleasant fruits." Listen again, you who are to the Manor

born: "Our fishing would be advanced and improved; our vast plenty of oysters would make a beneficial trade, both with the town and foreign traders; believing that we have the best of oysters for pickling and transportation." I quote our Founder's fervor about the bivalves to bring him out of the fogs and reveal him as a man of flesh and blood like the rest of us. Naomi Anderson and the climate and the orchards and the oysters and his two little Virginia girls and the planted churches, have gotten in their work and he becomes a typical Eastern Shoreman.

So he went on accumulating land and pushing his commercial enterprises and cheering the prosperity of his neighbors and preaching the Gospel from Barbadoes to Boston. The Bible of the pulpit, he carried into trade. Hear him: "God the Eternal and Only Wise Law-giver has formed a Law every way quadrate and suited to our secular interests." The Apostle of the Chesapeake knew how to harmonize religion and dollars.

5. Who and what was Francis Makemie? He was *a chivalrous and victorious champion of religious liberty*. Our St. Patrick was to have his own tilt with the snakes. Yes, both in Virginia and Maryland and notably in New York. Did that imaginary Moses of the Emerald Isle foresee the Scotch-Irish blood peopling America with patriots, unearthing the diamond of toleration and giving five Presidents to a vast Republic religiously untrammelled? When the Declaration of Independence was ripening, an old pamphlet was reprinted to help in arousing the people: "A Narrative of a New and Unusual Imprisonment of Two Presbyterian Ministers; by a Learner of Law and Lover of Liberty."

Need I say who was that Learner of Law and Lover

of Liberty? After the organization of the Mother Presbytery in Philadelphia, he starts for Boston and tarries for a while and preaches in New York. Singularly, that sermon urges obedience to Rulers, but for that sermon he is arrested, brow-beaten by the corrupt Cornbury and thrust into prison for six weeks. And yet it is a fact that there was no Established Church in that Colony. Yet an obsequious jury indicts him; he challenges trial and can't get it; he is mulcted for expenses and released on bail; the trial deferred for four months and their victim 400 miles from home. Undoubtedly the program is to worry him out of the Dominion—with no dream that he will return. Ah! Cornbury does not yet know his Jack-at-all-trades.

June comes and Regulus is back in Carthage. That blue-eyed, fair-haired, light-complexioned Irishman is on his mettle. The first legal battle for religious freedom in America must not go by default. Luther again faces the Diet of Worms. He employs counsel but largely conducts his own defence—confusing the prosecutor, puzzling the judge, and capturing the jury. Acquitted, he is fleeced again for \$400 for expenses. He pays the boodle, but he is not done. Hear him:

“We cannot, we dare not be silent at this juncture but are bound to let both Europe and America know the first prosecution of this kind that ever was in America, which we hope from the merits of the case, manner and proceeding and its unsuccessfulness, will never be drawn into precedent in our quiet and peaceable wilderness.”

Francis knows how to wield the pen, and that Narrative exposes the Oppressor. The next Legislature makes another such prosecution impossible in New York. Cornbury is soon displaced, arrested immediately for

debt, and the profligate spendthrift and patron of the Church is imprisoned in the same quarters where he had locked up our Founder. Poetic Justice and Divine! When our Coeur de Lion got back to Holden's Creek, did the woods, laurels and the hollies weave a chaplet for his crown, and did the seabreezes breathe prophecies of the days of '76?

For thereby hangs a tale. In the logical aftertimes. Makemie's surviving daughter, a gray-haired woman of wealth and influence, lives on through the days of battles, beset by British gunboats, no patriot stauncher than she—a chip of the old block! Who ever heard of a Presbyterian Tory? She hears the last guns booming over yonder at Yorktown, triumphs in the surrender of Cornwallis, and sees the twin-brilliant of civil and religious liberty polished into lasting lustre. The Presbyterian General Assembly is organized the year she dies. Dying, she bequeaths her Father's broad acres pointedly to the friends of American Independence. Makemie is still in the saddle!

And now, all hail, Church of his love—she too his daughter. Look around you and walk reverently. See where he planned his Evangelistic campaigns, Ulysses embarking from Ithica. See, for here he dreamed his dreams of great States and General Assemblies. See where he wooed his bride and where his two little girls cooed upon his bosom. See where the mourners gathered and in yonder vanished brick wall laid away his worn-out body only fifty years old to its repose. "Committing my body," so he wrote one April day 200 years ago—"committing my body to ye dust, decently to be interred, and my immortal soul to an Almighty and Most Merciful God in hopes of a glorious and blessed resurrection unto eternal salvation."

And in a little while Bettie the first-born came; then Naomi the beloved wife came; and far down the century, very old, Anne the second-born came, and *they are all here!*

Who then is left to care for the grave of Makemie? Oh desolate Eastern Shore graveyards, more populous than the concourses of the living; no sighs but the sighs of the pines, no wails but the wails of the Northeasters, no watchers but the angels!

“The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls
As if that soul were fled.”

And that old brick enclosure, built to protect the dead, crumbled; and the fragments of the old tombs were carried off for whetstones. Like the burial-place of Israel’s great leader, the resting place of another leader was lost and unknown.

“O lonely tomb in Moab’s land,
O dark Bethpeor’s hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still;
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the quiet sleep
Of him we loved so well!”

But there came the sound of a going as in the tops of the pine trees. The heart of the Church was yet to turn again to the buried sleepers in Accomack. Did I say that all his children were in that disintegrated brick-wall? Oh no, there was another heir, a remembering

Church, and her loyal heart would in time rebloom and explorers would find the hidden sepulchre. Like the woman of the Parable rejoicing over her recovered dowry, and calling together her neighbors to share the sparkle of her treasure, so Makemie's real heir would here celebrate the legacy of sacred dust re-discovered, and would dedicate her memorials to face the centuries like the faithful Carins and Cromlechs consecrated in prehistoric times to the heroic dead in Makemie's native Erin.

Far down the quaint old Eastern Shore,
By placid Holden's Creek,
Where glistens shimmering to the West
The sheen of Chesapeake;
Where midst the brooding silences
And flight of ocean-bird,
Sometimes the voices of the dead
In pensive hours are heard,
Here underneath God's guardian skies,
The grave of our Makemie lies.

Where worthies of the vicinage
Two hundred years have been,
The Taylors and the Andersons,
Our Founder's honored kin;
Where blossoms in the marshes bear
The only diadems;
Where osprey and kingfisher chant
Their faithful requiems;
Beside the accusing, plaintive wave,
There lay the desecrated grave!

Far back in dim Colonial times,
One tearful April day,
A dying voice—"The hour is come,
The hour to pass away;

Along these coasts by field and flood,
 In heavy cares and prayers,
 I've fought the fight, I've kept the faith,
 Through long, laborious years;
 This weary body, weak, infirm,
 Is yielding to the wind and storm.

Not on the hills of Donegal
 Where boyhood's footsteps played,
 Where father, mother, heart to heart,
 With kindred dust are laid,
 But Erin's exile on the edge
 Of this vast lonely world,
 Where first our Calvinistic flag,
 These venturous hands unfurl'd,
 I give my bones to those for whom
 I bring the Church and earn a tomb.

"No mansoleum proud I crave
 To mark my humble rest;
 Let statesman famed or warrior bold
 Enjoy their laurel'd crest;
 A lonely herald of the Cross,
 I claim no fulsome pall,
 But just a little quiet nook
 And decent burial;
 Here where my pilgrim feet have trod
 And claimed America for God.

"When I am gone, I see the Church
 In prosperous strides expand,
 And East and West and North and South
 Go conquering through the land;
 Perhaps to children's children then
 The story shall be told,
 And children's children thrill and warm
 To sturdy deeds of old;
 And to this spot turn thoughtful eyes
 Where their Makemie slumbering lies."

Low breezes blow from Chesapeake
And moan along the shore ;
Sad Holden's Creek has ceased to sing
Like Tara's harp of yore ;
The seabird's dirges interlude
The sighing of the waves ;
I hear the cattle's nightly tread
Sound hollow o'er the graves ;
And there God's Acre dark, forlorn,
Awaits the Resurrection morn.

But hark ! Rehoboth's bosom throbs
And Memory waves her wand ;
The old Peninsula wakes up
And neighboring lands respond ;
The Church is stirred, she weaves her wreaths ;
Her grateful offspring come ;
They clear the rubbish from the years
And vindicate the tomb ;
Oblivion's night its course has run,
The Resurrection has begun !

Perhaps some Cambrian Seer foresaw,
In visions far away,
Where now we raise with reverent hearts
Our Cromlech here to-day ;
I hear the Seer—"The great and good
Old Time cannot destroy ;
The centuries may wave and fade,
But not our Ulster boy ;
While stars shall gem the Western sky,
Makemie's name shall never die !"

Message of the Monument.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL TO COL.
JOHN POSTLEY, DECEMBER 3, 1909.

REVERENCE for the noble dead is ennobling to the living. Our dead are not dead. They have only left the Eastern Shore for the Eternal Shore. When we become oblivious of the ascended and crowned, we ourselves are the corpses.

I am a loyal Eastern Shoreman. Though the most of my years have been spent in the West and South, yet there has never been an hour when pride and affection ever wavered from the blue skies between the Bays. The Land of the Evergreens, the bowers of pine and holly and laurel, the footprints of the fathers, followed the untraveled heart and refused to relinquish their proprietorship in the Wanderer.

Yet I have two or three little quarrels with my native heath. I remonstrate modestly with the old Peninsula families who have forfeited their genealogies and buried their pedigrees. Many a grand man and woman walked these territories and their blood is in your veins and you have forgotten them. Yet all that is beautiful in this Land of Promise, you have inherited.

Another little quarrel. I remonstrate with the churches which have slighted and thrown away their Records. Where are the priceless Session Books of the Makemie churches, gold mines of historical and bio-

graphical wealth if they could be resurrected? What would I have given for their precious pages while delving for years in the dust and dark, striving to revive the personality of our Founder and his contemporaries groping in the fogs, picking up a jewel here and there, all his churches bankrupt in Records. And what illuminations your own Session Book of a century ago, if now in existence, would have thrown upon John Postley and his fellow Elders and your kinsmen among those worshipers!

One more little quarrel. I remonstrate with the living for the neglect of the accusing graveyards. Venerable dormitories of the heroes and heroines of the Eastern Shore, we are not worthy of you. The faithful cedars cut down, the sacred soil grubbed and ploughed for a few nubbins of corn—so sleep my grandparents beneath the tread of soulless Vandals. How is it with yours? On the original Rehoboth plantation, harrowed to the very edge in a cultivated field, lies the flat tombstone of Judge William Stevens, who wrote the letter which brought Makemie to America—a large cemetery there once, filled with colonial officials, now beneath the plough. So slept for years the disregarded dust of our Founder under the filthy accumulations of a cattlepen. And for generations the great American Presbyterian Church made no sign. And this fair Peninsula which he preempted for the Gospel condoned the sacrilege.

But there is a light along the horizon. Makemie's fame has been vindicated; that cattle-pen has been eradicated, and that imposing monument on picturesque Holden's Creek honors the living as well as the dead. I speak of that because so to-day the name of John Postley is worthily recalled and commemorated. Another graveyard has been rescued and declared sacred.

A hundred years ago the good man was worshipping down in the ancient brick Buckingham Church wearing the honors of the Eldership. For God had said through Paul, "Let the Elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor." Nearly a hundred years ago (1815) he went to his eternal reward; taking his place around about the Throne with the four and twenty elders clothed in white raiment and having on their heads crowns of gold. For nearly a hundred years his grave has been unmarked and unvisited. Out of his comfortable means he made no provision for marble or granite to guard his dust. Forgetful of self, bestowing his goods another way, he left the graves of himself and wife to the tender mercies of the forgetful. But we are remembering. There is life in the old land yet!

I. Gratitude *pleads the claim of our dead.* We thank God for Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, for Moses and Isaiah and Paul. The dead gave us the Bible and as their legacy the tidings of salvation. And our Eastern Shore has her own patriarchs and prophets and apostles. All that is best in us came by descent. Those who sailed from amid the persecutions of Europe and patented these farms, patented them for us. Who founded our churches, our court houses, our schools? We are miserable ingrates if we ignore our indebtedness to the dead. Thank God for our fathers!

This must not be a sectarian speech. An Episcopalian father gave me the best wife in the world. The pastor of this church is so pious and so orthodox and has never fallen from grace because he married a good Methodist. And John Postley transcended denominational lines. But I am compelled to think of him to-day as one among the benches of Presbyterian elders who have illustrated

our past two centuries. Their names are unheralded on the scrolls of fame. The Minutes which they kept of their prayerful proceedings are mouldered and gone.

Noiselessly they watched over the interests of Zion. Quietly they distributed the bread and wine to dead generations. Humbly they lived and as ensamples to the flock. Imagination points to the dim forms and gray heads in the sanctuary. So they worshiped and prayed and passed. They are in these scattered graveyards. Who can call the roll of these elders? And yet what treasures they guarded for us. Thank God for our dead!

To-day we take one name from the legends. I can tell you but little about him. Would you like to know his ancestry? So would I. Would you love to learn from whom he inherited his noble impulses? So would I. Would you be glad to be told how, from paternal or maternal line he breathed in his goodness to the needy? So would I. For us, he was like Melchisedek, king of Salem, without father or mother or beginning of days, and without posterity.

But he sat in that little Session Room beneath the venerable oaks, and he rode back and forth from his country home—*thinking about the sons and daughters of the poor*. Were there not aspiring young natures out upon the farms and in homes of the mechanics? And so John Postley in hours of elevation went on dreaming his holy dreams.

Was the sunshine that fell upon his pathway a prophecy of the sunshine that he would scatter about human destinies after he was gone; sunrise upon the lives of those who were to arise and call him blessed? Do I cloak the fact to-day that I was one of his beneficiaries? Do I blush to own that I was among Postley's "charity schol-

ars?" No, no; I told it wherever I went and where but for me the name of John Postley would never have been heard. I have never disguised it—that my start in life, my love of books, my literary fads, my youthful ambitions, and the little success I have attained, were all due to him. I am proud to represent here at this time his proteges—the recipients of his bounty. I am proud of my church because two hundred years ago the first legacy ever given in Maryland to the cause of education was the devise of 500 pounds by David Brown, a pioneer Eastern Shoreman and a Presbyterian. I am proud of Buckingham because the philanthropist Postley was one of her officials. It does us all good to praise the worthy dead. And thus with grateful hearts, among the tombs of Eastern Shoreman, we bring our spray of evergreen and lay it reverently upon the grave of John Postley.

2. *Fidelity to our dead fosters an admiration for character and integrity that is wholesome.* I love to admire people. I love to discover and cherish beautiful manly and womanly traits and characteristics. I enjoy purity of white souls as I enjoy the lilies. I delight in brilliant men and women as I enjoy the brilliancy of the stars. I know no luxury greater than the luxury of lovable faces and lovable dispositions and lovable hearts. It is salutary and elevating to appreciate good people.

And along the years what galleries we may gather of such portraits—the faithful and winsome and true. Many of these choice ones may have been transferred to the Heavenly corridors, but they are ours still. We gaze after them and revere. There they are—the unforgotten, the admirable. So God gathers His jewels—His jewels and ours!

Nobody survives to describe John Postley. His con-

temporaries are all gone. My father knew him but he too has gone. The photographers were an after growth. My fancy shall paint him as an ideal Elder—the plain, unassuming farmer—a lover of his church, of his pastor and of his pastor's boy—respectful and considerate of the poor—a public-spirited citizen—a true friend. May not our hearts picture him as a dignified country gentleman of the old-school—a thoughtful brow with lines of kindness—benevolent eyes that seemed to penetrate the future—a strong but attractive face with the light of the redemption about it? And all his movements and demeanor seem to invite confidence and reverence. He carries himself as one of God's solid, substantial peasantry.

Yes, I know that this is a dream picture, but do we not find its outlines standing out from that recorded will; his providing for his slaves—his bequest to his pastor's son—his interest in the redmen of the forest—his sympathy for the ambitions of poor men's children? What artist could produce masterpiece more exquisite? It looks like one of the Bible portraits of the old worthies of Israel. Oh yes, we have a right to admire our dead. About our deeper vision thy hover like the armies of the Lord over the hill of Dothan. Fine old Col. Postley—he lives, and we love to array such as he in the garniture of Heaven.

3. *Our dead live as a perennial inspiration.* Listen to them. Their tones are like the still small voice which Elijah heard. They whisper to us when the world lulls. They speak to us from the Holy of Holies. In the softer Eastern Shore breezes are they not audible and homelike? In the low requiems of the pines do not the graveyards talk to us? Oh Eastern Shore lads, Oh Eastern Shore lassies, there are messages for you from these quiet

graves. Yonder sleepers in the tomb created these arenas of usefulness radiating about you. They built the stepping-stones.

Listen! Hear we not friendly utterances emerging from Postley's resting-place? It is no trouble for me to believe that he is interested in us still. It is more than eloquence. I seem to catch in impressive cadences the voice of the departed, saying:

"Ye young people of Worcester, there is a bright future for the aspiring. These minds and hearts and susceptibilities of yours are God-given and a holy trust. Your motherly Eastern Shore has had her founders and builders and they have wrought out for you a delightful heritage. Avenues of attainment and achievement are all around you. Between the two Oceans there are no finer opportunities than here between the two Bays. Our Makemie foresaw it when he described it as 'a country capable of superlative improvement.' We, your predecessors, claim splendid developments from our successors. The destitute need not stay destitute. The ignorant need not remain ignorant. Laurels grow in your groves.

"Poor boys and girls," the voice seem to say. "are God's favorites, and they often become the favorites of their generation. Sons and daughters of humble men have outstripped many a rival. The educated poor have attractive chances for promotion. There were no high schools free to everybody in my day. Now the doors are flung ajar to all. The old Buckingham academy did notable work, equipping many a worthy aspirant, but it was a grander day when the commonwealth widened its welcomes to all comers. You are facing magnificent privileges. Hail, ye children of the people! Backbone will reach the goal. There is inspiration all along the line. I, John Postley, salute you!"

Thus do not we hear the encouragements fresh from the old man's lips? The whispers of the dead are like the Psalmist's music of the spheres—"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

4. Fidelity to our dead *vivifies the anticipations of meeting them again*. All this but hastens us toward the Resurrection. The angels will not need the granite or bronze to reveal the resting-places of the saints on the Coronation Morn. God will know where the long line of Buckingham Elders are reposing. When the last trump sounds, ears long soundless shall hear, though the tassling corn shall have waved over them for a thousand years.

The presbyters of the Makemie churches will form a goodly array on that bright day. The ancient Sessional Records may be lost but the Lamb's Book of Life is not lost. I wish we had the unbroken list of the Elders of Rehoboth, of Pitt's Creek, of Monokin, of Snow Hill, of Rockawalkin, of Wicomico, of Buckingham. God has the list! Among them was many a staunch head and heart, many a man of God, straight as the coast-pines, rugged in fibre as the oaks that brave the northeasters. Grand old Eldership that guarded the altars and fenced the vineyards and handed down our patrimony unimpaired!

Erect among them, distinctly to-day we see standing out in full relief the form of our Postley, the peer of them all, typical scion of a Presbyterianism which has always stood for Christian education, for religious culture. So he saw the boys at work in the cornfields and the girls at work in the their kitchens. He thought of the souls that were in them. He longed that they might have a square deal. He saw the diamonds in the rough. He detected the sparkle of the unquarried gold. He would

polish God's jewels. He would give the caged eagles wings.

While a sincere Presbyterian, he was broad-guaged, His benefactions were not to be confined to his own denomination. He aimed at a fair chance for the worthy poor of all churches. Magnanimous old philanthropist! He who had impartially distributed the bread and wine to all communicants, would as freely distribute God's educational gifts to all the ambitious. He was the harbinger of our beneficent public schools.

We are proud of our race sometimes. God has a use for noble waymarks in the plain paths of life. The good alone are truly great. Why did not some Worcester county boy write the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

When noble hearts and generous hearts die, that is not the last of them. These are the immortals. They perpetuate themselves in the lives of the beneficiaries. John Postley survived in the career of his students. And then our dead are waiting for us in the deathless land. We expect to meet them and tell them of our indebtedness. Thank God for our dead! I wonder if Col. Postley knows what we are doing to-day!

Well, we'll see him some day, we his boys and girls, and tell him of the seed he has planted. We are indirectly honoring ourselves when we honor Heaven's ordained agencies. We are made better by appreciating the fine old characters which have passed across our horizon. This is the voice of the monuments. They are the land-

marks along the highway to the Better Land while we try to travel in the track in which our fathers went.

Standing by the Memorial as completed and trying to interpret John Postley, we think of the deceased as a child of the Most High long since promoted; who believed in and illustrated a practical Christianity; who, concerned in heart for the good of others, exhibited genuine altruism before that word was coined, who served well his own generation and wrought for future generations. Being dead he yet speaketh, and once more we seem to hear from the tomb words like these:

“Improve yourselves conscientiously while upon earth. Cultivate your gifts. Treasure your opportunities. Be not disheartened by poverty and privations. If you help yourselves manfully, God will help you and good men will help you. ‘Get wisdom and with all they getting get understanding.’ Appreciate your schools; love your church; love your country; love your God. Break over barriers and prove your mettle. Ye sons and daughters of the poor, some of God’s prophets were herdsmen and shepherds, and the Saviour of the world came out of a carpenter’s shop. The true education touches eternity. Minds and hearts properly trained here below go on perfecting forever. Christianity educates. Godly culture ennobles. You can graduate from the schools of earth into the University of the skies. You can share the diplomas of Moses and Isaiah and Paul, and of the sainted dead of the Eastern Shore. And the gratitude of those whom we have benefitted along the way will not detract from the lustre of the crown. I, John Postley, the old farmer, salute you!”

5. Our dead give us much of the sweetest poesy of life. Since the Muses left the groves of Helicon, I know no

more congenial habitat for the Sacred Nine than along the water-courses and among the evergreens of the Eastern Shore. Where shall harp and lyre find richer key-notes than among these Peninsular cemeteries? Who of all earth's singers have sung the highest strains? The dead singers. Who of earth's bards have warbled the sweetest? The dead bards. Go stand in one of these sepulchral solitudes at sunset and read again that matchless, immortal Elegy of Thomas Gray. Gray, too, is long since dead, but there is no death for words like these.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The Plowman homeward plods his weary way-
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the voiceless tenor of their way."

Our Eastern Shore has many an unwritten poem as perfect as that. And Buckingham Academy might well have nourished some native Longfellow to sing in rythm like this:

"Ye who sometimes in your rambles
 Through the green lanes of the country
 Where the tangled barberry bushes
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries
 Over stone walls gray with mosses;
 Pause by some neglected graveyard
 For awhile to pause and ponder
 On a half-effaced inscription

Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter."

Such strains might well have ripened beneath these skies, for your poetic Eastern Shore has had her own Hiawathas and Minnehahas. Do we not sometimes in the twilight catch glimpses of the phantom canoes gliding along the low marshes, or perhaps the gray smoke of the wigwams curling ghost-like out of the pine dreamland? Where is King Daniel of the Pocomokes and Matchacoo-pah? And where are Queen Weocomocomus and her son Knisonum, and her dusky courtiers Waspossan, Tang-quatum, Skifortum, Young Robin and Ringtaughton? A few dim names upon the yellow court records and that is all—relics of the more than ten lost tribes of the Eastern Shore. They have had no bard, but for those walking thoughtfully above their dust the poesy still pulsates in the sunshine and the shadows. Did not Col. Postley breathe that poesy when his compassion went out in his will for the ill-treated aboriginies?

Yes, the land of vacancies! Where are the honest Quaker immigrants, who once flocked from all over the broad country to Judge Stevens' hospitable plantation, there side by side with the Indians to listen in ecstasy to the great English mystic, George Fox; sturdy old broad-brims who expected with their mysterious Inner Light to supplant Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Makemie and all the rest. They were a rugged sect, but with the shadowy sons of the forest they too faded away like the fog-drift of the morning and left no Homer or Milton or Burns or Tennyson to adorn the story. And here are the

gardens of pathos again. Down the Snow Hill road you are pointed to what is still known as the "Old Quaker Burying Ground"—not a slab, not an inscription, not a name, a vague tradition and that is all. The poesy alone lingers about the hill. And thus too for a hundred years the poetry and the pathos were alone left to distinguish the spot where Postley slumbers.

Going as the Redman and the Quakers went, thus many of your original families, once prominent, have passed away like the exhalations floating off from your romantic streams; or, shall I say like those peerless apple trees under which our childhood played and luxuriated, the Vandevers and the Gricksons, queens of the orchards, yielding to baser imported breeds.

Where are the Ratcliffs—where are the Prideaux—where are the Tennants—where are the Rankinses—where are the Newbolds—where are the Brevards—where are the Claytons—where are the Foremans—where are the Quintons—where are the Lucasés—where are the Murrays—where are the Bruffs—where are the Briddells—where are the Ironshires—where are the Postleys? Who answers to the roll-call? So Ossian sings: "Deep is the sleep of the dead; low is their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Thou hast left no son." "The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away. Another race shall arise. The people are like the waves of ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast and other leaves lift their green heads on high."

So passed the Vikings of Scandinavia. So passed

the Druids of ancient Britain. Nay, so passed the Jeffersons and Patrick Henrys and Washingtons of Virginia. "Your fathers, where are they; and the prophets, do they live forever?" It is all poesy. Those surviving slaves of the old master who ensured them homes in sight of his grave, remained for awhile, the "old Postley negroes," and then too those sable mourners faded out. And that too was poesy—such as the troubadours sang about the romantic feudal castles.

Oh yes, for the thoughtful, these old-time farms are full of music and sentiment. The footprints of the fathers, the Land of the Evergreens, await an interpreter. Wanted—some Peninsula Theocritus to weave indigenous Idyls and Pastorals. Wanted—some native Virgil to put in enduring verse our Eastern Shore Georgics and Bucolics. No child of his own, did John Postley dream of some girl or boy of other nurseries to rise and add lustre to the land of our birth?

The old farm-house is very still;
The birds may sing as birdies will;
But there's a silence in the rooms,
No children's prattle when he comes;
No little footsteps on the floor,
No children's greeting at the door,
And there's a lack of childhood's glee,
And there's a voiceless vacancy.

The old farm-house is very still,
Let birdie sing as birdies will;
His is a heart just made to move
To childhood's joy and children's love;
To other groups his musing runs;
Are there not other little ones?
The vision stirs him o'er and o'er—
The offspring of the worthy poor!

The old farm-house is very still,
 Though birdies sing as birdies will;
 No little prattlers of his own,
 He'll carry light like morning dawn
 To lowly homes and circumstance
 And give aspiring poor the chance;
 The old farm-house is very still,
 And birds sang on as birdies will.

It has been said that God left George Washington childless that the nation might call him Father. Was John Postley's nursery left tenantless that poor men's sons and daughters might hail him as Father—*as I do this day!* And poesy sighed about the silent hill—the old Postley graveyard—a funeral legend—and that was all. And the green pines fell and the brier-patch was narrowing up. A few old-fashioned jonquils alone remained faithful. Not a tree was left where the robins might build their nests and sing their requiems.

Oh, the epics and elegiacs and lyrics and threnodies of the Eastern Shore graveyards! Ossian might well sing here again his songs of Morven. Breathe it in—the filial poesy—for it is humanizing and uplifting. We need relief from the material, the selfish, the humdrum. We need our dead! They make Heaven real and close. This is the true poetry of life—the rhyming together of the past and the present and the future. That will of John Postley is a poem. That monument dedicated to-day is a responsive stanza in the song. Thus the soul gets its refinements and its pinions!

The old plantation graveyards where lie the un-
 murmuring dead,
 Where moved the slow procession and the sun-
 dered heartstrings lled;

Where rose the supplications and the hymns of love
and faith,
And preachers talked of Heaven and the triumph
over death.

The old plantation graveyards beside the rural
homes,
Where the wounded sat at eventide and viewed the
tranquil tombs,
And thought the loved ones near them still though
lifted to the skies,
The fellowship of kindred souls amid the silences.

The old plantation graveyards where, in the soli-
tudes,
The plaintive spirit of past days still like a presence
broods,
And floats about the scene like mist that lights and
disappears,
The friendships of the fathers and the loves of van-
ished years.

The old plantation graveyards, sometimes a place
for tears,
The watchers gone, the walls o'erthrown, the wreck-
age of the years;
The mould and 'frost and mildew, the hillocks
sunken down,
The silence of forgetfulness, the cold oblivion.

The old plantation graveyards the owners passed
away,
The waving wheat and silking corn in our ancestral
day,
And then the tread of strangers, where low the coast
wind moans,
The plowshare grating ruthlessly above dishonored
bones!

The old plantation graveyards—it cannot hurt the
dead;
The hurt is to the living, the finer instincts fled;
The voices of the hoary past, the treasures of time,
The badge of immortality and of sentiment sublime!

The old plantation graveyards—to one of them today
We come with bared and reverent brow and there
our chaplet lay;
Dear old plantation graveyard, the fields where
Postley trod,
And planned his holy charities and went on up to
God!

And this is the message of the monument.

The Prophet of the Bays.

A DREAM.

I.

IT HAD been a great, great day—there on Holden's Creek—that happy time in the May of 1908. It was a day of consummations. On that pensive Neck o' Land, down the Virginia way, swarming with the phantasms of the past and with poesy, never had there been such enthusiasm witnessed except—but that comes afterward.

Thousands had been gathered, of all creeds and pedigrees, to share in the late honors paid by a Great Church to her American Founder, deceased two hundred years. Sacred grounds rescued from neglect and desecration, eloquent speeches made, dim history resurrected, the stately fugue of Old Hundred mingled with the astonished exclamations of the ospreys and eagles, there among the plaudits of the multitude, the solemn ceremonials of dedication had been completed. Francis Makemie had come to his own. The Eastern Shore had renewed her youth.

In all varieties of quaint vehicles and afoot, and to all points of the compass, the dissolving throngs had faded away; and the solitude was left to the dreaminess of the marshes and to the shimmering of the waters and the flight of the seabirds—and to just two others.

There on the ancient burial ground stood the granite monument surmounted by the imposing statue; eyes raised reverently to the Heavens, the Holy Bible in one hand, the other lifted in benediction. That benediction was now perpetuated for the centuries. The Memorial faced Old Rehoboth, ten miles away.

"Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." Under the spell of that raised hand sat another figure in the gloaming, as still and contemplative as the statue; a white-haired man who had been dreaming of this day for many poetic years. Old Parson Makemie had been the romance of his boyhood; dimly living among the mists like the Gods and Goddesses of the Academy Classics. The vague past gripped the young imagination more and more—old Parson Makemie, old Parson Makemie, idealized, vitalized, etherialized. Why not some Eastern Shore boy disperse the shadows, illumine the oblivion, bring the faded personality out of the forgotten grave, rehabilitate the Apocryphal hero, and give the Eastern Shore his fame!

Now, the only lingering companion of that impressive statue, there sat the old man, whether in the body he could not tell or whether out of the body he could not tell. The only motion is once when he seems quietly to brush his garments. Is he thinking of the long researches and the dust of the ancient Court Records which he had courted and breathed through so many persistent years—picking up here and there a bonanza. For now and then that dust with its microbes had been richer than gold-dust from the mines!

And now this Old Mortality of the Land of the Evergreens, and the picturesque statue, had the ghosts of Holden's Creek all to themselves in the solitude, and dim forms came and went.

II.

Two young maidens, lithe and airy, their arms entwined, come out from the primitive Colonial home and take their seats under the cedars near the brink of the stream. It was far away in the shadowy Sixteen-Nineties, the sparse settlers widely scattered, and the two sisters were oftentimes lonely. Around them and pressing close was the great wilderness of the Evergreens. These two had been the old plodder's sweethearts during the years of his researches.

Naomi and Comfort were a goodly pair, their names hinting of Puritan strains somewhere—Pleasantness and Cheer. And they were fresh and winsome, flesh and blood abloom, for had not the Virgin Colony the fair-cheeked and bright-eyed and rich-toned lassies all the way down from Pocahontas' days? The beautiful and romantic did not tarry for the rattle of steam and the glare of electric lights. Pretty maidens played with hearts in the mellow haze of tallow-dips sweetened with the odors of the myrtle. You moderns have no corner on the fascinations!

Naomi's eyes are turned toward the jeweled bosom of Pocomoke Sound, following the windings of the Creek, and as far-sighted as the fish-hawks. Good King William and his noble Queen are upon the Throne, and the "killing-time" in the Old County has paused; but there are pirates upon the coast and Sloop Tabitha may yet be caught on her voyages to Barbadoes. What care the Buccaneers for Cupid! Then Comfort teased her sister, for girls have had tantalizing ways even from of old, and the younger sister said:

"Naomi, your Hebrew name has a pleasing synonym,

but methinks that the bearer of it is not very companionable on this quiet eve.. The sparkle is absent from your eyes and the sea-fogs seem to have shrouded your countenance. I fear that you are overstraining your optics! Shall I bring you the spy-glass which a certain young Missionary sailor left in your keeping?"

And then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Naomi, Naomi, pleasant enough now, the fogs have vanished from your pretty face and it beams like a sunburst on the Chesapeake! I see—I see—it is the white sail in the bends!"

Gracefully the little sloop tacks and jibes and winds her way around the curves like a seagull seeking its nest.

"I shall not be wanted in the tryst," said Comfort and turned to the house. "A second cook is not needed for the broth!"

"Stay, stay," pleaded the older, as girls always do. They never mean it.

The boat seems to know the channel and has no difficulty in finding the Anderson mooring-grounds. The young Ulster boy, of the blue eyes, his rich complexion somewhat browned with the Tropic suns, brings not for the first time the Southern fruits and the corals, and is soon seated by her side—here where Old Hundred sounded to-day.

Of course like Shakespeare's hero, young Francis recites his adventures upon the deep, and tells of her eyes being the stars, her fair face the cynosure, that guided him from the Indies. Oh these Preachers! That Bible in the hand of the statue says there is nothing new under the sun.

"But, Francis," she asks, "there among the romantic

islands and poetic orange groves, saw you not many a Spanish maiden very beautiful and with black eyes outshining Naomi's?"

How modern it all sounds! Oh these Eastern Shore girls! And then, Francis, Oh Francis, you vowed that there never were such eyes as hers—never—and the kill-dees and knee-deeps and black birds heard you swear it.

Then Francis told her of his next voyage. Were not these trading trips to relieve the poor Colonists from the burden of his support? Sloop Tabitha was his Deaconess.

"The English and Irish and Scotch and Huguenot refugees," he said, "are hungering for the Gospel manna and impatient for the white-sail. The Pocomoke and Annessex and Monokin and Wicomico are to become streams of gladness whose life-giving currents are to flow abroad and fertilize the continent."

Then the dear girl, just like the girls, asks again, "And is there not some Presbyterian fairy, up at your favorite Rehoboth or at Snow Hill or on the banks of the other Jordans or Kidrons—some Bray or King or Dryden or Spence—whose pulse beats quicker when you come, who thinks of other sweets besides the Gospel manna, and whose river-charms may win you from Holden's Creek?"

So it has been and will be. We old folks see the symptoms all around us. There are other Evergreens besides the pines. As the dream runs on, there seem to be pulsating veins in that statue on the Monument.

This brought the crisis and Francis said: "This hill is Padan Aram and here Isaac has traced his shepherdess. Ere another voyage, why not now the holy time when the magnet becomes my own, the loneliness of the son of Donegal ended, a wedded home for two, and mine indeed the wild-rose of the wilderness! Your Father is

our honored Magistrate and why delay the banns? Thus let the Eastern Shore weave bridal wreaths from her Evergreens!"

Then from the Holy Book up there on the Monument comes the poem, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!"

III.

An interval, and there was a shifting of scenes as by some stagemanager unseen. The yellow documents and hazy legends of the old man's zealous investigations were like things that live. Past and present merged. The Monument was alive.

That fair-haired, blue-eyed voyager has grown older, old beyond his years. With camlet cloak and Boston cane, the tired Crusader is back from the Wars and is resting on this memorial hill with two little girls at his side. These little girls are to be the links that bind him to the Eastern Shore cradles forever!

"Tell us all about it," said thoughtful Elizabeth; "did they treat you badly, Papa?"

"Who dares to treat Papa badly?" retorted spirited Anne; "just the best Papa in the world! I'd stick them with my needle!"

They amused and rested him. He answered, "There are people who do not like your Father as well as his little daughters do. And they don't want him to preach."

"You are the dearest, smartest, sweetest preacher that ever was!" asserted Elizabeth. "On next Sunday all our neighbors will flock to this hill to hear you. Even the white gulls will pause and listen!"

"If anybody tries to choke Papa off from preaching, I'll throw them in the Creek," fulminated belligerent Anne.

Father smiles at the budding chivalry. He did not know that ere two years were gone, he and Elizabeth would be sleeping side by side under the sod upon this hill—binding him to all Eastern Shore little graves. Nor did he know what a Rebel the younger sister is to be before the century closes!

"It is this way, my Girlies," the Father explains. "For many dark years the powers in bleeding Europe tried to compel everybody to believe and worship as the rulers dictated. Church and State were in an evil partnership, bad for both. Your Father was a witness of the fierce persecutions in Ireland and Scotland. I saw my own Pastor ousted from his pulpit at Ramelton and kept in prison year after year."

"I would have knocked their heads off," flashed the young insurgent, her namesake on the English throne not more Queenly. There would be more Virginia girls of that type in the years to come.

"These were the troubles," explained the Father, "which sent your Papa to the Western wilds. I came to spy out a new Canaan for the oppressed. Even little boys and little girls across the seas were wronged by the Established Churches."

The old man under the cedars almost felt that the granite statue was speaking. That day many children were mingling among the older people in the Dedication. A little boy with Makemie blood in his veins had been on the sacred grounds. The citizenship of the future had been imbibing wholesome memories from McCook and his compeers.

"Ecclesiastical tyrants die hard," the voice seems to say. "Europe is in a ferment. It may require centuries for the complete overthrow of that dire concubinage of Church and State. But eventually nation after nation will throw off the incubus. It will be contested here, but in God's ordination these Western climes are to supply the object-lesson.

"Your Father has just returned from the first successful fight. I did not seek and I did not shirk the conflict. Traveling to the land of the Mathers, in New York I was incarcerated for preaching a sermon and baptizing a little child. Thus the babies yet to be are parties in interest in this warfare.

"A cousin of Queen Anne, but a bad man and unrighteous Governor, tried his best to have your Father condemned and punished as a felon!"

"Poor man," said Elizabeth, stroking her Father's hair, "he did not know any better; he did not know my Papa!"

"Yes, old Cornbury did know better," declared the embryo Revolutionist; "he ought to be driven out. I'll help!"

Said the Father, greatly amused, "We can safely leave him and all his ills to the real Sovereign of this Continent, the Lord God of Hosts. The oppressor has received a staggering blow. I have suffered and my health seems shattered, but the victory outweighs the cost. My daughters, see you those mists overhanging the Chesapeake? See them lifting, dissolving, scattering before the sunbeams. So the shadows will fade from the nations and the alliances of despot and bigot pass away. I am glad that I was thrust into the breach!"

"My Papa is either Moses or Elijah," said Elizabeth.

"He is both," declared the Junior Champion; "and he is David and John the Baptist and Paul and Calvin and Knox and a hundred more. Wish I could get at wicked old Cornbury!"

The aged dreamer under the cedars was fondling Makemie's little girls in his arms, for he loved them well. Once the old fellow had written a book about our Founder, and they laughed at him because he flung a reverential fancy loose upon those far away scenes in order to dress the skeletons in flesh and blood. Then he laughed at the critics who forgot that these is no true history without the imagination.

And it was even so the old dreamer seemed at the close of that day to see the little Makemie girls strolling about the Monument and wondering what the thousands of footprints meant!

IV.

It is in the last quarter of the century of which Makemie and his daughters saw the beginning. It is an epoch that has its grasp upon future ages. The little woman who wept at her Father's grave upon this hill in 1708, is an old white-haired woman now, with many acres and seventy-eight negroes and the memory of three dead husbands and with patriotism abounding and with a peculiar sneeze. The children will be imitating that sneeze after her death. Yonder brick enclosure holds grandparents and parents and sister Elizabeth—holds all of her American kith and kin. She stands like a last Evergreen in a great field. She has been a winner of hearts and is a live widow yet.

The spirit of Makenie will not default while Anne

Holden lives. She is too old to mount her war-steed like Joan of Arc, but others can be equipped and fired by her chivalry. After awhile, childless, the last of her line, she will see that these lands are held by no Tory proprietor. Holden's Creek is a Rebel. She has transferred her hatred from Cornbury to Cornwallis!

A gunboat swings into the little stream, mad for the rich widow and for revenge and rapine. Makemie's followers walk the land traitors to King George. Civil and religious liberty rendezvous between the Bays. That insurrectionary sneeze must be suppressed!

Few now survive who ever saw Sloop Tabitha, but the champions of an unshackled Church survive! That pugnacious little girl still lives. Her neighbors are loyal to the old Lady, Ulster blood Virginianized, and John Milligan has no trouble in gathering a brave band. In a pine grove now undermined by the encroaching tides over yonder, all sorts of firearms and angry fusillades scare the invaders back. Madam triumphantly sneezes! and brave John Milligan shall own the land he defended!

Yes, and the old dreamer smiles again, for he remembers how a niece of John Milligan positively fixed the site of that old brick enclosure—an old white-haired woman, once a little girl playing barefoot upon that brick wall—without whose definite memory Makemie's and Madam Holden's burial place would never have been identified nor the Monument ever built. Thus Milligan's defiant rifle is still reverberating—and our Old Mortality smiled.

Those historic days pass along, the aged Madam's heart in every campaign. The Man of Mount Vernon has no truer friend. The women of the Revolution were more than Trojan—they were American. When King George lost their hearts, he lost all!

What is that deep booming the Madam hears across the waters? The war has been transferred to the Chesapeake, and Washington and Cornwallis face each other for a final grapple. The duel is on at Yorktown. The Eastern Shore holds her breath!

Now rises and swells the rumor of surrender. All the tributaries of the Mother of Waters, which Makemie so greatly praised, are agitated; and none more so than Holden's Creek. Then comes the confirmation of the news, and Holden's Creek is in a conflagration of bonfires. Cornbury warring against Religious Liberty and Cornwallis warring against Civil Liberty have both been beaten. The Madam knows that the Pioneers have not lived in vain and she triumphantly sneezes!

V.

The imposing personage on its granite pedestal, and the dreamer of dreams under the Evergreens, had been intensely silent, no words needed—there where the crowds had been gathered and had vanished like the vanishing of the generations. There in its solitude the solemn shaft is far more impressive than amid the concourses of the living. Alas for hearts that cannot feel its sublimity in standing guard forever over the sacred dust!

The moon was silvery, the landscapes and the presence of the noble dead hallowed the scene. Was the aged hermit in the body or out of the body when he aroused and addressed the Prophet upon the rock?

'Hail, fellow watcher! It is appropriate that Old Age and the Monuments should keep company together. We are kindred milestones along the years. We cannot get along without our dead. They still walk the earth as

a stimulus—in history, in legend, in poesy, in the inspirations and aspirations.

“Our Eastern Shore Indians revered the sleeping places of the departed and, when they left the Peninsula, they carried with them as their chief treasures the bones and the relics of their dead. Civilization cannot survive desecrations.

“You, my Makemie, did not live to be old, child of Donegal, adopted son of Virginia. Among the beginnings you went in your prime. Your daughter, almost doubling your age, lived to see the flower and fruitage; the country independent, the Church free. The dead are our livest citizens and our most wholesome companions. With you I left Loch Swilley; with you I sailed the ocean; with you I sought the Eastern Shore; with you I preached at Rehoboth; with you I gathered the little bands of Presbyterians. I traveled with you, as Luke traveled with Paul.

“My Makemie, you and your contemporaries planted diversified crops upon our Eastern Shore. Yes, you planted the Gospel and its great sterling Calvinistic doctrines, but in the same furrows you planted sentiment, and the refinements of life, and the love of books, and poetry, and music, and sweet homes, and the love of wife and children, and the love of the Land of the Evergreens. Imagination has never had sweeter outings than following upon your footsteps.

“The Monuments are our Seers and our Bards. The Monuments are our anchors. The Monuments and the Graves are our bosom-friends. I inhale the odors from the Eternal Gardens!”

The old man, again lifting his hat, saluting the former days, bowing to the silent granite, passed away like a shadow of the pines.

Dawn and Mid-Day.

“Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?”—*Cant. 6. 10.*

By the foundations of the old Temple the Hebrew still has his Weeping Place. The Briton feels the spell of Westminster Abbey, Stratford on Avon, Runnymede. The Scotch Presbyterian thrills at the mention of Gray Friars' Court, the House of John Knox, Bothwell's Bridge, Killierankie. The Eastern Shore Calvinist, wherever he drifts, turns back in heart-pilgrimages to Wicomico, Monokin, Buckingham, Snow Hill, Rockawalkin, Pitts Creek and Rehoboth.

There is poetry and inspiration in standing where the Pioneers have stood; where the old-time fathers and mothers planted the Doctrines; and where in venerable cemeteries is reposing the dust of the saints. Here we dream our picturesque dreams of the morning dawn, the rising moon, the ascending sun and the blue banners of our American Presbyterianism.

For awhile I sketch briefly seven or eight of the habiliments and pieces of armor in which the panoplied Church looketh forth as the morning.

1. The *Enthusiasms of her History*. Every clause in her Standards has its pedigree running back to the New Testament and to the Old. Every brighter spot in the annals of Redemption, even amid the darkest ages, was an oasis of Presbyterianism and Calvinism. In the Vales of Piedmont, in Iona's Isle, the Apostolic germ survived. As said our Makemie, “By all computation, Presbyterians and Calvinists, with such as are in communion

with them, are the greater part and the better part of the Reformation."

Said John Morley, the accomplished Historian, "Calvinism saved Europe during the Sixteenth Century." Then torn and bled in Europe, our Church was flung upon the American shores. In the spots all along the coast where orthodox Dutch and Huguenot and Puritan and Scotch and Scotch-Irish found lodgment, there was no spot more luminous with the genuine and unadulterated than in these regions between the Bays. Right here as the advanced guard in 1683 appeared our blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, light-haired son of the Emerald Isle. Makemie was to face opposers, but our young Irishman knew how to wield the shalalah. Speaking of the overthrow of the Stuart Dynasty, he exclaims: "Blessed be God for our seasonable and happy Revolution that has in a great measure broke the deep projects of that Jesuitical party and, by an established liberty to all Dissenting Protestants, has bound the hands of former persecutors."

But young Francis did not know that the persecutors were yet to make their fight on this continent against him and his, and that in a hundred years there was to be another Revolution when the Presbyterian hosts were to be literally an army with banners. Says the Historian, Bancroft: "He who does not honor the name and influence of Calvin betrays his ignorance of the origin of American liberty." And declares another terse writer: "The Shorter Catechism fought the War of Independence."

Here along the sparkling Eastern Shore water-courses, the Matchatank, Holden's Creek, the Onancock, the Monokin, the Wicomico, the Pocomoke, was planted the sifted wheat. I see our Founder's white-winged sloop

threading these streams freighted with the tenets of Geneva and the Pauline Epistles; I see Pony Button exploring pine woods and cypress jungles with Confession of Faith and brace of pistols in the holsters. Thus the young Rehoboth of 227 years ago, looking forth as the morning, was to be the prolific mother of thousands of churches in forty-six great commonwealths in the Yet-To-Be!

2. The inspiration of *sturdy Bible doctrines*. There they stood from the beginning, rugged as Scotia's crags. Says the Historian Froude, not a Presbyterian: "Calvinism is the spirit which rises in revolt against all untruth; it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the laws by which mankind are governed." The great historic Five Points—Sovereign Election, Definite Atonement, Universal Depravity, Efficacious Grace, Final Perseverance—these have been the builders of character and of history. I love to repeat Makemie's answer to the threat of the profligate Governor of New York: "You shall not spread your pernicious doctrine here!" Then the bold retort rang back: "As to our doctrine, my Lord, we have our Confession of Faith, which is known to the Christian world, and I challenge all the clergy of York to show us any false or pernicious doctrine therein!"

That challenge is still out. The Makemie Churches cherish the faith of the fathers. They stand pat on the doctrines. The erratic laxness now and then besetting other sections has never invaded Makemieland. Very radiant have been the morning beams, the lustrous moon-rays, the clear shining of the sun, the bright legends upon our ensigns.

3. Our God-given *Church Polity*. When the father-

in-law of Moses suggested that Board of Elders, the Presbytery in the wilderness, he proved his statesmanship for all time. Christ and all his Apostles grew up in Presbyterian Synagogues. The only ordination ever thought of by Paul was by laying on of Presbyterial hands.

Said the Bishop of Durham, the most learned of them all: "The office which the Apostles instituted was in a kind of rule not by Bishops but by Presbyters; and even down to the Third Century Presbyters as well as Bishops possessed the power of nominating and consecrating Bishops; and, besides, there were from the commencement of the Middle Ages down to the Reformation large exceptions from the principle of Episcopal government which can be called by no other name than Presbyterian." Such was the little Presbytery organized by Makemie in Philadelphia in 1706—a full-blood daughter of those immortalized by Paul. Our Founder emphasizes the spiritual oversight: "Our Lord Jesus has prescribed spiritual laws and constituted a suitable government and spiritual rule in His Church, entrusted to particular persons to be duly executed." Thus like Jethro and Moses our Pioneer planted another Presbytery in the wilderness. Thus our Divinely-ordained series of graded Courts pre-empted the New World, looking forth as the morning.

4. A wholesome charm in *her simple forms of worship*. Her unostentatious and impressive sacraments; her spontaneous prayers; her emphasis upon the Scriptures as read and preached; her sound devotional Psalmody; no sensational freaks in the pulpit, no sacrilegious mountebank, no smart Alecks to laugh people into the kingdom; no aping of the liturgical or other attempts to engraft diverse systems upon our native olive tree; everything thoughtful, solemn, reverent, elevating. Says

Makemie: "We do not receive nor comply with stunted and imposed forms and liturgies because not commanded nor warranted by the Word of God nor known in the purest and original centuries of the Gospel Churches." The Makemie Churches do not take kindly to intrusive innovations.

It is winsome to hear our old hero telling of: "The experiences of thousands of the Godly, of ravishings of soul and ineffable joy and comfort from praising God." So we love to hear him tell of his personal delight in the old Communion Seasons: "My own experience of the grace, blessing and benefits of this great, special and solemn ordinance." These virgin forests knew what experimental religion meant. The ways of the fathers, the spiritual elevations acclimated on this conservative Peninsula—ah yes, the old-time religion is good enough for us! and for 200 more years to come! Thus the Bride of the Lamb, with the dews of the dawn upon her, looked forth as the morning.

5. The amenities of *genuine Church culture*. She accepted her commission literally, "Go teach all nations." Her insistence upon an educated ministry and her emphasis upon the indoctrination of the young, have enriched the world with vast bonanzas. Makemie brought to these Shores the stamp of the University of Glasgow and the impress of a cultured Presbytery. Assailants of the faith found him equipped for the arena. Led to Christ when a boy by a Godly Schoolmaster, his heart naturally believed in early piety and the schools. Make a note on it. The American Presbyterian Church was built on a conversion in boyhood. So we hear him saying: "The advantages of our early education is witnessed by the experience of many Godly of all ages, where attended with

the blessing of God and pursued with exhortation until they arrive at a riper age." The first book written amid these sea-breezes was Makemie's Catechism, which he sowed among the pines. These Makemie Churches are rightfully the Children's Churches. They stand for an intelligent piety.

Says a writer of note: "The little Republic of Geneva was the sun of the European mind." Says another authority: "For the first 200 years of American History almost every College and Seminary of Learning, and almost every Academy and Common School even, had been built and sustained by Calvinists." So says the Bride: "I would lead thee and bring thee into my mother's house who would instruct me." Thus instructed, our youthful Church looked forth as the morning.

6. I love to speak of the stimulus of inherited religious blood. The pulse of Eastern Shore Presbyterianism, under such heart-beats, should throb full and strong. Born of Presbyterian parentage, rocked in Presbyterian cradles, nursed upon Presbyterian milk, dandled in Presbyterian arms, trained in Presbyterian traditions, fed upon the marrow of Presbyterian Divinity, this is typical blue blood.

I stood by the dying bed of a daughter of one of these Makemie Churches dying in St. Louis. I saw the golden bowl breaking, the silver cord loosing. Bidding brother, husband, children all good-bye, face already gilded with the radiance of the Land that needs no moon or sun, we thought her done with earth. Once more she came back and said: "I would love to have one more glimpse of the old Eastern Shore—the pine woods, the laurel blooms, the prattling brooks, the play-grounds, the dear old Churches of the fathers!" And then she was gone. I

think she and the angels passed Heavenward this way. It was the face of one that looketh forth as the morning.

7. The appropriation of *an assured future*. Welcome, ye revered of other days, to the front seats in these Sanctuaries. Moses comes and Isaiah comes and Paul comes, gathering with God's people. And Calvin comes and Knox comes and Makemie comes and our buried loved ones come. Enter, ye worshipers of other days, and face these pulpits. See, the shadowy forms passing up the aisles. The sacred past is ours!

But I hear other footsteps entering and advancing—the congregations after you and I are gone. The home-nurseries and the primary classes, the children and the children's children, these are partners too in interest. The Church of God is a perpetual bloomer. The future is ours! God declared the Abrahamic Covenant an "Everlasting Covenant." Boys and girls are still its heirs and heiresses. "Let us get up early to the vineyard; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear and the pomegranates bud forth; then will I give thee my loves."

These sweet hymns will be sung by other singers. These pulpits will be filled by pastors now in swaddling clothes. God's Electing Grace will go on gathering its trophies. There are revivals, there are refreshings, there are ingatherings yet to be. Expect it, count upon it, work toward it. It is full time for Makemieland to be up and doing. The promises look forth as the morning

8. We should be in *readiness to share in the mingled loves of the Bridegroom and the Bride*. Now we put on the beautiful garments of expectancy. The optimist is right—bright scenes and still brighter on ahead. A lover of the beautiful from babyhood, cultivating the bright

side of things, I have never seen anything more exquisite than a hearty, harmonious, expectant, zealous, happy Church membership—busily dutiful, aggressive, ready for the coming of the King!

Makemie Churches revived and alert, Makemie Churches with every household under the baptisms of the Holy Ghost, Makemie Churches bringing every burning heart to the front—Solomon in all his glory never more royally arrayed. And why not? Have these old citidels of our Founder lost their grip? Are they barely holding their own? Here in this favored section where it started, has Presbyterianism done its best, stagnated and settled upon its lees?

This Peninsula ought to have been a Presbyterian Peninsula. Has somebody loitred? Has somebody slept upon his post? Makemie found it Missionary ground. It is still Missionary ground. There are splendid possibilities within your reach. The spirit of the past salutes you. You are kneeling where many a father and mother in Israel has knelt. Old memories will help you. These ancient Shrines will help you. The graveyards will help you—for they too at His coming shall look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and glorious as conquering heroes with their banners!

Come stand with me on your white beaches in the presence of the vast expanse of waters. It is night. Imminence—the roll, the boom, the mystery, the impenetrable—the mighty ocean' shrouded! Over these surges Makemie brought the Ark to your Shores. The Infinite is there—holding the depths in the hollow of His hand. Thick darkness veils the profound magnificence like the veil upon the counsels of God. There are mighty throbbings—but we cannot see!

Straining our eyes in awe, lo, something undefined appears upon the vague horizon—a fleecy haze, a premonition of light, a pervading glimmer; now glimpses of billows and white-caps; the dim illumination spreading like a smile. The eye begins to take its bearings, and, behold, the gentle queen of night walks forth in celestial radiance like a saint from the tomb; moonlight on the waters—old ocean in vestments of silver. It is one of the poems of the Eastern Shore. “Fair as the moon!”

Look again. An hour has passed. New streaks and more vivid appear in the East, spangles darting toward the zenith—a broadening effulgence—panoramas of splendors—and, lo, the king of day emerges, coming forth like a bridegroom from his chambers. This is another of the treasures of Makemieland. “Clear as the sun!”

And now the perspective mantles with effulgence; the pine woods bordering the deep illuminated; the martialled surges in battalions and phalanxes; boundless ocean alive and visible; the unfathomable lift and evolutions—rolling on like eternity—“terrible as an army with banners!”

So we stand and look forth upon the forces of Redemption, the profound developments of God’s Covenant. They too have their night-hours. “Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.” Ah the mysteries, the depths unfathomed, the thundering and the undertow! Men come and go, generations come and go, centuries come and go. Pulpits and pews are emptied. The graveyards fill. God’s purposes move on undisturbed. The Infinite is there! The Bride of the Lamb is putting on her attire—in the dark.

Lo, Millennial streaks appear along the horizon, God has His hand upon the billows, the onward sweep of the tides. Jesus is walking the waves of Genessaret and the

Chesapeake and the Seven Seas. The gates of hell are not prevailing.

The Church has her infancy but no old age. She sees the streaks in the East. "The morning cometh"—"the Day-spring from on high." The Heavens grow luminous. "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and formidable as an army with banners!"

Rehoboth—the Mother Church.

The question as to priority of age between our Makemie Churches was never worth a conflict. Unquestionably they all came into existence very near the same time, as soon as their Founder could visit them and gather the patches of Presbyterians into these centers. But when positive and unsupported claims are made, Rehoboth must not let the truth go by default. We therefore condense the incontrovertible facts:

1. A hundred years, during his life and after his death, there is not one recorded fact connecting Makemie's name with any other Maryland Church than Rehoboth.

2. The first settlements of Somerset County, now the three counties of Somerset and Worcester and Wicomico, were, as the recorded land-patents show, from the Chesapeake side, at the mouth of the rivers, advancing scatteringly toward the ocean—the early population chiefly between the Pocomoke, Annamessex and the Monokin. Hence the Court Houses were in that section, first in Revell's Neck and then on Dividing Creek. All others were built long after Makemie's day. Most of the Presbyterians were in those territories and in easy reach of Rehoboth—then Pocomoke Town.

3. Col. William Stevens, the most prominent Eastern Shore official, Judge of the County Court from its organization in 1666 till his death in 1687, also a member of the Provincial Council and a Deputy Lieutenant of Lord Baltimore, lived at this centre on his Rehoboth Plantation patented in 1665. Just below him lived Judge Francis

Jenkins, Makemie's personal friend. Near by lived Judge George Layfield who married Stevens' widow. In the same vicinity lived the High Sheriff White, brother-in-law of Stevens and buried in the same graveyard. These are pregnant facts—no other such centre of influence in all the wide county. Even back in 1672, eleven years before Makemie's arrival, we find the great English Quaker, George Fox, preaching there to crowds of whites and Indians and arranging for monthly meetings at that point. The same year the Grand Jury, with David Brown, a Scotch Presbyterian, as Foreman and Judge Stevens presiding, appointed regular religious services there—and at only three other points, one on the Annamessex, one on the lower Monokin and another on the lower Wicomico. Those familiar with the geography will see the relevancy of these facts. These data from the ancient Princess Anne Records locate the centres of population and influence. Rehoboth, then Pocomoke Town, was made a Port of Entry in 1683, the year of Makemie's arrival. The county prison was built there in 1701.

4. Because of his prominence in the Colony and because his home was a religious centre, its very name Rehoboth implying toleration, "There is room," Stevens was selected by the Presbyterians to make application to the Presbytery of Laggan for a Minister. Why not from some other quarter than Rehoboth? Young Makemie, then twenty-two years old, heard that letter read with the name of Stevens affixed and there the young Theologian's mind is directed to America in December, 1680. How beautiful God's providence! Not only did young Makemie hear that application, but also the Stated Clerk, William Trail, who was afterwards to be a neighbor of Stevens on the Pocomoke. Again how pregnant the facts!

On Makemie's arrival in the Colony in 1683 and Trail's arrival in 1684, *where and to whom are they to report unless to Stevens and those neighbors who made the application?* The tomb of Stevens is still legible and the foundations of the house still visible—the usual place of worship for Dissenters for eleven years preceding. There are no such interesting probabilities clustering around any other spot on the Peninsula. *Remember there is not one single place or fact or historical landmark to rebut the inevitable conclusions.*

5. Makemie had been sent out as the advance guard to spy out the land for the persecuted Ministers, the whole Presbytery thinking of emigrating. The next year, 1684, the Stated Clerk follows and where does this able man settle? Where does Makemie place the prominent leader, William Trail, who had helped to ordain him and who was one of the strongest in America? For six years and until he went back to Scotland in 1690, Trail lives on his farm of "Brother's Love" on the Pocomoke only a little way below Rehoboth. During those years Samuel Davis was pastor at Snow Hill, the Court Records showing a marriage by him in 1684, a recorded will showing a bequest to him in 1691, and an item indicating his removal to Lewes in 1697. During Trail's stay, Makemie had been doing evangelistic work, with his home down at Matchatank in Virginia.

6. In 1691, Trail now gone, we have again direct Record evidence of Makemie's preaching again at Rehoboth—a funeral sermon and the details given in a Court trial. Thus he was evidently in charge again at Rehoboth as soon as Trail left. We rely upon positive facts and dates in the Records and not on surmises or asser-

tions. Note again *that meanwhile the Maryland Records never mention him in connection with any other Church.*

7. There can be no doubt of her Founder's making his home at Rehoboth after his leaving his Matchatank plantation until his marriage. For the time he drops entirely out of the Virginia Records. Note that Rehoboth was first called Pocomoke Town. Now we see him writing of "my house at Pocomoke." We know that he owned land there upon which a new Church was afterwards built. Record is made (1693) of corn to be delivered to him "at the mill at Rehoboth." His answer to the Quaker Keith, who had assailed his Catechism, is written and dated "at Rehoboth in Pocomoke, Maryland" (1692). In the same Will of Galbraith (1691) in which Samuel Davies is described as "Minister at Snow Hill." Makemie is designated as "Minister of the Gospel at Rehoboth Town." These are attested facts, not inferences nor vague tradition. Amid these accumulated data, still bear in mind that *with no other Church in Maryland do his own writings nor the Court Records nor any other Records associate the name of Francis Makemie.* He may have preached in them and founded them, but *it cannot be proved.*

8. In Makemie's Will (1708) we read of the new Church, the second in Rehoboth, and *built upon his own grounds.* Which of the other churches so favored? How carefully his Will guards the devise: "For ye ends and uses of a Presbyterian congregation and to their successors forever; and none else but to such of ye same persuasion in matters of religion." Only one other Church is remembered in this last Testament—his library given to the Church in Philadelphia where he gathered the first

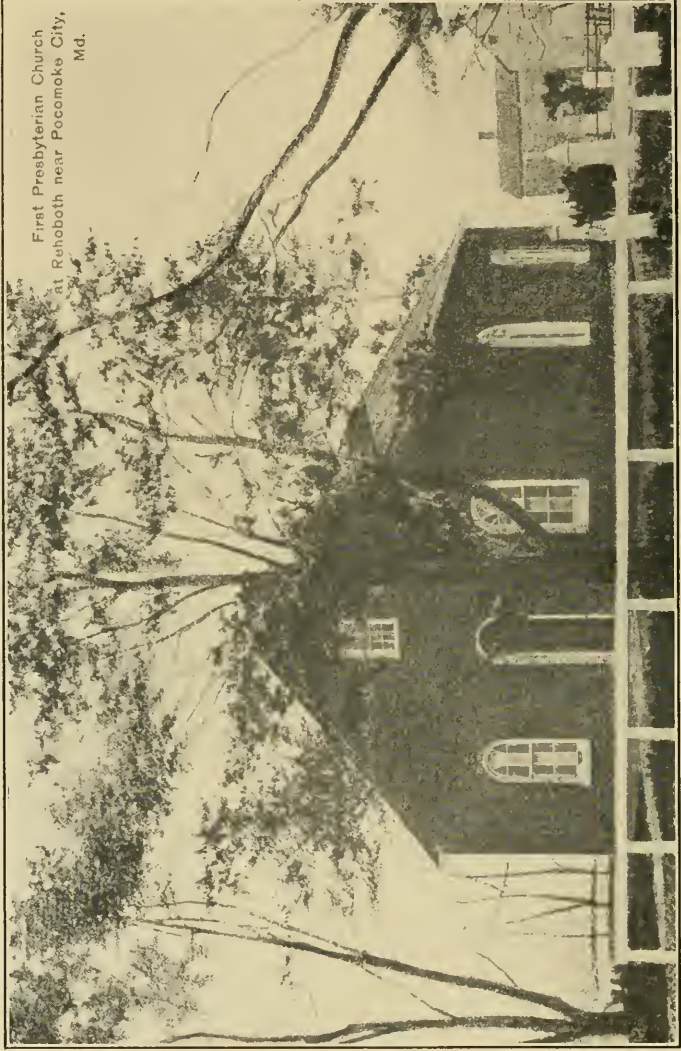
Presbytery. Is it not beautifully suggestive that he made these love-gifts to his first organized Church and his first organized Presbytery?

9. The testimony of Anne Makemie Holden's Pastor. During his long Pastorate of thirty-one years at Pitts Creek, Snow Hill and Rehoboth, Rev. Samuel McMaster over a hundred years ago left a manuscript history of his times—the first historical witness and one who knew Makemie's daughter for years and could have secured his facts from her. In the valuable published "Letters" of Irving Spence, an honored Snow Hill Elder of the past generation, is preserved the following extract from McMaster's History: "*This first congregation, which worshipped at Rehoboth, consisted of English Dissenters. A few families migrated from England, their consciences not suffering them to comply with the Establishment then existing, and settled near the mouth of the Pocomoke river and the adjacent parts—some on the East and some on the West side of the river—and formed themselves into a religious Society for the public worship of God. A house for public worship was built on the West side of the river at a place called Rehoboth.*" Who has ever impeached that testimony? Weigh every word and compare with Makemie's own writings and original authorities as detailed above. Here is the first historian and an intimate acquaintance of our Founder's daughter whom she remembers fondly in her Will, leaving him her Father's valued desk. It demands something more than the bold assertions of modern writers to discount such evidence. Taken in connection with the Court Records, it is conclusive and impregnable.

10. Dr. McDonald argues manfully for the seniority of Jamaica Church, Long Island, but his own facts prove that in its earlier years it was not a Presbyterian but a Congregational Church. He finally concedes that, "Mr. McNish may therefore be regarded as father of the Presbyterian Church on Long Island." But McNish had come to America twenty-four years after Makemie, brought over by our Founder, in 1707, and had preached in Makemieland four years before he went to Long Island!

11. In view of all these absolute facts, not as misstated by inexact historians and interested parties, but as based upon all the original documents, the Presbytery of New Castle, the Synod of Baltimore, and the General Assembly have definitely accorded the rights of primogeniture to Rehoboth. It is an adjudicated case. And against this verdict and concensus, and against the above array of invulnerable facts, there is no attempt at rebuttal except by the merest, reiterated assertion.

The noble Monument on Holden's Creek turns its face impressively toward old Rehoboth, a few miles to the northward, with hand raised to Heaven in eloquent benediction.



First Presbyterian Church
at Rehoboth near Pocomoke City,
Md.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, AT REHOBOTH, NEAR POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

POEMS.



Eastern Shore Wild Flowers;
and Other Wild Things.

Eastern Shore Wild Flowers.

FOREWORD—AT SEVENTY SEVEN.

I've never seen the reason why
God's children should grow old;
I never knew why loving hearts
Should shrivel and wax cold;
The world is fresh and fair to-day
As when the world began;
God just the same the Fathers knew
And just as good to man.

There's optimism all abroad
In all I hear and see;
In old May pinks and lilac bloom,
In bird and honey bee;
About my way the sunshine falls
Sweet as a child's caress;
Where birds are glad and blossoms smile,
I breathe their youthfulness.

I love the human face divine,
I love the speaking eye;
I love the dimple in the cheek,
The veil of modesty;
I love the lilt of human tones,
The spell of genial ways;
I love the lassies just as well
As in the puppy days!

I love the books, the deathless books,
The tonics for the dull;
The winsome authors, old and new,
Benign, companionable,

Belles lettres and historians
 And songs the poets sung;
 And, hush, a novel now and then—
 It helps to keep me young!

And then I love to scribble too,
 The pen its frisky time;
 Stray fun that's lurking everywhere,
 And little spurts of rhyme;
 For instance—sweet, eat, little feet,
 And moon and June and coon;
 It holds blue devils in the leash
 And keeps the heart in tune!

If stupid hours come sneaking up,
 If tricky care besets,
 Go take a ramble through the woods
 And pick the violets.
 Three score and ten? Oh very well—
 Some pines are in their teens,
 Some septuagenarians,
 But all are evergreens!

If appetite coquets a wee,
 Then take your line and hook
 And tramp the everglades and find
 The sunfish in his nook;
 And spy upon the fairy folks
 Among the myrtle bushes,
 And see the naiads where they swim
 Among the flags and rushes.

These neighboring Bays have boyhood's ways,
 No dotage in the waters;
 The rivers dance on girlishly,
 And all their brooklet daughters;
 There's no dull care in ozone air,
 Stars twinkle as of yore—
 No sense at all in growing old
 On youthful Eastern Shore!

FRANCIS MAKEMIE

Proud Presbyterians of the Eastern Shore,
 Your pride is orthodox. Put backbone there,
 A clean escutcheon, no bar sinister,
 Since Paul laid on his Presbyterial hands
 And Peter's pen declared his Eldership.
 In bleak Iona's Isle, in Piedmont vales,
 Straight pedigree till gallant Knox in Scotland,
 And, mightiest brain of Reformation days,
 Geneva's peerless seer and sun, John Calvin,
 Brought Presbytery to its own again.

Like Canaan for her Abraham
 Awaiting dawn of day,
 So waited here between the Bays
 Our old Peninsula;
 Fragrant as myrtle 'mid her pines,
 Strong as her sturdiest oak,
 He comes, the Paul of Accomack,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

Popery was raging on the Continent,
 Prelacy ran amuck in the British Isles,
 The blood of Presbyterian martyrs flowed
 On hill and dale and cried aloud to Heaven.
 Our God was sifting out the finest wheat
 To sow it broadcast on the Western wilds.
 Between the Bays, a respite from the storms,
 And sheltered in the groves, staunch refugees
 From fire and sword of Prelates and their Kings,
 Appealed to Ulster for leadership and guide.

Upon the hills of Donegal
 A young man hears the plea;
 From hearth and home he turns away
 And sails the unknown sea;
 Makemie comes! Along the coast
 The morning dawn awoke—
 John Calvin of the Matchatank,
 John Knox of Pocomoke!

As Paul on every shore sought God's elect
 And faced unmoved the Mediterranean gales,
 So went Makemie forth to all the winds;
 His sloop Tabitha to a hundred streams,
 His faithful Button trudging pathless swamps.
 He planted Churches as he planted corn—
 Rehoboth, Wicomico and Snow Hill,
 Monokin, Rockawalkin and Pitts Creek—
 From fair Onancock up to Buckingham,
 Thê lilies and the seabirds tracked his course.

I hear the brave forefathers sing,
 I hear the old-time Psalm;
 It echoes from the blue Bayside
 On up to Buckingham;
 By cabin-fires, in woodland glens,
 The Gospel sunrise broke—
 Apostle of the Land of Streams,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

The Western world had need of one like him,
 The true, historic, Presbyterian grit.
 The persecutors still were on his trail.
 To feed and aggrandize an alien faith,
 They wrest the godless tithes from all he had;
 Corrupt and vile Cornbury in the North
 Arrested, swindled, flung him into jail.
 America's first legal fight for men's
 Religious liberty, he waged and won.
 From Barbadoes to Boston flashed the light.

Unflinching, bold, serene he stood
 And braved the Despot's frown;
 To Pope or Prelate's myrmedous
 He threw the gauntlet down;
 With sturdy fist he struck the blow
 Which rent the oppressor's yoke—
 This Calvin of the Eastern Shore,
 This Knox of Pocomoke!

Down by the glistening waves of Holden's Creek
 Arose a model home. The genial winds
 From Bay and Ocean fanned its groves and flowers.
 There fair Naomi, Virginia's bonnie br'ide,
 Enriched his life and gave him two wee girls,
 His Bettie and his Anne. And homes like that,
 All Simon-pure, of Presbyterian type,
 His Calvinism planted far and wide—
 Sweet sea-girt homes which mothered you and me,
 And shone like stars beneath o'erarching blue.

Ye cabins of the Pioneers,
 Old-fashioned, rude and quaint,
 You've sown these ancient graveyards
 With many a grand old saint;
 You listened and your firesides warmed
 While your Makemie spoke—
 High Admiral of the Chesapeake,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

Time came, predestinated of our God,
 When Northward in the Town of Penn,
 A church Court sat, by our staunch Leader led—
 A Western bloom from Apostolic gardens,
 Such as Paul saw ordaining Timothy.
 The wilderness blossomed, solitudes were glad,
 Quakers looked on askance, Anglicans demurred,
 But now was launched a force, destined to leave
 The Ritual and the Mystic, both extremes, benumbed,
 And fill the land from Hither to Farther Sea.

All hail, ye stout old Presbyters!
 For you the cross and crown;
 Ordained to lead America
 Toward her Millennial dawn.
 Makemie sees and heeds the sign—
 God's time-piece on the stroke;
 The Prophet of the Eastern Shore,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

Upon the banks of Holden's Creek he sleeps.
 The sparkle of the wavelets tell the tale
 Of crystal River and the Great White Throne.
 Since then what multitudes of graves on all
 These landscapes rest, tombs of the fathers,
 Blood of Covenanter, blood of Huguenot.
 Where ever soared a sounder Creed to Heaven!
 Take off thy shoes; we stand on holy ground,
 The burning bush burns on and unconsumed.

Fling out your banner's spotless blue,
 The flag your Fathers bore
 Along the clear transparent streams
 Of good old Eastern Shore;
 The spirit of heroic sires
 To-day we re-invoke—
 The Paul of Sea-girt Accomack,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

Time came apace, great Revolution days.
 Who were the Tories? Who the Patriots then?
 Makemie's sort forever in the van,
 The Presbyterian host on battle line!
 John Calvin Founder of America—
 So Ranke wrote. Father of Republics—
 So Bancroft wrote. Presbyterian women
 Sent forth their sons and cheered the victors on.
 Makemie's daughter, old and gray, brave Anne,
 In Accomack kept freedom to the fore!

She lived and loved and passed away
 Last of Makemie's blood;
 But we, his children in the faith,
 Stand where our founders stood.
 His presence still pervades the pines
 And breathes by brae and brook—
 Apostle of the Chesapeake,
 The Knox of Pocomoke!

IN THAT OLD PEW.

The radiant Sunday mornings,
And the balm of ocean breeze;
The old Brick Sanctuary
In its setting of oak trees;
The fathers and the mothers
And the solemn songs of praise,
The tombstones through the windows
And the glamour of young days;
How many blooms there came to birth,
Found nowhere else on all the earth!

The bending of the Heavens,
And the hearts that rise and soar;
The Gospel trumpet sounding
And the tones of Gaylord Moore;
Most beautiful of Mothers
In the pew ahead of ours,
And little brown-eyed girlie
Like a peach among the flowers;
And while the people prayed and praised
The dreaming lad sat there and gazed!

While the Parson told of angels
In the Regions far and fair,
The gazer never doubted
But the Preacher spake of her;
'Tis said her mother switched her
For her fidgets and her mirth;
He thought those Sunday antics
The cunningest on earth;
With what stored gems the future beamed,
He never dreamed and no one dreamed!

She grew in grace and beauty
Like a lily by the waters,
For Buckingham had always
Her white flocks of peerless daughters.

A tripping, romping tom-boy—
 What miracles in life!
 That scamp to be a Preacher,
 That lass a Preacher's wife!
 All loved the lassie more and more,
 Because she loved both rich and poor!

Winds wrecked the old Brick Temple
 And closed the Temple gates;
 Winds blew the frisky youngster
 Far away to other States;
 He had his share of sweethearts
 Wherever sweethearts grew,
 But ne'er forgot that lodestar
 Just in front of that old pew;
 Magnolia grove or Western Plain,
 His boyhood's light would rise again!

His life was full of labors
 And full of Preacher cares,
 And on and on went flying
 All the swiftness of the years;
 Once more back home returning,
 A lonely bachelor—
 And he was in the pulpit,
 And she was in the choir—
 The coals blazed up and, sparkling through,
 The lass who'd sat in that old pew!

Makemie won Naomi,
 His fair Virginia bride;
 This other won his Ellen
 And he envied none beside;
 For through two hundred Summers,
 In the realms of wholesome lives
 Old Buckingham's rare daughters,
 Have made the best of wives;
 They gather sweets like honey-bees,
 They grow like laurels 'neath pine trees!

And good old people lauded
And children's hearts caressed;
She doubled his influence
In the Southland and the West;
And everybody praised her
And loved her more and more,
For she, as in sweet girlhood,
Kept on loving rich and poor;
And thus she won and thus she grew,
My fairy of the old-time pew!

Out yonder gently sleeping,
Where no turmoil ever mars,
She rests beside her Mother
Underneath the Western stars;
And cheerful blooms above her
Are wreathing diadems,
And blue-birds and the robins
Are warbling requiems;
Her life a song, her soul a psalm,
The child of ancient Buckingham!

To-day the Ocean breezes
Seem whispering out here;
The balsams of the pine-trees
Come pulsing through the air;
Beside the grassy lillock
I sit and dream my dreams,
And catch anew the echoes
Of the thrill of old-time hymns;
And 'mid the dim haze, soothingly,
That lassie still ahead of me!

The waiting and the waiting,
The years now moving slow;
The yearning and the yearning
And the forms of long ago;
The old familiar faces,
The lone and broken home;

The fadeless hearts up yonder
 Who are beckoning us to come;
 The home-like gates of Paradise,
 The congregations of the skies!

I bring my Easter lilies
 And lay them by her side;
 She loved them well while living,
 She was like them when she died!
 It is coming, surely coming,
 And 'twill not be very long,
 The glorious Resurrection
 And the Coronation song;
 The skies of blue and, smiling through,
 The lass in front of our old pew!

TO OUR JOHN.

Written for the Fiftieth Birthday of Mr. John S. McMaster, Great-Grandson of Rev. Samuel McMaster, Madam Holden's Pastor and also of Rehoboth for thirty years—Rehoboth's longest Pastorate. Our John is a true friend of the Makemie Churches.

Come, ye balmiest Southern breezes,
 Take and bear this message on—
 Wreaths of warm congratulations
 To old Worcester's favorite son—
 Greetings from his native scenes,
 His loved Land of Evergreens.

Never was there son more loyal
 To the soil from which he sprung;
 Never heart of Eastern Shoreman
 Quite so true and ever young;
 Worthy his McMaster line,
 Son of Holly and the Pine.

So he came, our little Jonnie,
 To the classic Pocomoke,
 High ideals bred within him
 And the fibre of the oak;
 Thus the budding life begun,
 McMaster mixed with Stevenson.

'Mid the Laurel and the Myrtle,
 Worshipping at Nature's Shrine,
 Growing 'mid the Holly berries,
 Breathing balsams of the Pine—
 So life's currents ebb and flow,
 Child of fifty years ago.

And the sheen has never left him
 Of the Land that gave him birth;
 E'en the quaint old turkey-buzzards
 Have no peers in all the earth!
 Are they not, as high they rise,
 Jonnie's Birds of Paradise?

Sure enough when Cupid struck him,
 And the deeper thrills awoke,
 Queen nor Countess could allure him
 From the lass of Pocomoke;
 None but Janie, only she,
 Blooming down at Beverly.

Dennis and McMaster mingling,
 High ambitions in their veins,
 Two young Princes, John and Alfred,
 Legatees of blood and brains—
 So he sits between his heirs,
 Patriarch of fifty years!

And old Worcester sends her greetings
 And old Pocomoke his love—
 That he'll live another fifty,
 Crowned with blessings from above,
 While the Noble still inspires,
 Worthy son of worthy sires!

Now a word from old Rehoboth:—
 “Honored be the name McMaster;
 Richest benedictions on him,
 Scion of my cherished Pastor;
 Like my Samuel may he stand
 A Star of our Makemie land!”

REHOBOTH TO HER KIDS.

Rehoboth with her Bible name,
 The hazy past upon her,
 There seated by the riverside
 Enthroned in fadeless honor;
 Departed hours and present hours
 Converging there serenely,
 As winsome as in girlhood's days,
 And still robust and queenly.

“Call in my children,” thus she spake,
 Her bosom fond and truthful,
 For old folks love their little ones,
 And thus keep sweet and youthful;
 “Call in my children; bless their hearts,
 White seagulls by the waters;
 I saw you in your pantalets,
 My blessed little daughters!

“The Lady Mary Somerset,
 Her praises widely spoken
 Entailed her name on this glad clime,
 Your birthplace, fair Monokin;
 Bright land of noble womanhood,
 Of blossoms, birds and fairies,
 Where our Makemie planted well
 Our seven Sanctuaries.

“The Princess Anne, ere long a Queen,
Bestowed her name upon thee;
John Calvin when Makemie came,
Entranced thy heart and won thee;
And never through succeeding years
Shall Calvin’s grip be broken,
While men like Watson stand for Christ
In orthodox Monokin.

“Pitts Creek, esconsed by Beaver Dam,
’Mid memories rich and golden,
One of Makemie’s favorites
And pride of Madam Holden;
Well served through Revolution times
By sturdy Sam McMaster,
And served by yet another Mac,
McCullough, faithful Pastor.

“This not the ground for briars and thorns,
No place for croaks and croakers;
There’s Grace enough for country Church
And for the Pocomokers;
May God the old-time ardor give
And constantly renew it;
If any saint can keep ’em straight,
Aunt Betsy Jones can do it!

“Snow Hill, I send my girl a kiss
Upon the sparkling river;
The God of ancient Adam Spence
Still be thy God forever!
Where Samuel Davis preached the Word
And showed the open Heaven,
And Dr. North dispenses still
The same old Gospel leaven.

“You have illustrious pedigree,
My genial little Madam;
No use to try to stretch it out
To ages back of Adam;

'Twill get the charming history
 All puckered in a pother,
 If Daughterhood upsets the dates
 And plays her Mother's Mother!

"Wicomico, name borne of old
 By bright-eyed Indian lassies,
 Where still the water-lilies grow
 Among the river grasses;
 Where erst McNish, Makemie's boy,
 His Gospel wand was swaying,
 Where Beale flings out his eloquence
 And Riegart keeps on praying.

"Survivor of the saints of old
 And heir of Rockawalkin,
 You too should be a saint, my dear,
 And typical Blue Stockin';
 Our only Church in that wide field,
 You ought, by God's good bounty,
 To win and Presbyterianize
 That whole delightful county!

"Now Buckingham, my Buckingham,
 Come nestle to my bosom;
 A virgin on a virgin coast,
 My lonely seaside blossom;
 A native of the ancient soil
 By William Stevens given;
 There seated by the upper road
 To show the road to Heaven!

"Where Bancroft wings his rhetoric
 And fulminates his gestures,
 And pictures lustrous crowns of gold
 And paints the Heavenly vestures;
 And lauds the Seer of Holden's Creek
 And shows new splendors coming;
 Dear Buckingham, with Temple fair,
 The blossom still in blooming!"

Thus old Rehoboth still adorns
Hereditary stories;
The humor of her youthful days
Still mingling with her glories;
Fresh benedictions on her girls
Perennial love attesting;
Her heart still down at Holden's Creek
Where her old Hero's resting!

EASTERN SHORE FERNERIES.

The Birdies in the tree-tops,
The Froggies in the stream,
Are singing to their sweethearts
Of Love's immortal dream;
And Love was in the meadows,
And Love was in the air,
When Nell and I went hunting
For the dainty Maiden Hair;
Hunting ferns, hunting ferns,
And Love was everywhere,
When Nell and I went hunting,
For the dainty Maiden Hair.

The robin sang his nuptials
Among the myrtle boughs;
The thrush was trilling ditties
Beside his chirping spouse;
The earth was gay with weddings
And life was void of care,
When Nell and I went hunting
For the dainty Maiden Hair;
Hunting ferns, hunting ferns,
And Love was everywhere,
When Nell and I went hunting,
For the dainty Maiden Hair.

Then one of Nelly's tresses
Blew soft across my cheek—

Ah 'twas a mystic message
 Two souls began to speak;
 For close we walked together
 And never a happier pair,
 When Nell and I went hunting
 For the dainty Maiden Hair;
 Hunting ferns, hunting ferns,
 And Love was everywhere,
 When Nell and I went hunting,
 For the dainty Maiden Hair.

We heard a dove bewailing
 His little murdered mate;
 On Nelly's cheek a tear-drop
 Fell for the mourner's fate;
 Ah! little were we dreaming
 That ere another year,
 Would rest beneath the graveyard
 My little Maiden's Hair;
 Hunting ferns nevermore,
 And sadness everywhere—
 Torn heartstrings dimly groping,
 For the darling Maiden's Hair!

OLD REHOBOTH'S HOME-SONG.

Air—Maryland, My Maryland.

Rehoboth, we thy children claim,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
 Our birthright by thine altar-flame,
 Mother Church and Motherland;
 Rehoboth, fair and fadeless name,
 Rehoboth, with thine ancient fame,
 Of old and evermore the same,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
The Way of Life has long been told,
 Mother Church and Motherland;
Rehoboth, where thy saints of old
First saw the azure flag unrolled,
We still are nestling to thy fold,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

Here our Makemie stood and spoke,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
And first the Western wilds awoke,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
And far and wide the echoes broke
Through wilderness of pine and oak
And up and down the Pocomoke,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

Lone exiles from beyond the seas,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
Sung David's Psalms beneath these trees,
 Mother Church and Motherland;
Assembled here on bended knees,
Those Presbyterian refugees
Have left us precious legacies,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

Rehoboth, we thy children stand,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
With plighted hearts and hand in hand,
 Mother Church and Motherland;
We gather here a loyal band
To love and labor to the end
For God and our Makemieland,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

Away from these historic scenes,
 Mother Church and Motherland.
No flight of years our bosom weans,
 Mother Church and Motherland;

Where faithful Zion yet convenes,
 Shall there not still be kings and queens
 In God's own Land of Evergreens,
 Mother Church and Motherland?

To Pioneers who here have met,
 Mother Church and Motherland,
 We bare our brow and own our debt,
 Mother Church and Motherland;
 And nevermore will we forget
 The ancient Shrines abiding yet
 And bonnie braes of Somerset,
 Mother Church and Motherland.

METHODISM BOOMING IN POCOMOKE.

Congratulations to Dr. W. L. S. Murray.

Here I am, Sir; just awoke;
 New-arrived on Pocomoke;
 Dashing Apostolic lad,
 Big Exhorter like my Dad;
 Theologian of the age,
 Bishop of the Parsonage;
 Landing in a sort of flurry—
 Duplicated Dr. Murray!

Well, in time I looked around,
 Diagnosed my camping-ground;
 Saw a fine old chap come in,
 Every feature all a-grin;
 Grand old fellow—beautiful—
 Two feet taller by the rule;
 And I wish that you could see him
 Clap his hands and sing Te Deum!

Had you seen him splurge about,
Cry Amen, Amen, and shout,
Any stupid could have guessed
Daddy was a Methodist;
Even Wesley missed such joy—
Wesley never had a boy,
Never owned a little lambie,
With a Mammie like my Mammie!

Then my Dad you ought to see
Making sermons full of me!
This the Text he'll ventilate,
Genesis First and Twenty-Eight;
Urging people ere they die,
To fulfill their destiny,
Duly paired and duly mated,
Little boys predestinated!

Jolly as a kid can be,
I'm his miniature D.D.,
And I mean as days pass on,
Grow into a worthy son;
Smooth their pathway, soothe their cares,
Brighten all their future years;
Keep their bosoms from all worry,
Be a Junior Dr. Murray!

Methodism is all right,
Ties a fellow up right tight;
But there's one thing certain-sure,
One thing that I won't endure;
This I'll do when I'm a man,
Turn a Presbyterian,
If Dad's stomach plays the dickens,
And he eats up all the chickens!

A TRIBUTE

TO DANIEL C. HUDSON.

“Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.”

'Twas Sabbath afternoon, 'neath Texan skies,
 The tidings came. Exiles from the Eastern Shore,
 We'd sat and filled the hours with Maryland,
 And talked of Berlin friends and Berlin loves.
 That morn about the Table of our Lord
 We'd gathered 'mid its sweetest memories
 And thought of this memorial earthly Feast
 As close of kin to that spread Feast above,
 The Guests on earth and Guests on High the same,
 Then bursts the startling news that Dan was gone!

The hand that held the letter
 Was shaken for awhile;
 The heart was fluttering backward
 O'er many a weary mile;
 A new mound in the graveyard,
 The mourners and the tears—
 My Dan of early childhood,
 My Dan of all the years!

Yes, he the nearest friend I ever had,
 Twin brothers from the first and all the way—
 Parental friendships, pure, inherited;
 His home forever mine and my home his;
 Same studies in the good old Sunday School,
 Same studies in the old Academy;
 Two opposites converging and converged,
 Playmates, schoolmates, classmates, wedded mates—
 And now he's gone on up and joined the Feast
 Above—the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!

There never was a better
Upon the old school-grounds;
I've never met a nobler
In all my pilgrim rounds;
And when my rasher nature
Would some sad bent reveal,
My Dan was then my conscience,
And Dan my balance-wheel.

Trappe Creek, the shimmerings of thy waves return
And ripple through the mazes of the past.
I hear the seabirds as they come and go,
Kingfisher's cry and ospreys on their perch,
The bass of Ocean over to the East;
And there we sat in revery, Dan and I,
Beneath the shade of my wild-cherry tree,
And talked of books and sweethearts and the birds
And plans for life and lilies there afloat—
Ourselves afloat upon the outbound tides.

And all was bright and dreamy,
And nature was at rest,
And boys' imaginations
Careering at their best;
And life was full of promise,
And treasures on ahead,
And we the two knights-errant
Went forth by fairies led.

And Dan and I together beau'd the girls,
In dear old courting days, romantic days,
When in Love's Paradise between the Bays
Fair faces sweeter blushed, tones richer thrilled,
Than ever in the broad, wide world beside.
We knew each other's secrets, shared the dreams,
And learned to scribble verses by the foot.
And then the rare day came, the day of days,
When he was by my side and helped me win
The model Preacher's Wife of all the world!

That blessed Tuesday morning,
 We knew full well that he
 Would make a better husband
 Than poor old I could be;
 That somewhere in the future
 His heart would reach its bloom,
 And then the happy groomsman
 Turn to a happy groom!

My bridal day found Dan a Ruling Elder
 And me a Teaching Elder. I knew the hour,
 Our souls a-touch, when he had come to Christ.
 The day we joined the Church we spent alone
 In prayer among the graves of Buckingham.
 Together at Communion, heart to heart,
 We sat and took the hallowed bread and wine,
 Dispensed and blessed by good Alanson Haines,
 Saintliest of men. Now they have shaken hands
 Around the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!

Ah! surely it was glorious
 When those two holy men,
 Up there amid the splendors,
 Had met in love again;
 Perhaps 'twas our old Pastor
 Who welcomed this new Guest
 And led his old friend Daniel
 To that Eternal Feast!

I never thought of him as going first.
 I fail to think it yet. I can't recall
 The town, the Church, the home, and he not there!
 The streets which hear his well-known steps no more,
 Seem void and dumb. For me the blank world narrows.
 But it is well! Why should promotion lag?
 Approach the Throne, O Daniel well-beloved,
 And take thy crown! The years would soon have bent
 Thy form, and wintry storms grown chill and harsh.
 The Springtime's come—the Bridal of the Lamb!

You've left a spotless character
 To gladden and abide;
 We catch the sheen of halos
 Upon the other side;
 The name of Daniel Hudson
 Not soon will dim and die,
 And we will love each other still,
 My good old Dan and I!

THE LAST MOSQUITO.

Upon the utmost verge of time,
 The last mosquito,
 I sit and hum my farewell rhyme,
 The last mosquito;
 I muse upon our early prime
 Within our sweet old favorite clime,
 And mourn our fate in buzz sublime,
 The last mosquito.

One of your poets sang the strain,
 Like this mosquito,
 Of one disconsolate last man,
 Like this mosquito;
 He made it sad as poets can,
 Deserted of his whole dead clan,
 As lonely as a pelican,
 Or this mosquito.

And so I sing our requiem too,
 The last mosquito,
 Our lustrous past in full review,
 The last mosquito;
 In every bog, old world or new,
 A cosmopolitan I flew
 As widely as the Wandering Jew,
 The last mosquito.

My pedigree is old and dim,
 This last mosquito,
Like other family trees so prim,
 This last mosquito;
Way back when Adam took that whim
And listened to the Serpent grim,
And bit that apple, I bit him,
 This same mosquito.

When Noah took that sparkling booze,
 This same mosquito
Just nipped him on his ruddy nose,
 This same mosquito;
When Abram fibbed like silly goose,
I came a-singing from the ooze,
And bit him as I bite the Jews,
 This same mosquito.

I took my taste of Eleazar,
 This old mosquito,
I sampled Nebuchadenezzer,
 This old mosquito;
I stuck my probe in old Bellshazzer,
And punctured many an old star-gazer,
And smacked my lips on Czar and Kaizer,
 This old mosquito.

Columbus sailed the wild seas o'er,
 But this mosquito
Had far outstripped him long before,
 This same mosquito;
Alert new regions to explore,
I'd heard of marsh and fen and moor
All glorious on the Eastern Shore,
 This same mosquito.

And so to this fair clime he sails,
 This spry mosquito,
Winged by the trans-atlantic gales,
 This same mosquito;

Among the rills and ferny dales,
Along the moist and grassy vales,
A Paradise for wiggle-tales
And this mosquito.

When your Makemie came at last,
This same mosquito
Was ready for a full repast,
This same mosquito ;
As he the streams and rivers traced
And all the swamps and marshes faced,
No blood could rival it in taste
For this mosquito.

His light complexion, rich as roses,
To old mosquito
A mighty dainty feast discloses
For this mosquito ;
And when the Preacher talked of Moses
And delt his Calvinistic doses,
I'd take a whack at his proboscis,
This same mosquito.

With Vandal from the other States,
This sly mosquito
Has his own fun in later dates,
This cute mosquito ;
If rather much he arrogates,
Or ancient graves he desecrates,
I pounce on him with all my mates,
Shrewd old mosquito.

Alas, mosquito days are done,
Poor old mosquito ;
Our fate is sealed ; our tribes are gone,
Poor old mosquito ;
A Jersey City Paragon.,
Discounting even Edison,
Our live, invincible John

Invents some magic benison,
 Insecticide phenomenon,
 To put all drawbacks on the run,
 Mosquito empires overthrown,
 And make this Shore an Eden zone—
 So here I am the only one,
 The last mosquito!

THE LADY MARY.

The Lady Mary Somerset,
 Lord Baltimore's sweet sister,
 Sat in her home across the Bay,
 Where seaside breezes kissed her ;
 The fireflies in the twilight haze
 Were lighting up their torches ;
 The orioles were in the pines,
 The frog-choirs in the marshes.

And Maryland was very young,
 A lassie in short dresses,
 And far extended everywhere
 The pathless wildernesses ;
 Throughout St. Mary's little town,
 Her loveliness diffusing,
 Our Lady Mary Somerset
 Was silently musing.

Her Ladyship was very fair
 And good and kindly-hearted,
 And to the needy immigrants
 Her bounties were imparted ;
 The Colonists all loved her well
 And joined to do her honor ;
 And now her thoughts ran pleasantly,
 The evening-spell upon her.

"They tell me," mused her Ladyship,
"That over to the leeward,
A County rare they've named for me
Between the Bay and Seaboard;
A Land of streams and brooks, and
where
The Indian lingo's spoken—
As Annamessex, Pocomoke,
Wicomico, Monokin.

"I hear of many kings and queens
Their names a forest chorus—
Weegnonah, Matchacoopah too
And Weocomoconus;
And Currimuccas, Wynicaco,
Wasposson and Tanguaton,
Morumsco James, Nuswuddux Dick,
Skifortum and Ringtaughton.

"But whiter queens and whiter kings
Are born among the bushes,
Fine royal lads on Pocomoke
And girls with royal blushes;
For Pocomoke among her groves
Has nobler aims and uses
For other boys and other maids
Than copper-hued papposes.

"Your Lady Mary Somerset,
Whose name your County fancies,
Sees planted by the riverside
Fair homes and choice romances;
Aspiring hearts and worthy deeds
Adorning history's pages,
To gild the name of Somerset
And shine on down the ages.

"Lo, far along the coming years
The white-men's tootsy-wootsies—

The Beauchamps, Tulls and Whit-
 tingtons,
 The Truitts, Grays and Knottses;
 The Matthews kids and Wilkinsons,
 And Powells by the dozens,
 The Tilghmans, Warrens, Paynes and
 Longs
 And all the Dryden Cousins.

“Successors to the Indian Chiefs,
 Skifortum and Ringtaughton,
 Behold the tripple Eldership,
 Your Davis, Polk and Braughton;
 And showing younger men the art
 Of winning wives resplendent,
 A pillar in the Church and School,
 The burly Superintendent.

“And there the sacred Temple stands
 Beside the sparkling River
 To gladden all those rural homes
 And light the land forever;
 And old Rehoboth long shall live
 An honor to her Founder,
 And filial hearts and filial hopes
 Forevermore surround her!”

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Old Eastern Shore, dear Eastern Shore,
 An exiled son of thine
 Sends loyal greetings from afar
 And loves to call thee mine;
 Land of the laurels and the pine,
 Land of the spicy fox-grape vine,
 Land where the water-lilies twine,
 'Mid maiden's heart as pure!
 Fair Eastern Shore, rare Eastern Shore,
 My fatherland, my Maryland,
 My dreamland and my fairyland,
 Delightful Eastern Shore!

Old Eastern Shore, dear Eastern Shore,
The heart is sometimes sad,
And oft leans back to days of yore—
A little barefoot lad;
Land of the oyster-banks and shad,
Land of the terrapin and crab,
Land where the welcomes make all glad—
With larders brimming o'er;
Fair Eastern Shore, rare Eastern Shore,
My fatherland, my Maryland,
My dreamland and my fairyland,
Delightful Eastern Shore!

Old Eastern Shore, dear Eastern Shore,
Thy glories I will speak—
The Ocean's sweetheart evermore
The bride of Chesapeake;
The beaches and the smiling creek,
The curlew's song, the osprey's shriek,
I listen—teardrops course my cheek,
And recollections soar;
Fair Eastern Shore, rare Eastern Shore,
My fatherland, my Maryland,
My dreamland and my fairyland,
Delightful Eastern Shore!

Old Eastern Shore, dear Eastern Shore,
Loved by no feeble race;
Ancestral blood distilling pure
From far Colonial days;
Old Churches where our kinsmen praise,
Old graveyards where tradition strays,
Old homes where in life's twilight haze
Skies smile with open door;
Fair Eastern Shore, rare Eastern Shore,
My fatherland, my Maryland,
My dreamland and my fairyland,
Delightful Eastern Shore!

WILLIAM STEVENS

Beside dark-bosomed Pocomoke, the stream
 Ploughed by the venturous keel of Captain Smith,
 Virginia's knightliest knight, at early dawn
 Of young America and the century,
 Here I, the trusted friend of Baltimore,
 And all the people, have found full room to live
 And breathe and die and here I shall be buried;
 I, William Stevens, Judge, Deputy Lieutenant,
 And all those things—but, Titles all aside,
 I like plain William Stevens far the best!

In this God-given country
 Must merit reign alone;
 And manhood built on manhood
 Shall win and hold its own;
 Where God's Decree is planting
 A new and nobler race,
 The name of William Stevens
 Shall carve itself a place.

In Albion born, the Shire of Buckingham
 Was all too cramped; aristocratic blood
 And all that stuff on top and worth suppressed.
 My youngest brother Richard, splendid boy,
 And I his favorite—well, the old world galled;
 Its yokes and trammels did not suit us boys;
 The Church-and-State intolerance and hate,
 The privileged Class which held its betters down;
 And so we chafed and heard of this fair clime,
 Land broad enough for men and souls to grow!

To the voices of the pine-trees,
 We youngsters turned our gaze;
 To the calls of light and freedom
 And the skies between the Bays;
 All hail, my little River,
 Future haunts for noble men,
 And the warbles of the robin
 And the carols of the wren

There's inspiration in these Western skies,
 There's stimulus in breadth and width and grandeur.
 In Sixteen Sixty Five along this stream
 I patented my grounds and called the name
 Rehoboth. Room and space for good and true,
 Room and space for all that are oppressed;
 For men who want a chance to rise and climb;
 For all clean souls who'd have the conscience free.
 So they but love their God and fellow men,
 And guard the rights of all, this home is theirs!

Welcome, old Church of England
 And plaintive Liturgy;
 Welcome, our Robert Maddux
 And old-time minstrelsy;
 Welcome, ye quaint old Quakers
 And mystical George Fox;
 Welcome, O brave Makemie,
 And all his orthodox!

I saw my Presbyterian neighbors flung
 Across the seas by persecutors' hand—
 Imprisoned, impoverished, thumbscrew, fagot,
 Or sold as chattels; men of solid worth
 Here held as servants by far baser breeds.
 I saw these scattered sheep unsheperded,
 Their starving souls outreaching for the Word.
 I seized my pen and wrote their earnest plea
 To those at home, the stern Scotch-Irish seers
 Beyond the waves, there in the Emerald Isle.

The daylight came in splendor,
 The happy morning broke;
 Makemie's barque came gliding
 On up the Pocomoke;
 The tidings flew like lightning,
 Around and all about,
 And far and wide went ringing
 That Presbyterian shout!

Young Francis was all right. I like the youth.
 His blue eyes, full, sincere; his views four-square;
 A man of force, a fitting pioneer—
 The kind to lay foundations and build up.
 Just here he stood and spoke. His broad Scotch tones,
 As plaintive as a song, went nestling deep
 To many tearful hearts, all full of home.
 For them he linked the new world with the old
 And linked this world with Heaven. Our Eastern Shore
 Became for all a suburb of the skies!

The angels never witnessed,
 A gladder, happier flock;
 We laughed to hear him calling
 Our river Poccamok!
 No matter what he called it,
 They were as men that dream,
 His voice like Heavenly music
 To those along the stream!

My life will not be long. But two brief years
 After this land was mine, here in this house,
 My brother Richard died and yonder lies
 Beneath the sod where I shall join him soon.
 My high ambition for this beauteous Shore
 Has been to see it fill with goodly stock,
 Communities to beautify the land;
 And Churches of the Living God to shine
 Like galaxies from Bay to Bay. My work
 Will soon be done and Stevens soon must go!

Four little Eastern Shoremen
 Will linger and remain,
 My John, my namesake William,
 My James and little Anne.
 God bless the coming thousands
 The children yet to be—
 The hope of this grand country,
 Her proud nobility!

James

No, not long! My life has been a busy life,
 But now the taper flickers. Far down the years
 I see a lonely tomb. The many other graves,
 My kith and kin, demolished and unknown.
 I see one heavy slab still in its place;
 And now and then a pilgrim comes and stands
 And spells it out—the name of William Stevens.
 Two hundred years—contemporaries gone—
 And graveyards crumbled. Well, no matter then,
 If noble bosoms still survive and noble deeds!

Where we have pitched the standards
 And planted deep and well,
 May offspring keep the temple
 And guard the citadel;
 May the spirit of the fathers,
 The staunch old pioneers,
 Descend to children's children
 And gird succeeding years!

Another vision rises. No second-sight
 Like canny Scotch, but standing near the marge,
 The haze appears to lift. What throngs are those
 I see far on ahead on Holden's Creek—
 Outnumbering all our population now!
 Out of the mist of years a granite shaft,
 Sublime, benign, stands forth and plaudits ring!
 A Continental Church awakes, remembers,
 Proclaims her Founder! The years have won!
 I read MAKEMIE, large upon the Cairn!

Where Francis planned his mission,
 Where Francis won his bride,
 Where Papa kissed his daughters
 And lived and loved and died;
 Where God had owned His Prophet
 And placed His Sentinel,
 The people light the Temple,
 And guard the Citadel!

OLD GEORGE.

The old-time darky's fading out,
 The good old servant's had his day,
 The friendliness and trustfulness
 Of white and black have passed away;
 The old-time slavery had its faults,
 Its darker shadows now and then,
 But Slavery had its own rare gems
 The world can never see again!

My old Black Mammy, broad and fat,
 And fond and true, Mahala Short—
 There never was a homelier face,
 There never was a warmer heart;
 And yonder on my native banks,
 Beside old Trappe Creek's pensive marge
 I stand to-day by his low grave
 And drop a tear for good Old George!

Old George—Ah! yes I see him still;
 His sturdy tread across the fields,
 The flashing scythe is in his hand,
 The flail his virile muscle wields;
 His loyalty to old Mars Bob,
 Throughout the day from morning dawn,
 His Master's interests all his aim,
 You would have thought the Farm his own.

I see him of his own accord
 Beside the hominy mortar stand,
 Till late at night unwearied still
 Pounding the grain with tireless hand;
 And thus we heard the pestle throb—
 Those iron sinews hard and large,
 Because we children loved the dish—
 The ever-faithful good Old George!

As honest as the day was long,
 There was no need of harsh control;
 There never was a sturdier stroke,
 There never was a whiter soul;
 And he and old Mars Bob were friends
 And slavery had its gentle reign,
 Its friendliness of race for 'race
 The world can never see again!

Us boys—he used to love us well,
 A brother in that old black skin,
 And when he went we missed him sore
 As if he had been close of kin;
 Now three old men, white-haired and worn,
 Are thinking of him near the verge,
 And hail him still across the tide—
 Our old companion, dear Old George!

VOICE OF THE PINES.

To Miss S. P. B., of Drummondtown.

I heard an Old Pine—but let me premise
 That the man's scarcely human, he's surely not wise,
 Who says, when returned from a fresh woodland walk,
 That a Pine cannot feel, that a Pine cannot talk.

I heard an Old Pine—but let me again
 Declare that nowhere in the annals of men
 Was there ever a Bard or a Poet so fine,
 Or a Singer so sweet as a grand Old Pine!

So I heard an Old Pine, a noble old Tree,
 With a pure pedigree and an F. F. V.,
 In one of his genial contemplation moods,
 Thus telling his dreams to the listening woods:—

“There are people with souls and people without,”
And he shook his green locks with a smile and a doubt,
“There are people with hearts and a skyward brow,
And others as stupid as an old dead bough!

“There are those that can hear in the Pine Tree’s moan
The requiem chants of the loved who are gone
The legends and tales of the seasons far back,
The glories ancestral of fair Accomack!

“They shrink from the Vandals who murder the Pines,
Who doom to oblivion the Evergreen Shrines,
The Temples of Nature your Fathers have trod,
The haunts of the Fairies and the footsteps of God!

“I know a true heart that inhabits these scenes,
A Daughter and Queen of the proud Evergreens,
Who fancies the Poems the Pine Trees bring,
Who fondles the Songs which the Pine Woods sing!

“The Beauty that blossoms, adorning her way,
She would cherish and guard to the far after day,
And hand then still onward to seasons to be,
The smile and the voice of the Old Pine Tree!

“And ever and ever The Park shall remain
The child of her heart and the pet of her brain,
And all the bright years shall the lustre renew—
The fair name of Bayly an Evergreen too!”

HICKORY NUTTIN' DAYS.

Hickory nuttin'—I'll tell you somethin'
 Of those rare old Autumn days;
 Sumac red and blushes redder,
 Bound to win my Nell and wed her
 'Neath the Indian Summer haze.
 Hickory nuttin', hickory nuttin',
 Listen and I'll tell you somethin',
 Of the witchery of the hickory—
 Of the hickory nuttin' days.

Nell grew sweeter—none could beat her
 In those rare old Autumn days;
 Golden rod in golden lustres,
 Wild grapes in their spicy clusters,
 'Neath the Indian Summer haze!
 Hickory nuttin', hickory nuttin',
 Listen and I'll tell you somethin',
 Of the witchery of the hickory—
 Of the hickory nuttin' days.

Nell was airy as a fairy
 In those rare old Autumn days;
 Cheeks as red as holly-berry,
 Lips as luscious as a cherry
 'Neath the Indian Summer haze.
 Hickory nuttin', hickory nuttin',
 Listen and I'll tell you somethin',
 Of the witchery of the hickory—
 Of the hickory nuttin' days.

Hickory nuttin'—not for nothin',
 In those rare old Autumn days;
 Golden rod become more golden,
 Angel in my arms enfoldin',
 'Neath the Indian Summer haze.
 Hickory nuttin', hickory nuttin',
 Listening while I told her somethin'—
 Of the witchery of the hickory—
 Of the hickory nuttin' days!

OLD CAROLINE.

It were a pity and a loss
To you and life and me
And many a scene to memory dear
And to sweet poesy,
If, while the world still has its flings
At Slavery and its sins,
We should forget the humble dead,
The jewels in black skins.

The faithful serfs as true as steel
The slaves of Auld Lang Syne,
The faithful hearts like hers I sing
Our fine Old Caroline;
No elegance in face or form,
No lofty air or look,
But with those kitchen logs aglow,
My goodness, she could cook!

She came to us a timid thing,
And shrinking and alone,
But old Miss Andy won her heart
Before the day was done;
Old Miss—the little Negro felt
The winsome look she wore—
The tenderest heart that ever beat
Upon the Eastern Shore!

The wondrous skill of kind old Miss
The watchful maid acquires—
Beside the wide old chimney-place
And big old-fashioned fires;
Your stoves and granges can't compete,
Nor all your boasted books,
With those great fires of long ago
And those old Negro cooks!

I smell the frying chickens yet,
The pullets of Lang Syne,
All browning there beneath the smiles
Of brown Old Caroline;

And then the herrings in the pan,
And croakers from the hook,
All crisp and rich and golden-hued—
I tell you she could cook!

Oh Yellow Pone, rare Yellow Pone,
So luscious, sweet and light,
Enveloped deftly in oak leaves
And mellowing all night;
No cooking-school or foreign chef
Has ever undertook
To rival old Virginia Pone
When Caroline was cook!

What is this odor, as refined
As famed Attar of Rose,
These sweets of Araby the Blest
That steel upon my nose!
Ah 'tis the possum for us boys,
Those happy days in luck,
For in those fair old Eden days
I tell you she could cook!

We had our sweethearts—Oh of course—
And Bob and Bill combine
To hunt them brides to bake and fry
Like good Old Caroline;
And Billy found her, but poor Bob
No equal ever struck,
And does not wed because none match
Old Caroline as cook!

And nursed on Calvinistic milk
And Presbyterian grub,
Old Lit forevermore in love—
Too often—there's the rub;
But finally he settled down,
No more a tramp or crook,
And found a model, heavenly brand,
A most angelic cook!

Ah me, Old Caroline is gone
 And vistas of delights,
 And youngsters ardor for knick-knacks
 And boyhood's appetites;
 And chivalry and poesy,
 By many a brae and brook,
 For in those far old Slavery days
 I tell you they could cook!

SONG OF THE REHOBOTH VOLUNTEERS.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

This Young People's Society is the first in the Church's History of 227 years.

We join our hands and link our hearts
 And all that life endears,
 For God and Church and Native Land—
 Rehoboth Volunteers;
 Rehoboth Volunteers—all right;
 We hail the Pioneers;
 A noble aim, a worthy name—
 Rehoboth Volunteers.

Where our Forefathers sung their Psalms
 And raised their fervent prayers,
 We too will pray as in their day,
 Rehoboth Volunteers;
 Rehoboth Volunteers—all right, etc.

Where Stevens grew and Jenkins too
 In far Colonial years,
 We'll be Makemie's boys and girls,
 Rehoboth Volunteers;
 Rehoboth Volunteers—all right, etc.

God's workers in the days to come,
 A grit that perseveres,
 A zealous band, a ready hand,
 Rehoboth Volunteers;
 Rehoboth Volunteers—all right, etc.

For Christ and Church we give our hearts,
 A love that lifts and cheers,
 Successors to the honored dead—
 Rehoboth Volunteers;
 Rehoboth Volunteers—all right, etc.

ANNE OF BEVERLY.

Among the genial memories
 Now melting into dreams,
 That glimmer in pine forest
 And by the pensive streams,
 Where pictures of our loved ones
 Emerge by ancient graves,
 There too, the sable faces,
 The old true-hearted slaves.

The gleams of days departed
 Still float upon the air;
 The legends of fair Beverly
 Still linger here and there;
 The Lady Mistress 'mid her flowers
 We seem to see again,
 And by her side unfalteringly
 The form of good old Anne.

Yes, slavery days have vanished,
 But in their faded track
 Was many a thing of beauty
 That never can come back;
 The faithful old Black Mammy,
 The loyal heart and hand,
 Soul-links which colder regions
 Can never understand.

There in the ancient Mansion
 The child of Ham was born,
 And played among the blossoms
 And 'mid the silking corn;
 So grew the colored maiden
 Along the riverside,
 And Mistress was her sunshine,
 Her angel and her pride.

And there were Feudal pleasures,
 And many a Feudal tie,
 To soften that close guardianship—
 The world called slavery;
 And Anne loved dear Ole Mississ
 Far more than colored kin,
 For there was hidden poesy
 'Ncath many an old black skin.

No rending of the war times,
 No armies in array,
 No loud emancipation
 Could lure her heart away;
 The years were verging onward,
 The seasons went and came;
 In youth, old age, and ever,
 Old Anne was just the same.

And Jonathan and David
 No richer ties displayed—
 The beautiful white woman
 The homely colored maid;
 No social, sham equality,
 No harsh and frigid thrall,
 Twin lives as God had made them—
 And it was beautiful!

Thus growing old together,
 Till death at length was there;
 The lone serf broken-hearted
 And weeping by the bier;

And there was desolation,
And there was woe within—
For there was holy chivalry
'Neath many an old black skin.

The frost-king touched Anne's teardrops
To crystals pure and round;
They bore them with the casket
To consecrated ground;
And never Queen or Princess
Was decked in rarer gems,
For slavery with its foibles
Had its own diadems!

I'd like to wear such jewels
When pilgrim days are done,
The love of meek and lowly
Up to the great White Throne;
Our wanderings here all over,
The journey safely through,
And every serf enfranchised,
And we enfranchised, too!

God bless the old-time darkies,
Built on the old-time mould,
The sturdy, humble bosoms
The hearts as true as gold;
They loved the hand that guided,
The patriarchal tie,
And never was there faithfuller
Than Anne of Beverly!

CLERICAL ACROBATS.

Written by the Muse Bedridden and Sore.

Ho, all ye frisky, spry Night Riders
 In old Kentuck and Tennessee,
 Or by the Pokymoky River
 In this preposterous century,
 Cavorting round in darkness deep
 When decent people are asleep!

Not a hint or moment's warning,
 Not a second to consult,
 A shock, a crash, and Parson flying
 Like missile from a catapult!
 And sure no mortal man could get
 More scientific summerset!

Oh William Stevens—Stevens William—
 Here crossing at your Stevens Ferry,
 Did you or Scotchmen from the heather,
 Or Irish lads from Londonderry,
 E'er perpetrate such antics here,
 Or flounder in such mud and mire?

I wonder if our brave Makemie,
 His Pony Button in full dash,
 E'er ventured out in such dank darkness
 And come to earth with such a crash!
 While all these regions heard the noise
 Of Theologic avoirdupois!

'Twas hardly sure to be expected
 That Parson from so good a Town,
 Should start up such a Sunday Circus
 And undertake to play the clown;
 Though there are Ministers we've met
 Who've flung completer summerset!

For now and then we've seen some Preachers,
Enraptured with Sam Jones' pranks,
Forget, forsake the hallowed Gospel
And turn themselves to mountebanks;
Repentance changed to gay ha-has,
To joke the sinner to the Cross!

We see them play the Politician,
And think it smart and orthodox
To leave our Jesus in the shadows
And try to run the ballot box;
The Pulpiteers and Theologues
Parading round as Demagogues!

We see the frisky Higher Critics,
Too sharp by far for Paul or Moses,
Turn upside down our precious Bible
By some occult metempsychosis;
Thus by Satanic currents met,
Dull pulpits fling a summerset!

Ho, all ye frisky, gay Night Riders,
You'd better watch the gathering gloom,
Avoid impending, dire collisions
And keep your equilibrium:
Too reckless driving, wild and rash,
May bring the everlasting smash!

Meanwhile this battered-up Old Stager
Must intersperse the pains with fun,
And oil the thinking apparatus,
And keep blue-devils on the run;
For One forever True hath spoken—
My servant's bones shall not be broken!

It well is worth some little suffering
To find it out how well we're loved;
The kindly hearts, the genial bosoms,
To sympathetic ardor moved;
The messes sent, the truthful eyes,
The fragrant flowers of Paradise!

WE CHILDREN.

We children of Rehoboth
 Are met for song and praise,
 As once the children met and sung
 In the old Makemie days;
 For here the early girls and boys
 First learned to love Makemie's voice.

We children of Rehoboth,
 With our ballads and our rhymes,
 Will serve the God they used to serve
 In the old Makemie times;
 As happy as they used to be
 When he came sailing o'er the sea.

The children of Rehoboth,
 The Drydens and the Brays,
 The Jenkinsons and Stevensons
 Here met to pray and praise—
 The Colbourns and the Whites and Browns
 The Beauchamps and the Whittingtons!

The children of Rehoboth
 In that far Colonial date
 Came bright and glad from everywhere
 And never were too late;
 Cold or hot or rainy clime,
 Always here in nick of time.

The children of Rehoboth
 Were well-behaved and nice;
 When good Makemie rose to preach,
 They were as still as mice;
 For when they heard our Founder speak,
 The babies never made a squeak.

We children of Rehoboth
 Will mind Makemie too,
 And do with all our hearts and hands
 As he would have us do;
 And in our lives and in our ways
 Be worthy of those good old days.

THE COOL SPRING.

It was in the Long ago,
Azure sky in brightest glow,
Earth and all things here below
 Benisons bestowing;
Where the water-lilies grow
Where the whispering zephyrs blow,
Where the Cool Spring, prattling low,
 Limpidly was flowing;
Wholesome old chalybeate Spring,
Welcoming and gladdening—
Never in our wandering—
 Prairie, moor or mountain—
Could the world its equal bring,
Traveler tell or poet sing
Drafts so rich and heartening,
 As that sparkling fountain!

Clustered there were not a few
Hallowed friendships staunch and true,
Never waning, ever new,
Hearts as fresh as morning dew
 On the vernal flowers;
Parents there and sisters too,
Life arrayed in roseate hue,
Ere they faded from our view
 In the fated hours;
Blest and fair, blest and fair,
In midsummer's dreamy air,
Young and old are mingling there,
 Gay and happy-hearted;
Who—how few—are left that bear
Still in mind names graven there
Upon that oak! So everywhere
Names and faces disappear,
Blest and fair and good and rare,
 In the days departed!

Thus of all that joyous throng,
 Glad as songster ever sung,
 Men and maids and old and young,
 Happy spirits, busy tongue,
 Jolly old Trappe Creekers;
 None emerges from the fog,
 As fond memory I jog,
 Save one family and a frog
 Leaping blithely from the bog
 'Mid the gay picknickers!
 Whitest cloths on grassy ground,
 Smiling guests arranged around,
 Appetites with ardor crowned,
 Palates all a-booming;
 Chicken pie and apple pie,
 Beaten biscuit mountain-high,
 Mellow country ham—Oh my—
 Indian pone's felicity,
 Old metheglin's ecstasy,
 All that art could bake or fry—
 Paradise in blooming;
 Coffee fumes luxuriously
 Floating upward to the sky,
 All the grove perfuming.
 All are happy now as lords,
 Smacking lips and cheery words,
 Joyous as the singing birds,
 Eden edifying;
 Then Sir Froggie ambles up,
 Leaps elate into the group,
 Plate to plate he lous the loup,
 Makes poor Lit his special dupe,
 Landing in his coffee cup,
 And sends hot spray a-flying!
 'Tis no laughing matter, Sir;
 Earthquakes make no wilder stir;
 Screams ring out upon the air;
 Ladies scattering far and near,
 Hoops and bustles out of gear—
 Batrachian in clover!

Then and there his victim swore—
Swore to drink frog-tea no more,
And from that decisive hour

 He quit the drug forever!
And those lassies in dismay
Lest some omen in it lay,
Feared Batrachian meant to say
'Twas their destinies to stay
In the frog-pond dimly
 Till their lives were over,
No wedding feast, no nuptial day,
 No hubby dear—no, never!

Cooling Spring, our pride of yore,
Yellow with the tonic ore;
Saratoga never bore
Drafts so healthy and so pure,

 'Mid such lilies flashing;
Oh, the good old Eastern Shore,
Sixty years ago or more,
Joys afloat like streams that pour
 From thy depths refreshing.

Here I grope and I would fain
Quaff thy crystal flood again
But I search and search in vain,

 Dammed and desecrated;
All thy pristinè beauty slain,
By the wreck I stand in pain,
 Romance assassinated!

Still I dream. The warblers sing
While my hands the pitchers bring
For my Mother's gladdening
Ere the days of saddening,

 In the days departed;
Yea, among those charms of thine,
Here I found the Saviour mine;
And within this sylvan Shrine,
Tree of Life and Streams Divine,
 Heavenward I started;

Breezes blew from Heavenly hills,
 Canaan's vales and Kidron's rills,
 Giliad's zephyrs balmy;
 There Celestial dew distills
 Ointments sweet for all earth's ills,
 My Jehovah Shammah!

Thus I leave thee with a sigh,
 Filled with many a memory;
 Not a sound on earth and sky,
 Save the pinkypanky's cry, t
 That old frog's posterity
 In the stagnant waters.

"Coffee, coffee," bursts on high,
 Bullfrogs and the smaller fry;
 "Coffee guzzlers," far and nigh
 Croak Sir Froggie's progeny,
 Tantalizing symphony,
 Phrogosophic psalmody,
 Poking fun at days gone by,
 And those flustered daughters!

The landmarks of the lustrous past,
 Into oblivion fading fast,
 Oh save them from the blight and blast
 And negligence inhuman!
 Memorials of your Eastern Shore,
 Footprints of worthies gone before,
 The name and fame your fathers bore,
 Hear, hear the sacred past implore—
 The beauty and the form restore,
 And vindicate the days of yore,
 Each thoughtful man and woman!

BLACK MAMMY'S LULLABY.

I nussed my baby's mother,
 Ole Massie's joy and pride;
 I saw my baby's mother
 De sweet and blushin' bride;
 I helped to nuss dat mother
 When little Mas was born—
 De dew was on de clover,
 De tassle on de corn.
 By baby by, sweet baby by,
 And happy ole Black Mammy—
 De dew was on the clover,
 De tassle on de corn.

I saw my baby's mother,
 De eyes of Heavenly brown;
 I saw de paleness comin',
 De sickness pull her down.
 De baby on her bosom,
 Black Mammy by her side;
 "Take care of baby, Mammy,"
 And so she said and died.
 By baby by, sweet baby by,
 And weepin' ole Black Mammy—
 "Take care of baby, Mammy,"
 And so she said and died.

Dey laid her 'mong de roses,
 De ole plantation grave,
 Wid laurel blossoms bloomin',
 Out where de pine tree wave;
 To me dat boy was nestlin'
 Like birdie in de nest,
 And clingin' close and closer
 To dis ole colored breast.
 By baby by, sweet baby by,
 And troubled ole Black Mammy—
 And clingin close and closer
 To dis ole colored breast!

Dese shoulders now are bendin',
 Dese eyes are growin' dim;
 He'd die for ole Black Mammy,
 Black Mammy'd die for him!
 To-day he weds Miss Jessie,
 To-day he brings her home,
 And both shall be my childrens
 Until anudder come.
 By baby by, sweet baby by,
 And glory halleluyer—
 And both shall be my childrens
 Until another come!

DEAD IN DIXIE.

Beautifully read by a lady at the Dedication of the Confederate Monument at Parksley, Accomack Co., Virginia

Hail, ye dead, in glory resting,
 Fallen on the fields of strife,
 Love to native land attesting
 With your heart's-blood and your life;
 You our theme and boast to-day,
 Sons of our Peninsula!

Years have passed since you departed,
 We your comrades growing old,
 But by true and faithful hearted
 Still your praises shall be told;
 Friends of Jackson and of Lee,
 Hail, ye martyr'd Thirty Three!

By your prowess in the battle,
 Steady 'mid the gushing gore,
 By the rifle's flash and rattle,
 By the cannon's belch and roar,

We salute you, rear and front,
In the fight's terrific brunt!

By the right as you conceived it,
By the old gray suit you wore,
By the truth as you believed it
And our dear old Eastern Shore,
Land of your nativity,
Grand heroic Thirty Three!

By the homes that you defended,
By your wounds and by your scars,
By the heights of fame ascended
With the gallant stars and bars,
We accord you ardent praise
In the land between the Bays!

Hark! they hear Virginia calling!
Foes are on her sacred soil;
Blood is flowing, men are falling
'Mid the carnage and the spoil!
Hark! the bugle and the drum—
Motherland, we come, we come!

See, their skiff is on the waters,
Seize the rudder, man the oar,
Leaving sweethearts, wives and daughters,
And the good old Eastern Shore;
Dixie, Dixie—duty's voice—
This makes heroes of the boys!

To the camp and to the battle,
Many to return no more;
Eastern Shoremen on their mettle
For their proud old Eastern Shore;
Iron nerve and constancy
Of our dauntless Thirty Three!

Sing your songs above their slumbers,
Ever fresh and ever new;
Dixie's songs in plaintive numbers,
For they used to sing them too;
Sung them in the camp at night,
Sung them marching to the fight!

Years have flown and still are flying
 And our ranks are growing thin;
 All are aging, some are dying,
 None are what we once have been;
 But unwavering still we stay
 By our comrades passed away!

Heart to heart to-day we gather,
 Loyal camp of U. C. V's,
 And the souls that never waver
 Of our peerless U. D. C's;
 Faithful to our faithful dead,
 Those who fought and those who bled!

Thank the Lord that war inhuman
 Long into the past has died;
 Noble men and noble women
 Were arrayed on either side;
 Soldiers of the gray and blue
 Meet and greet as brothers do!

Peace has come in smiles of beauty,
 Nights unstartled, tranquil days;
 Kindred hearts allied for duty
 In the land between the Bays;
 To one purpose bosoms plighted,
 North and South in soul united!

But no, never—Ah no, never,
 Be forgot fair Dixie's braves;
 Still they're ours and ours forever,
 Honored lives and treasured graves;
 Call the roll and keep each name
 Fragrant on the scrolls of fame!

With the heroes of the ages,
 Battles lost and battles won,
 Fields renowned on History's pages,
 Thermopolae and Marathon,
 So the Muses yet shall tell
 Of the conflicts where ye fell!

Sing the songs, repeat the story
 Fresh and fragrant evermore—
 They the pride and they the glory
 Of our cherished Eastern Shore;
 Hail, devoted Thirty Three,
 Heirs of immortality!

Sing your songs, ye loyal bosoms,
 Dixie's maids and Dixie's queens;
 Wreath your hearts among the blossoms
 Chapleted with evergreens;
 Standing thus beside your dead,
 Lo, their graves are comforted!

THE HYMNS THEY LOVED.

Give me the old-time music that came and
 came to stay;
 Our loved ones loved the old songs before
 they passed away;
 They used to sing with bounding hearts
 ere yet they won the prize—
 "When I can read my title clear to man-
 sions in the skies."

The well-worn hymns of other years, the
 tunes of other days,
 Our buried singers tuned their lips to these
 sweet harmonies,
 And voices silent now in death once sent
 the strains on high—
 "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and
 cast a wishful eye."

Our graveyards have their minstrelsy, the
 warblers in the trees,
 The robins, blue-birds, mocking birds that
 sparkle in the trees,

Breeze

But never sweeter melodies than when our
Mothers said—

“Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, holy
angels guard thy bed.”

Since then the solemn hearses along these
roads have rolled;

The sainted ones are chanting now to shin-
ing harps of gold,

And through the Heavenly corridors the
symphony is heard—

“How firm a foundation ye saints of the
Lord.”

We’ve stood beside the open grave and
sung the old-time hymns,

An unction in the ancient tunes no later
fancy dims;

Rich cadences immortal, no, nevermore to
die—

“Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy
bosom fly.”

The old-time solos linger yet, still lighting
up the dark,

As Noah’s dove with olive branch still
lingered near the Ark;

Ah hear ye not the flight of wings around
each burial place—

“Ye angels who stand round the Throne
and view our Immanuel’s face.

“I want to be an angel and with the angels
stand;”

So sang those little children now with the
angelic band;

“Shall we gather at the River?” Oh yes,
it was no dream,

They rest beneath the tree of life beside
the Crystal Stream.

The old folks liked the tested airs of loving
adoration;
Old Hundred, Greenville, Golden Hill and
good old Coronation;
Up there behold the purified as at His feet
they fall,
"Bring forth the royal diadem and crown
Him Lord of all."

"Shall we meet each other there?" Ye pil-
grims on the road,
Ere long I'm sure we'll meet and greet
beside the Throne of God,
All singing there together as before His
feet we bow—
"Majestic sweetnees sits enthroned upon the
Savior's brow."

The hour is surely coming, glorious Resur-
rection days,
When all our sad funeral songs shall glad-
den into praise;
And we shall sing in unison within that
blest abode—
"Jesus sought me when a stranger wander-
ing from the fold of God."

We love to bring old-fashioned flowers and
lay them on the tombs;
We love to bring old-fashioned hymns to
mingle their perfumes;
Ye sainted choirs, with you we'll join and
touch the golden string—
"Joy to the world, the Lord is come; let
earth receive her King."

Loud hosannas, sweet reunions, hands for-
ever clasped in love;
"Hark ten thousand harps and voices sound
the note of praise above;"

Dear old graveyards in rapt chorus bursting
 into chords sublime—
 "In the Cross of Christ I glory, towering
 o'er the wrecks of time."

The tearful songs of other days become
 triumphant Psalms;
 "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," shall wake
 'mid waving palms;
 "O where shall rest be found" then becomes the
 glad refrain—
 "There is a land of pure delight where saints
 immortal reign."

Oh yes, the hour approaches when radiance
 far and wide
 Shall gild these ancient graveyards, with
 splendors glorified;
 And when in rapt Doxologies that lift our
 heart on high,
 "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"
 shall echo to the sky."

All hail, great Coronation Day, that lights
 the sea and land,
 "From Greenland's icy mountains to Afric's
 coral strand;"
 Till all the graveyards of the earth with
 acclamations ring—
 "O grave, where is thy victory, O death,
 where is thy sting!"

PINE SHATS.

Have you ever, have you ever—
 Ever seen the pine-shats fall?
 Yet the shiny things are resting
 Like a carpet over all;
 Wafted in their downward flight,
 Saw you ever one alight?

Have you ever—no you never,
 Never heard a whispered sound,
 As the gentle waifs descended
 Noiselessly upon the ground;
 Dropping in the pineries,
 Silent as the silences.

Have you ever seen the fairies
 Gliding through the voiceless woods,
 Queen Titania and her courtiers
 Flitting through the solitudes?
 Yet they're there! by hill and dell;
 Ask the pines and they can tell!

Have you ever heard the poems
 Breathing through the stately trees,
 Lyrics, madrigals and cantos,
 Rhyming through their harmonies?
 Yet they're there! in every tree
 Sweetest pine-woods poesy!

Have you seen the long-departed
 Walking through the quiet shades—
 Names and tones and smiles and memories,
 'Mid the mystic promenades?
 Where the fathers used to tread,
 To the soul they are not dead!

Have you read the dim traditions
 Of the dwellers 'mid the pines,
 Bosom stories, quaint romances,
 Jewels, pearls and golden mines?
 If you treat the pine trees well,
 Many a legend they can tell!

Passing through the dreamy tree-tops,
 Tinting all the sylvan scene,
 Know ye how the pine-woods Artist
 Paints and keeps them evergreen?
 Leaves His signet over all,
 Soundless as the needles fall?

Can you tell me of their magic
As they fertilizing lie,
And enrich the sweet-potatoes,
And the sweet-potato pie?
Cultivating taste and then
Making thoroughbreds of men?

Who has seen or heard the odors
Breathing out their healing balms,
Soothing thought and weary body,
Silent as the evening calms?
Balsams which when days are sad,
Make us think of Giliad?

Who has seen or heard the heart-beats,
Worshipping at Nature's Shrines,
Noiseless loves, untold devotions
As we wandered through the pines—
While some sylph-like dream enchants,
Those old pines our confidantes?

'Mid the myrtle and the holly,
'Mid the low arbutus vines,
If you have a darling secret,
Go and tell it to the pines;
Their sympathy perennial shines—
I love the man that loves the pines!

Have you seen or heard the Furies,
Lurking in the dim alcoves,
Watching, waiting for the murderer
Who would mar the piney groves?
Oh the Vandal's fell designs!
I hate the man that hates the pines!

PAWPAW PARADISE.

We went out chasin' pawpaws,
 In de soft October time,
 And life was in de ha-has—
 Ha, ha, ha—
 And gals were in der prime;
 And nebber chasin pawpaws
 Was dere ebber sich a time,
 When we were in de ha-has—
 Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—
 And Sallie in her prime!

De fruit de frost had mellowed
 And yellowed in de dew,
 And sho' dat fruit was luscious—
 Ha, ha, ha—
 And Sal was luscious too!
 And nebber chasin' pawpaws
 Was dere ebber sich a time,
 When we were in the ha-has—
 Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—
 And Sal was in her prime!

I bit one of dem goodies—
 I thought it was my Sal;
 'Twas sweet but not more sweeter—
 Ha, ha, ha—
 Than was my little gal!
 And nebber chasin' pawpaws
 Was dere ebber sich a time,
 When we were in de ha-has—
 Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—
 And Sal was in her prime!

One bite we bit togedder,
 Our mouths smacked side by side;
 I swore I'd be de bridegroom—
 Ha, ha, ha—
 She spect she'd be de bride!

And nebber chasin' pawpaws
 Was dere ebber sich a time,
 When we were in de ha-has—
 Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha—
 And Sal was in her prime!

CHILDREN OF THE EVERGREENS.

In the Land of Evergreens,
 Where the laurel, pine and holly,
 With their many varied tints,
 Have sure cures for melancholy;
 Where the water-lilies grow,
 Floating in the river-grasses,
 There among magnolia blooms
 Smile our happy lads and lassies.

In the Land of Evergreens
 Cheerful bird-notes ever ringing,
 Robins, wrens and orioles,
 Ever winging, ever singing,
 In the clime of olden dreams,
 Flowing streams and sparkling waters,
 There spring up among the blooms
 Eastern Shoreman's sons and daughters.

And the spirit of the past,
 Hoary legends and traditions,
 Float about the piny woods
 Like the gleam of apparitions;
 And among them like the mists,
 Graceful forms and genial faces,
 Smiles two hundred years of age,
 Of the ancient lads and lassies.

In the old Colonial days,
 Underneath the azure heavens,
 Little prattlers played their pranks
 In the home of William Stevens;

John and William, James and Anne,
Youthful hearts as gay as ever—
There the four like water-birds
Laughed beside the laughing river.

Jane

Down upon the Jenkins farm,
Where that tomb is lowly lying,
Mother Mary's preacher-sons
Many a freak and trick were plying;
Preacher's kids; and Henry then
Teaches them the Bible teaching
While they sit in this old Church,
Listening to their Father preaching.

On the banks of Holden's Creek
Played Makemie's brace of daughters,
Sweet Elizabeth and Anne,
Where the seabirds wade the waters;
When their Father comes from far,
Hear we not their voices hailing?
Do we see him take his pets
In the sloop Tabitha sailing?

Oh the fragrant Long Ago,
Youthful hope and youthful vision,
Friendships of a golden past,
Pocomoke's romance Elysian;
Still among the Evergreens
Here and there the vision passes,
Where the old endearments bloomed
And the laddies loved the lassies.

By the marge of living streams,
In the pensive woodland bowers,
In these gardens of the soul,
God is still among the flowers;
And the land of vine and pine
Has its fadeless recollections
And unwithering evergreens
In the realms of the affections.

Where before the whispering breeze
 Cypress foliage waves and tosses;
 Where young hearts of Long Ago
 Sleep beneath the graveyard mosses;
 Where by old Rehoboth's Courts
 Comes the vision and repasses,
 Still the heart has its own world
 And the laddies love the lassies.

There they woo and there they wed
 As in seasons gray and olden,
 All the brooks and all the streams
 Their own Edens fair and golden;
 'Mid the laurels and the pines,
 Cupid plots in shady porches,
 While our minstrel Lizzie Smith
 Plays and sings the Wedding Marches!

ONE OF HER STANDBYS;

E. G. P.

In the footsteps of his father,
 In the mission love endears,
 For the weal of Old Rehoboth,
 Many, many be his years!

May the seasons bring news gladness
 And each morn a new reward,
 For the honor of Rehoboth
 And the glory of the Lord!

In the footprints of Makemie,
 Treading where Makemie trod,
 So he labored for Rehoboth,
 Standing by Makemie's God!

Once the Temple worn and weary,
 Sad, decrepit, crumbling down,
 Who stood firm and saw her rescued,
 Who alone but Emerson?

When to save Makemie's ashes,
 God's appointed hour had struck,
 Ending Vandal desecration,
 Who stood boldly by McCook?

When his years on earth have ended,
 So, beside old Pocomoke,
 Grateful lovers of Rehoboth
 Should erect a Shaft to Polk!

TO THE ELECT LADIES;

MISS AGNESS AND MISS ELIZABETH.
 Old Rehoboth sends her greetings
 To her Sweethearts in the North,
 Kindly souls and holy promptings,
 Scottish blood and Scottish worth—
 Stretching out their cordial hand
 To our famed Makemieland.

Here the venerable Temple
 Through brave centuries has stood,
 Faithful to the old blue banners,
 Loyal witness for her God;
 For the faith inherited
 From great Scotland's martyr'd dead.

Old Rehoboth, old Rehoboth,
 Sound and staunch and orthodox,
 Sends her love to those two sisters,
 Daughters of the land of Knox;
 Whose sweet thoughtfulness distills
 Like heather-blood from Scotia's hills!

Borne on pensive, plaintive breezes,
 Blowing from the Chesapeake,
 Floating from that shrine of beauty
 Down upon fair Holden's Creek,
 Makemie's voice I seem to hear,
 Old Presbyterian Pioneer:—

"Hail," he says, "ye Scottish lassies,
Prompt your largess to bestow,
Helpers of my Sanctuary
Planted in the Long Ago,
Where I planned and wrought till death,
Fought the fight and kept the faith!

"Here I landed, loved and labored,
Here I prayed and here I spoke,
Sailing in my sloop Tabitha
Up and down the Pocomoke,
Seeking exiles in their need,
Scattering wide the precious seed.

"Old Rehoboth, first born daughter,
In her courts 'there still is room'
For the true and noble-hearted
Through the covenant years to come,
Mother-Church, she breathes a prayer
For her offspring everywhere!

"Your Makemie's benedictions
On my Scottish kin shall rest,
Those who help Makemie's mission,
Sisters of the generous breast;
Blessings from the Chesapeake,
Benisons from Holden's Creek!"

WHEN ELLEN WENT AWAY.

The weary years are drooping,
These locks are thin and gray;
Old age is tired and very lone,
Since Nellie went away;
Old and gray, old and gray,
I care not long to stay;
The Winter chilled the blossoms,
When Nellie went away!

I stood in yonder graveyard
Beside her tomb to-day,
The dearest spot on earth to me,
Since Nellie went away;
Old and gray, old and gray,
I care not long to stay;
The blight was on the meadows
When Nellie went away!

We traveled long together,
The sunshine on our way;
The sparkle now of life has gone,
Since Nellie went away;
Old and gray, old and gray,
I care not long to stay,
The sunshine lost its sunshine then
When Nellie went away.

Her voice was like the birdsongs
And singing all the day,
Earth's sweetest songs are heard no more
Since Nellie went away;
Old and gray, old and gray,
I have not long to stay,
And music lay a-dying then
When Nellie went away!

THE QUEEN OF ACCHAWMACHE.

The King is gone; I'm left alone
Of all his sons and daughters;
Both he and they have sailed away
Upon the phantom waters;
Ah hear ye not the death-chant's strains,
While cold the death damp gathers?
'Twas royal blood froze in those veins,
For Kings have been my Fathers!

And Wackawamp well loved the Bays,
 The seasons bland and fertile,
 The Summer days and silking maize,
 The land of pine and myrtle,—
 The Chieftain's bosom yearned and burned
 For fadeless tribes to follow,
 Heirs of this goodly heritage
 Of laurel-bloom and holly.

I stand alone; my Father's gone;
 A woman faint and weary,
 I'm doomed to own a tottering throne,
 Bereft and solitary;
 About our home they come, they come,
 And crowd into our places,
 These refugees from o'er the seas,
 The beautiful pale faces.

They call me Queen; I stand between
 The impact of the races,
 The wigwam in its feebleness,
 The might of these white faces,—
 My Father's mind was good and kind
 To these incoming strangers;
 I take the throne, forlorn and lone,
 To face the thickening dangers.

And Kiktopeake by ford and creek,
 And friendly Debedeavon,
 The Laughing King of Accomack,*
 Gave welcome, home and haven;
 Now numbers press our helplessness,
 White navies vex the water,
 And Wackawamp now fain bequeaths
 Their friendships to his daughter.

* The "Laughing King of Accomack" is mentioned by Captain John Smith in his first visit to the Eastern Shore. The Will of the Queen's Father is still found on the ancient Court Records at Eastville.

I do not know; the hoarse winds blow
Like muffled hordes invading,
And in the mists do not I see
The Redmen dimly fading?
They crowd us, crowd us everywhere,
By forest, field and river,
Till Laughing Kings of Accomack
Shall smile no more forever!

O beauteous land, blue sky and strand
And nursèries of our Mothers,
These seaside dreams and sunny streams
Shall they pass on to others?
These balmy groves and sparkling coves
And breezes ocean-laden—
No Indian lad the shades to tread,
No step of Indian maiden?

Who then shall guard the Indian's graves?
Who mourn the tribes departed?
Who drop a tear for nameless braves
The true and noble-hearted?
Like circling seagulls o'er the brine,
Like flight of frightened plover,
I see the ghosts of vanished hosts,
The maiden and her lover.

And Chincoteague and Pungoteague,
Onancock and Mosongo,
And Occohannock, Watchapreague,
Matomkin, Machapungo—
The names shall float on down the years
In weird reverberations,
The epitaphs of fallen Chiefs,
Death-songs of buried nations!

I'm left a Queen! but I have seen
The deepening of the shadows,
The apparitions in the pines,
The spectres on the meadows;

O woe is me! I see, I see,
 Like cloud-drifts on the water,
 The wraiths of Wackawamp's dead crown
 And sceptre of his daughter!

Manitt! Manitt! the Redmen's God,
 What journey hast Thou taken,
 Away, away, with spear and rod
 And left our tribes forsaken?
 Or is there yet some Mightier One
 Now marshalling His legions,
 Who marches with the Westering sun
 To claim these Western regions?

ANOTHER FAMILY GATHERING.

Mother dear, our fair Rehoboth,
 'Mid the zephyrs soft and low,
 There was musing, in the gloaming,
 Of the pensive Long Ago;
 And the breeze was in the cedars,
 And the fairies in the oak,
 And the spell of days departed
 Rested on the Pocomoke.

Then our Mother, fair Rehoboth,
 With her shoulders bending now,
 And the grace of age upon her
 And the white locks on her brow;
 'Mid the chirping of the robins
 And the humming of the bees,
 She had gathered there her children
 At her fond maternal knees.

There were clustered good Monokin,
 And Snow Hill as white as snow,
 Rare Pitts Creek, gray Rockawalkin,
 And the spry Wicomico;

And above, along the seaside,
Little modest Buckingham;
Six choice daughters 'mid the pine trees,
Laurel bloom and myrtle balm.

“Come and gather close, my daughters,
Listen to my words awhile”—
Thus the voice of fair Rehoboth,
With the sunlight in her smile—
“I will tell you now a story
That will stir your heart, my dears,
Tale of rich ancestral splendors
In the reminiscent years.

“Where your Presbyterian fathers
Sought a refuge o'er the sea,
That their worship be untrammled,
And the conscience might be free;
Where they scattered through the forests
And along the quiet streams;
Here they waited for the Gospel,
Breathed their prayers and dreamed their
dreams.

“Hark, ye saints, the news is spreading,
Stealing through the solitudes,
'Mid the ripples of the rivers
And the silence of the woods;
He is coming, he is coming,
And a burst of joy is heard,
Young Makemie, brave Makemie,
The Apostle of the Lord!

“Yes, his keel is on the waters—
Gladly the morning broke;
Loud hosannas wake the echoes
Up and down the Pocomoke;
Far and wide the tale is flying,
Up and down, and up and down;
He has landed, blest Evangel,
In aroused Rehoboth Town!

"Col Stevens wrote the letter,
 God in Heaven endorsed the Call;
 He is speaking, he is preaching,
 Blue-eyed son of Donegal!
 They are listening—hallelujah—
 Scotch and Irish, one and all,
 Quakers, Anglicans and Indians,
 To the son of Donegal!

"'Twas not long before Monokin,
 Good Pitts Creek, Wicomico,
 Glad Snow Hill and Rockawalkin,
 All as blue as indigo,
 Had Makemie in their wigwams
 Joining in with song and psalm,
 Chorus of the clustered daughters
 Clear on up to Buckingham.

"Blessings on my group of children
 Worthy of the Pioneers,
 Faithful heirs and witness-bearers
 Through these long two hundred years;
 Live for God in love together,
 One aspiring family;
 Banded close for grand advances—
 See the lights along the sky!

"There our Founder raised his banners
 By the fine old Stevens home—
 Bible name upon the breezes,
 Yes Rehoboth—there is room!
 Room for all the loyal workers
 Whereso'er Makemie trod
 And in faith and toil preempted
 This Peninsula for God!"

Thus our Mother, old Rehoboth,
 With her fragrant memories full,
 Sturdy still for love and duty,
 Calvinistic, venerable.

Sits beneath her sacred bowers,
 Grounds by her Makemie given,
 Invoking on her thousand daughters
 Light and joy and peace from Heaven!

CARRIE'S PETS.

A Monday Morning Recreation.

In fair and rare Batrachian Land,
 Among the limped streams,
 The murmuring brooks and fairy nooks,
 Where Genus Rana dreams;
 Where Tadpoles by the myriads
 Enliven all the bogs,
 Behold the Schoolfields and the Polks
 Importing Polliwogs!

With Tadpoles thick in marsh and pond,
 In puddle and in pool,
 With Tadpoles dancing in and out
 Like little girls at school;
 With Tadpoles playing hide and seek
 Like busy demagogues,
 Here comes the quaintest quirk of all—
 Imported Polliwogs!

Are Tadpole breeds degenerate,
 Like some of us in town?
 Is Tadpole aristocracy
 Beginning to run down?
 Is there a higher grade required,
 A nobler strain of frogs,
 That we're compelled to look abroad
 For fancy Polliwogs?

I hear the Bull Frog in his den,
 Protest in venom green—
 "What in creation—ation—ation
 Do Polks and Schoolfields mean!

Are they reflecting on the cult
 Of us blue-blooded frogs,
 That thus they're trying to invent
 Superior Polliwogs?"

I hear the Pinkapanky's grunt,
 The Rainfrogs and the Toads,
 As they in indignation met,
 Awaken all the woods;
 Insulted by this grim affront
 Upon their synagogues,
 Impeached by importation dire
 Of foreign Polliwogs!

One mad Batrachian swelled and puffed
 And swelled until he spoke—
 "My blood's as good as any blood
 That flows in Pocomoke!
 My proud ancestry sat enthroned
 Upon the River logs
 A thousand years before you brought
 Your alien Polliwogs!

"I laugh at your Aquariums!
 I scorn and dim disdain! *in* *clia*
 My home is in the wide lagoons,
 The world is my domain!
 In freedom's wilds my frow and I
 Enjoy our dialogues,
 And spawn our vast posterity—
 Confound your Polliwogs!

"What splendid specimens you've got!
 Black demons mum and grum,
 And not a croak or Howdy spoke
 From your Tadpolium!
 Ah listen to our minstrelsy
 Amid the fens and fogs;
 Then gaze upon the countenances
 Of your old Polliwogs!

"I think of other frisky things
A-wriggling up and down—
The croakers seeing only ill
In Pocomoky Town;
Perhaps you might improve your cats,
Or howls of civic dogs,
Or polish up the pedigrees
Of human Polliwogs!
"Perhaps that Town Library grand
You're hoping soon to see;
Perhaps you mean to start a School
To learn Tadpology!
Perhaps you'd drain the hidden quags
Of secret drams and grogs,
And purify the atmosphere
Of boozy Polliwogs!"

MY MADONNA.

The world is full of gladness,
Since baby came, since baby came;
The sad has lost its sadness,
Since baby came;
Oh beauty rich and rare,
There's beauty in the air,
There's beauty everywhere,
Since baby came!
But nothing to compare,
No sweetness anywhere
Like darling little Mother,
The precious little Mother!

The crimson rose blooms brighter,
Since baby came, since baby came;
The lily's cheek is whiter,
Since baby came;
All glistening in God's light,
All beauteous in God's sight,

The flowers a new delight,
Since baby came!
But never a bloom so bright,
No petal pure and white,
As darling little Mother,
The precious little Mother!

The wrens are sweeter singing,
Since baby came, since baby came;
The robins' notes are ringing,
Since baby came;
The grove with music stirs,
A warblers' universe,
All happy choristers,
But to proud Papa's ears,
No music equals hers,
The darling little Mother,
The precious little Mother!

No girl like Papa's girl,
Since baby came, since baby came;
No pearl like Papa's pearl,
Since baby came;
The heiress of the race,
To love and cheer and bless,
She fills a boundless space,
Since baby came!
But never can displace
The angel form and face
Of darling little Mother,
The precious little Mother!

EASTERN SHORE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

Born in Maryland, died in Louisiana, Asleep in Missouri.

It was the last time, and she kenw it well,
 That she should ever pass those doors alive
 And sit in worship in the old Rock Church.
 When next she came that way, she would be borne
 By reverent hands and hearts and gently laid
 Before the pulpit. Garbed in purest white,
 She took her place surrounded by choice friends,
 Friends whom she loved in life next to her God,
 Their ever-loyal hearts enshrined in hers;
 For, having loved, she loved on to the end.

The organ chimed of Heaven;
 The dear old Hymns and Psalms
 Uplifting toward the Sinless Climes
 Where wave the victor's palms;
 I think that low responses
 Through all that holy hour
 Came echoing back to her rapt thought
 From God's Celestial Choir.

Her hands and neck and face were Parian;
 Within her veins the life-blood pulsing slow
 And leaving paleness where red roses used
 To bloom. Her raiment fell about her form
 All marble-like, and all was stainless white,
 A vision as of lilies and of snow-flakes.
 We thought of angels and the aspodels,
 Of Heavenly purity that knows no spot,
 Of those transplanted ones whose robes are washed
 From every stain by Sacrificial Blood.

Ah was there ever whiteness
 More rare than hers that day—
 Fair emblem of the saintliness
 In gardens far away!

I'm sure her thoughts were blossoms
 Whose petals too were white,
 And had their holy kindredship
 In vales of undimmed light!

We wonder how they feel, the waiting ones,
 Who know they walk along the Borderland,
 Prepared at any moment now to step
 Across the line and share the Great Beyond!
 We wonder how they thrill when thinnest veil
 Hangs vague between until they scarcely know
 Upon which side they are—like Paul of old,
 The mists lit up, the bright Third Heavens in view.
 'Twas thus she sat and hardly knew if songs
 They sang were born of earth or Paradise!

And never was there whiteness
 More white that day than hers,
 There seated in the old Rock Church
 Among the worshipers;
 The streams of life were flowing
 On both sides Jordan's strand,
 The desert sands behind her
 And close the Promised Land!

While on this visit, it had been her thought
 To die in Marshall, fair Ridge Park in sight.
 She had in mind the welcomes when she came,
 The Pastor's wife, a stranger but not long;
 The sheen of many an unforgotten day;
 Sweet homes thrown ever wide to greet her steps
 And gild her life. The Ladies Mission Band,
 Her joy next to her husband and her child—
 To live with them, to die with them were sweet,
 And have them light her pathway to the grave!

With them had grown the whiteness
 Whiter as years passed on,
 Nearer the Land of Spotlessness,
 Nearer the Great White Throne;

One of that Band, her neighbor,
 Already passed away,
 Was at the gates to meet her,
 The white-robed Mattie Rae.

There was no dread—no shrinking at the thought—
 A death in Marshall. Thence her Mother went,
 She too as white as ever walked the earth
 Or entered Heaven; yonder her body lay
 Awaiting companionship. There would sleep
 In coming years full many a treasured friend—
 Jean Campbell and the rest. These genial homes
 Appeared not far, these Shrines of prayer not far,
 From bowers of Evergreen beyond the storms,
 The final haven of the purified.

For here they put on whiteness,
 The winsome sisterhood—
 Baptismal vows, Communion Feasts,
 The water and the blood;
 And so the Highway whitens
 To holier scenes above—
 The tarnish and the taint exchanged
 For consummated love!

And there she sat in that symbolic drapery,
 White as the whitest dove that soars and skims
 The upper airs. The skies seem bending near
 Till earthly praise and Heavenly praise were one.
 Whom prayed she for at such an hour? Whose names
 Were borne aloft upon her strong white faith
 And carried fondly to Jehovah's Throne?
 Whom prayed she for, the last until ere long
 She should be brought to pause within those Courts
 Upon her travel to the chosen grave?

We thought of the fine linen,
 The vesture pure and white,
 The righteousness of sainted ones,
 The palms almost in sight;

'Twas more than earthly beauty
 That all about her shone,
 The likeness of the glorified
 About the great White Throne!

And thus she came and went, to tread those aisles
 No more. Saline had seen an angel pass.
 Some disappointment to her waiting wings,
 Not to ascend from these Missouri fields—
 So passed she Southward, there to bleach and pale
 And spread her pinious on the Southern breeze;
 And then give back to her old favorite Church
 The faded form and the magnolia tints—
 Her casket given by warm Dixie hearts,
 These grounds bestowed by bosoms just as true!

And thus beyond the shadows,
 The turmoil and the strife,
 'Mid visions of the Cloudless Land,
 We thought of her white life;
 'Twas easy to conceive her
 Where living waters flow,
 Arrayed in robes immaculate
 And whiter than the snow!

And many a treasure sleeps in fair Ridge Park
 As dear to sundered hearts as she to ours.
 A thousand graves, increasing year by year,
 Make this old hill more hallowed all the while;
 Each lowered coffin holding some rare gem
 And linking earth and Heaven in neighborhood.
 And preacher's wives rest here with those who preach
 And those who hear. Thus congregations leave
 The pulpits and the pews for good Ridge Park,
 And here await the white-ropes and the palms.

Ah the whiteness, Ah the whiteness,
 When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
 Gathered treasures, flawless jewels,
 From the dear old burial ground;

Ah the whiteness, without blemish,
 Open tombs and bright array,
 Decorations, Coronations,
 When we meet on that glad day!

A lover of Ridge Park from far away
 Sees gathered hosts to-day upon the hill,
 Sweet blossoms mingling with sweet memories—
 The dead more fondly loved as years go by,
 Hearts clinging still—and it is beautiful!
 And then above these scenes I seem to see
 A cloud of witnesses from yonder sky
 Now looking down in smiles, our living dead,
 As true, endearing, as they ever were—
 And Heaven and earth appear to meet and touch!

May they not, the dear departed,
 Hover o'er this sacred scene,
 And your darlings and' my Ellen,
 Gazing from the Heights serene,
 Garbed in whiteness everlasting,
 Answering from the joys above,
 See to-day our upturned faces,
 Feel the throbbing of our love!

Decoration Day, 1910.

FACING THE SUNRISE.

Optimistic? surely, surely! At the age of
 seventy-seven,
 Border-lights like stars at evening all along
 the verge of Heaven,
 With the hopefulness of Springtime and the
 ozone in the air,
 God in nature, God in Scripture, God in move-
 ments everywhere,
 Why not gladden with the gladness, all the old
 man's bosom stirred
 With the brightness of the promise and the
 glory of the Lord!

And I know the world is better, growing better
all the time,
With the Apostolic Gospel fresh as in its early
prime,
God's elect in vaster numbers now responding
to the call,
More than in the days of Peter or the minist-
ry of Paul;
And the heathen tribes are listening as they
never had before,
And afar from East to Westward stands ajar
the open door.

I have seen the Churches fighting in the fabled
good old days,
Hostile camps in bristling armor, raids and
Theologic frays;
Now we see them clothed in beauty, drawing
closer side by side,
Joined against the common foemen, hearts and
temples open wide,
Brotherhood in pew and pulpit, hand in hand
and knee to knee,
Moving under One Great Leader on to certain
victory!

I have seen the nation ravaged, red with fratri-
cidal gore,
Hate, malignity, oppression, even when the war
was o'er;
I have seen the rancor fading and the anger
pass away,
Hand in hand the grand old warriors, wearers
of the blue and gray,
And the South according honors to the brows
of Northern braves,
And the Yankees laying chaplets on the grassy
Southern graves.

In the floods and conflagrations and the earth-
quake's awful scourge,
Lo, from every State and Section, like the
ocean's tidal surge,
Flowed the gifts of men and women, and the
contributions poured
Like the streaks of dawn prophetic and the lar-
gess of the Lord;
These are footprints of the Gospel, these are
signs along the way
Of the coming of the kingdom and the sweet
Millennial day!

Hark! grim Mars has had his warning that his
bloody fueds must cease,
Louder calls to arbitration from the conquering
Prince of Peace,
And a notice to the nations and the rulers that
they pause
In the slaughter of the people and in trampling
on God's laws;
That they beat their swords to ploughshares and
their spears to pruning hooks
And the virtues spring like flowers by old
Eden's water-brooks!

In my time I've seen the voters all aroused and
in their wrath
Driving tempter and temptation from the poor
inebriate's path;
Nay, dire alcohol's sad victim standing voting
side by side,
Under waving temperance banners for his babies
and his bride,
And the smiling of the rescued and the grasping
of the hand
As the plaudits of thanksgiving go resounding
through the land!

Yes, Oh yes, the world is better since my years
 began to be,
 And the gladness is around me like the song
 of bird and bee,
 And the blossoms grow in sweetness as the
 bosom grows in love,
 As my steps are drawing nearer to the gardens
 up above,
 While the large horizon brightens and a rain-
 bow gems the tears,
 And the hardnesses grow mellow with the
 softening of the years.

And the Bible blooms with fragrance and the
 Churches nearer grow
 With the promise of to-morrow mingled with
 the Long Ago,
 And the former ties are richer and new light
 is on the sky
 For the King in all His beauty will be coming
 by and bye,
 And the sheen of hope supernal all about my
 way entwines
 Like the freshness of the cedars and the green-
 ness of the pines!

TRAMPING IT.

June, 1910.

And forth we hied, two gallant knights,
 To mount the winds and see the sights;
 A Barrister and Parson joined,
 The Law and Gospel intertwined,
 To breathe the seaside breezes bland,
 And sample fair Makemieland.
 Two hundred and fifty summers back,
 The Bowens dropped on Accomac,

Spread through the Shore till they became
 An host—and Legion was their name.
 More than a century ago,
 McMaster rode these regions through,
 And thought of Heaven and preached the Word,
 And sat at Madam Holden's board,
 And, crowning glory of his life,
 He captured a Virginia wife!
 And now these modern Tramps swing round
 This thoughtful old historic ground,
 And, while the Past about them plays,
 Imbibe the spell of ancient days.

Two border Counties close of kin
 Salute and kiss across the line,
 Each in its State a King or Queen,
 With kindred blood a-flow between;
 And Worcester—beau from ages back—
 Still tips his hat to Accomac,
 While both conserve ancestral Shrines,
 And share the balsams of the Pines.

With reverent brow we bow to thee,
 Great State of Washington and Lee;
 We stand on soil where Cropper rose
 In wrath against his country's foes,
 And by his tomb we stand and praise
 This Paladin of martial days,
 So prompt with bayonet and gun
 To hasten to our Washington;
 While good Anne Holden's cheering words
 Give keenness to the flashing swords,
 Intent to break the Despot's chains,
 Her Father's fervor in her veins.
 To-day Sir John and I yet feel
 Virginia's pulse still staunch as steel!

And so we rambled on and on,
 The Parson and his Chaperon,
 For if there's ever man with powers
 To hoodoo all the flying hours,

Distill the nectar, catch the fun,
 And get the juice out—that's John!
 For never in his life before
 Was hustling Preacher made to soar
 Athwart so many charming scenes
 In that glad Land of Evergreens,
 And meet so many rarest folks
 And hear so many sparkling talks;
 The rapid flight of pleasant miles,
 The twinkle of congenial smiles—
 Like plays of bright kaleidoscopes—
 For gallant John, he knew the ropes,
 Where dwelt the Muses and the Graces,
 Just where to find the fairest faces,
 And where at fragrant doors to knock
 In Drummondtown, and Onancock;
 For if some wizard of renown
 Knows best Virginia's sweets—that's John!

Full thirty good long Summers gone,
 The County's staunch and honored son,
 The genial Custis, welcomed me
 With frank Virginian courtesy,
 And aided in my sacred quest
 As still I delved and on I pressed
 In tireless and determined strife
 To bring Makemie back to life;
 And now our Founder's come to stay,
 While Custis since has passed away;
 By his good daughter welcomed there,
 'Twas pleasant breathing his home-air.
 Thus when the living all are gone,
 That Shaft on Holden's will live on!

Rare Rural Hill's enchanted aisles,
 No Eden serpent in ten miles,
 Expectant Eve awaiting there
 Unfallen Adam to appear;
 The Rector's Apostolic fun
 Meandering down from Jefferson;

Like Roman Matron's Gracchi pearls,
 Two darling little Fletcher girls;
 Then Bowman's Folly's paradise,
 With all its famed celebrities—
 Within whose classic shades to lie
 Would make it easier to die;
 Mount Custis and her grand Grandees,
 The booming of the neighboring seas,
 Matomkin gladdening to the East,
 The brooding peace for host and guest,
 Where fresh the sweet rose-arbor grows
 To deck its choicest human rose!

Then off to the historic Creek,
 The child and bride of Chesapeake,
 Where our Makemie used to preach,
 Where Nature woos with mystic speech;
 Where we, as hungry as Arabs,
 Devoured Onancock's fish and crabs;
 And where by St. Naomi's Shrine,
 The Powell tables are divine;
 Then known and loved through all these parts,
 The Poulson sisters—bless their hearts—
 The pride that still on Dixie doats,
 Jeff Davises in petticoats,
 And, better still, of Calvin's clans,
 Blue Southern Presbyterians;
 And then we loved her as she came,
 The Fairy with old-fashioned name,
 Wee Charlotte, making kindred rich;
 And was she birdling? was she witch?
 Was she cherub undefiled?
 Or just a little Dixie child?

If you'd enjoy romantic dreams,
 Go thread those "Necks" between the streams,
 The sparkle of the Creeks and Bays,
 The glamour of departed days,
 Poetic fancies in the air,
 Old family graveyards here and there,

And verdant vale and rustic hill,
 Where vague Tradition lingers still,
 And Legend faithful vigil keeps,
 And sometimes laughs and sometimes weeps,
 And ancient blood flows on content,
 The bluest on the Continent—
 Like limpid brook in sylvan glades
 That filters through the woodland shades.
 The denizens of these fair lands
 Possess the art of shaking hands,
 The inner magic in the clasp,
 The heart's pulsations in the grasp,
 The winsome welcomes on the lips
 And clear on out to finger-tips—
 And in a trice the deed is done,
 The conquest made, the guest is won!
 If still you lack the subtle knack,
 Go take a trip through Accomac,
 And as the keynote to the song,
 Be sure to have our John along—
 To catch the charm, evoke the thrills,
 Adore the Pines—and pay the bills!

OUR MOTHER.

Andasia Ironshire Franklin Bowen;
 Died at Sunset May 31st, 1864.

Month of laddie's Ordination,
 Last sunset of bonny May,
 Looking toward the pearly portals,
 Queen of Mothers passed away;
 'Mid the requiem bass of Ocean,
 Ever changing, changeless Sea—
 And, no, never, since she faded,
 Was this world the same to me!

She had wished, and his petitions
 By her dying couch arise;
 Ah, she'd only hear his sermons,
 Listening from the Upper Skies—
 In the pulpits of the future,
 Through the earth's wide wilderness,
 Weariness and journeÿings often,
 Lone and longing, Motherless!

Mother's heart—no jewel like it,
 In its casket pure imperaled;
 Oh the Eastern Shore's sweet Mothers
 Are the sweetest in the world!
 All the choicest call her Cousin;
 Each beholder loves, admires;
 Bosom deep as old Atlantic,
 Daughter of the Ironshires!

Youngest of her dozen children,
 Baby of her older days,
 He looked forward to achievement
 For her sake and for her praise;
 So he dreamed and planned his sermons,
 So he dallied with his pen;
 Then she died—and inspiration
 Ne'er was quite the same again!

Green old age and rich and fragrant,
 'Twas not hard for her to go;
 As the lotus folds its petals
 In the sunset's amber glow;
 So she faded, gently faded,
 As upon the verge we stood—
 Passing from her beds of roses
 To the gardens of her God!

We had thought our Mother aged,
 And it helped to check our tears;
 Now her boys, the three old whiteheads,
 All have passed our Mother's years;

Long has been the way without her,
 Thickening snow upon our brow;
 But of late the hurrying seasons
 Seem to bring her nearer now!

Growing real in the gloaming,
 Smiling with the olden smile,
 And we know we tread the borders
 For she's closer all the while;
 And we're glad; for since that sunset
 When the angel escort came,
 Life and home and birds and blossoms
 Never since have been the same!

None could tell in former seasons,
 'Mid the olden, golden hours,
 Which our Mother loved the better
 Her three laddies or her flowers;
 Well, it comes—another sunset—
 And beyond the solitude,
 We will walk beside our Mother
 In the gardens of her God!

MARYLAND VENISON.

I sing the Musk Rat! Your big-headed Bards
 May rant all they please of their Monarchs and Lords;
 I'll warble my ditties and toss up my hat
 For Eastern Shore goodies and the bonny Musk Rat!

Marsh Rabbit's the nickname they poke at him now,
 The frill which the Epicures weave for his brow;
 No, no—the old pet name, give me that, give me that—
 As I knew him in childhood, my chummy Musk Rat!

The Cotton Tail's trail I have tracked through the woods;
 The pines and the laurels and dim solitudes;
 My traps and my snares and the fun and all that—
 But Br'er Rabbit's nowhere when you've tasted Musk Rat!

They rave of Jack Rabbits which gaily infest,
With ears like a donkey's, the wild woolly West;
You fellows may eat him—as coarse as a cat—
I claim for my palate the toothsome Musk Rat!

So clean in his baths, in his food and his furs;
Fair lady, his bedroom's as dainty as yours;
In all that's fastidious so tidy and pat,
And none more aesthetic than our dudish Musk Rat!

The balmy marsh breezes, refreshing and sweet,
Condense and combine in his savory meat;
And Eastern Shore cooks in their proud habitat
Beat Esau's red pottage with the ruddy Musk Rat!

A splash in the waters, like a Naiad he glides
'Mid white water lilies through the twilight tides,
A friend of the people and a good Democrat,
And gathers his flavors for my stew of Musk Rat!

Of old in Matomkin's salubrious climes,
The days of the heroes, Revolution times,
The sturdy old General, our Cropper once sat
And heated his prowess on steaming Musk Rat!

No doubt but the Knox of benign Chesapeake
Had sampled our Rat down on bright Holden's Creek;
And Anne her bold hatred for Britons begat
While playing the patriot—on native Musk Rat!

And thus do the brave, the refined and the fair
Grow sleek on these viands nutritious and rare;
And all the Nine Muses—I'm certain of that—
Are boosting this song of the fragrant Musk Rat!

BLUE MONDAY TABOOED.

Blue Monday, no, no—I'll now of your gloom! *uam*
 The landscape rejoices, the world is in bloom;
 The warblers are busy, the sun's in the sky—
 They have no Blue Monday and neither will I!

Ere Friday has ended, my sermons are done,
 And Saturday rest-day, and cares not a one;
 No study, no worry, no nerves to carode—
 The sermons prayed over and left with their God!

A Saturday stroll or a loll 'neath the trees,
 A nap or a scribbling of verses like these;
 A belles lettres feast or a neighborly chat,
 Or a note to my sweetheart or something like that.

Then Sunday, bright Sunday, as fresh and as fair
 As Sharon's sweet rose with its cheer in the air;
 The pulpit magnetic, the wide-awake eyes
 That sparkle like stars in the Eastern Shore skies!

The gladness of preaching, the life of the Word,
 The nearness of Heaven, the touch of the Lord;
 And bosoms respond and the fervor expands—
 The warming of hearts and the pressure of hands.

Now Monday dawns smiling—no burden that day;
 The shepherd in quiet can lovingly pray
 For the sheep and the lambs while he sips from the brooks
 That flow through the Edens of favorite books.

Perhaps naughty preachers, the trouble with you
 Is eating too much and too little to do;
 Digestion insulted, a scowl on the cheek,
 And so your Blue Monday drones on all the week!

Blue Monday—no, no; your tricks I defy!
 The Sabbath has glorified earth, sea and sky;
 Bravo to the preacher that grumbles no more;
 No need of Blue-Monday on the glad Eastern Shore!

OYSTERDOM ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

Old Plantation Creek—Divinely
Floated dreamy fascinations
All about the stretch of waters,
Over hills and groves and marshes,
Coves and curves and estuaries,
Sparkling with their myriad diamonds,
With bright Lyrics, Epics, Hymnals
Written on the slumberous vistas:
There the thoughtful Creek historic,
As we sailed among the ripples
On our supple launch Louisa,
On us played its spells of sorcery;
Beauteous Chesapeake behind us,
While each moment new enchantment,
Full of musings vague and mystic,
Opened on the view before us.

Old Plantation Creek—upon us
Came in waves the old traditions,
Backward near three hundred Summers,
Far away in Sixteen—Fifteen,
When our Eastern Shore's first settlers
Landed here amid the splendors,
Wondering at the wondrous beauty,
Scenes primeval gemmed and jeweled,
Virgin world, profound, mysterious,
Eastern Shore a smiling wood-nymph
Waiting to be wooed and mated.

There we landed where they landed,
Built our fires where they had built them
Brought the oysters as they brought them,
Such as sung by Roman Horace,
Fat and luscious from their sea-beds;
While the olden dreams poetic,
Like the soft and pensive zephyrs,
Breathed upon expectant gourmands,
Thinking of ancestral oysters,
Forbears of these modern treasures.

Old Plantation Creek—Upon it
 Stood of yore the Custis mansion,
 Arlington in pride and plenty;
 Old Dominion with its Manors,
 Cavaliers and Lords incipient,
 Planting in these Western furrows
 Pedigrees and Upper Tendom.
 But the Serpent, migratory,
 Enterprising navigator,
 Steered his caravel as consort,
 Crept intrusive in the garden,
 And again tricked Eve and Adam.
 Yonder tomb betrays the story,
 Tragedy of matrimony;
 Arlington's unwedded Winters,
 Seven chilly bachelor Winters,
 Only seven worth the living
 To the doughty Septuagenarian;
 Satire gruesome and sepulchral,
 Graveyard slam on that poor woman
 Who thought plunging down the hillsides
 Straight to drowning and perdition
 Better fate than life with Jonnie.
 There they feasted 'mid such landscapes,
 Fed on diamond-backs and oysters,
 Oysters stewed and fried and scalloped,
 Viands fit for wedded angels!
 Yet the shellfish in perfection,
 All delicious, rich, nutritious,
 Failed to exorcise the Devil!

But that tombstone, quaint and naughty
 Cannot blight our present banquet,
 For our fires are brightly burning,
 And the tempting shells are yawning,
 And the odors are ascending,
 Hungry appetites luxuriant.
 No, that cynical old tombstone,
 Cannot nullify the relish
 Of these F. F. V's of oysters,

Crowned and pedigreed descendants
Of those mentioned by John Porey,
First acclaimed in Western annals,
Way, way back in Sixteen-seven,
On the bottom thick as pebbles,
Predecessors of these moderns,
Ostrea Edulis in science,
Oysters Eatable de facto.

Thus along the shores romantic,
Hazy with the days departed,
Speckled with the flight of seabirds,
There our sceptred cooks were smiling,
Lou and Daisy, Birdie, Lilian,
Opening out the dainty morsels
With their deft and dainty fingers,
Happier far than Madam Custis.
There our host, Sir Lem, the Captain,
Big as burly Indian Chieftain,
Superintends the rural revels,
Happy in dispensing pleasures,
Happy in the joy of others,
Bent on fattening up the preacher,
And in saving all the women
From the ghost of old John Custis!

Thus the palates fed and feasted,
Rioted, luxuriated;
Thus dimensions were distended
With some strain upon the vesture;
Oysters roasting, roasted oysters,
Dish supremest in creation,
Their own pearly shells the dishes,
Beating all your Haviland China,
Dresden Ware or Royal Wooster;
Roasting in their natives juices,
Fresh in richness from their sea-baths,
Where they get superbest flavors
From the gardens of the mermaids,
Seasoned with the Ocean breezes,
Stimuli and appetizers—
This the bivalve in excelsis!

No, you cannot know the oyster,
 Oysterdom in all its glory,
 Till you've turned an Eastern Shoreman
 Got the odors from the pine-woods,
 Got the poems from the laurel,
 From the cypress and the myrtle;
 Then entice his royal highness
 From his palace in the sea-coves,
 Roast him with his memories on him
 Of the algae and the naiads,
 Mellowed with the ancient legends;
 Now ecstatic with your captures,
 Smack your lips and feed on raptures!

INDIAN SUMMER LOVE.

Dotage maybe, second childhood,
 Twist or quirk in heart or head,
 Musing lonely in the wildwood,
 Autumn splendors—and he said,
 "Merry, modest, misty maiden,
 Bonny Lita, bird or star,
 Honey bee with nectar laden,
 White in thought as angels are;
 Bonny Lita, bonny Lita,
 White in thought as angels are!" ..

Frosts had sered the landscapes over,
 Many a tender blossom dead,
 Leaves were falling and the clover
 Drooped its ensigns—while he said,
 "Sweetest sweetheart, ripe and mellow,
 Sweetest sung by lip or pen,
 Sunburst, loveburst, winsome Lita,
 And my heart is young again;
 Bonny Lita, bonny Lita,
 And my heart is young again!"

Indian Summer, pensive shadows,
 Golden rod and sumac red,
 Mystic haze along the meadows,
 Birdsongs flitting—and he said,
 “Ere the bleak and black December
 Wide his blighting blasts unfurl,
 Ere old age my veins encumber,
 She’s my Indian Summer girl;
 Bonny Lita, bonny Lita,
 She’s my Indian Summer girl!

“Souls their own St. Martin’s Summer,”
 So the gray day-dreamer said,
 “Halcyon days ere yet life’s Winter
 Leaves the heart untenanted;
 Lita brings a smell of flowers,
 Lita gems a bridal scene,
 Lita crowns the Vernal hours,
 Lita, Indian Summer Queen;
 Bonny Lita, bonny Lita.
 She my Indian Summer Queen!”

FRANCIS TO NAOMI.

Naomi, Naomi, my magnet and Star,
 The fields of old Ulster are silent and far;
 The Donegal heather has faded from sight,
 The waves of Lock Swilly are moaning to-night;
 Green Erin is shrouded beyond the blue sea—
 I think of Naomi—is she thinking of me?

Naomi, Naomi, my fairest and best,
 'Twas the voice of Jehovah that called to the West;
 I flinched not; I’m wearing the helmet and sword,
 In the might of the Right and the strength of the Lord;
 But even the stoutest, when cares overbear,
 Has the need of a woman to cherish and cheer!

Naomi, Naomi, from centre to strand,
I claim for the Master this beautiful land;
These Eastern Shore vistas so winsome and broad,
I'm writing upon them the name of their God;
But brave though he be and robust in his pride,
Man needs a pure woman to walk by his side!

Naomi, Naomi, I feel and confess,
I'm lonesome at times in this vast wilderness;
I trudge the dark swamps, I thread the dim streams,
Where the red Indian lurks and the wild beast screams;
I fear not, I shirk not, but I candidly own
A bachelor wigwam is somber and lone!

Naomi, when musing at twilight I sank
Despondent at times by the still Matchatank;
And here on the Pocomoke weary and worn,
I've drooped in the furrows like the drought on the corn;
The stars of Rehoboth swing low in their track
And call for the lassie of fair Accomack!

Naomi, I know it—the Master has sent
His servant predestined to spend and be spent;
But when I am passing released to the skies,
I want woman's fingers to close the tired eyes;
And when the bowl breaks and the waters divide,
Then may not your Francis still rest by your side?

Naomi, I'm hoping—it comes and it looms—
To plant these fair landscapes with Bethany homes;
In sight of my Churches, the angels on guard,
The laughter of children and the smile of the Lord,
Like the song in the clusters, like the nest in the vine,
Shall not such a homestead be your home and mine?

NAOMI TO FRANCIS.

Oh Francis Makemie, you're sudden somewhat!
My cheeks are like embers—it's fearfully hot;
There's a flutter on land and a whirl on the seas
With slight intimations of heart-maladies!
You shouldn't have done it—devising your snares
To trap a young maiden all unawares!

Oh Francis Makemie, I never had known
That Preachers went courting as Francis has done!
I've heard you when preaching as solemn as death,
Till all were in tears and were holding our breath;
And who could have thought it—so earnest, sublime,
You were thinking of poor little me all the time!

Oh Francis Makemie, you've a wonderful way
Of making young lassies believe what you say!
And then when you picture the long dreary road,
Your wilderness cabin and labors for God,
The noble ambitions, the Heavenly goal,
You wake up the womanhood deep in my soul!

Oh Francis Makemie, shall I own it or not?
I'm liking you better than ever I thought!
Your words are like music that floats on the streams,
You talk like an angel that visits our dreams;
The girls of Virginia are tender and true—
And now what's beleaguered young maiden to do?

My Francis, the coast-winds thy eulogies speak
From Ocean's wide waves to the glad Chesapeake;
It's a poor little self Naomi can bring;
She feels so unworthy to mate with the King;
But Papa's so handy, a Justice you see,
And you'll not be pestered for marriage fee!

EASTERN SHORE TO HER BOYS.

My boy, by idle fancies,
 By playing wild romances,
 By flirting with the chances,
 Not thus true life advances—
 Not luck but pluck!

'Tis not by listless dreaming,
 'Tis not by reckless scheming,
 'Tis by each hour redeeming,
 By being and not seeming—
 Not luck but pluck!

No drifting and carousing,
 No visionary browsing,
 No easy berths espousing,
 No dozing, prosing, drowsing—
 Not luck but pluck!

The breezy headlands viewing,
 The upward slopes pursuing,
 The dullard's naps eschewing,
 Alert and up and doing—
 Not luck but pluck!

No loud hurrah and bustle;
 With optimistic hustle,
 With brain and brawn and muscle,
 Give time and tide a tussle—
 Not luck but pluck!

No wasting days in tattle,
 No chewing cuds with cattle,
 No skulking in the battle,
 But prompt to prove your mettle—
 Not luck but pluck!

The polestar never veering,
 These seaside breezes cheering,
 The brave bark onward steering,
 Grit, wit and persevering—
 Not luck but pluck!

Brave Eastern Shore endeavor,
 No waiting on the weather,
 Intent and upward ever,
 My boy, despondent never—
 Not luck but pluck!

Some native bard to love me,
 Some Cicero to move me,
 By these blue skies above thee,
 Up, boy, rise and prove thee!
 Not luck but pluck!

MAKEMIE TO PIERCE BRAY.

It's a pity that we know so little of the original Elders in the Makemie Churches. I find the first mention of Pierce Bray on the Somerset Records in 1701—the purchase of his farm. He represented Rehoboth in Presbytery in 1720.

Pierce Bray, Makemie's and Rehoboth's friend,
 Official such as Paul ordained and signalized
 And felt their loving tears upon his neck;
 I gladden with you in your domicile,
 Which helps to plant the Ruling Eldership
 Upon this shore and on this Continent.
 The Elder's home—yes, build it stout and strong!
 It links with steel the pulpit and the pews,
 The preacher and his flock, and both to God.
 It throws its incense through the Temple Courts.

I see the Vineyard budding,
 The Vine is taking root;
 I smell the future clusters,
 The Calvinistic fruit;
 I see God's system anchored,
 The Bible flag unfurled,
 The Elder standing solidly
 Upon this Western World!

Pierce Bray, remember when old Abraham
 Had reached the Promised Land and pitched his tent,
 He pitched God's altar too, combining both.
 When came the Covenant child, methinks the first
 Bright thing he noted was that altar-blaze
 Near by the cradle's side. The Elder's home,
 Now pitched upon this later Canaan land,
 Means much! the Presbyterian home,
 The Presbyterial home, with all its stars,
 Stands large for God and man and all the world!

Amid perennial verdure,
 The pleasing seaside scenes,
 Shall not the Elder's roof-tree
 Be like the Evergreens—
 A thing of life and beauty
 Whose foliage never fades,
 Where truth unwithering dwelleth
 Beneath the Covenant shades?

Here on the watch-tower, in the van, Pierce Bray,
 Placed there by voters in this Mother Church,
 I charge you to be blameless as God's steward,
 Well mated, keeping your children faithful,
 Not quick to anger, not in love with wine,
 No bully, no slave to filthy lucre,
 A house adorned with hospitality,
 A lover of good men, and sober, just,
 Temperate, holy, and holding fast the Word;
 Thus loyal to Rehoboth and to God!

It is a post of honor,
 The Elder's place and name,
 God's workman and God's watchman,
 Equipped for crown and palm;
 Safeguard from ultraism,
 From hobbies of the hour,
 From priestly domination
 And lust for place and power!

Pierce Bray, successors to your altar-home,
 I see from many a window down the years
 Lights shining out! From Presbyterian homes,
 From Presbyterial homes, lights shining out!
 From all these placid river-banks, bright lights!
 From all these groves of myrtle and of pine,
 From all these virgin towns and villages,
 From bayside to the seaside, lights shining out!
 From all these family graveyards here and there,
 The cheerfulness of Christian tombs, bright lights!

My friend, look up and onward!
 A noble cause invites;
 By every wood and river
 Hang out the signal-lights!
 Stand bravely by your colors,
 And place them on the heights;
 On every hill and headland,
 Run up the beacon-lights!

Pierce Bray, the Teaching Elders come and go,
 The Ruling Elders stay. Makemie's work
 Will soon be done and he must fade away.
 Makemie's Churches must lean prayerfully
 Upon the Eldership. These the homeguard;
 These the true and staunch conservators.
 If this endeared and fair Peninsula
 Shall stand erect for Calvin and for Christ,
 These guards must lead. I leave my Bishopric
 To good Pierce Bray and all the God-ordained.

His Elders stood by Moses
 Along the desert sand;
 God send ideal Elders
 To all Makemieland!
 May cloud and fiery pillar
 Attend them in the way,
 Still following in the footsteps
 Of faithful Elder Bray!

Pierce Bray, come stand with me by Pocomoke.
 Yonder the Indian's periangua glides;
 Yonder the Negro fishes for the shad;
 Here two white-men think and weigh and hope.
 The Pauline System must be made secure
 And fastened deep into this Western soil—
 An Evergreen among the Evergreens.
 Then build the Elder's home erect and fair
 Upon the Eastern Shore and every Shore.
 I see a Shaft some day on Holden's Creek!

The present and the future
 Are linked in God's Decrees,
 The Apostolic Elder
 Among the harmonies;
 And may these seaside breezes
 The seedtruths widely waft—
 An Eldership of granite
 Like that Makemie shaft!

MOTHER'S DAY.

Winsome Mothers of Rehoboth,
 We salute you all the way
 From the old Colonial Mothers
 To the Mothers of to-day;
 Like the fragrance of the myrtle,
 They are shedding gladness yet,
 Like the roses and the lilies
 And the songs of Somerset.

These dear Temple Courts have seen them,
 Fair maternal pioneers,
 Bowing here in adoration
 Through the past two hundred years;
 Like the sunshine on the meadows,
 Like the blossoms by the brook,
 Warm affections deeply flowing
 Like the tides of Pocomoke.

Far on back the Indian Mothers,
In the ages far away,
From the dusky forest wigwams
Watched their little ones at play;
Babies lashed upon their shoulders,
Young papooses by their side
And perhaps the sturdy first-born
Bringing home his Indian bride.

Here and there the Quaker Mothers,
Garbed in plain and simple dress,
Rocked their meek-eyed little Mystics
In the lonely wilderness;
"Thee and Thou," those Quaker babies
Never once a pet-word heard,
And for them no cradle music
Save the song of woodland bird.

Oh the dear old-fashioned Mothers
Kings and Everudens and Brays,
Whites and Whittingtons and Beauchamps,
Browns, Galbraiths and Stevenses;
Revells, Elzeys, Dents and Drydens,
Fentons, Erkiners, Covingtons;
Horseys, Venables and Bostons,
Winders, Howards, Stevensons.

Many of the names have vanished
As the morning mists depart;
Mothers once with fondled children
Pressed upon maternal heart;
In the vernal days departed,
Mother's soul and Mother's eyes—
Here they raised their warm petitions,
Here they sung their lullabies.

Ah the passing of the Mothers
Like the stars at break of day;
Called up higher from our cradles,
Heaven waiting such as they;

And the skies are bending closer
As they spread their wings and rise,
There beside the Crystal River,
Motherhood in Paradise!

Holds this world a sight more lovely,
Has our earth supreamer charms
Than a beautiful young Mother
With her first-born in her arms?
So we all once sweetly nestled,
To our Mother's bosom pressed,
There enveloped in caresses,
Fondled on that faithful breast.

So the Mothers, tender Mothers
In their beauty linger yet,
Gilding all the towns and hamlets
And the farms of Somerset;
And the Churches smile and bless them,
While their presence lifts and cheers
All the pews and all the pulpits
With the unction of their prayers.

And the darling old Grandmothers,
Some beneath the grassy tombs,
Some, with tenderness unfading,
Still adorning earthly homes;
And the Mother-heart immortal,
Past and present interwove,
Idolizing children's children
With almost a double love.

Blessed Mothers, precious Mothers,
Richest jewels God has given,
Guarding, guiding up from childhood,
Pointing winsomely to Heaven;
May we follow in their footsteps,
Treading close the Heavenly way,
Worthy of the angel Mothers
Of the past and of to-day!

Old Rehoboth this glad morning
 Gathers to her heart of hearts
 All the Mothers and Grandmothers
 Fondly in her Temple Courts;
 Holy spirits long ascended
 Seem above the scene to brood,
 Still invoking benedictions
 On Rehoboth's Motherhood!

MOSQUITO ISMS.

A BLUE MONDAY RECREATION.

Big Mosquito nipped my forehead, scientific, fair and square;
 Only pure hallucination, Boston Priestess would declare;
 Matter never in existence and no sort of evil creetur,
 No nothing but mentality, no forehead and no skeeters;
 No insect hordes infesting with their venomous intrusion—
 Ergo, all this buzz and biting but phantasmal, sheer illusion!

Yet I make my affidavit—there's the lump and there's the bump;
 Otherwise I'm an inpostor or the veriest sort of gump;
 But I stand on my veracity—there's that irritating patch,
 And that tantalizing itching that I've got to die or scratch;
 And if famous Mrs. Eddy thinks Mosquitodom a joke,
 We would love to have her test it on the classic Poocomoke!

All your skeeter bars abolish, 'own with all your foolish screens;
 Put aside your smokes and smothers and forswear your human
 means;
 For all that's necessary in the good old summer time,
 Is to think there are no skeeters, not in all this skeeter clime;
 Don't you try to brush them off, don't you fidget, don't you
 twitch;
 Don't you use your finger nails for forsooth it doesn't itch!

O my Muse, just wait a moment, for I've got to scratch awhile;
 How I wish that Mrs. Eddy that sensation could beguile;
 I'm convinced, she too, would scratch, all her finger nails in focus,
 Notwithstanding all the glamour of her Christian hocuspocus;
 For it itches, itches, itches, with all sorts of aggravation,
 Yes, in spite of all the antics of occult imagination!

On and on from Noah's deluge has the pesky old mosquito
 Been bedeviling human skins, yes, and their religion ditto!
 If the skeeter is not real, if the skeeter is no evil,
 I may soon admit the premise that neither is there any devil;
 Surely both of them exhibit something of the same persistence—
 Both are mighty hard to conjure out of our mundane existence!

Fact is, through all Mosquito time, I am just about as ready
 To believe there is no Boston, that there is no Mrs. Eddy;
 That she, too, and all her buzzing are only dim illusions,
 Though many splendid people share her spiritual confusions;
 But while there still are wiggle-tails and victims still to catch,
 I just *must* believe in skeeters and ditto in Old Scratch!

VOYAGE ON THE POCOMOKE; WITH HOME
 MISSION MAGNATES.

Gliding down the placid river,
 Sparkling on its way forever,
 With the Springtime in the air,
 Tides all right and breezes fair,
 Onward launch Alberta floats,
 Queen to-day of river boats;
 While the tints of bursting buds
 Gladden all the waking woods,
 And the sunshine like a dream
 Shimmers on the pensive stream;
 So our hearts with gladness glow,
 Fragrant with the Long Ago—
 Gliding down the dreamy river.

Musings of John Smith awoke,
First white man on Pocomoke,
Ready hand to write or fight,
Old Virginia's knightliest knight;
Venturous keel on mapless waves,
Welcomed by the Indian braves,
Days romantic, distant date,
Far, far back in Sixteen-Eight.
Then in Sixteen-Thirty-five,
Bitter foemen meet and strive,
Clayborne and Lord Baltimore
Dye the little stream with gore,
When the Pinnacle Longtail met
St. Helen and St. Margaret;
Indians marvel at the sight,
America's first naval fight.
Thus we dream as on we go,
Of the hazy Long Ago—
Gliding down the classic river.

So float on our happy group
Thinking of Makemie's sloop,
Sloop Tabitha as she swings
Round the curves with seagull wings,
Flying in that early day
On her Missionary way,
Sowing in the glad sunbeams
Gospel seed along these streams,
Settling 'mid the vistas wild
Young Rehoboth his first child—
She the Mother yet to be
Of a boundless progeny
Like the sands by yonder sea;
Thus the Past its sweets exhaled,
Sailing where Makemie sailed—
Gliding down the ancient river.

Yonder the old Temple looms,
There amid the mouldering tombs—
Modest, gracious Luminary,
Venerable old Sanctuary!

Silently we pass the door,
 Breathe the balms of days of yore,
 Treading where the Fathers trod,
 Thinking of our Fathers' God,
 There we sung and there we prayed
 Where our Creed was first displayed;
 It was well, yes it was well
 There upon that sacred hill
 That our Mission Chief should stand
 And lead our prayers for all the land,
 Where to all this Western world
 The Mission flag was first unfurled.
 God bless our Thompson and his wife,
 A noble and illustrious life.
 Henceforth upon our honored Guest
 Rehoboth's benedictions rest!
 On him Makemie's mantle fall,
 Heroic son of Donegal!
 Like sloop Tabitha at full tide,
 May C. L. Thompson and his bride,
 Encounter storm and quicksand never—
 Gliding down life's mystic river!

'Twas well ere yet our Guests should leave
 That they should stand by Stevens' grave,
 And think of that long buried hand
 Which brought our Founder to this land;
 Big-hearted writer of the Call
 Which won the seer of Donegal.
 Old Cellar and the old flat Tomb,
 Farm named Rehoboth, There is Room,
 First patented to bloom and live,
 Far back in Sixteen-Sixty-five;
 Room for all and worship free,
 Whoever should the exile be;
 Room, yes room; all sects could come
 And preach beside his home and tomb.
 Here where our Founder reached this land,
 'Twas well our Mission Chief should stand,
 And look abroad and gaze afar
 And gather inspiration here;

Where first the Mission Clarion spoke
 Along the listening Pocomoke,
 To go on ringing—on forever—
 The great Evangelistic river!

Ho, ye skeptics, ye should see
 The Mission Chief's agility,
 Miraculous facility,
 August adaptability,
 And wonderful humility;
 And how this man of eloquence
 Could circumvent that mean barbed fence;
 Or rather how His Eminence
 Just underwent that barbarous fence,
 How His Reverence looked around,
 Threw himself upon the ground,
 Rolled and rolled, our D D guide,
 Till out upon the other side,
 Never was there antic droller,
 This ne-plus-ultra Patent Roller!
 Did Stevens ever dream of old,
 Had any Prophet e'er foretold,
 How some great-big Ecclesiastic
 Could perpetuate such deed fantastic,
 And by such occult ravishments
 Outwit that devilish old fence!
 It ill besets the Mission Cause,
 If some huge barrier interpose,
 Then I'm sure we needn't wonder
 If our Thompson just rolls under,
 And tricks old Satan far and wide
 And looms upon the other side—
 Gliding up the favoring river!

Climax coming, heat the pot;
 Oysters steaming piping-hot!
 So the launch Alberta flies,
 'Mid the fumes of Paradise;
 Sun in the Meridian,
 Palates Presbyterian;

Preacher's wife and preacher's daughter
 Hungry as two shads in water;
 Carey, Polk and both the Preachers,
 Going for those bivalve creatures;
 Appetites as orthodox
 As that of Calvin or John Knox!
 Great Home Mission Enterprise
 And cooking oysters harmonize—
 Glad to go on thus forever,
 Feasting on the happy river!

Moral: If by any chance
 You may fail to jump the fence;
 If in reaching yonder goal,
 Barbs may tear your pants or soul,
 Then outwit Old Nick, by thunder,
 Humbly bow and just roll under!
 Men revolving with the times
 Like the rumble of my rhymes,
 Prompt to plan and prompt to act,
 Like our Thompson's barbed-wire tact,
 Soon may see the dangers passed
 And luxuriate at last;
 Humble now but blessed forever,
 Feasting by the Crystal River!

GRAND EPIC—REDEMPTION OF LOVER'S LANE.

CANTO I.—CUPID AND THE NOSE.

And what should Lover's Lane be?
 A place of pleasing things,
 A nesting nook for fairies
 And flash of Cupid's wings;
 A dream of grace and beauty,
 Of birds and buzzing bees,
 The spell of sylvan splendors
 And green-fringed cypresses.

We took a stroll at sunset,
The azure in the sky;
The hour for genial fancies
And sweet expectancy;
For what should Lover's Lane be?
A spot for rarest dreams,
Romantic and poetic,
And charm of woodland streams.

We took a stroll at sunset,
My own best girl and I—
What horrid nightmare seizes?
What stench bombards the sky?
Great piles of stuff outrageous,
Discarded underclo's—
My lass is red with blushes—
Her fingers grip her nose!

All sorts of hideous rubbish,
Old shoes and ladies' rats,
Tin cans and broken dishes
And corpses of dead cats;
A charnel-house of squalor,
So vile that in dismay
The poor, sick turkey buzzards
Disgusted turn away!

Outside the holy City
The Jewish filth was hid;
They called the place Gehenna—
Don't wonder that they did;
For we parade our dump-heaps
Repulsive to the view,
And Pocomoke's proud city
Has her Gehenna too!

And Lover's Lane they call it,
A sacrilege of names,
Now fit for nothing, nothing,
Except Gehenna's flames;

Arouse, ye Civic Leaguers,
 Ye harbingers of taste,
 Clean out this Augean Stable,
 Disgracing and disgraced!

It stands, a foul dishonor,
 A reeking skeleton,
 Defacing our fine causeway,
 Fairest entrance to the town;
 The beautiful implores you—
 Those flowering shrubs and trees,
 Magnolia blooms and maples,
 And grand old cypresses!

I can't conceive the courtin'
 That's possible out there—
 Your sweetheart nauseated
 And nostrils in despair!
 For while you swear your sweetest
 In poetry or prose,
 What on earth can lassie do
 But just to hold her nose!

CANTO II.—POPPING CATASTROPHES.

Once upon a time Philander,
 Bent on matrimonial talk,
 Intercepted fair Amander
 And they started for a walk;
 Tempest raging in his bosom,
 Cyclone whirling in his brain,
 And the dogwood was in blossom
 And they broke for Lover's Lane.

Then the spoony young Philander
 Had his fine strategic plan
 Just exactly how to land her,
 By all skill and grit of man;
 Romance royal was a-booming,
 Ardent love enthused the twain—
 All the vernal splendors blooming
 In the realms of Lover's Lane.

Now the amouros Philander
 Had enlisted all his nerve,
 While the happy pair meander
 Round about the beauteous curve;
 "Wilt thou, darling sweet Amander,
 Be my own betrothed to-day?"
 Sprang the maid, ere he could hinder,
 Full ten cubits clear away!

Lo, a mass of stuff amorphous,
 Effervescent near their track,
 And, as rancid as a porpoise;
 Diabolic bric-a-brac;
 Had she seen some river varmint?
 Had some anaconda done it?
 No—oh no— some inner garment,
 With Amander's name upon it!

In due time chagrined Philander
 Pacifies her as they wend
 And perform a gerrymander
 Round about another bend;
 "Wilt thou be my own, my dearest?"
 Thus he pops it over again—
 "Here amid the brightest, fairest
 Paradise of Lover's Lane?"

Lo, another pile of horrors
 And demoniac bric-a-brac,
 And our poor Philander's sorrows
 Double full upon his track;
 She had seen her corset cover
 Festering there in sheer decay—
 Suddenly she toppled over,
 Gaspd and fainted dead away!

Then the microbes see their chances,
 Rise and swarm about the two;
 Old Bacillus spawns and dances
 Up and down the Avenue;

Thick as fog the rank contagion
 Round and round the couple squirms,
 And it fills the two's religion
 All chock-full of devil germs!

Needn't wonder if Philander
 Now explodes some cuss words dire,
 Wishing those who aid and pander
 Were upon this funeral pyre;
 Cremating all the perpetrators
 With these eye-sores of creation,
 Scorching every soul that caters
 To this vile abomination!

Needn't marvel if the maiden
 With the fever in each vein,
 With the typhoid microbes laden,
 Born and bred in Lover's Lane,
 Was disgusted with the dump heaps,
 Sickened with the day's fatigue,
 Burning all the home-made rubbish—
 Joins full tilt the Civic League!

Then our Lover's Lane beguiling,
 Clothes itself in rich array,
 Every fine old cypress smiling
 On the saints who pass that way;
 New-born taste, refreshed, enlightened
 Every gratified by by-stander,
 And the spell of beauty brightens
 Fair Amander and Philander!

Bravo! all the City Fathers,
 Proudly faithful to their trust—
 Peace of mind about them gathers
 And the slumbers of the just;
 Civic dreams embalmed in duty,
 Lover's Lane henceforth their pride,
 Meditations gemmed with beauty—
 And the Town electrified!

CANTO III.—MICROBES IN COUNCIL.

Great excitement through their dens—
The microbes in histeria,
A flutteration far and wide—
Bacilli and bacteria;
For they'd heard the Civic League
Was after Civic Evils,
Intent to break the fearful reign
Of all these busy devils.

And so the Doctor's mystic bugs,
Hygeia's modern hobbies,
Had called a hasty Conference
Of all these little boobies;
Beneath a reeking garbage heap,
They come with hurried greëting,
From every backyard in the burg—
A great microbe mass-meeting.

And Arch-Bacterius took the Chair,
And shook his little gavel,
The boss-microbe of Lover's Lane,
The leading pesky devil;
"We hear it told," the Chairman said,
"That awful Mrs. Emma
Is forcing all our frisky tribes
Into a dire dilemma.

"Just get these women started out
On any such intention,
They're mighty apt in time to beat
A Woman's-Rights Convention,
If once their pretty heads are set
To make this thing effective,
In tracing us they will excel
A Pinkerton detective."

Then Arch-Bacillus took the floor,
In pest-hole generated,
And none more stealthy or more sly,

And thus the bug orated:
 "Worse still; our case is desperate;
 Our counsels must not tarry;
 They've made their chief microbic scout
 Illustrious Mrs. Carrie.

"So long and strong she's ruled the ranch,
 And bossed her hen-pecked Billy,
 That now she means to have her way,
 And boss us poor bacilli;
 I have a plan I think will work
 And sure protection get us;
 We'll turn ourselves to polliwogs
 And then she'll feed and pet us!

"Enthroned as tadpoles in her tank,
 The conquest will be easy;
 We'll soon infect her victim Bill,
 And Allen and Louisy;
 And then we'll hold an honored place
 In Pocomoky City,
 And bid defiance out and out
 To that old Germ-Committee."

Another little magnate said—
 "Why should this thing be bruited?
 "Why should our honorable guild
 Be scorned and persecuted?
 The Doctors have to have their fads,
 Some theoretic pother;
 Why not we microbes fill the bill,
 As well as any other!"

Another little tricky scamp
 His cunning ventilated:
 "Society, with microbes gone,
 Would soon be decimated;
 For how about the microbes, sir,
 That get into religion
 And permeate the piety
 Within the dancing region!

“And how about the microbes, too,
 Around the good card-tables,
 Where Christians meet to worship God
 Amid the social Babels?
 And how about the microbes fair,
 Theatre saints infesting?
 Also the moving-picture shows
 Church-services contesting?”

“For there are moral microbes, sir,
 And microbes irreligious,
 And they all have their dump-heaps, too,
 And rubbish piles pernicious;
 And our old Arch-Bacterius,
 And our Arch-Bacillus
 Will give you all a tussle yet
 Before you folks can kill us!”

And thus they wiggled on and on,
 Abusing those good women,
 And laid their plans for more campaigns,
 Each dirty little demon;
 They then adjourned with loud acclaim—
 “Old Lover’s Lane forever!”
 Intent to breed new fever germs
 Down by the classic river.

With all their vast omnipotence
 By big Physicians stated,
 And all the ills beneath the sun
 By microbes propagated,
 We don’t believe, we won’t believe
 That beautiful Aquarium
 Will ever by their threats become
 A bad old Microbarium!

CANTO IV.—GRAND FINALE.

Consternation in Microbia,
 Denizens in awful plight,
 Brainstorms dire and hydrophobia,
 Whole phalanxes in full flight;

Doctors and apothecaries
 Losing now their avocation,
 Women, angels and the fairies
 Joined in holy jubilation!

DE WEDDIN'.

De weddin' been appinted,
 De weddin' must go on—
 De sweetest little Lady
 In all dis Charleston town;
 In dese ole arms I'd hugged her
 Wid many a risin' sun,
 Miss May a Hebbenly angel
 If ebber dere was one!
 Oh me, my heart is-breakin',
 I wish I'd died befo';
 In all dis world ob weepin',
 I'll see her likes no mo'!

De guns in Charleston harbor
 Broke loose like imps ob hell;
 De valleys and de hillsides
 Blaze wid de shot and shell;
 And ebbery thing was quakin'
 As ef 'twas Judgment Day;
 Dere by de bridegroom smilin'
 Stood little Lady May.

Oh me, my heart is breakin',
 I wish I'd died befo';
 In all dis world ob weepin',
 I'll see her likes no mo'!

De mean ole war was ragin',
 De thunders louder grow;
 Dat darlin' little Lady,
 She nebber seemed to know;
 De calm was on her forehead
 De lilies in her hair;
 De bridegroom made de promise,
 De preacher turned to her.

Oh me, my heart is breakin',
 I wish I'd died befo';
 In all dis world ob weepin',
 I'll see her likes no mo'!

De bridegroom made de promise,
 De preacher turned to her;
 She quivered, gasped, he caught her;
 De gallant Cavalier;
 De ball had pierced her bosom;
 She said, "Good man, go on;"
 "Till death?" "I will," she whispered,
 And den my chile was gone!

Oh me, my heart is breakin',
 I wish I'd died befo';
 In all dis world ob weepin',
 I'll see her likes no mo'!

Black Mammy's heart is breakin',
 My precious chile is dead;
 I wish the fightin' devils
 Had murdered me instead;
 She lubbed her ole Black Mammy,
 I lubbed my angel May;
 For cullud folks and white folks,
 It was a sad ole day!

Oh me, my heart is breakin',
 I wish I'd died befo';
 In all dis world ob weepin',
 I'll see her likes no mo'!

SHAD!!

Pocomoke Shad—what beauties, what beauties!
 Shimmering in silver like moonlight on snow;
 Never a bride in splendor excelled her—
 Bride of the river with jewels of roe;
 Diamonds of roe, all fresh from the floods,
 Exquisite viands and fit for the Gods!

Pocomoke boats afloat on the waters,
 Man with the paddle and man with the net;
 Hiddekel, Pison, Euphrates and Gibon
 In these curves and these stretches fair rivals have met;
 Banks all in blossom and Nature all glad,
 Green of the Tropics and nests of the shad.

Thrills in the net and the fisherman feels it,
 Thrills in the boat and thrills in the air;
 Dash and a jerk and a swirl in the waters,
 Floods with a sunburst and the trophy is there!
 Captors ecstatic and jolly and proud—
 Piece of a rainbow fresh from the cloud!

Mackerel are good and trout of the mountain,
 Blue fish are fine and herring are prime;
 White fish of the lakes and the great Western tarpon—
 Give me my Pocomoke shad every time;
 How the rapt Muses of Greece would soar,
 Had they known of these dainties of the Eastern Shore!

Beautiful shad, with her roe-rolls rounded,
 Hand her to one of the old darkie cooks—
 Better than all the chefs in creation,
 Finer than all that is told in the books;
 Nectar was fair and ambrosia not bad—
 Jupiter Tonans knew nothing of shad!

OLYMPUS AND EDEN.

When youthful Eastern Shore like Venus rose,
 All fresh and fair and fragrant from the waves,
 Jove hailed this more than Cytherean Queen,
 And sent Swift-Footed Mercury to the Coast
 To call the Ocean-born, the Beautiful,
 To take her place among the Goddesses
 And sit beside him on Olympian heights,
 The Feast was on, Apollo held his lyre,
 The nectar and ambrosia filled the air,
 The graces came in groups, the Muses sang:—

"Amid the seaboard breezes,
 Along the mystic strand,
 The realms of dim Atlantic
 Far in the Western Land,
 Where Sol from boundless surges
 Illuminates the morn,
 There in the Land of Fables
 Another Queen is born!"

All Greece was waiting for new burst of song;
 Apollo and the Sacred Nine had sent
 Poetic dreams to all the dreaming bards,
 To Homer, Sappho and Theocritus
 And all the band, to have their harps in tune.
 But yonder comes the Fleet-Winged all alone
 And this strange message bears—"I saw her there,
 Just from the foam, in beauty, vision rare—
 The Eastern Shore, the virgin seaside maid
 And bashfully these gentle words she sends:—

"I cannot leave my pine-woods,
 My shady holly groves,
 My bowers of blooming laurel,
 My myrtle and my coves;
 To every God and Goddess
 I waft a sister's kiss,
 But you, O fair Olympus,
 Had never clime like this!"

At first Jove frowned and grasped his thunderbolt,
 Then laid it down, a smile upon his face.
 "I'll humor this Divinity," he said;
 "Now for an age or two I've had no Pet;
 You ancient Gods and Goddesses grow stale;
 All this is new, unique; thrones tempt her not;
 She thinks her woods and streams Elysium!
 So, wreath her brow with her own Evergreens;
 Ye Graces, weave four crowns—each season one!"
 And then the Muses with new ardor sang:—

"The Thunderer is smiling!
 This new-crowned Favorite
 May nestle in her forests
 Like woodland violet;
 The Thunderer is smiling!
 He melts beneath her charms
 And softens into zephyrs
 Her loudest thunder-storms!"

The Graces hastened lithely to their task:
 For Springtime diadem, where Spring birds sing,
 The robin, bluebird and the oriole;
 Where merry frogs attune their choruses;
 Where shad and herring fatten for the feast;
 Where laughing school-girls, happy as the wrens,
 Skip on their way like fairies 'neath the trees;
 There Jove's fair Artists pluck the laurel branch,
 Now green and pink with variegated bloom,
 And weave them deftly for the Verual Crown.

They crown her, yes they crown her,
 The blushing Eastern Shore,
 And never richer chaplet
 Fair Goddess ever more;
 The life is in her pulses,
 The tints are in her cheek,
 From pensive Synapuxent
 To glistening Chesapeake!

Now Summer's come and Jove the signal gives,
 And prompt the Graces hurry to the pines,
 Romantic, genial, contemplative pines,
 Bordered by them, the waving wheat and corn;
 Bordered by them, the orchards red with fruits;
 Bordered by them, strawberries and tomatoes;
 Bordered by them, potatoes and huckleberries;
 And there the Graces gather for her brow
 The fringe-like needles, rarest diadem.

They crown her, fondly crown her,
 The Land of balmy Pine,
 The Land of milk and honey,
 Of Thyme and Eglantine;
 The Land of Noble Fathers,
 And ozone on the air;
 The Land of model Mothers
 And courtships everywhere!

Cool Autumn's here and Jove has not forgot;
 The Harvest Home is sung and barns are full,
 The hearts are glad and oysters on the dish,
 And canvas-backs and diamond-backs all ripe;
 'Tis one great, wholesouled Thanksgiving Day;
 And eating is an art divine down there,
 And kitchens there are royal Palaces
 And tables beat Olympas out of sight.
 Now Graces bring the myrtle, full of love,
 And twine its berries in, and rich perfumes.

They crown her, thus they crown her,
 And never Grecian verse
 Has sung and celebrated
 Such marriages as hers.
 The welding of close neighbors,
 The old Colonial blood,
 The pride of Eastern Shoremen
 In mystic brotherhood!

And now mild Winter came and brought its pause—
 With books and poesy and song and home.
 Wide looms the splendor of the Evergreens;
 At Christmastide look through your windows forth
 And see no blight or gloom on all the world!
 Stroll through the woods—'twill rival Summertime!
 Sit by warm stoves and watch the dazzling snow
 Gleam white on verdant boughs. The Graces pluck
 The prize of holly flamed with red
 And weave glad Winter's bright unwithering crown.

We hear the Muses singing:—
 “Stand up, thou peerless Queen;
 Array the Ocean Goddess
 In everliving green;
 Let all her lovers love her,
 Let all her children praise—
 The winsome Land of Evergreens,
 The Sweetheart of the Bays!”

MAKEMIE ON HIS EAR!

Were our brave Makemie living, I am sure there'd be a breeze,
 And a sound of something stirring in the live mulberry trees,
 And he'd thunder through these counties—“Up and at it! go to
 work!

Get a move and hustle on you—Presbyterians must'nt shirk!

“Here your Ship of Zion started, borne along with favoring gales,
 With the sunlight on her pennons, with the coast-winds in her
 sails;

And most gallantly she floated and she ever onward bore,
 For the God of Knox had brought her to the good old Eastern
 Shore.

“What's the matter with the pilots and the mariners on board?
 What's the matter with your Bibles and the altars of the Lord?
 Sure, somebody's been unwary and somebody's to be blamed—
 Methodism has outstripped you and you ought to be ashamed!

“What's the trouble up at Berlin—Buckingham of virgin gold
 On 'the road along the seaside' in the shining days of old;
 Where your Tennent and your Rankin ploughed and sowed his-
 toric ground,

Why the languor and the slumber in the vineyards all around?

“What's the matter with my workmen in my good Wicomico—
 Presbyterians hardly stronger than a hundred years ago;
 Only Church in all that region and the ancient ardor fled,
 Not an outpost in the county and my Rockawalkin dead!

“What’s the matter, ye Snow-Hillers; where’s the fervor of your youth—

With your boast of your Makemie and Memorial Church forsooth!

Where’s the Adam Spence devotion and the olden chivalry?

Zeal and vim and love and duty—these alone prove pedigree!

“What’s the matter with Pitts Creek? where the fragrance, where the bloom,

In the Church of Anne Makemie and of Sam McMaster’s home?

Two battalions, town and country, well equipped in everything,

And you ought to double-team it in the service of the King!

“What’s the matter with Monokin, once a green and fruitful tree, Foliage punctured by a microbe called respectability;

Where’s the old aggressive get-up? where’s the Calvinistic pride?

Where the missions? where the chapels in the “Necks” on every side?

“What’s the matter at Rehoboth? eldest daughter of the fold;

Pastor crazy on Makemie, cranky on the days of old;

Why the drooping and the mildew? where I came to regions wild,

Where I lived and loved and labored for my first and favorite child!

“These the fields and these the Churches which erect and brave should stand,

Bulwarks strong, enthusiastic, and ensamples to the land;

Yet I see no bold advances, no new missions ploughed and sown,

But instead with banners trailing just content to hold your own!

“Yonder where the sheen and splendor broad above the Chesapeake,

Where the dreams are ebbing, flowing, like the tides of Holden’s Creek,

There you’ve built enduring granite to perpetuate my fame,

But I tell of grander chaplets you may wreath about my name!

“Build your Churches into beauty, build me love and build me zeal,

Build the spirit of the fathers where you work and where you kneel;

Build me Missionary chapels—push and pluck and brave intent;
Thus you best will crown Makemie, these his noblest Monument!

“Up and press the Gospel conquests, and the goals your sires
foresaw;

Presbyterians should have captured this entire Peninsula!

Calvin cannot stand for weaklings; wake and face the waiting
dawn;

Buckle on Makemie’s armor—sword of the Lord and Gideon!”

IN THE MIRROR.

Sunday Morn, Aug. 15th, 1910.

Silently the pensive river
Goes on dreaming all the way,
Not a ripple on its bosom,
Holy calm of Sabbath Day;
Onward to the Ancient Temple,
Like the seabirds on we glide,
Watching in the mirror’d waters
Shadows in the tide.

And the green primeval forests
With their grand memorial trees,
Many a glossy-leaved magnolia
And the pines and cypresses,
Fringed along the vine-clad borders
By the quiet riverside,
Drop their photographs phantasmal,
Shadows in the tide.

And as there we float among them,
Breathing fancies rare and fair,
Other shadows seem to gather
And to gently settle there,
Men and deeds of other Summers,
Those who lived and wrought and died,
Leaving on life’s rapid currents
Shadows in the tide.

And they brought across the billows
Hand of hero, heart of oak,
And they planted seeds of freedom
On historic Pocomoke ;
Rights of conscience, praise unfettered,
God alone to rule and guide,
Vast hereditary glories,
Shadows in the tide.

See that patch of floral splendors,
White and pink and golden hue,
Gardens of the river Naiads
Sparkling in their beads of dew ;
And, beneath them, chaste reflections,
Purified and glorified,
Blossoming in new resplendence,
Shadows in the tide.

Other gardens rise before us,
Blooms perennially to last,
Matrons, maids and rosy lassies,
Smiling from the twilight past ;
Once they graced the hills and valleys,
Leaving spells that still abide,
And great argosies of beauty,
Shadows in the tide.

Yonder stands a thoughtful mansion,
Telling of Colonial days,
Venerable with plaintive legends,
Resting in its morning haze ;
And a graveyard nestles by it,
Dead and living side by side,
Home and tombstones and traditions—
Shadows in the tide.

And to us there come the portraits,
Many a circle, many a home,
Relics of the times romantic,
Many a smile and many a bloom ;

And the graveyards—Oh so near it—
 Father, mother, sweetheart, bride,
 Pictured on life's mystic river—
 Shadows in the tide.

And the years keep flowing onward,
 Like the river's undertow,
 And there come to us old dreamers
 Mirror'd loves of Long Ago,
 Like the wreaths of pine and myrtle,
 Rarefied and beautified,
 Jewels of the days departed,
 Shadows in the tide.

Blue the skies that arch above us,
 Pure the sunbeams on our way,
 And God's peace upon the landscapes,
 Holy calm of Sabbath Day;
 And the Old Church waits our coming,
 With a Mother's love and pride,
 And the blessings of the fathers—
 Auroras in the tide!

AT EVENING TIME.

I stand with Paul the Aged,
 And face the smiling tomb;
 I see no lowering shadows,
 I see no gathering gloom;
 There's beauty on the landscape,
 There's gladness in the sky;
 I throw the challenge down— O grave,
 Where is thy victory!

I stand with our Apostle,
 And in his triumph share—
 The shores of time receding,
 Eternity draws near;

I see the open portals,
I hear the angels sing;
Unmoved I fling the gauntlet down—
O death, where is thy sting!

I stand with Paul the Victor
And gladly spread my wings;
I tread the bright Third Heavens
And witness wondrous things;
I trust the Great Atonement,
The Lamb that once was slain,
With him, for me to live is Christ,
For me to die is gain!

I stand with Paul the Aged;
The curse has spent its force;
I've fought the fight, I've kept the faith,
I'm finishing my course;
I know that I am pardoned;
No doubts or fears oppress;
Henceforth I see laid up for me
The crown of righteousness!

I stand with Christ, the Saviour,
My spirit almost home;
I wave my hand to loved ones,
Now beckoning me to come;
Ere long the tombs shall open
Like bursting buds in Spring,
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting!

MARYLAND AVIATOR.

While boosting the charms of the land of our birth
The fair Eden Shore and her fame and her worth,
Whatever the strain and exalted the chord,
Whatever the chorus of singer and bard,
There's a break in the song and a fault in the key
Till some poet sings our gentle T. B.

The Eastern Shore Counties are awfully proud,
Colonial veins full of richest of blood,
Old family streaks in the purest of lines,
Of indigo blue and as straight as the pines,
But on from the Flood comes the sure pedigree
Of the theme of my song with 'his initials T. B.

The papers are speckled with the letters T. R.
A hustler in peace and a mascot in war,
All he does, all he says they lustily laud
And at his sky-flights they clap and applaud,
But never a hero on the land or the sea
More at home in the skies than our native T. B.

The Wrights and the Zeppelins grandly aspire
The earth to abandon and mount high and higher,
The chariot of Phœbus outstrip if they're able
And beat in their antics the builders of Babel,
But none of their soarings so far and so free
As the pinions well-poised of our graceful T. B.

Far back when a youngster I watched him ascend
And envied the swoop of the wings of our friend,
And wished that like him I could circle on high
And mingle at will with the blue of the sky,
A harmless old fellow and example to me—
For he minds his own business, the guileless T. B.

And long ere the Doctors were venting their flings
At microbes, bacteria and germs and such things,
Our friend, sanitary, with diligent care,
Was clearing the landscapes and cleansing the air;
No rare antiseptic that ever you see
More certain to do it than Doctor T. B.

I saw the old fellow along with his spouse,
Some scent in the backyard or smell in the house,
Alight on the chimney with reverent face—
And spreading his pinions and saying his grace,
Invoking a blessing like any D. D.,
With mute benedictions, our pious T. B.

Full many a secret and lots of our slips
He sees—but no scandal escapes from 'his lips;
The slurs and the slanders by gossips begat,
He spurns and eschews all such offal as that,
Discreet, Eastern Shoreman and model grandee,
Philanthropic reformer, our honest T. B.

'Tis good to be born with a bent and a craze
That find the poetic wherever it plays,
The mink in the marsh, or the frog in his lair,
The fair and the beautiful everywhere,
The curves and gyrations o'er our cornfield and tree,
And duties well done by our faithful T. B.

They rave of the eagle with the eye on the sun
They've given the nightingale sceptre and crown;
I tell of another, a son of this Shore,
Outrageously slighted by poets before,
Unsung and unrhymed till now championed by me,
Our kind benefactor, the busy T. B.

He has his own tastes—we can't understand 'em;
De gustibus non, yes, non disputandum;
But much to his credit, let me candidly say,
He never writes doggerel such as mine is today;
He turns up his nose at my fine minstrelsy—
A critic disgusted—our old Turkey B.