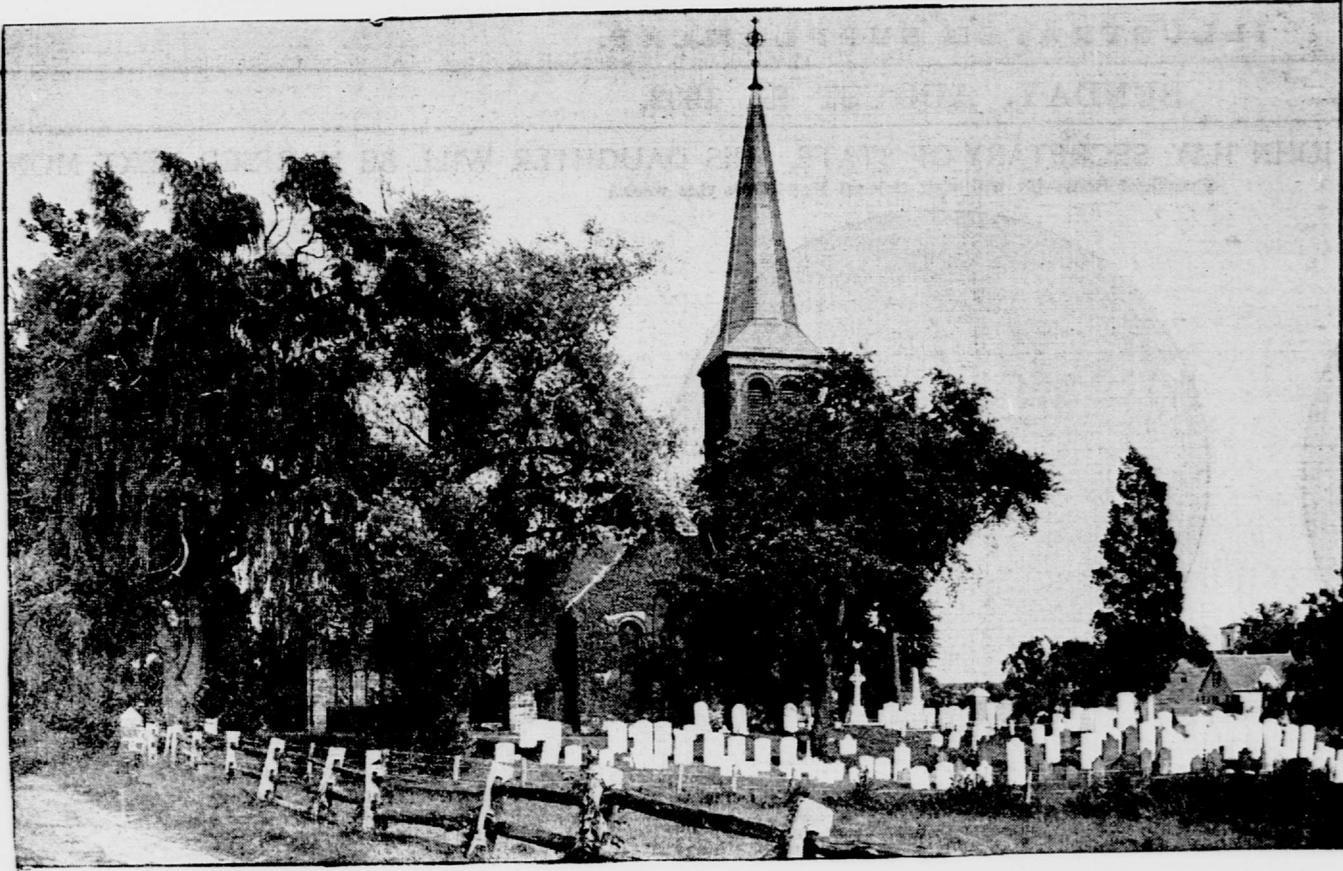


ST. ANDREW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, STATEN ISLAND, HAS BEEN CRITICISED FOR ITS BUSINESS METHODS



ST. ANDREW'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD, RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND.

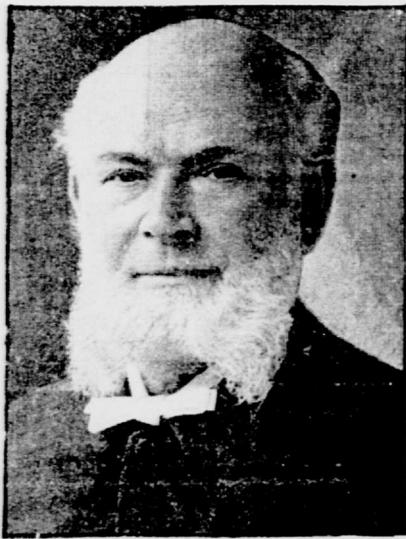
A STATEN ISLAND CHURCH.

ST. ANDREW'S, AT RICHMOND, HAS A HISTORY—A TRUST FUND GIVES RECTOR A LARGE SALARY.

Old St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, at Richmond, Staten Island, a miniature Trinity in point of wealth, and one of the first churches to be established in this country, is grieved over certain criticisms which have fallen on the church through the action of the vestry. The vestrymen are trustees of a fund left to the rectors of the parish, and were forced to foreclose a mortgage of \$9,000 on the home of Mary E. Crocheron, of New-Springfield.

"Rich church! Poor woman! Cruel vestrymen!" said those who did not know the circumstances, and the vestrymen have been explaining ever since that they had no choice in the matter.

It seems that Ellis Duxbury, one of the members mentioned in the original charter which the church received from Queen Anne of Eng-



THE REV. THOMAS S. YOCUM.
Rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Staten Island.

land in 1713, wanted to give a valuable farm at St. George to one of the early rectors of St. Andrew's.

"I can't accept such a gift," declared the man of cloth.

"But I have no relatives, and I want you to have it," said Duxbury.

"Then leave it in trust for the rectors of St. Andrew's," said the clergyman.

Duxbury made his will to that effect, and the vestrymen of the church were made the trustees. Pieces of the farm were sold from time to time, and a portion of it is now used by the government as a lighthouse station. None of the original property is held by the church, but the trust fund has mounted up to a considerable sum, which is invested in mortgages. The Crocheron mortgage was one of these, and the vestrymen felt that they would be violating their trust if they did not handle it in a businesslike manner.

No one knows just how many years ago St. Andrew's parish was founded. The Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Yocum, the present rector, believes, from the records of the old Huguenot church at

French Kills, that St. Andrew's is older than Trinity Church, in New-York. The early records of the church were lost, and thereby hangs a tale.

In the rectorship of Dr. Goddard the famous Lancaster Simes grant excitement occurred on Staten Island. It seems that for some service or other to one of the early Governors Lancaster Simes received a grant of all the ungranted land on Staten Island. It caused a great deal of confusion at the time, and even more when the attorneys of the Simes heirs appeared on the island claiming property right and left. They settled most of the cases out of court, the heirs giving a quit claim deed for a small cash payment. While this excitement was on Dr. Goddard died.

One day shortly after two men drove up to the rectory and told Mrs. Goddard that the vestry wanted the records. She gave them the two cumbersome volumes, and thought no more about it until two vestrymen called on her for the records.

"But the vestry has them," she said.
"None of us have seen them," said the church officials.

"I gave them to two men a month ago," said the widow.

It was always supposed that the Simes grant agents secured the records in order to continue their cases. One of the books was returned to Dr. Yocum shortly after he took charge of the parish, twenty-six years ago. It was expressed from the Manhattan Club, in this city. The other, which contains all of the early records, has never been recovered.

The church still has the original charter granted to the Rev. Aneas McKenzie by "Anne, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland and Defender of the Faith." It bears her signature and the royal seal in wax, with the date 1713.

At the same time the Queen gave St. Andrew's a communion set of silver, bearing her name and markings. She must have realized that Staten Island was to be Staten Island and New-York very much greater, for the set which she gave Trinity Church was much finer.

The congregation which fills St. Andrew's each Sunday comes from every part of Staten Island, by trolley, carriage and bicycle. It is the most scattered parish in New-York, as well as the richest outside the Manhattan district. The salary of the rector varies from \$7,500 to \$12,000 a year, according to the income from trust funds and church property. The scattered congregation is not due to the age of the church so much as to the personality and power of its rector, Dr. Yocum.

The Low Church service is followed. There is no vested choir or elaborate ritual. Dr. Yocum never preaches in a surplice, discarding it for the black silk gown.

"The surplice is the priestly garb and the black robe the academic," says the old rector in defence of his unusual practice. "When I preach to my people I become a teacher, therefore the black robe is most fitting." Then he adds with a smile: "It is strange, isn't it, that all the others have gone away from me in this regard."

The church in which St. Andrew's worships is architecturally beautiful. It has been burned twice, but the southeast corner is as it was in the original structure, being preserved in the rebuilding as a matter of sentiment. Dr. Yocum made many changes in the interior when he took charge.

"It was finished in a poor imitation of stonework," he said. "This did not seem to be the right sort of decoration for a church; it was not honest, and quite as bad as wearing shoddy clothes or bogus jewelry. I had the walls scraped, and substituted simple frescos for the interior decoration."

St. Andrew's Church has been long known for its steadfastness in regard to rectors. Dr. Yocum has been in charge of the parish for twenty-six years. He succeeded Dr. Moore, who had preached there for fifty years. On Dr. Moore's death the vestry voted his family the use of the quaint old parish house for life, and several members of the family still live there.

COL HAY'S FORESTRY.

A HEALTHFUL HOBBY WHICH AMUSES THE SECRETARY OF STATE AT HIS SUMMER HOME.

An interesting experiment in forestry is going forward at The Fells, the summer home of John Hay, Secretary of State, on the shore of Lake Sunapee, N. H. Colonel Hay has planted on his estate there a number of seedlings from the immense pine trees of California, and after weathering two winters and one summer of the New-England climate, the youngsters present a vigorous appearance and have made a satisfactory growth. Colonel Hay has not attempted to transplant from the Pacific Coast the Sequoia gigantea, which needs the altitude of the sierras for its habitat, but has imported the Sequoia sempervirens of the California foothills to his New-Hampshire place. These trees attain a prodigious height and thickness in their native soil, and if New-England proves favorable to them, as so far it has done, the big Norway pines on Sunapee's shores, which seem now to tower almost to the comet catching point, will look as insignificant beside the California importations as bulrushes look beside telegraph poles. Colonel Hay has lively hopes for the success of his experiment.

Forestry, in fact, is the interesting, healthful and, in the long run, not unprofitable hobby with which the Secretary of State occupies many of his leisure hours in the summertime, and on almost any bright morning an unexpected visitor to The Fells is likely to catch the colonel in shirtsleeves and Panama, hacking away at the superfluous growth of his woodlands with his favorite German forester's axe, a truly formidable weapon, something like the axes used by firemen to raze burning buildings—a combination of axe and pruning hook, and fitted to cleave, hack, uproot or pull down any trunk, root or branch which it is desired to attack. And unremitting is the warfare which must be waged upon the forest of The Fells. The growth is so rapid that the woodland can almost be seen to advance upon the cleared spaces occupied by the house, the stables, etc.

The estate comprises one thousand five hun-

dred acres, on the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee. The shore line is about a mile and a half long, and the land rises in a steep grade from the water's edge to a broad plateau, on which stand the house and other buildings. Behind these the land begins to rise again, until it reaches an altitude of two thousand feet. From the top of this eminence the peaks of the Franconian range of the White Mountains are seen with great distinctness to the east, while to the west the Green Mountains of Vermont bound the vision. In the valley between glisten the clear waters of Lake Sunapee.

Rising almost from the edge of this lake, on the side opposite The Fells, is Sunapee Mountain, 2,500 feet high, and beyond that Ascutney, 3,000 feet in height. Lake Sunapee is about ten miles long, and from one to four miles wide. It affords fine fishing, as it is yearly stocked with fry from government hatcheries, and Colonel Hay's boathouses and bathhouses, barely concealed among the trees at the foot of his lawn, show that swimming, rowing, paddling and sailing are parts of the programme of summer amusement at The Fells.

Of the fifteen hundred acres comprised in the estate nearly all are covered with a thick growth of pine, maple, beech and birch. A pure spring gushes from the mountainside back of the house, in volume great enough to supply all domestic purposes, including the needs of the stable and dairy. Colonel Hay's hennery is managed so well that it supplies his table with poultry when he is in Washington in the winter, as well as satisfying all the needs of the house parties at The Fells in summer.

The house itself is low, but covers a considerable area. It is painted in different shades of yellowish brown, picked out with white. The rooms are large and airy. The furniture is mostly of wickerwork or other light material. The hardwood floors are covered with rugs of various colors, sizes and designs. The house has been enlarged from time to time, but wide verandas bind all parts into an attractive whole.

There are several objects of peculiar interest about The Fells. One of these is the growth of moss which carpets many shady glades on the mountain side. The writer saw one stretch of this moss 6 inches deep, 20 feet broad and 12 yards long, of two varieties, bright green and silver gray. These intermingled in patches, producing the effect of a large woven rug flung carelessly down upon a Broddingnagian bed of red pine needles. Another feature of interest is a big maple tree in front of the house, into whose wide-spreading branches Rudyard Kipling climbed and spent the greater part of a short visit to The Fells in reading the poetry of a world famous bard who lives in the neighborhood. Another of the sights of the place is a mighty glacial bowlder of New-Hampshire granite, which in primeval times rolled down from the mountains and almost fell into the lake. It stopped short, however, and rests on the benchland just above the final descent to the shore. Here for centuries the red Indians gathered for their big powwows when Sunapee Valley was a prolific hunting ground, and to this day the bowlder is called Council Rock. Miss Alice Hay will be wedded at The Fells next month, according to announcement, to James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of Genesee, N. Y., son of Representative Wadsworth. The ceremony is to be performed by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Haydn, of Cleveland, who married the father and mother of the bride. A special permit had to be procured for Dr. Haydn to officiate next month, since without this no clergyman from another State could legally marry people in New-Hampshire.

Dr. Haydn during his long career has performed more wedding ceremonies among prominent Cleveland families than any other five ministers together. For many years he has been pastor of the Old Stone Presbyterian Church, in the downtown district. On February 4, 1874, he united in marriage John Hay and Miss Clara Louise Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone, one of the builders of the Lake Shore Railroad. Dr. Haydn is now over seventy years old. He is one of the most scholarly men in the Presbyterian Church, and he is also possessed of great executive and administrative ability, as was



THE OLD RECTORY OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, STATEN ISLAND.