

# The National Advocate

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## Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., LL.D.

On the 10th of January, 1902, this eminent divine will have reached his eightieth birthday. Having a short while ago printed in the National Advocate a picture of Dr. Cuyler as he appears to-day we give on the first page a picture of the Doctor as he appeared at forty.

In many respects Dr. Cuyler is a remarkable person. There is not to be found in the American ministry to-day one more loyal to the truth nor more fearless in battling for it with voice and pen. Jesus, whom he has so long loved and served, has had few more loyal testimony-bearers. Through all these fifty and more years he has borne witness to Him with a voice clear and strong such as few men possess, and, with a facile and vigorous pen he has weekly sent the gospel of love and righteousness into a hundred thousand homes, as his contributions are to be found in the columns of the religious press of all denominations from Maine to California, and these have been reproduced in other journals and even other languages of countries across the Atlantic.

As a writer Dr. Cuyler is extraordinarily prolific. The leaves of autumn are not more numerous than the sketches and articles which have fallen from his versatile pen.

While as a preacher he has earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, he has not been unmindful of the experience and thought of former generations.

Believing that the true and the good are worth fighting for, his great powers have been freely used, not only in the defense of the Gospel, but in the service of every great reform, especially the temperance reform. To this cause voice and pen and strength he has given without stint and often at great sacrifice.

Over forty years ago he was associated with the late Rev. Dr. Stryker and the present editor of the National Advocate in founding the American Juvenile Temperance Society, an organization that for many years covered the country with juvenile societies and prepared the way for the organization of the National Temperance Society and Publication House.

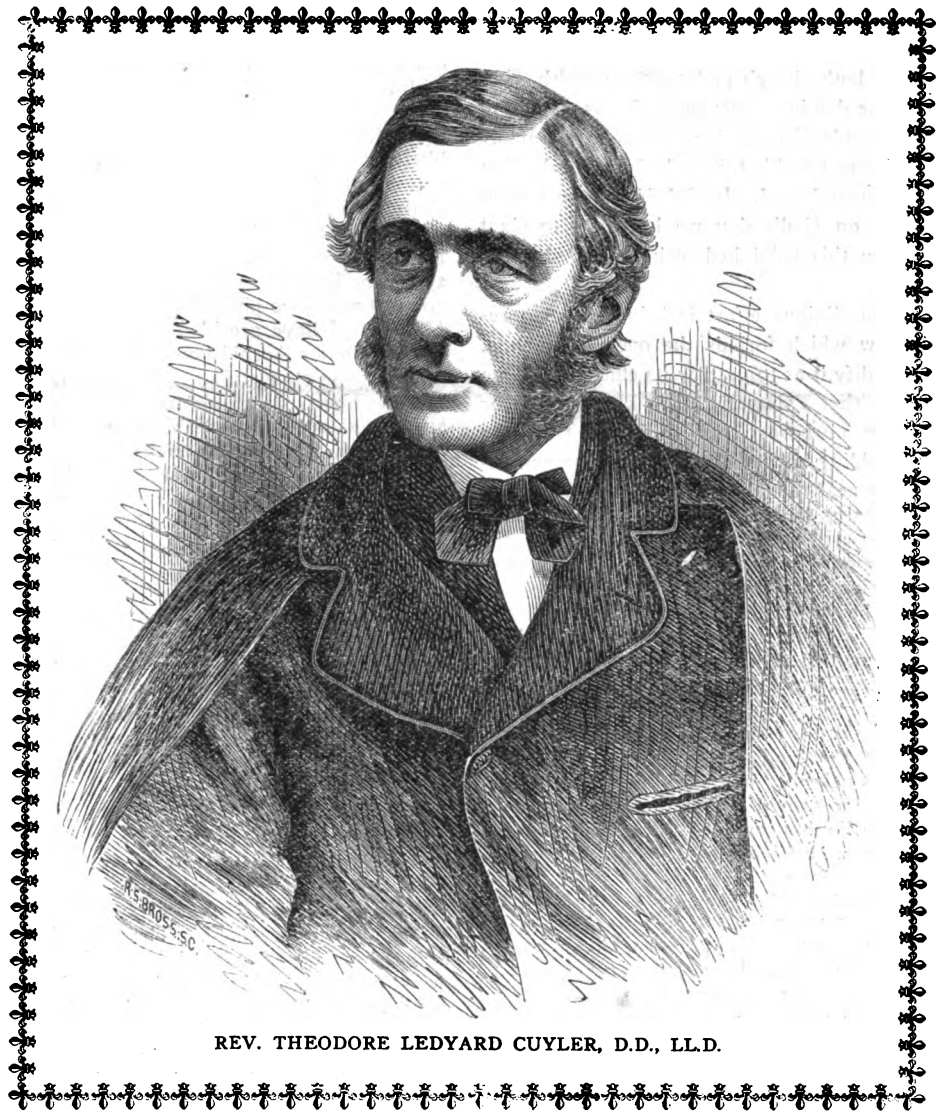
This latter society was organized in 1865 as the outcome of a National Temperance Convention held at Saratoga, August 1-3 of that year.

At that convention resolutions were adopted favoring the organization of a national temperance society, also a temperance publishing house, and two committees were appointed of twelve members each.

Those committees met in conference, sometimes in the office of Mr. Dodge, of New York, and sometimes in the house of Rev. Dr. Cuyler. As a result of these conferences it was decided to organize but one society, to be called the National Temperance Society and Publication

House, and the first officers of the society were Hon. William E. Dodge, president; James B. Dunn, corresponding secretary and editor, and J. N. Stearns, publishing agent.

Among the members of the Saratoga Convention were Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, Hon. William E. Dodge of New York, William B. Spooner of Massachusetts, George H. Stuart of Pennsylvania, William I. King of Rhode Island, E. S. Wells of Illinois, Rev. Dr. John Marsh and W. W. Newell of New York.



REV. THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, D.D., LL.D.

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Out of the twenty-four composing the committee only three remain—Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Hon. S. D. Hastings of Wisconsin and Rev. Dr. J. B. Dunn, the present secretary and editor of the society.

To the interests of the society as an editorial contributor to its periodicals, a director, and for a time its president, Rev. Dr. Cuyler has given the best years of his life.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., LL.D., was born in Aurora, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1822, graduated at Princeton College in 1841 and Princeton Theological Seminary 1846. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1848. His fourth and longest and last pastorate was at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, from which he resigned in 1890 after thirty years' service.

### The Lord's Day and the German's Beer.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A conflict is waging in this city of Greater New York, which as the sailors say of a storm "will blow harder before it blows less." It concerns one of the fundamentals both of civic morality, and spiritual religion. God's Book and God's day are the two pillars on which Christianity rest; everything that tends to undermine the Sabbath, undermines both church and commonwealth. God owns the one day in seven; to steal it is a robbery of our Heavenly Father; it was "made for man," not only for rest to his toiling body, but salvation for his immortal soul. In fighting against open dram-shops on God's day we have got to plant ourselves on this solid bed-rock, or we shall be overthrown.

(1) A prodigious effort is being made to repeal the law which forbids the open dram-shop, or so to modify it as to destroy its efficiency. One argument is that Tammany Hall used the law for blackmailing purposes; but so it did the laws against gambling houses, and brothels; no one advocates a repeal of these two last mentioned statutes. Under the new Reform administration, blackmailing will not be permitted; so that the fear of "demoralizing the police" is groundless.

(2) During the late campaign prejudice was sought to be awakened against this law as a "sumptuary" statute; it is nothing of the kind. It forbids no man to drink intoxicants; it only forbids their public sale on a certain day, as it forbids an hundred other things on that day. Any man may drink his whisky or his wine on God's day without the hindrance of the civil law; he may join his neighbor in a social company or club to drink liquor provided that there be no public traffic in the liquors involved. No "Sabbatarian" advocates any infringement upon the natural rights of every man.

(3) A specious plea is made for the open saloon on the Sabbath that it is "the poor man's club-house," and because the "rich man" can go to the "Union League Club" and similar organizations on the Sabbath, an injustice is practised on the humbler laboring classes. There is no analogy between the case of an institution which is formed for social purposes, and the dram-shop which is opened on God's day for public traffic in liquors. Those who patronize what is styled the "poor man's club-house," are expected, and in a certain sense bound to purchase intoxicants there on the Sabbath. The fact that the laboring man is at leisure on that day to haunt the saloon, and has his week's wages to spend from there, makes it especially dangerous; he squanders the money there which is needed for wife and children. Vastly more ought to be done to provide safe and pleasant resorts for the poorer classes on the Sabbath; but one of the deadliest wrongs that can be done to them would be to legalize the grog-shop as their "Sunday club-house."

(4) During the late municipal campaign and in many of the daily papers the discussion has curiously turned on a particular nationality. It

is agreed on all hands that the Irishman can buy his whisky and the Englishman his gin on Saturday, and guzzle them on Sunday at home if they choose. But the German must have his beer drawn fresh, or it is unpalatable. Therefore in order that all our Teutonic neighbors may be able to go and purchase their favorite beverage fresh, it is right to desecrate God's day by opening wide the doors of the saloons with all their terrible temptations to the people of all nationalities! No one but an idiot will suppose it is possible to limit the operations of open saloons to the single business of supplying fresh beer to their respectable German patrons. To sacrifice the authority of God's day and the moral interests of multitudes simply that a German can have his lager fresh would be rather a costly experiment.

(5) Some good people—I am sorry for both their judgment and their consciences—would compromise by opening the drink-shops for part of the Sabbath; say "after 1 or 2 o'clock when the church services are over." Does the divine commandment cease its authority after 1 o'clock? Let all those who plead for opening the dram-shops for part of God's day go to London and witness the terrible scenes that I have often seen there. The law closes all drinking resorts until 6 o'clock; and before that hour crowds gather at the doors of the "gin-palaces," and from that hour until midnight they are thronged with men and women, too, who keep up a horrible carnival of drunkenness and devilry!

(6) I see now no other honorable course for our new city administration to pursue but to deal with the Sunday closing law as they do with every other law on the statute book. Compromise or cowardice will be fatal. The Legislature is not likely to repeal the law. They will not care to antagonize the conscience of all the Protestant churches and especially of the vast Roman Catholic body. Staunch Protestant as I am, I cannot forget that my first public speech (fifty-nine years ago) was in Glasgow City Hall alongside of that noble temperance philanthropist, Father Theobald Mathew. I have presided at a temperance gathering to honor Archbishop Ireland. And I rejoice at the recent stand taken by Archbishop Corrigan in New York. He recognizes the dangers which an open saloon on the Sabbath presents to multitudes of his people, especially to those of Irish lineage. In a recent address to his clergy, he made the following manly utterance:

"This country wants no 'Continental Sunday,' said the Archbishop. "It is a matter beyond dispute that the decay of religion in Europe has coincided with and has been furthered by lax observance of the Sunday. The Catholic Church is far from being opposed to legitimate recreation on Sunday. But in the eyes of the Church Sunday is primarily the home day, the day of rest from the material ends of life, and of introspection and consideration of man's spiritual side. The great enemy of home is the saloon, and the greatest obstacle to spiritual contemplation is indulgence in intoxicating drink."

This vast city is—as my dear friend, Mr. Low, has declared—a "composite of various nationalities." But the Spaniard cannot bring here his bull-fights. The Mormon cannot bring here his polygamous household. The Parisian cannot bring here his Sunday horse-racing. And our worthy German citizen ought to understand that we must not legalize a tremendous desecration of God's day, and the opening of temptations to multitudes of young men simply that he may have his lager-beer fresh "on draught" at his Sunday table.

### Bishop Coleman on the Sunday Saloon.

Bishop Leighton Coleman of Delaware is one of the leading bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the New York Journal of December the 18th, on the editorial page, we find printed in conspicuous types the following outspoken statement by the bishop:

"I am irreconcilably opposed to the opening of drinking saloons on Sunday.

"The arguments and enactments of law which have for so many years in various parts of our country prevailed against such opening are, to

my mind, just as sound and reasonable to-day. There is no justification for any departure from our time-honored customs in this respect, either in the nature of the articles to be sold or in the circumstances of the people in whose interests this demand for opening is alleged, and, by some, supposed to be made.

"I SAY ALLEGED AND SUPPOSED, FOR REALLY, SO FAR AS I CAN LEARN, THE DEMAND IS NOT MADE BY THE HONEST AND INDUSTRIOUS AND SELF-RESPECTING WORKINGMAN SO MUCH AS BY THE ALREADY RICH BREWERS AND SALOON KEEPERS AND BY THE ALREADY BLOATED POLITICIANS AND OFFICE HOLDERS.

"As a genuine friend of the real workingman, I oppose a movement which, I believe, if unhappily successful, would mean further infringement upon the divinely ordained day of rest.

"There is already too wide and destructive an irreverence, and even animosity, to the Lord's day, a day consecrated to worshipful rest and restful worship, to allow me to encourage, even in the slightest manner any further disobedience to our Divine Father and King.

"IF THOSE FROM FOREIGN LANDS COME HERE THEY COME WELL KNOWING BEFOREHAND THAT THE AMERICAN IDEA OF SUNDAY IS LARGELY DIFFERENT FROM THEIRS. WE DO NOT TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE, NOR LAY UPON THEM ANY UNEXPECTED OR UNFAIR BURDEN, WHEN WE ASK THEM TO OBSERVE THIS SACRED DAY AS WE HAVE LEARNED FROM OUR FATHERS TO OBSERVE IT.

"THIS DESIRED LICENSE FOR THE SUNDAY IS ONLY A PIECE OF THAT EXTREME DISREGARD OF ALL DIVINE INJUNCTIONS WHICH SERIOUSLY THREATENS OUR ALREADY TOO SLIGHT RIGHT TO CALL AMERICA A REALLY CHRISTIAN NATION. ON ALL SUCH PROPOSITIONS I VOTE ALWAYS AND EMPHATICALLY NO.

"I would rather be called and reckoned too conservative or an enemy of progress than purchase a reputation for so-called liberality at the expense of fundamental and conscientious principles."

### Not all for Sunday Saloons.

The Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, pastor of St. Augustine Chapel, New York, who is thoroughly conversant with the sentiments of the Germans on the East Side, says:

"Most of the members of this congregation are Germans. They have been accustomed all their lives to drinking beer, and they drink it on Sundays as well as on week days. Yet you will never find one of them in a saloon on Sunday. They say that no respectable Germans go to these places on that day. Invariably they buy their beer on Saturday and keep it until the next day, in order that they may not violate the law. It is a fact that in many saloons in this immediate neighborhood which are now open you will find only loafers and men who have little respect for themselves and their families. My experience hereabouts has been that the people do not want the saloons kept open on the rest day. They realize the iniquity of it."

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## Family Circle.

### Not Too Late.

"I do not suppose you have anything for me to do, have you?"

The young man to whom this question was addressed turned slowly and looked at the stranger, who had come in so quietly that he had not heard his footstep.

"Oh, I am nothing but a tramp," the newcomer went on, seeing the questioning look on the face of the owner of the mill. "I might have gone on, and spared you the trouble of refusing me. I know what you will say—hard times, low prices, little to do. It is all true. Good day."

David Gregg stared at the stranger curiously. This was such a change from the way men usually approached him for work.

"See here!"

There was a command in David's tone, and the stranger came back.

"What can you do?"

"A little of everything. I suppose I would look best out there shoveling coal into the engine."

"Think you could keep steam up? It is no play to run that engine. If it fails to do its work the whole mill stops."

Did David see something like a smile shining in the stranger's eyes?

"I know something of an engine."

"Come this way."

David led the way to the engine room, and for half an hour watched the man as he handled the engine. He seemed to understand the machine perfectly.

They went back into the office, and David said:

"There isn't any steady work just now, but our engineer wants a few days off, and if you would like the place, you may come to-morrow morning."

David held out a piece of money as he spoke. The man shook his head.

"Not till I have earned it," and he passed from the room.

David thought of the stranger many times that day. How did it come about that a man of so much intelligence should be going about in that way? He must know more about him before he went away.

David Gregg was a young man to hold the responsible position of owner of such a great mill. Not long before his father had died, leaving him this factory as a legacy. But he had learned the business thoroughly during his father's lifetime, and was succeeding well. He had the rare gift of reading men's faces, and it seemed to him in his visitor of that afternoon there were great possibilities. When the man came back next morning David noticed a great change; he was cleanly washed and brushed. The smile certainly was on his face now.

All that day the stranger stood at his post like a watchful sentinel. The monster engine obeyed him like a child in the hands of a giant.

So things went on for several days. Then the regular engineer returned, and the new man went into the office to receive his pay before going. The smile had taken its departure.

"So you are out of a job again," said David cheerfully.

"Yes."

"And you are sorry?"

"Of course I don't want to crowd the old man out. It has been a comfort to have something to do, though."

"Did you ever do anything in the way of office work?"

"I kept a set of books for some time. I am rusty now."

The sad look deepened.

"Well, it happens just now that I could use a bookkeeper. I have been keeping my books myself; but orders are coming in fast, and wish you would stay with me for a while."

The look which came over the stranger's face made David's heart glad. The man put out his hand.

"This is too good to be true. It has been so long since any one gave me a helping hand."

"Come here at six to-night and we will talk it over further. I want you to do me a favor, then. Now I wish to know your name. I have not learned it."

"Edward Walker."

"A good name."

"Better than I deserve."

Then the young man went out. David wanted his mother to see this man, and thought he would ask him to go home with him that evening.

Walker came at half-past six. David wondered at the delay, for up to this time he had found the young man to be very punctual; but when Walker was fairly in the office it did not take him long to see that something was wrong. The flushed look upon his cheek told David the whole sad story.

For a moment David knew not what to say. Now he knew why the young man had fallen to his present condition. What could he do? Could he carry out his promise to help Walker further? One thought troubled him—what should he do about taking him to his home, as he had planned? The idea seemed repulsive to him at first; but the more he thought of it the surer he became that he ought to go on just as he had planned.

Walker sat at the window silently watching David as he pulled down the top of his desk and prepared to go out.

"Come, I am ready."

"Ready! You won't turn me over to the police? I know how I am. I went out this morning feeling so happy because I had found something to do! I did not mean to do anything wrong again; but I went past a place where some fellows like myself were lounging, and—you know how it was. I was tempted never to come back again; but I seemed drawn to it."

"I had no thought of turning you over to the police, Edward," David said. "I'm glad you came back."

Yes, it was true. Much as David hated rum, and as hard as it was for him to think of this man's fall, he was glad he had not gone beyond his reach. The Lord would tell him what to do next.

"Glad! You glad! God bless you for saying it!"

"Do I want you to go home with me," David said, when they stood on the pavement. "I promised my mother to bring you up to-night."

"I can't do that!" Edward exclaimed, stopping short on the walk. "I'll go anywhere with you but there! I have a mother myself, somewhere, and I wouldn't want her to see me in this way. Come, let me go back to the office."

The thought of going home with David seemed almost to sober young Walker. A crisis had come into his life, and it must be met. If he went back now, all would be lost.

"We will walk up together. I know you will like mother when you see her," David said, gently. "You won't refuse me this favor?"

"I'd do anything for you but this!"

For some time they stood there silent. The battle was raging fiercely.

"I'll go with you," Edward exclaimed at last. "I know you think me a coward, but I am worse than that."

That evening at the home of David Gregg and his mother came back to Edward Walker in after years like a sweet vision from the better world.

There was music and singing, in which all joined. The Bible was brought out, and David read a chapter. Prayer, earnest and heartfelt, followed, and when the evening was gone and David showed his guest to his room, Edward said:

"Isn't there a passage in the Bible like this: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me?' Just such a poor, sin-sick stranger I am, and I have been received into your home and hearts as if I were a king. While we were singing, these words and many more like them, which my mother used to read to me, came back to my mind. Now I am myself again, and tell you that, the Lord helping me, no one will ever see me yield again to the temptation of strong drink."

And with the Lord as his helper, Edward Walker remained ever true to his promise.—E. L. Vincent, in *America Messenger*.

### Keep Hoeing and Praying.

*"Faith without works is dead."*

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,  
To his good old neighbor Gray,  
"I've worn my knees through to the bone,  
But it ain't no use to pray."

"Your corn looks twice as good as mine,  
Though you don't pretend to be  
A shinin' light in the church, to shine  
An' tell salvation's free."

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times  
For to make that 'ere corn grow;  
An' why your'n beats it so and climbs,  
I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones  
In his easy, quiet way,  
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,  
They don't make farmin' pay."

"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall,  
In spite of all your prayers;  
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall  
If you don't dig up the tares."

"I mix my prayers with a little toil  
Along in every row;  
An' I work this mixture into the soil  
Quite vig'rous, with a hoe."

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,  
As sure as you are born,  
This kind of compost, well worked in,  
Makes pretty decent corn."

"So, While I'm praying I use my hoe,  
An' do my level best,  
To keep down the weeds along each row,  
An' the Lord He does the rest."

"It's well for to pray, both night an' morn,  
As every farmer knows;  
But the place to pray for thrifty corn  
Is right between the rows."

"You must use your hands while praying, though,  
If an answer you would get,  
For prayer-worn knees, an' a rusty hoe,  
Never raised a big crop yet."

"An' so I believe, my good old friend,  
If you mean to win the day,  
From plowing, clean to the harvest's end,  
You must hoe as well as pray."