

JUL 20 05

27

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

Thursday July 6, 1905

The Patriot's Prayer

By Rev. John N. Lyle and Rev. S. B. Dunn

America, dear land,
Upbuilt by God's own hand,
O Nation blest!
Thy skies are ever blue,
Thy fields are ever new,
Thy faith,—may it be true
In God to rest.

Star of the West! O star,
fair gleams thy light afar,
Thou land I love.
Here plenty clothes the hills,
And peace the valley fills,
for God His grace distils
from Heaven above.

O Union, right or wrong,
Still this will be my song:
God spare thee harm.
Thy glory be to shine
Hollost in the line
Of peoples, with this sign:
The Cross is balm.

My country, at thy shrine,
I lay this heart of mine,
With every breath.
To love thee is my creed;
To serve thee is my heed;
To praise thee is my meed
In life and death.

New York.



THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905

Vol. LXXXIII, No. 27

Established in 1823

Whole No. 4287

OUR SUNSHINE.

By Andrew McClintock.

There's sunshine in the truthful word,
That speaks the Master's love,
Who came to earth to plead our cause,
From glory's height above;
It warms and quickens into life
The cold and deadened heart,
And tells us of His tender care,
That will not from us part.

There's sunshine in His gracious words,
And in His loving tone,
I go to make a home for you,
I will not leave you lone;
For soon a Messenger will come,
To comfort and to cheer,
And in your daily toil and strife,
I will be very near.

To guide and strengthen you through life,
And at your death receive,
To peaceful mansions fair and bright—
So do not doubt, or grieve;
For days will come, and days will pass,
And time will have an end;
And then I'll come in Mighty power,
And claim you as my friend.

New York.

Williams College Commencement

II

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY ADDRESSES.

THE addresses delivered by the Rev. Drs. Hopkins and Gladden, President Roosevelt and others at Williams College Commencement, are of such intrinsic and permanent value, that by request I devote another letter to them. It has already been said that Dr. Hopkins preached upon the double demand which is made upon the educated man of to-day, for an open mind to new truth and for absolute fidelity to truth already possessed. After illustrating this, he continued as follows:

There is still reason to guard against bigotry, against prejudice and narrowness to encourage and insist upon the open mind. The unreasoning violence of theological controversy is not all gone; the unscrupulous violence of political partisanship remains; the bitter prejudices of section, of race, of party, even of family, are direful facts. To be free from prejudice would mean for some of us to be rid of a large part of our training. We rejoice, then, that the trend of the time is against all this. The conquering spirit of the age is a spirit of candor. On the other hand, it is plain that the danger of our time is not so much bigotry and intolerance as easy-going indifference to all truth and consequent loss of the spirit of moral adventure. Better give our diploma to Mr. Feeblemind than to Mr. Ficklemind, to Mr. Narrowmind rather than to Mr. Doublemind; there is more hope of him. Better a bigot in a professor's chair, all aflame with one good thought, one high purpose, than a broad-minded vagrant philosopher, wandering entertainingly and aimlessly along the border lines of all fields of thought, murmuring his speculations in mellifluous, unintelligible phrase, but arriving nowhere, and building no sound structure of truth on any living rock. This is he of whom the Scripture speaks—the blind leading the blind! The man cut loose from well-established truth and adventuring into unknown seas is not the bold discoverer he imagines himself, but a drifting derelict, profitless and dangerous. It may be needful to throw away old charts of discontinued channels, but it is never safe to ignore the North Star and the constellations.

Men whose habit is that of study rather than action, fall easy victims to the vice of indecision. This is the peculiar weakness of literary men. No wonder that it is sometimes said that culture is unfavorable to the great ennobling passions of humanity. The great apostle, whose words I read as our text, was a splendid example of the combination of which

we are speaking. His was the open mind, and to him belonged inflexible fidelity. He went forward to greet the new, and yet he held fast to the old. For those of us who, like the apostle, are confessedly Christian men, there is a special appeal. The power of Christianity to uplift and save individual men has been proved a million times, and gets fresh confirmation every day. Fears are dispelled, disappointments are assuaged, temptations are overcome, hungerings are satisfied, aspirations are fulfilled, character is transformed and death is conquered through Christian faith. But the Christianity of to-day is being put to new tests. Can it move with and control the mighty forces of this modern, scientific, democratic age? Can it be God's instrument for righting the social institutions, the politics, commerce, art and education of the coming time in the interests of justice and love? Can it make a board of trade as truly a house of God as is a place of worship? In the social upheaval and transition that is upon us, will it see its opportunity and fall in with and lead the forces of humanity as God goes marching on? Can it make the oppressed and burdened among men certain that their cause is the cause of Christianity? Can it translate the cross into a life of to-day? Whatever our creed or calling, we are all vitally interested in these questions. Christianity must front the twentieth century with the unwavering assertion of its eternal vitality, with the awakening purpose of a mighty forward movement to claim for Christ dominion not only over all the races, but over all the forces of the world.

In discussing religious life in and out of college, Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden said in part:

Of religion in its devotional side there is less in college now than there was in my day. The prayer meetings were a feature in our day that could not now be reproduced. Yet I dare say the religious life of the men now on the ground is a reality. More of the men now here are supposed members of Christian churches. They are not hypocrites. They mean that religion shall be a real power in their lives. When the life of God enters into the soul of man, it makes him a whole man, an all-around man, in the true sense. The religious man here in college ought to be the man who lays hold of life in the largest way. Religion ought also to simplify college life. There are tendencies to luxury and extravagance which it should strengthen men to resist. Religion in college ought to abolish the abuses connected with athletics. I am not here to bring any railing accusation against athletics, for I believe in them and enjoy them, but such testimony as that of President Eliot as to sport cannot be gainsaid. It shows that there are elements in some of these sports that are exceedingly injurious to high character—which tend to develop brutality, dishonor and unfairness—qualities that are the antithesis of chivalry and manliness and magnanimity.

These tendencies must be checked; civilization cannot tolerate them. And it seems to me that if religion were the active force in college that it ought to be, they would soon be abated. Religion in college, like all the rest of the college course, is concerned not chiefly with the present, but with the future. One of the things in life which you will encounter is the destruction or the mutilation of your ideals, and I know no other way to avert it but by keeping your communications always open with the father of spirit. Another large help which religion will give you is the assurance that in all good work you are working with God.

But there is a larger question. It is important to know that we shall need our religion when we go out into the world, but it is more important to know that the world needs our religion. The worship of mammon is one stupendous fact of this generation. Men believe in him, their faith is sincere and unwavering; all things are possible, they think, to those who secure his favor. Even in the church and in the college there are sad signs that money is coming to be regarded as the supreme thing.

"The one thing this institution needs is more money." How often have you heard this said of great educational and philanthropic institutions. This tremendously exaggerated estimation of the value of money must affect our characters and our conduct; it leads to the lessening of our scruples respecting the means of getting it, it leads to a great undervaluation

PRAY FOR A REVIVAL.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

IF the eye of any saddened, disheartened minister of Christ rests upon this humble paragraph, let me exhort him to besiege the mercy-seat for a revival. And if the opened heavens pour down a blessing upon him, he will be surprised to see how rapidly many of his most painful and most discouraging difficulties will be driven away—as the mighty wind which the Almighty let loose upon the Red Sea dried up the path before His people.

Has he found his congregation too often listless under discourses which have cost him many hours of prayerful labor? Let him pray for a revival. And if it comes, the deaf ears will



THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

be unstopped; the wandering eyes will be fixed on the herald of eternal life. The very truths which once passed over his sluggish hearers like the idle breeze, will now be trumpet-blasts to awake the dead. He may even bring out some of his discourses to the impenitent—already preached to them in their days of stupor—and they shall not remember that they ever heard them before.

Has he found his elders, or his members backward to engage in prayer or rigidly formal in conducting the exercise? Let a revival but come, and the "gift of tongues" will descend upon them. The timid will grow bold. The sluggish will "mount up with wings as eagles." A latent power in his church will be developed which will alike astound both pastor and people.

Has he long mourned over the lack of sympathy and fraternal intercourse among his flock? Let a revival come, and the ice will be melted at once. The very persons who only came within the bounds of cold respect and decent formality of intercourse will run together like metal in a furnace. Their social meetings will not only be places of communion with God, but of communion with each other. Old differences will be forgotten. They will grasp each other's hands, and inquire about their spiritual health, with more eagerness than they ever manifested in asking about a sick or dying friend. They will linger together about the place of prayer, talking

about the mercies of God to their souls, and they will be loth to go away. The church is no longer a theoretical, but a *practical unity*.

Has he, in fine, often wet his couch with tears for some well-loved souls who have only appeared to grow harder under the hammer of divine truth? Let him importune God for a revival, and he will hear the anxious "*What shall I do to be saved?*" from many a trembling lip and agonized heart. The power of the Holy One, as at the Pentecostal season, shall do the work of years in a single week.

That our churches should *need* revivals is a humiliating and dishonoring truth. The system of alternate revivals and declensions is manifestly an unhealthy one. And the only remedy seems to lie in keeping the church in such a state that there shall be no stupor *to revive from*. That church is the most healthy which never *awakes*, because it has had *no sleep* to awake out of. Such a church was Richard Baxter's, at Kidderminster. Such churches have been known in our own country, but they are lamentably rare. To those who are asleep—lying like dead, stumbling blocks for sinners to fall over into perdition—there is but one hope, and that is to besiege the throne of grace for a revival.

✻ ✻

"BEHOLD! I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

By Alfred L. Edwards.

That Holy Friend was knocking at my door,
I heard His voice;
To merely leave Him standing there, or not,
I had the choice;
I knew I ought to hasten to the door,
And yet I left Him waiting, as before.

I had not failed to hear His gracious words,
His winning tone,
So full of comfort, and of peace and joy,
To all His own;
"If any hear My voice, and bid Me come,
I'll sup with him, and he with Me, at home."

But I had often heard that voice before,
And gave no heed;
To know that Holy Friend as my dear friend
I felt no need.
I loved the world, and knew that he had taught,
That they who love the world in Him have naught.

I never stopped to think what love He showed,
As Christ the Lord;
I knew the Church believed we found in Him
The way to God.
But worldly life was full of pleasant things,
That are not in the life the Saviour brings.

Yet, when I thought of dear ones passed away,
Who loved that Lord;
Their sweet, devoted lives, their perfect peace,
Their walk with God;
My heart resolved to trust the Saviour's love,
And follow, on the path to Heaven above.

And I was longing for that gentle knock
I heard before,
Now that I meant to have for that kind friend
An open door;
When, lo! I found that He was standing there,
As if in answer to my silent prayer.
Welcome, dear Friend, Thou Holy Son of God,
Enter my door;
Come in, Thou gracious, patient Lord, and stay
For evermore.
My heart rejoices while Thy voice I hear,
And I am happy, now that Thou are near.

Athol, N. Y.

[This article was written by Dr. Cuyler when he was engaged in a remarkable revival in his church at Burlington, N. J. It was published in The New York Observer on Feb. 19, 1848, the third or fourth article from his pen, the gifted author and preacher having begun his contributions to this paper the latter part of 1847. For fourteen years all of his articles were published under his initials "T. L. C." Forty-five years after Dr. Cuyler began his pastorate in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, a celebration was held commemorative of the event. It was held in May by the Lafayette Avenue Church, marking Dr. Cuyler's completion of sixty years in the ministry, and of forty-five years since he went to Brooklyn. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by prominent pastors of churches of different denominations. President David Gregg, of the Western Theological Seminary, Dr. Cuyler's successor, sent a beautiful letter in which he said: "Dr. Cuyler is beloved by all the seven thousand ministers in our Presbyterian Church; he is the Nestor of the American pulpit, and can still out-preach any man in the ninth decade of life."

The address of Dr. Cuyler was mainly a narrative of the remarkable history of the Lafayette Avenue Church since he went to Brooklyn as its first pastor in April, 1860. It was then a small congregation, wor-

shipping in an humble chapel; but this "mustard seed," he said, grew during the next thirty years into a widespread and most fruitful tree. The church has built the Cumberland Street Chapel and the Cuyler Chapel, which still remain as the flourishing auxiliary chapels of the church, with Sunday-schools of over one thousand scholars. The Oliver Chapel has been set off as a self-supporting church. As a memorial of the powerful revival in 1866, the Memorial Presbyterian Church was started, and is now one of the leading churches of Brooklyn, under the pastoral charge of Dr. T. Calvin McClelland. The flourishing Classon Avenue Church, Dr. Joseph D. Burrell's, was born in the pastor's study of the Lafayette Avenue Church in 1867. A few years ago the Theodore Cuyler Church was erected in Canton, China. No church of any denomination in Brooklyn has wrought such a splendid work of church extension, and Dr. Cuyler remarked in his address:

"Let us render devout thanks to God that on last Sunday seven sanctuaries (including this noble edifice) were open for divine worship, all of which grew out of the mustard seed planted here in faith forty-five years ago."