

Hawthorne Literary Union

OF
FAITH MISSION.

FRANK BOOTH, SECRETARY.

HERBERT S. RENTON, PRESIDENT.

575 Lorimer St Brooklyn, C. D., ~~January 10th~~ 1879

Principal Dawson.

Dear Sir:-

Returning home via Montreal from a season of "Camping Out" in the woods of Canada, 16 months ago, I called upon you one lovely Sunday afternoon, and experienced the kindest treatment.

Mentioning relatives and Nova Scotia friends you remembered them.

I expressed surprise that you should be so accessible. You replied:-

"Bless you, I have to be accessible to every body - all of the students come to me for reference."

Now, there are many of your students in Brooklyn, who have an earnest respect and love for you, although they may not have studied at M^c. G. U. One of them now makes a request that you will write a short article for the "Hawthorne Literary Union", an organization of Young People, at present numbering 78 members.

McGILL UNIVERSITY
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 2211/65
REF. 46

the aim and object of which is culture.

I feel certain that you will not despise my request, although I know that you are too fully engaged. Anything you might write would be of great value to us, even were it but three lines, with your signature.

Renton
Jan 1/99

When I told my father, a few days since, of our intention to ask you for a composition, he said: "You will get something good for your Mission".

A year ago Mr. W. F. Jordan, a wealthy gentleman of Brooklyn, then an entire stranger to us, built a Mission House at a cost (land and all) of \$2,150 just when our little band of Christian workers thought that their work was done in the neighborhood where they had been for two years and a half, as the old tenement house in which services were held, was to be taken down by a Railroad Company in order to lay a track. A month since Mr. Jordan added a wing to the building costing \$600.00.

Our motto was Jehovah-jireh in the tenement; it is the same now; and we have never found it to fail us in time of need. Trusting that I am not too bold in thus addressing you, I remain one of your humble admirers
Herbert S. Renton.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897

Miscellaneous.

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BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER

Dec 23^d 1878

GREENPOINT GLOBE

REV. DR. JEFFERY AT FAITH MISSION.

The eloquent pastor of the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church lectured at Faith Mission to the Hawthorne Literary Union, on the subject of "Posthumous Influence," last Monday night. Few men succeed in surviving oblivion, said the speaker. Of all the millions that have lived scarcely a thousand names are remembered. If we read the history of an epoch, many men are mentioned, but there are less than a thousand, perhaps, that are familiar to the minds of men to-day. Of the millions who inhabited ancient Greece, how few are the names that have come down to us. Of the Poets—Eschylus, Anacreon, Pindar, Sophocles, and several more. Of the Statesmen—Lycurgus, Solon, Epimenides; Philosophers Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—Coming down to Roman history—Horace, Virgil, Phny, Cicero, Tacitus, and some others.

Homer holds first rank among ancient poets, but there is a doubt as to whether there ever was such a man as Homer. Take it in our day; how few live beyond a generation.

Dr. Welsh of Albany, was preaching one Sunday on the Resurrection, and so grand was his imagery of the trumpet blowing, the graves heaving, and the sea giving up its dead, that Gov. Marcy, who was in the congregation, jumped up and cried, "My God! I can see them rising!" How many of you though ever heard of Dr. Welsh?

In Broad Street, Philadelphia, there is a magnificent Baptist Church. Some twenty years or so ago there was a movement started to build a wooden structure something like this mission. I proposed a different plan—that we raise \$20,000, buy lots and offer them as the site of a fine edifice. It was done. The church was built, and a short while ago an anniversary and jubilee service was held, commemorating the founding of the church and rejoicing over the great work that had been done since; but I was not invited. Still my work remains. Our works live though our names are forgotten.

When in England two or three years ago, I went to Smithfield, where so many martyrs were burned. I asked a man where the place of burning was. "Don't know; somewhere up there," was the answer. I went to Bedford and inquired for the site of the jail, where Bunyan had been confined for 12 years; but no one knew. Coming to the river I asked the landlord of an inn where it was. He thought it was on the other side of the stream. On the other side they told me it was on the opposite bank. Then I was told that it was on neither side, that the old jail had been built out over the river. I left them to settle it.

If we owe nothing to posterity, we owe to our ancestors the institutions and blessings we have. A grand life is never lost. Every great principle has been the result of toil, sacrifice and blood. In the Netherlands, thousands and thousands were put to death because they would read the Bible. They were burned and entombed alive.

John Bunyan was put in prison because he would preach without a license; and he was kept there because he would not promise to keep silence if they let him out. What is the result? Making tags with his blind daughter for the support of his wife, he also wrote a book that has brought multitudes to Christ.

There are those here who possibly may attain eminence as Judges, Inventors, Statesmen, but all should so adjust their lives that they will tell for the world's good.

A dirty-faced boy joins the Sunday School, learns to wash his face, then he comes to know a little, and finally gets into your Literary Union. He goes out into the world, advances in station, becomes a jurist, a physician, or a high dignitary in the State. Who then can compute the influence of this Mission. In the future, when from this enterprise shall have grown a great church, I can fancy I hear some one ask, "How came this magnificent building here? And the reply will be, "It grew out of a little Mission." "Who were the founders?" "I don't know." The work will stand, even though those who first began it are totally lost sight of.

"Now we may often defeat a good purpose. Once a number of gentlemen met to give me a purse of a thousand dollars. Nine hundred dollars had been subscribed, One man by refusing to give any more than he had, discouraged the rest, and the result was I didn't get a cent." This anecdote caused hearty laughter. The Doctor continued: "The great streams of good and evil are flowing on. Now, young ladies, see to it that your influence is good. Don't offer wine or lager beer to callers on New Year's day." The speaker mimicked the winning manner of offering the glass. "Oh! just one! You wouldn't refuse me in my house, etc., etc." Result—the young man who goes out sober comes home drunk. Who shall tell the end?

A lady in London saw a poor, ragged little chap crying with cold and hunger. She took him in and clothed him. Educated him. He became a missionary to China and translated the Bible into Chinese—the famous Robinson. A boy was picked up a few years ago on one of our Western steamboats, he was converted, and here lately the news came that he had, as a preacher in the heathen land, baptized some 8,000 of them. "Do what good you can. When I was a young man, commencing to preach, a dear old lady—I can see her now with spectacles and scoop bonnet (you girls don't know any thing about them)—came with a pair of socks and said: "I couldn't do as much for you as I'd like to, but I've knitted this pair of socks." "I was very glad of them I assure you."

In conclusion the Doctor urged the building up of character. Hay, wood and stubble, were to be burned, but the Jewels were to remain. The materials for the "Glorious Temple" were to come from earth. Not those who reigned in this world would be the favored ones of the next, but those who in humbleness and patience of heart carried out the precepts of the Gospel.

The address was heartily enjoyed, and called forth frequent marks of approval. In listening to Dr. Jeffery one realizes the grandeur of speech, and has new ideas of power and influence. A basketful of flowers and a vote of thanks were but feeble expressions of the gratitude of the large audience present.

Published simultaneously,
-ly in the three great
Brooklyn Daily
Eagle, Times and Argos
also in Greenpoint

BOOK

Union Argos

THE SWORD OF FONTENOY.

The following poem was written by John Brougham, Esq., for the Hawthorne Literary Union of Faith Mission, Greenpoint. It was accompanied by the following note from Mr. Brougham:

THE LOTOS CLUB,
147 Fifth Avenue, Dec. 18. }

DEAR SIR: I respect and honor the intentions and motives of your association, wishing both you and it the greatest amount of prosperity.

I send you a few rhymes founded upon a newspaper paragraph vouched for (if one can trust such authority) to be an episode in the early life of the "Marshal President." I would have done so long before this but that I mislaid your address.

Your well wisher.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

To H. S. Renton.

The aged Count de Macmahon
Was at the old chateau
The founder of his name had won
A century ago.

Knowing the summons had been sent
That all men must obey;
In calm and Christianly content
He on his deathbed lay.

His brother's sons stood by him then,
Three images of truth,
Two of them already men,
The third was still a youth.

In tears they stood there by his side
In tears, but mute as stone,
For, from the day their father died,
He loved them as his own.

Then spoke the Count in accents low
And weak, "Away with grief!
Much must you learn before I go
And now my time is brief.

"Your father it need not be told
Was peer amongst his peers
He died as die the bravest, old
In honor, not in years.

"A Frenchman, though his name and blood
Their origin proclaimed,
The Irish name, that while he stood
In life no falsehood shamed.

"A soldier, with the soldier's creed,
Aid and relief to bring
His country first, whoever bleed,
And after her the king.

"No matter who Letitia throned
The puppet of an hour,
His heart's allegiance always owned
France as the regnant power.

"Before the heights of La Rothior
He fell, in the advance;
A soldier of the empire, for
The empire then was France.

"Long had he been from home away
When his brave death occurred,
Leaving two sons—Ah, fatal day;
He never saw the third.

"For when the sad news came, his wife—
An angel of true love—
Gave for his being life for life,
And sought her home above.

"Had he but known the truth, this will
Would never have been made;
Unfatherly! Unjust, yet still
His wish must be obeyed.

"The injury was undesigned,
Through ignorance 'twas done;
Surely fraternal love will find
Some way the ill to shun."

The will was read: Their eldest son
Their home was to receive.
And for his share, the second one,
The wealth that he might leave.

And that was all. The two sons stood
With eyes bent on the ground;
"They'll speak!" The old Count hoped they
would;

But there was not a sound.

And then he turned, as if ashamed,
And with a kind of fear,
To Patrick, so the youth was named,
Such tale who had to hear.

But there he saw so proud a head,
It made his soul rejoice,
And to the landless youth he said,
In clear and ringing voice:

"I have a heritage for thee
That beggar's house and hoard.
If thou art of our blood, bring me
Yon old-time rusted sword.

"That glorious weapon look upon
With veneration, boy;
Thy grandsire's grandsire bore it
On the field of Fontenoy.

"When English, Dutch and Austrian,
From dawn till set of sun,
Contented against Frenchmen,
All unaided, all alone.

"No! not alone. What was it, then,
The tide of battle stayed?
A handful of brave Irishmen,
The famous Green Brigade!

"Exiled for loving their old land,
Their faith and landless king—
Stern retribution nerved each hand
To deadly reckoning.

"That battered piece of worn-out steel,
In mean and sordid eyes
And hearts that no emotion feel,
Would be a sorry prize.

"A thing of profitless renown,
By such 'twould only be
In some neglected corner thrown.
I give it, boy, to thee.

"Take it, and keep its record bright,
That thy grandchildren may
In after time to theirs recite
The story of to-day."

Silent the youth stood for a space,
Oppressed by feeling great.
Then, lifting up his glowing face,
With joy and hope elate,

He said, as on the blade he wept.
"Go, wealth and home and land;
This precious treasure I accept
From thy more precious hand.

"His name and sword, all, all I have
Ambition to retain;
And Heaven so aid me as I strive
To guard them both from stain."

The old Count smiled, in loving grasp
Their hands were joined awhile,
Till death released the feeble clasp,
But still retained the smile.

Sad only for that loss, the youth
Turns from his father's land,
His fortune, Faith and Hope and Truth,
And that time-rusted brand.

Honor's bright pathway he selects,
Like hero of romance,
And now that homeless boy directs
The destiny of France.

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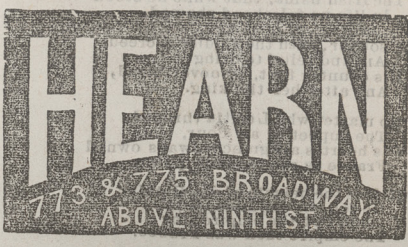
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Faith Mission.

Special services were held in Faith Mission yesterday afternoon at three o'clock in commemoration of the opening of a new wing recently added to the commodious school room. The attendance was numerous and included a delegation from the Appleton Mission of Williamsburgh. The singing by the mission was specially noteworthy. Addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Simonson of the M. E. Tabernacle, Rev. J. N. Folwell of the Second Baptist Church, Rev. Henry A. Powell of the Old Bushwick Church, Mr. George H. Stone, Superintendent of the Mission, and Mr. Jordan, through whose princely munificence the mission is indebted for the beautiful building that it occupies which was erected by him at a cost of \$2,700. The mission is doing a noble work and is making a decided impression for good not only in the immediate vicinity where it is located, but throughout the entire Eastern District of Brooklyn.

2211/65/466

used by the Flushing and Central railroads under the Poppenhusen management. It embraces the two full blocks running from Front street to the pier line on the river, and bounded on the south by Third street, and on the North by Fifth street. Also one-half of the adjoining block between Fifth and Sixth streets to the river line. On the property there are depot buildings, freight-houses, extensive coal pockets, freight-ing slips and other improvements which have entailed heavy outlays of money. The mortgage under which the sale was made was for \$150,000, held by Drexel, Morgan & Co., subject to prior mortgages of \$52,000. The property was knocked down to Mr. Fabbri, the representative of Drexel, Morgan & Co., for \$60,000. It is said to have cost the Poppenhusens some \$300,000 in 1872,

was effected