THE SABBATH OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Some one has kindly sent me a Tompkins County newspaper, containing a description of certain things as they existed sixty years ago in the village of Ludlowville, on the shore of the Cayuga Lake. Among these things of yore is a record of the Presbyterian church, describing the discipline visited upon certain persons for travelling on the Sabbath. One of the offenders had journeyed all the way from Ithaca, nine miles off, and another had ridden on Sunday to Genoa, which was about as far in the opposite direction. These offenders were called before the church session, and duly reprimanded for violating the sanctity of God's day and setting a bad example to others.

The church elder who took the most prominent part in inflicting these ecclesiastical censures, was that sturdy old Puritan, Captain Benjamin Joy. No man in that day was quite as famous through all that country side as "Uncle Ben." He was of the stuff that heroes are made of, and in the little band of early Abolitionists and Teetotallers he was regarded as the leading "fanatic." It was his custom to get together the people of that region in the district school-house and deliver to them his rousing talks—sometimes against the slavery of negroes in the South and sometimes against the slavery of their own neighbors to rum and hard cider. Like Garrison and other pioneer reformers, he was occasionally handled roughly. On one occasion I remember that a whisky bottle was hurled at his head by some lewd fellows of the baser sort. Uncle Ben simply stopped in his temperance harangue, and exclaimed, "Go ahead, boys; there's another devil cast out; smash all your bottles!" Sometimes the harness was cut off from his horse, or else an attempt was made to smoke out his audiences by putting boards over the school-house chimney. But none of these things moved grand old Uncle Ben. He rather enjoyed these evidences that his blows on the tough hides of King Alcohol and Slaveocracy were telling, and the fires of the persecution warmed him up to his noble work. Personally I have good reason to remember gratefully this beloved servant of Jesus Christ, for it was at a social prayer meeting held at his house in Ludlowville some things were said which decided me to enter the Christian ministry.

I have been drawn into this loving tribute to Captain Ben. Joy as one of the representative Christian leaders in Western New York during the times of the great revivals under Finney and Wisner and Joel Parker. He was also one of the most sturdy champions for the strict observance of the Lord's day. For in those times and in those regions the Puritan Sabbath was a fixed institution. Many of the early settlers, especially in the neighboring town of Genoa, had emigrated thither from Berkshire Co., Massachusetts, and they brought their religion with them. It was the custom in many families to commence their Sabbath at sundown on Saturday, as it had been the custom of their forefathers in New England. When the sun sank below the horizon on Saturday evening, all work was suspended. In such houses as that of Parson Seth Smith and Deacon Bradley, the Bible or the "Genesee Evangelist" was accounted as the only fit style of reading; and good Aunty Bradley knocked the ashes out of her pipe, for even smoking was regarded as too carnal an amusement for sacred time. The Sabbath closed at sundown on the next day, and then the housewives took out their needles, and the men took up their secular newspapers to read, and the young men went off "sparking." Singing schools and temperance meetings were sometimes held on Sunday evenings, but the second preaching service of the day was always held in the afternoon.

How tender and sweet is my memory of the quiet Sabbaths of my early home at the house of my grandparents at Lake Ridge. A more attractive or hospitable home than that did not grace the shores of the Cayuga Lake. Often the early professors of the Auburn Theological Seminary were our guests, and sometimes the students of the Seminary came to deliver their unfledged "pin-feather" sermons in our Lansingville "meeting-house," and lodged with us. Among those young guests were Sheldon Dibble and Reuben Tinker, the pioneer foreign missionaries to the Pacific Islands. I remember that on a certain Sunday, handsome young Edward N. Kirk (afterwards the most charming orator of the American pulpit in his day) took me, a little chap, between his knees, and drove off to church in our "one-horse shay."

It was a three miles drive to our meeting-house, and often when the snow banked up the roads, we threw down the fences and cut across lots. On summer Sabbaths some of the farmers came on foot; occasionally a husband rode on horseback, with his good wife holding on behind him. The meeting-house was fearfully cold in mid-winter, and often the minister wore his old camlet cloak and mittens until he got warmed up in his discourse. We boys went to the big wood stove (stacked full of hickory) and got hot coals for the foot-stoves with which our grandmothers sought to keep their feet from freezing. One of the lads who replenished the family foot-stove alongside of me, was Master John Bascom, since the distinguished professor of Williams College and president of Wisconsin University. The choir was made up of volunteers ranged around the gallery; the leader twanged his tuning-fork, and announced the tune in loud voice: "Braintree," "Mear," or "Windham," or occasionally majestic "Old Hundred."

After the morning service came an intermission of an hour and a half. Part of this was spent in a brief Sunday-school, when we were not coddled with "Lesson Helps," but were expected to study out God's Word for ourselves and repeat it from memory. With that came the Westminster Catechism, that has been the sheet-anchor of my orthodoxy unto this day. Those who were not in at the Sunday-school munched their luncheon of Spitzenbergs and gingerbreed out by the horse-sheds or on the steps of the meeting-house. Those were our only "church sociables." The second service closed about three o'clock, and we all wended our way homeward, to digest two good, stiff sermons, well vertebrated with sound doctrine and not sweetened with any confectionaries. Good, wholesome diet we had, and our stomachs could stand it.

When we had reached home and our late dinner was over, then came the sweet, quiet Sabbath gloaming. In winter, as the twilight shadows fell, we all gathered around the blazing fires that filled the room and burnished the walls with "rosy bloom." The day's services were discussed, and then some melodious voice struck up the old familiar airs of "China," or "Scotland," or perhaps "Home, Sweet Home." Those delicious melodies linger on my memory yet; compared with them "Italian trills are tame" indeed. By nine o'clock the fire was covered, and God's holy day was ended with the good-night kiss. Were those Puritanic Sabbaths gloomy? Nay, verily; they toned us up for the whole week: they refreshed both body and soul; they started us on the heavenward pathway. To our whole land they were a priceless blessing, and palsied be the hands in our time that are striving to break down the sanctity and destroy the perpetuity of our American Sabbaths!—*Evangelist.*

Filling the Life Full.

In the town of Colosse, lived a good man, a member of the church, perhaps one of the pastors of the church, Archippus. He was living one-half or two-thirds of a possible life. He was a disappointment to Paul. To him Paul sent a message, Colossians 4: 17. Paul said, "Tell Archippus to fill his ministry full, to live a whole life." Why he was living a dwindling, disappointing life, instead of a growing life, we do not know. There is a constant tendency in the Christian life to grow backward and downward. At the time of conversion, the heart is full of love, the lips open naturally in confession, large desires fill the mind, the hands are outstretched for work. It is the great problem of the Christian life, how to make that love and these desires controlling and growing motives in the life.

An Archippus is not worth much as a member of a church. He is not a pillar. He cannot be leaned on. He is not a constant and consistent witness for Christ. He shirks his duties. He says, "I cannot," instead of "I will endeavor." Archippus may be a man of ten talents, large capacities, high standing, finished education. But he lacks consecration, willing mindedness, the spirit of sacrifice. One talent, covered with readiness for any service, is vastly better than ten talents under the control of double-mindedness. One man like Paul, placed in the midst of a church, brings help, inspiration, readiness for any service, forwardness in Christian work. A church with one Paul in it might be a small church, it would not be a weak church. One young man with the spirit of Paul would be in himself an Endeavor Society, a prayer meeting, a working force.

It is far easier to live an Archippus life than a Pauline kind of life. To be a middling good kind of man requires no heroism in the soul. To be an ordinary man, will almost come of itself. To live half of a possible life needs not much planning or praying. It requires exertion, sacrifice, to climb upward, to put down besetting sins, to develop the life. The higher grades of Christian living come only from thoroughly consecrated hearts. But then, for usefulness and service to Christ and to men, one Paul is equal to several men like Archippus.

In every church are a few large-minded people who count it a privilege to be willing servants of all good causes. In every church are many who live fractional parts of a life, showing what they could be and could do if the Archippus nature in them were changed into a Paulinc nature.

The words of Paul to Archippus were a heavy condemnation. They reveal him as living far below his duty and his privilege. He did not fulfil the prophecies and hopes of those who knew him. The words of Paul were an incentive to a larger life. They reveal possibilities in him undeveloped. They assure him of material in him for the making of a larger life. They appeal to him to grow upward and outward, to enlarge the area of his life. The keynote of Archippus was a certain scantiness of living. The keynote of Paul was that large word, Abounding. It is a favorite word with him. He urges the Corinthians not only to give, but to abound in giving. The Thessalonians are not only to love, they must abound in love. The Christian man must abound in goodness, conscientiousness, service, usefulness, holiness, consecration and prayerfulness. If the spirit of aboundingness shall get into the heart, it will enlarge the ministry, the membership, the superintendent, the teacher. The aim of the Christian must be to live the highest possible life that the powers possessed, and the opportunities offering themselves will permit.

When a young man, Jonathan Edwards wrote in his diary these words: "On the supposition that there could be in the world, at any one time, only one complete Christian, having Christianity shining in its true lustre, resolved to act just as I would do, if I strove with all my might, to be that one Christian who should live in my time." It is no wonder that out of his large desires there came a holy and transformed and transforming life. If a member or minister aims to live half a life, or is content with half a life, he will fall short of even that. If a man aims to live the two halves of a possible life, he will be getting up to the table-lands where the most useful and holy men of God live. The highest tribute that Jesus ever paid to a human being was His word concerning Mary. She hath done what she could. She did not aim at impossible things, she did not pass a dreaming life, she did the common thing that came next to her. She was no relation to Archippus. The highest angel can do nothing better than his best. No man should be content to aim at less than this. To do this will be to transform drudgery into opportunity, common things into splendid things, and to lift the half life that shirks duties into the complete life that covets the yoke of service. If Paul were living in our day and knew our work, he might perhaps say to us, "Tell that man to live a larger life, to make more use of himself, to make the most of himself."—*Rev. Dr. Eaches, in Watchman.*

B. Fay Mill's Spiritual Birthplace.

At the close of the last of the afternoon meetings in the First Congregational church, San Francisco, Mr. Mills laid his hand on my arm, saying, "Now I am going to visit my birth-place."

Mrs. Mills joined us at the door and we walked to the house, No. 7 Mason street, only a few blocks from the church. This was the spot where, seventeen years ago, he gave his heart to God. The talk on the way was reminiscent. "With an aching heart," said he, "I often walked this street, wishing that some one would speak to me about my soul. I attended church, but no one in this city ever said a word to me on the subject of my salvation."

As we approached the house, near Market street, he said:

"I'm going to bring my old friend in and introduce him to you," addressing both Mrs. Mills and myself; "or," he added with a smile, "shall I take you into his saloon and introduce you there?"

The saloon-keeper with whom Mr. Mills associated as a boon companion in those days of sin is still in business "at the old stand," next door to the house where Mr. Mills had his room. Mr. Mills called upon him soon after coming to the city in July, to invite him to the meetings and to urge him to give his heart to God; and, indeed, he did attend many of the meetings, but without further result so far as is known. True to his word, Mr. Mills left us at the step, went into the saloon, and in a minute re-appeared leading the saloon-keeper, Mr. Hough, by the arm, whom he introduced as:

"My old friend, of whom I have told you. We were often together seventeen years ago, and now I want him to give his heart to God." Mr. Hough smilingly said:

"Yes, we were often together. I never expected in those days that you would be a prescher."

The lady of the house welcomed us, and for a little time we chatted in the parlor. Then upon learning Mr. Mills's desire to revisit the room where he gave his heart to God, she cheerfully assented, and permitted him to lead the way. We found it to be a very small bedroom at the front end of the hall, on the second floor. There was just room for us, but there was not room for chairs for all, and Mr. Mills chose to sit on the bed, remarking: "This is the most sacred spot on earth to me." He turned with tender entreaty to his former companion to give his heart to God, saying: "Come, John, this also may be the place of your birth into the kingdom." It was a scene not soon to be forgotten, as the evangelist of world-wide fame and vast successes sat there pleading with one whom he had known in sin to surrender to God. But the saloon had been left without any one to care for it, and presently the owner hastily arose and excused himself, saying that there was "no one to look after the business."

Then Mr. Mills told the story of his conversion, in the room where it occurred. He had been gambling and had won a large sum of money—"enough to pay all my debts and some over"—and had started for the door with the intention of leaving the place while he could carry his winnings away with him. While his hand was on the latch, some one called to him and asked the loan of a small sum. Mr. Mills consented, handed him the money and turned back to watch the new game. He soon became interested, took a hand himself, and in a short time had lost every cent. This time, as he rose to go, no one called him back. He had nothing that he could lend. Utterly hopeless and dejected, he sought his room, determined to end his life by his own hand.

To such depths did our Heavenly Father permit this elect spirit to descend, that He might in him the more fully illustrate the riches of His grace. Ah! It means something when B. Fay Mills says, "God saved me, my brother, and He can save you." Arriving at his room, he did not immediately set about the execution of his purpose, but flung himself upon his bed in utter despair. As he did so, the head of the bed was jarred, and shook a book-shelf which was just above it, and a book fell from it upon Mr. Mills's head. In anger he seized the book and threw it into the farther corner of the room. But even in the darkness he recognized the volume, in touching it, as a book of Psalms which had been given him by his brother. Chiding himself for having so abused the gift of brotherly affection, he arose and felt for the book until he found it. It was open, and retaining the place, he was seized with a strong desire to see what he could find on the open page. He lighted the gas and found his thumb at this verse of the 42nd Psalm: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."

Trembling with emotion, as though God had spoken the words especially to him, he said aloud: "Can this be for me? Shall I yet praise God?" Then there rose before him the vision of the praying mother who was more than three thousand miles away; but in such hours distance is nothing. Memory claimed its own. The godly training of his childhood massed all its forces in that great decisive moment of a great soul, and swept over him with tidal power. With a commingled cry of "O mother! O God! shall it ever be that I shall yet praise thee? My soul is cast down and disquieted in me, Thou knowest. May *I* yet hope in God? Is there hope for me? Then I will begin to hope *now*, and I will praise Thee *now* and here." Suiting the action to the word, he fell upon his knees by the bed and began to pour out his soul to God. Before he rose from that prayer "the work was done."

It was an experience to kneel with this chosen servant of God at the bedside, on the very spot where he was translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The substance, and much of the exact wording of his prayer, I shall remember always. As constituting part of a most valuable chapter in the spiritual history of one whom God has so greatly honored in the salvation of thousands, I wrote out the prayer immediately after we separated. I had not at that time any expectation of giving it to the public for some time to come, if ever. But the sensational newspaper account of this incident which has already appeared, would seem to justify its publication as the best possible illustration of the spirit and intention of what actually transpired, when, after the lapse of seventeen years, Mr. Mills re-visited the scene of his spiritual birth. It is not without the hope that God may use the incident and the words of the touching prayer, that I have consented, in response to the request of the editor of the *Pacific*, to give them publicity. Here is the prayer:

"O God, I thank Thee for the privilege of coming back to this sacred place, where I gave my life to Thee, and where Thy mercy was revealed in washing away my sins. When I was on the verge of despair, looking into the very blackness of darkness, Thou didst reach out Thy hand and save me. I might have been a lost soul in hell to-day, but for Thy saving mercy; and how I thank Thee that Thou didst spare me, and that I am permitted to come back here having all that can be dear to the heart of man! Thou hast forgiven my sins and I will not ask Thee again to forgive them, but I will thank Thee to all eternity that Thou hast forgiven them. Bless our friend who has received us with such kind hospitality, and my old friend of the former years who was just here. Touch his heart, if it be possible, Lord, that he may give it to Thee, and may give up that miserable business. Bless all those whom my life in sin here used to touch, and cause as far as possible, that no evil influence of mine may prevail or be remembered to the injury of any soul. O God, I have given myself to Thee. I can do no more, except to renew the gift; and I do here and now, Almighty God, to the last drop of my blood, give myself soul and body to Thee, to be used in Thy service. Do with me whatsoever pleaseth Thee. I thank Thee for a Christian mother whose influence from afar reached me in this sacred place. Eternity will be too short, O God, to praise thee for all Thy mercies to me. May I go forth from this place, and may these who bow with me go forth newly baptized of the Holy Ghost for service. In thy name, Jesus Christ, our Lord, we ask it. Amen."

When we think of the thousands who have recently given their hearts to God in this city under Mr. Mills' ministry, of the more than six thousand who have joined the evangelical churches of this coast, as a result of his labors since last March, of the many more thousands throughout the land who will thank God in eternity that they knew him, we can see why a kind Providence did not permit him to go forth that night as a successful gambler, to pay his debts with the earnings of the gaming table, and to thus take his departure from this city under such circumstances and with such impulses as would have probably led to the continuance of that kind of life elsewhere. God had something better in store for B. Fay Mills.—*Dr. C. O. Brown in the Pacific.*

What Became of the Apostles.

From the close of the Acts history (A. D. 64) until the Apologies of Justin Martyr (A. D. 148), when a continuous Christian literature began, there is nearly a century of comparative obscurity. We get some information concerning this time: (1) From the New Testament. Paul's latest epistles tell something of himself, though we cannot tell whether he did visit the West, or the circumstances of his death. The epistles of James, Jude and Peter give us glimpses of their mind, and somewhat of their life. John's epistles show him at work in and about Ephesus. (2) From contemporary writers—Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny; but none of these throw light upon the doings of the apostles. (3) From Christian writings of later generations, such as the fragments of Papias of Hierapolis († A. D. 163) and Polycrates of Ephesus (thirty years later), which are quoted by Eusebius. Following these are notices in Irenæus of Lyons, at the close of the second century; Tertullian at the opening of the third; Augustine, Lactantius, Jerome and Eusebius in the fourth century. The latter writer endeavored to supply the information we seek, but did not distinguish between early traditions and later accretions. The "History of the Apostles," passing under the name of Abdias of Babylon, is entirely untrustworthy, being based upon the apocryphal and heretical "Circuits of the Apostles," which was published under the name of Leucius Chavinus in the second century. (4) From the apocryphal Acts of the Apostles which grew up in the second or third centuries, many of them manufactured in the interests of heretical sects. Most of these writings are still accessible, in whole or in part. They are spurious works, and yet they are not entirely destitute of historic truth. Their authors lived at a time when the leading facts of the later careers of the apostles were still within the memory of men, and we may suppose that they incorporated into their narratives whatever was commonly known. When their statements are confirmed by all collateral evidence they may be generally accepted. Pentecost furnished the starting point of the missionary labors of the original apostles by bringing them into personal and spiritual contact with the Jews of the great Asiatic Dispersion, and to these the early traditions assign the labors of the apostles. The three great fields of activity were: (1) The regions of the Roman Empire around the Black Sea, to which, it is said, Peter, Andrew, Matthew and Bartholemew betook themselves. Peter was probably never at Rome, and the placing of Peter and Matthew in India grew out of a grammatical error. (2) The great Iranian Empire—"Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia." Among them the Gospel was preached, according to tradition, by Thomas, Simon the Canaanite, and Thaddeus, though there is some reason to think that the latter's field was Syria. (3) The Roman province of Asia, the interior (Parthian portion) was occupied by Philip, and the portion bordering on the Ægean Sea by John. For the remaining apostles, James was put to death in Jerusalem by Herod, and James the Less is said to have been killed in that city by a tumult. Nothing is known of the labors of Matthias. Of the whole number, Peter, John, Andrew, the two Jameses, Bartholemew and Simon are reported to have died as martyrs though the circumstances are not known.—*Old and New Testament Student.*

Lip and Life.

"How can that man be so inconsistent, and yet be a Christian?" asked a plain, practical man about one who was noted for his piety, prayers, and benevolence, yet of whom frankness compels the statement that he was a very mean man. The inconsistencies between the profession and practice, the lip and life of Christians are too often a stumbling-block in the way of those who might otherwise be led to Christ. We have paid a deal of attention to creed and the exercise of what we call distinctively religious duties, often unmindful that divine service does not cease when we close the prayer-book or hymnal. Life at home and in business should be a divine service.

The merchant should love his brother in the Lord, and not forget to love him if that brother chances to be in his employ. I know a Christian man who, every year, gives large sums to foreign missions, and yet is in the habit of employing boys at boys' pay to do men's work, holding out the inducement that, when acquainted with the business, and so more useful to it, they will be advanced in position and wages. But they never get the advance. A neighbor of this pious merchant says he can always tell just how long a boy will stay with Brother X. It will be until his good clothes are all worn out.

The writer once had a call from a city missionary. The good woman's heart was burdened by the condition of a poor lad who was employed by a man to take care of his horse, and to do odd jobs around his house. The boy was to have the privilege of attending school part of the year, and his employer promised to furnish him his clothing. The missionary wanted the boy to go to church and Sunday-school, but his clothes were too tattered. "No boy," she said, "could keep his self-respect and appear at the church in such rags." And what made it all the worse, the man who employed him was a very rich man. As the woman talked, my own heart burned with some of her zeal to do something for this poor lad. "I have it," I said; "I will put on my hat and go with you to see Mr. W." This man had always responded when, as his pastor, I had presented cases of need to him. Judge of my astonishment to hear the good woman exclaim, "Why, he is the very man the boy works for!" Needless to say, we did not visit the brother on that particular errand.

These things tell more on others than long prayers and fervid exhortations. "I don't want to hear his testimony," said a silent man of one whose talk flowed forth like a small cataract.

"What's the matter with him?" asked another. The reply came quickly: "He is all lip, and no life."

Then the silent man, with a few sharp, incisive words, told why he expressed himself as he did. "F. is a rich man, you know. Well, when we were at the Colosse convention, the chairman of the meeting at one of the sessions called for donations to foreign missions. Many warm speeches were made on the subject. The enthusiasm ran high. Our pastor called a council of our delegates. "What can our church give?" he asked. "Not one cent; we cannot pledge anything," cried F. He was even rude in his opposition. But the pastor and we poor fellows did pledge something, nevertheless. Well, the sum was raised; the chairman, boiling over with good feeling, called upon some one to start the doxology. The first man on his feet was the man who would not give one cent. Praise poured, rolled, and bubbled out of him; his voice led the throng. He is always just that way. I noticed the pastor hung his head, and was still." This was a great effort for the silent man.

Truly, lip is good, but life is better. Lip without life is dead, being but emptiness. Beware, bubbling Christian!—*Rev. F. E. Marsten, D. D., in Golden Rule.*

An Old Zulu Chief.

Our recent account of a new Zulu missionary, Mr. John Meek, of Othello, Rorke's Drift, may add interest to the story of an old Zulu chief, which comes to us in a private letter from the missionary himself. Being now free from his farm, Mr. Meek broke new ground by visiting an old Zulu chief, twelve miles off, and proposing to conduct services for the whole village every Wednesday. After expressing doubt about the acquiescence of the resident magistrate, the old chief agreed to call the meetings, and an impromptu gathering was held at once. A few weeks later the old chief, who was quite astonished that anything new should be learnt by one of his age and experience, said: "I have been living all this long time for nothing. To-day is the first day that I see I am saved by Jesus who died for me."

Six weeks later the old man had a stroke of paralysis. His heathen sons summoned the witches, who said the spirits were angry; six cows must be sacrificed. But the old man would not say the customary words of offering. "No!" he said, "God is my Saviour; you kill for meat, not for me." Witches are very fond of beef. But neither cajoling nor threatening availed. He said, "God made all things. I believe in Jesus as my Saviour." The witches left, but a few days later Mr. Meek found one in the hut trying to persuade the old man again. The Zulus came crowding in to see what would happen. Mr. Meek cross-questioned the witch, showing up her deceits, to the delight of the whole company. She went out, and a prayer-meeting followed. The old man said, "God is almighty, and may I enter into glory with you!" At the next meeting he exclaimed, after renewed confession of his faith, "I shall enter into God's kingdom! He is all I need."

The witches had not done with him yet. They said the sacrifices were a mistake. They would now use drugs. But the old chief was a match for them. He agreed, on the one condition that the whole company should join in prayer to God for a blessing on the medicine. They refused, but at last at midnight they yielded, and the old man himself led the prayer. How wonderfully can God's Spirit break the chains even of inveterate superstition.—*English Paper.*

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