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Miscellaneous Articles.

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HOW SHALL MAN BE JUST WITH GOD?

“HAVE you read the Presbyterian Tract on Justification?” “Yes, sir, long ago, and consider it one of the ablest and best treatises on this subject, which we have ever seen, particularly for popular reading—it being brief, clear, and scriptural.” “You misapprehend my question; I do not allude to the Tract written many years since by the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, and forming one of the series of tracts issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication; but to a new tract, recently published by the New School Presbyterian Publication Committee, and penned by the Rev. Albert Barnes.” As we had not seen this tract, we availed ourselves of an early opportunity to obtain it. We commenced its perusal with more than ordinary interest, and scarcely laid it down until it was finished. Our particular interest arose from the report (which we hoped to find true) that its author was becoming more orthodox than he had been in former years, and especially from the circumstance that the tract is virtually endorsed by the New School Presbyterian Church, it being published with the sanction of fifteen of their prominent men (ministers and laymen), appointed by their General Assembly as a Publishing Committee. For their sakes, and for the sake of the cause of truth, we hoped to find this cardinal doctrine of Christianity treated in a scriptural and satisfactory manner.

The tract contains 132 pages, about 60 of which are occupied in discussing preliminary topics, to prepare the way for answering the question, which forms the title of the tract, “How shall man be just with God?” In those preliminaries we saw no evidence of the author’s returning to old-fashioned orthodoxy. His views (expressed incidentally) on the nature of sin, the imputation of

There is no small advantage gained by parents with their children from the daily and reverent reading of the Scriptures. A family thus knows the Bible, which otherwise they will hardly do. An important part of education. To deny such a daily benefit as this to a household is worse, far worse, than to deprive them of a portion of their daily bread. Such an exercise hallows the family relation. Parent and child see each other in a sacred light. Brother and sister, while reading or hearing the holy word together, seem joined in a holy association which sanctifies natural affection, and surrounds the domestic centre with a celestial halo.

Now to whom does it belong to make the home of a household thus sacred to the hearts of the members as a dwelling of the Lord? To whom belongs the work of thus reconciling children to the ways of the Lord, and of thus co-operating with the Lord to make them humble and obedient disciples of Christ? It belongs to the parents; and not to either one alone, but to both. They are one, and must work as one in this thing. For a want of co-operation will either hinder the duty altogether, or so embarrass it as to prevent its proper effect. But in the forms of the service, the leader is the husband and the father. This, nature itself teaches. And when he declines the duty, even though it should be attempted by the mother, the absence of the father, or his silent presence, is a violence to propriety and to moral obligation, which tends to destroy the good effect of the whole. There are some parents whose own childhood and youth were blessed with these daily solemnities which they are denying to their own children. Is this right? Can they answer it to their own conscience and to God? How ungrateful to the Father of all family mercies, how cruel to the children and the children's children, to throw this mountain of unfaithfulness and sin across the channel in which the grace of the covenant is flowing down from generation to generation. How must the tender parent feel at the close of his life, when his children have all left the paternal roof, or come to the freedom of manhood without the hopes or the habits of believers in Christ, if he must charge himself with having neglected those means which are commonly so effectual.

J. W. Y.

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## Historical and Biographical.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. CUYLER.\*

It may be mentioned as an historical fact, more important in the estimation of others, perhaps, than it was in his own, that Dr. Cuyler was

\* This interesting Biographical Sketch is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH H. JONES of Philadelphia, who preached a Discourse commemorative of the life and

honoured in his pedigree. He was a descendant of the colonists that settled the province of New York as early as the time of Charles II. Some of the primitive emigrants were people greatly respected, both on account of their character and their family. Of these, the principal were the well-known names of Cortlandt, Delancey, Beekman, Tenbroek, Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, and Cuyler, all of whom have been since distinguished in the civil wars, either as persecuted loyalists or triumphant patriots.

CORNELIUS C. CUYLER, was born at Albany, on the 15th day of February, 1783, and was one of a family of four children, two of whom were sons. The letter C. was inserted in his name, to distinguish him from six cotemporaries of the same surname, all of whom were called Cornelius. His father dying when the son was but twelve years old, the forming of his character devolved solely on the mother, who was of the family of Yates; a lady of superior education and intellect, as well as of eminent piety. In all his subsequent life, the son was accustomed to speak with frequency and deep feeling, of his obligations to this excellent mother. Such were his diligence and success in academical study, that at the age of fourteen he was prepared for college; but events occurring that it is unnecessary to relate, were the occasion of postponing his application for admission several years. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1806, which was then, as it is still, under the Presidentship of the Rev. Dr. Nott. It is unnecessary to speak of the pecuniary losses of the father, and of various domestic trials, except so far as they disappointed the hopes of the son, and were among the instruments of Providence in moderating his earthly attachments, and leading him to serious reflection, which, under the effectual teachings of the Spirit, issued in a public profession of religion at the age of eighteen. By this change in his character, his mind, that had before been intent on the study of the law, was directed to the ministry of the Gospel. Under the theological instructions of Drs. Basset and Livingston, he pursued his studies till the year 1808, when he was licensed to preach by the Classis of Schenectady. On the 2d of January, 1809, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Poughkeepsie, where he remained till December, 1833, when he removed to the city of Philadelphia, in obedience to a unanimous call from the Second Presbyterian Church.

Previous to the connection of Dr. Cuyler with the congregation at Poughkeepsie, their condition had been unhappy, and far from prosperous. It was a delightful thought to our departed brother, and one which was the subject of repeated remark, that the Holy Spirit attended "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." His pastoral labours began amidst tokens of his special influences, which were enjoyed in a prolonged revival of two years, increasing the number of communicants from less than forty, to more than two hundred. Another Pentecostal blessing was given them in 1815, a third in 1819 and 1820, and a fourth in 1831 and 1832. His labours were not more successful than they were abundant, extending much beyond the particular flock over which he had been made the overseer. Four stations in the vicinity, that he selected for occasional services as he had opportunity, were nurtured into vigorous and self-sustaining churches. Such was the success that attended his ministry, and so great its acceptance, that his name and influence were widely extended to other

character of his beloved brother in the ministry. A few copies of the discourse were printed.—ED.

Christian denominations, as well as in his own. In 1814 he received an importunate call to the collegiate charge of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of New York. So great was their desire to obtain him, that they agreed to remove his objection, which was mainly, to a partnership in labour, by consenting to divide. But the commencement of a revival among his people at Poughkeepsie, was deemed to be indicative of the Divine will, and this overture was declined. So were several subsequent calls, that were equally attractive, until he yielded to the invitation from the city of Philadelphia, in 1833. No pastor could be more beloved, nor more highly honoured. The results of the several revivals, in the presumed conversion of his hearers, were at one time a harvest of *sixty-nine*, at another of *eighty*, and of *eighty-eight* at a third. On one Sabbath, the number of adults baptized was twenty-nine.

In consenting at length to sunder a tie which had been strengthening for almost a quarter of a century, Dr. Cuyler was undoubtedly moved by his convictions of duty; and yet the trial of his affections and faith was severe beyond the conceptions of any who have not known it by experience. Who but such a pastor can conceive the protracted anguish of spirit through which he reaches the conclusion, that he must bid a beloved flock farewell? Who that has not a heart of adamant can see himself surrounded with a group of the poor and afflicted that gather at such a time, and especially of his children by grace, and witness the looks, the tears, that speak what the tongue, palsied with sorrow, cannot utter, and mournfully say, "Must you leave us?" "Shall we see you among us as our friend, and counsellor, and pastor, no more?" Who, I say, can mingle in such a scene, and not feel that his heart must break within him, and his "spirit fail." Never was there a day of greater sadness there, than that on which this spiritual friend and father bade them his affectionate adieu. The sacred place in which they were assembled, might well be called "Bochim." Though the table of the Lord had been recently spread, and the stated time for this service was somewhat remote, yet they entreated him to take leave of them in the breaking of bread; and thus this weeping flock sought to gird themselves with strength for their trial, by gathering around the cross.

With what fidelity and success this ever watchful and unwearied shepherd pursued his labours in Philadelphia, is more familiar to some whom I address, than it is to the speaker. But what were his wrestlings with the "angel of the covenant," in secret; what his anxieties, joys, and sorrows, are known only to Him who can read the hearts of his ministers, and who "puts their tears in his bottle." Entering upon his duties in the maturity of his strength, with all the advantages afforded by years of study and pastoral experience, his presence and influence were seen at once in every department of ministerial labour. That Dr. Cuyler did not witness the same results here, the same delightful revivals, is not because he did not preach the same truths, and in the same faithful, earnest and affectionate manner, as before. It was not because he did not desire them, and pray to God importunately to send them. But the reason, whatever it be, should cause much solicitude and scrutiny of heart among those from whom such an unspeakable mercy has been withheld, why it is that the same cause should be followed by so different results. We acknowledge the sovereign power of God in the gifts of the Spirit, as well as in the giving or withholding of rain, and disappointing the hopes of

the husbandman; but whenever he is pleased to leave the faithful minister to expend his strength upon a people, like one who beats the air, it is an exercise of this sovereignty which causes much disquiet in his own bosom, and should stir up the same anxiety in theirs. But while it was not the happiness of this pastor to see such surprising interpositions of grace as had honoured his ministry in a former relation, yet he was cheered with those gradual accessions to his fold which assured him that he did not labour in vain. His assiduous attention to duty in every province of ministerial labour, in the family circle, the chamber of the sick, the Sabbath school, the Bible class, the lecture room, and the pulpit, was attested by numerous tokens of Divine favour. Many a disciple was edified; the afflicted and heart-broken were comforted; wholesome influences were thrown around the wayward and thoughtless, and three hundred were added to the Church, a large proportion of whom had been brought to an acknowledgment of the Saviour in a public Christian profession.

Such was the laborious, useful, and honoured course of our departed friend, till he had reached the *forty-third* year of his ministry, and the *sixtieth* of his life. His lamented death, much as it was apprehended by those who knew the nature of his disease, occasioned no little surprise to many of us, by its suddenness. Though its rapid progress was indicated by significant tokens, yet they were understood by few, and scarcely realized by any. We could not make ourselves believe that a local affection, apparently so trivial, could come to such a serious issue, or certainly so soon.\* If the assiduous attentions of conjugal and filial love, if the skill of physicians or the prayers of the righteous could have prolonged his life, "our brother had not died." But his work on earth was done, his mission accomplished; he had finished his course, and hence this rapid decline and hasty transition. The confinement to his chamber was but for a few weeks, and during most of these, he could enjoy his food, his rest, and the conversation of his friends. At first, the providence of God which called him out of the field while so competent to labour, appeared mysterious and painfully inexplicable. But he was enabled from the beginning to acquiesce, and as his disease advanced, the reasons for the dispensation were more and more apparent. The rapid advance of his sanctification, as evinced in his diminished interest in earthly things, his elevated thoughts and holy aspirations, was daily more apparent, and furnished stronger indications than any physical changes, of his approaching dissolution. As remarked by one who was almost constantly with him, "his thoughts were full of the heaven to which he was tending," and the expressions that were dropping from his lips, his quotations of Scripture, and his ejaculatory prayers, showed, very plainly, where his heart and treasure were. "I am waiting and hoping;" said he at one time, "I am all unworthiness, but I am trusting in a faithful Saviour." On another, as he roused suddenly from sleep, "I want to be nearer the Lord." Some one present remarked, "Are you not always near him?" "Oh," said he, "just at that moment he seemed to be far away."

His meditations on his ministerial labours were frequent and solemn, and on one occasion, when they had evidently been running in this direction, he remarked that "he had testimony in heaven and on earth"—and then added with great solemnity—"yes, and there is testimony of me in

\* Dr. Cuyler's disease was dry gangrene, making its first appearance in his heel.

hell." On the Sabbath evening which preceded his death, he requested that one or two favourite hymns might be sung, one commencing,

"Frequent the day of God returns,  
To shed its quickening beams;"

the other,

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal."

It was the last time in which he was enabled to unite with his family in the delightful service of praise. He then desired to hear a portion of the Scriptures, when some one read the eighty-fourth Psalm, after which he extended his arms and led the assembled family in prayer. To the writer, who was present in the latter part of that day, he remarked, "how unlike had been his occupation that Sabbath to what he had been accustomed in years past." It had been spent on his bed, and a portion of it in sleep, but during his wakeful hours he had manifested an intense and irrepresible desire for prayer at his bedside. It seemed like the "hart panting after the water brook." "Oh," said he, "it will refresh me so."

On Tuesday he was visited by his venerable friend and preceptor, the Rev. DR. NOTT, of Union College, Schenectady. The meeting between these two aged brethren, the one of whom had passed the bounds of three-score and ten, and the other now on the verge of Jordan, was exceedingly affecting. More than forty years had intervened since they had sustained the relation of teacher and pupil, and the interview produced a flood of reminiscences, that were at once both "pleasant and mournful." After an earnest and most pathetic prayer for one whom he called his "dying friend," he remarked, "You have had a long and faithful ministry, but are now laid aside, and can acquiesce, I trust, in his holy will. You have suffered in your sickness, but have not felt one pain too much." "No, not one," he responded with much earnestness; then clasping his hands he added—"He has been my faithful God. He has held me in his arms ever since I was a fatherless boy, and O how I love him."

After the visit of this aged friend, Dr. Cuyler seemed to be deeply impressed with the conviction that his time on earth was short, and the scene that followed on the succeeding morning, when this conviction was made known to his family, no tongue or pen can adequately describe. His words, his manner, his aspect, his voice, his condition, all combined to impart to the occasion an awful sublimity.

At the break of day he awoke, calm and collected, and called for something to strengthen him, remarking that "he had yet a work to do." He then requested that his family should be assembled, who were soon gathered around him, when the design of this hasty summons was obvious. With a voice clear, sufficiently elevated, and enunciation as distinct as in the best days of health, with perfect composure of manner, and a discrimination of mind in no degree impaired by disease, he proceeded to this only remaining "work" of imparting his dying counsel. But I will not freshen the wounds of the heart-stricken mourners by lifting the veil from a scene so delicate, so sacred, and which, moreover, none but a witness and sufferer can imagine. I will venture only to say, that, as if inspired from above for the emergency, his monitions were suited with admirable exactness to the age, condition, disposition, character, and exigency of each;—to the

dear partner of his joys and sorrows, who for more than forty years had been his comforter, his counsellor, and support; to his beloved children, whom he addressed in succession, adapting his instructions to their respective characteristics of temper, qualities of mind, and constitution. His parched tongue now and then faltering, he asked for water to moisten it, when, resuming his discourse, he pursued his affecting work, interspersed with thanksgivings and pious ejaculations of prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," till he had addressed them all. Then clasping his hands and closing his eyes, he poured out his soul in prayer, with a fervour, importunity, copiousness, propriety of petition, and power of utterance, as if an angel had come from heaven to strengthen him. He prayed for the weeping group around him, so soon to be deprived of a husband and father; for his kind and beloved family physician,\* who had laboured for his restoration to health with so much patience, skill and tenderness; for the people of his former charge; for the beloved flock, from whom he had so recently been separated; for their pastor elect, † that he might be girded with strength to do the arduous and responsible work to which the providence of God had called him. He prayed for the Church universal, the fulfilment of prophecy in the coming of Christ's kingdom, and the regeneration of the world. Not one friend, not one object of interest was forgotten; but all were comprehended in his supplications, and commended to a throne of grace, before his strength failed him. This solemn exercise accomplished, he exclaimed, "O happy day, when saints shall meet to part no more," and shortly after added, "I am weary now," and fell asleep.

A few hours later in the morning, when his physicians called, he received them with his usual smile, and when asked by one of them if he felt comfortable—"I would," said he, "that you were all as I am, except this diseased limb." Towards the latter part of the same day, he sank into a partial delirium, which continued till nearly the close of the next. Yet the images of his mind, in all its wanderings, were pleasant, and showed that his thoughts were conversant with the great duties which had been the pursuit of his life. At one time he fancied himself to be addressing his people from the pulpit, at another, to be leading them in prayer. Every little incident of his sick chamber seemed to be suggestive of some mercy or duty, obligation or promise. Thus, when one offered him drink, he observed that "in heaven there is no more thirst, neither do they need the light of the sun." To his afflicted wife, betraying in her countenance and tears an anxiety which she tried in vain to conceal, he said—"Would you call me back from the celestial city to be a poor, limping pilgrim here," and then quoted the distich,

"Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,  
Tumultuous passions, all be still."

On Friday his symptoms were ominous, portending that his change was near. Most of the day was spent in sleep, but when aroused, he was collected and ready to answer any inquiries, after which he would say, "that he was tired, and wished to sleep." Some one asked if his head was not too low. "It will soon be lower," was his reply. In the evening he appeared to be repeating to himself a hymn, and was heard to say,—

\* Dr. Hugh L. Hodge.

† Rev. Charles W. Shields.

“ Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end,”

which were the last connected words he uttered.

At half past twelve on Friday night his respiration had become difficult, and his articulation laborious and indistinct. At about seven o'clock in the morning of the 31st of August, he ceased to respond by either signs or words to the appeals of friends around him, but without any apparent bodily suffering, he continued to breathe until eleven, when his spirit departed. “ I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

## THE GREAT REVIVAL IN KENTUCKY.

[In the March number of this Magazine, we published communications from Drs. ALEXANDER and BAXTER, showing their views of the Great Revival in Kentucky, at the period of its occurrence. The editor of the “ Watchman and Observer” states, “ The same letter we copied in our issue of Sept. 3d, 1846; and soon afterwards we received from the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER a letter, which we also published, modifying in some measure the views taken by Dr. Baxter of this work of grace,—Dr. Baxter's letter having been written before the results were fully known. As a part of the history of the Church we again insert Dr. Alexander's letter.” With the same object in view, we republish the letter in the Presbyterian Magazine.—ED.]

### DR. ALEXANDER ON THE KENTUCKY REVIVAL.

PRINCETON, N. J., Sept. 5, 1846.

Mr. Editor,—The letter of the Rev. Dr. Baxter, giving an account of the Great Revival in Kentucky, in the year 1800 and 1801, recently published by you, was written before the results could be accurately known. Dr. Baxter himself changed his views respecting some appearances, of which he expresses a favourable opinion in this letter. And many facts which occurred at the close of the revival, were of such a nature, that judicious men were fully persuaded, that there was much that was wrong in the manner of conducting the work, and that an erratic and enthusiastic spirit prevailed to a lamentable extent. It is not doubted, however, that the Spirit of God was really poured out, and that many sincere converts were made, especially in the commencement of the revival; but too much indulgence was given to a heated imagination, and too much stress was laid on the bodily affections, which *accompanied the work*, as though these were supernatural phenomena, intended to arouse the attention of a careless world. Even Dr. Baxter, in the narrative which he gives in this letter, seems to favour this opinion; and it is well known, that many pious people in Virginia entertained similar sentiments.

Thus, what was really a bodily infirmity, was considered to be a supernatural means of awakening and convincing infidels, and other irreligious persons. And the more these bodily affections were encouraged, the more they increased, until at length they assumed the appearance of a formidable nervous disease, which was manifestly contagious, as might be proved by many well-attested facts.