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Editorial Notes.

DR. JAMES STALKER's spiritual and inspiring books fill an important place, and are not limited to any one land or class. His "Imago Christi" is soon to be published for the use of the blind in Dr. Moon's embossed type; his "Life of Christ" has lately appeared in Hungarian, and "The Preacher and His Models" in Norse. A good book is an angel of love and mercy, and grows in power and influence.

IT IS PLEASANT to greet our ministerial brethren after their summer vacations, and to see them looking so well. Their congregations will now expect more efficient and successful work at their hands. But it is well to remem-

ber that the burden must not be laid too heavily upon their shoulders, but be divided and distributed. Officers and people must fully co-operate. Let there be united, prayerful and persistent action by pulpit and pew, and blessed results, spiritually, are sure to follow.

DURING THE summer separations, it may be, the family altar has fallen into neglect. If so, set it up upon your return. Ask God's blessing upon your dear ones the first thing you do. Keep up the morning and evening sacrifice regularly. So shall the household reunion receive God's blessing, and his guidance and help be enjoyed from day to day. The Christian home, where daily devotions are absent, seems like a misnomer, and certainly lacks much of religious power and sanctifying influence.

THE BICYCLE FEVER has attacked even an Anglican dignitary, as the Bishop of Colchester, it is said, "may often be seen careering round his grounds of his residence." He is reported as showing in his adventures "a fair skill and speed," but either a sense of dignity or the fear of attracting too much public attention prevents him from venturing into the outside world. It is only a question of time when the high ecclesiastic will test the virtues of "the wheel" in public, while onlookers will think no more of his swift movement and healthful exercise than when he rides behind a fiery steed.

WE HAVE HEARD it said on this side of the ocean that there is a plethora of ministers. Of the best kind of ministers, evidently there is no plethora on either side of the sea. But are there too many churches? This is a question rarely raised, but in Scotland they are beginning to answer it in the affirmative. At a late gathering of Scottish folk, Dr. Rankin, of Perthshire, gave it as his assured conviction that there were "too many churches now in Scotland." He meant probably that there were too many in certain places—too many in congested districts where every denomination is pushing in, or where population is passing out.

A VETERAN who was charged by the Duke of Wellington to take a difficult position, quickly replied: "I will go, sir, but first give me a grip of your conquering hand." That gave him courage and strength, and he did his duty nobly. We have a mightier and more victorious Captain, Jesus Christ. He calls us to occupy many a trying place in his ranks, and we sometimes find it hard work to respond promptly to his demands, yet we ought ever to be ready to say: "Master, I will do what thou desirest, but let me first grasp thy all-conquering hand." This is our high privilege and the secret of our success. Grasping the hand of omnipotence and love by faith, we are equal to every danger and duty.

Communications.

The House is Built.

"The house is built—the hearse is at the door."—*Old German Saying.*

The house is built. From lowliest corner-stone
Even to the topmost cornice all is done.
The walls are high, the roof-tree spreadeth wide;
The windows flash with light on every side.
And spacious chamber, hall and winding stair
Bespeak a welcome to the comer there.
But who is this? What guest unknown before?
—The house is built, the hearse is at the door.

The house is built. The heavy task is o'er,
We toil and strive from dawn till dusk no more.
Long, long for this our strength unstinted given,
Forgetting joys of earth and hopes of heaven.
But now at last the walls stand forth complete
For which we labored. Now it were but meet
That we should rest? Rest? Aye, as ne'er before.
—The house is built, the hearse is at the door.

Another house doth for our coming wait,
Its walls are earth, its doorway close and strait;
And through that narrow portal pass to rest
Hearts worn and wearied in earth's ceaseless quest.
Fold the still hands, compose the tired feet,
Still is the chamber and its rest is sweet.
Close the dull eye that greets the dawn no more,
—The house is built, the hearse is at the door.

Then, build, ye tireless toilers of the dust,
Still higher raise the walls in which ye trust.
Raise turret, buttress, battlement on high,
Let spire and pinnacle lift to the sky.
A lowlier habitation ye shall share
With all earth's toil-spent millions gathered there.
To sleep, forgetting hopes and fears of yore.
—The house is built, the hearse is at the door.

—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

The Life of Dr. McCosh.—I.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. LEDWITZ, D.D.

Every student under McCosh has a treat in store in the reading of this life, edited with such sympathy and good taste of Prof. William M. Sloane. The book should be read again and again, and it will lead those who were under him to admire him more than ever. Fortunately for the old student the record is chiefly autobiographical. We can read between the lines. The peculiar subtle flavor of the man is in these pages. We can see him and hear the tones of his voice as we read. No student, and all loved him, can read it without saying it is "dear old Jimmie." This is a familiar phrase, but when used by one of his pupils is expressive of the highest admiration.

It is a privilege to learn of the early life of one who exerted such a lasting influence for good over so many. In the light of these brief records some things are seen in a clearer light, as we think of what he planned and did for the moral and intellectual good of those whom he called "my boys." In his heart of hearts he loved them, prayed for them and was always seeking to elevate them in every thing that was wise and good.

He came from good sturdy Scotch ancestors, some of whom endured persecution and martyrdom for Christ's crown and covenant. He early showed the strong independent quality with a streak of the obstinate in it so characteristic of the Scotch, as evident in the prayer a

Scotchman once made: "Lord, grant that we may be right, for Thou knowest that we are very decided." And in the remark of another, who said: "I am ready to be convinced, but would like to see the man that could do it." This glimpse of McCosh's boyhood is good: "I remember being placed on one horse to lead a second behind me by a halter. I held by the halter till I was pulled over the horse's tail, a very picture of the young Scotchman sticking by a cause which he might easily abandon."

The state of religion in the time of McCosh's boyhood was at a very low ebb. It was the time when moderate-ism dominated the Church. Then young men who were well educated, of pleasing manners, but with no spiritual life, were appointed to the pastorate. Many sermons of that day are noted for the absence of the Gospel truth concerning Jesus as the Redeemer of sinners. But McCosh was blessed with godly parents who carefully watched over him and gave him true spiritual training. He very early purposed to make the ministry of the Word his life work. At first, as he tells us, he was not controlled by the highest motives. He did not wish to be a farmer, as he did not care much for agricultural employment. He did not wish to be a physician, as he did not care for the mixing of drugs and visiting the sick. And he had no desire to be a lawyer, as he disliked wrangling. In these things he reminds one somewhat of Hawthorne, who would not study law, as he did not wish to live by other men's quarrels; nor medicine, as he did not wish to live by other men's pains; nor theology, as he did not wish to live by other men's sins.

He was sent to school at the age of six, and when nine years of age began the study of Latin. He early developed a taste for books, and in his boyish days read Dwight's *Theology*, Richardson's "Pamela" and the *Spectator*. He entered Glasgow University at the "premature age of thirteen." There he thought he had little aptitude for languages, but excelled in mathematics. As he put it, he "cut no figure" in the classroom. He was very young in years, and he developed slowly. Though even then conscious of the possession of ability he was shy and retiring, and made but few acquaintances, and devoted the most of his time to his books, and spent his leisure moments reading Scott, Moore and Byron, the noted authors of the day. While at Glasgow he was awarded a mathematical prize by the votes of the students, which was then the custom, but it was given by the instructor to Tait, afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that so tall and slim a lad could not possibly be in the lower grade. This sorely disappointed and vexed him, and he rose up and "stalked out of the class-room in great dignity." Some of his college experiences made him very tender and sympathetic in similar matters, as his old students know full well.

McCosh early discovered a taste for philosophy, and soon became greatly interested in the study of the human mind. As a boy not yet sixteen he read with pleasure and profit the works of Brown, Reid, Stewart and Hume. He then formed the plan of his life work which he afterwards so successfully carried out in his lectures and published works. With such tastes he was somewhat solitary in his college life, and had none to sympathize with him. During his five years at Glasgow not one of the professors showed him any attention. That

is an evil which is necessarily true to some extent at the present day, and one which he sought to overcome when he became a professor. He looked upon such a condition as "abnormal and dangerous, calculated to quench the energy and embitter the spirit of a nation's scholars."

Leaving Glasgow "with his ambition fixed, and his conscience quickened, and a glowing overpowering desire for fame as a philosopher," he entered upon a new life at the University of Edinburgh. There he enjoyed the instruction of Hamilton in Philosophy and of Chalmers in Theology. He was more moved by the preaching of Chalmers than by any man he had ever listened to, and his lectures, McCosh writes, "raised me from day to day above myself and above the world." Here the eager student read largely in philosophy and gave considerable attention to natural history. He soon became a leader in the Theological Society, and took an active part in the debates of the great Church questions. The University conferred upon him the academic distinction of A.M. on the reading of an essay on the Stoic Philosophy, which was greatly praised by Sir William Hamilton.

James McCosh was licensed by the Presbytery of Ayr in the spring of 1834. He then had the usual experience of licentiates in the Scotch Kirk, but was never in the condition of the "stickit minister," nor so long as his friend Guthrie in getting a parish. He preached around in the town and country. At Kirkmichael the congregation of the vacant church met in the streets and resolved to recommend him to the Crown, which had the patronage, but the Tories, who were then in power, gave it to another candidate. But he was soon settled at Arbroath on a salary of one hundred pounds a year. In his early ministry, as was the custom, he wrote his sermons and committed them, but in his later years he used his manuscript in a free, easy, oratorical way. In this ministry he sought to be faithful and in earnest, but in looking back over it he thinks that he was wanting in tenderness, and that he had more of the manner of Paul than of Jesus or of John. But from the brief record we can easily see that he was consecrated to his work, and that he was a good pastor. He won the confidence of his people, he deeply sympathized with them in all their trials, and was able in this quiet personal way to do them great good. It was here that he began his work of instruction on the books of the Bible, the rich results of which the students of Princeton were to enjoy in after years.

Here and there in the record come out little incidents which reveal the beauty and power of his character, setting forth on the one side the modesty of the man, and on the other the consciousness of power to be faithfully used when the time came. In 1837 he was called to the Old Grey Friar's church, Edinburgh. What a temptation to an aspiring ambitious young man, and yet what a sacrifice the country ministry was willing to make. He felt that he was not an orator, and that with his style and methods of preaching he could never keep up a congregation in that great church. He was a severe critic on himself, and yet he was not blind as to the ability which he possessed, and was yet to use in such a masterly way. He strongly recommended his friend, Thomas Guthrie, who was called, and there ran a career second to no preacher in Scotland. At another time while professor in Belfast he declined the Chair of Apologetics and Theology in Glasgow. How well he

would have filled it. As Guthrie put it to him, he would have made a grand professor.

McCosh was called to Brechin in 1839. It was during his ministry here that he took part in that heroic movement out of which came the Free Church of Scotland. It was a time to try men's souls, and they stood the test nobly. He was in a goodly fellowship, including such men as Chalmers, Cunningham, Guthrie, Candlish, Alexander, Dunlop and Hugh Miller. McCosh gave up one of the best of livings, and never regretted it. He entered with his whole soul into the work of preaching and the establishing of new churches. He went forth like others, preaching in forbidden places in temporary chapels, from his carriage as a pulpit to the eager crowds, in carpenter shops, in open squares of villages, in village ball-rooms, and administering the communion in an open field, because he could not get a place to preach in. Sometimes he would ride thirty miles on horseback preaching two or three times a day. In his going about, he one day stepped into a new Episcopal chapel which Sir John Gladstone was building. While there Sir John came in with a friend, and McCosh overheard him saying: "We would have gotten on very well in this district had it not been for a young fellow of the name of McCosh who has very much troubled us."

He was busy in season and out of season. A touching tribute as to his faithfulness in these trying times came in after years when he went to preach at Menmuir, where he had been the means of establishing a church. Some men and women, he tells us, walked ten or fifteen miles to revive old scenes. "There were fathers who came up to me at the close of the service with their sons and daughters, and placing them before me, bade them look carefully in my face, and never forget the man who had guided them in the great movement which led to the building of that church, to the gathering of the congregation, and to the good which had been done."

That was an heroic time in which to live. What a record of heroic acts of whole-souled service revealing the mighty power of principle as this dominated the hearts and controlled the actions of a noble race. It is no wonder that Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, was constrained to confess to the House of Commons, "I have committed the blunder of my life in allowing this people to be driven out of the Church of Scotland."

Church Property and Discipline.

A very widespread source of trouble just at present in our denomination seems to be a difference between church sessions and church trustees, between the spiritual and civil officers of the church. The attempt to compel at least a majority of the several Boards of church trustees to be communicants, seems, to the writer, to be at once unwise and unnecessary; unwise, because contrary to prevalent usage, because necessarily provocative of feeling, if not of litigation, and because needless.

The individual church has a three-fold aspect: First, the society or congregation; second, the body of communicants who are included in, and are part of, the first; and, third, the legal entity, or the corporation represented by trustees. These trustees must be members of the congregation, although at present they need not be communicants. The trustees represent the society or congregation. The session represent *not* the body of com-

communicants by whom alone they are usually elected, but the society or congregation including the communicants, and that, too, for the express purpose of discipline. It is largely due to the fact that this principle of our church polity is not appreciated, that difficulties have arisen which have culminated in the present attempt to exclude non communicants from Boards of trustees. Time has been when the whole society, non communicant as well as communicant members, were electors of ruling elders (Minutes of the General Assembly, 1822, page 49; 1830, page 284), and when elected, disciplinary jurisdiction over non communicants has been admitted. (Book of Discipline, chap. I., sec. 6; Directory of Worship, chap. IX., sec. 1; Minutes of the General Assembly, 1814, page 551; 1815, pages 578 and 589.)

At this present writing, by the fundamental law of the Church, the whole congregation unites in the election of a pastor, and communicants and non-communicants alike promise "to submit to him in the due exercise of discipline. (Form of Government, chap. XV., sec. 13.) They may also authorize their non-communicant trustees to sign their call for the pastor (Form of Government, chap. XV., sec. 7), in which they promise (Form of Government, chap. XV., sec. 6) "obedience in the Lord." And when the pastor is elected the test of the right to suffrage in the congregation or society is not whether the proffered voter is, or is not, a communicant. (Minutes of the General Assembly [O. S.], 1867, page 320) But it is expressly laid down that "no person shall be entitled to vote who refuses to submit to the censures of the Church regularly administered. (Form of Government, chap. XV., sec. 4.)

And this, it seems to us, must, in most, if not all, of our States, as in New Jersey (*State vs. Crowell*, IV. Halstead, Supreme Court Reports page 390), be held the conclusive test of membership and of the right of voting in congregational meetings. But if submission to its government is an essential qualification for a voter in the congregation, much more for an officer. But the question of submission or non-submission to Church Government is peculiarly and exclusively an ecclesiastical one, of which the civil courts would not, and could not, take jurisdiction.

Whether or not our Book of Discipline provides for the discipline of non-communicant members or not, is a question quite outside our present purpose and limits. It must, also, be understood that not every difference between the members of the session and of the Board of Trustees is cause for discipline. "The censures of the Church" refer to its judgments, orders and decisions in things spiritual, and it is only when non-submissive to such censures that members of the society or congregation are liable to discipline. The power of the Church Courts, of course, is confined to an adjudication that such member of the congregation, such trustee or other officer has, by refusing to submit to the government of the Church, disfranchised himself as an elector in the society, and is no longer entitled to participate in its proceedings, or to exercise any other function or office in the same. If this be Presbyterian law, as we believe, would it not be better for the Church to establish a method of procedure for the discipline of non-communicant members of the society or congregation, and the ascertaining and definite determination of the membership of the same?

S.

Missionary Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,

1334 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

September brings the scattered workers back to their city homes, and all the busy wheels begin to move. Among "the beginnings" are the monthly prayer-meetings of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held from September till June, on the third Tuesday of each month, at eleven o'clock, in the Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut street. The first meeting for the season will be held on the 15th of September, and a cordial invitation is extended to all women who are interested in missions, especially to any strangers who may be passing through the city.

From a Missionary's Note-book.

Little Sursuti lived in a small Hindoo village not far from a larger town. Her people were of a moderately good caste, but they were poor, and the mother and Sursuti did the work for the family.

Indeed, it was quite important that Sursuti should work, for beside there being much that a child could do, such as carrying water, cleaning copper dishes and baking the bread, her father disliked her, and it was necessary she should in some way make it worth his while to keep her.

There was nothing strange in her father's dislike for her; his wife had borne him no sons, and this last child, Sursuti, was certainly not wanted by any one. After she came, her mother grew fond of her, but she died when Sursuti was quite young. So young, in fact, that though she was betrothed, she had not yet gone to live with her husband.

While she waited for her mother-in-law to send for her she worked. There was even more to do now that her mother was dead. Her father thought, and perhaps with reason, that she cooked his food badly. So he beat her. Those were wretched days, and it seemed very fortunate that rather unexpectedly—for it was much sooner than was the custom—her mother-in-law sent for the child.

She was young to go, but the father let her; it was in his mind to marry again, and, moreover, Sursuti's mother-in-law actually needed help, since she was very poor herself, and had many children beside their girl's husband.

Sursuti's new life began; once or twice, just at first, she made some grave mistakes, which brought upon her the disdain of the other children and a punishment from their mother. You see, she had never really played in all her life, but the children in this new home were quite differently brought up, for they played all day long, such bewilderingly delicious games, too—they seemed to Sursuti. So it happened that in watching them she would forget to work, and before she knew how it happened, she had run out with a face lit up with laughter, and—yes—begin to play herself.

Of course, her mother-in-law was very angry and the children, too; justly, so, for in India the daughter-in-law in a poor family does not play.

But there was one thing Sursuti did do every day, for which she was not scolded, because no one knew it; she

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Editorial Notes.

PRAISE IS BECOMING. Nothing is more acceptable to God, or more beneficial to the soul. It brings us into sympathy and harmony with the heavenly hosts. Angels and saints never cease their songs. Neither should we. Times change, but God does not. Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The Holy Spirit ever abides. Life passes, but eternity draws on. Amidst earth's mutations, God's love, peace, helpfulness and salvation endure to revive and bless. Death comes, and then Jesus lights up the gloom and introduces the departing soul into brighter and more glorious realms. As the moments fly, let them be sanctified and beautified by fresh memorials of praise to the God of all goodness and grace.

THE TRUE TEACHER manifests a tender and considerate spirit toward the dull scholar. He regrets and pities his inaptness, but patiently bears with him, hoping for future improvement. He explains and cheers, brightens the path, makes the lesson plainer and easier, holds out inducement after inducement and urges onward to better attainments. Thus God, our heavenly Teacher, acts toward those who are slow to learn his will and to obey his directions. What mistakes they make, yet he does not grow weary of their stupidity, nor abandon them to their folly. Pitying their blindness and waywardness, he seeks to lead them into right ways and perseveres until they become adepts in his school.

IF WE MAY TRUST late reports, Japan is tiring of Formosa, and is disposed to let some other Power try its hand in the subjugation and government of the pesky little island. She has been guilty of some atrocious cruelties in her efforts to subdue the rebellious islanders, and perhaps the wisest thing she can do is to abandon further attempts at their subjugation, and turn her attention to more profitable work. A nation should be independent enough, as well as shrewd enough, to get rid of a bad bargain in the shortest time, and in the best possible way. If Spain had acted upon this principle, she would have abandoned Cuba long ago, and have saved life, treasure and reputation. But national pride is strong, and causes the retention of a Province long after it is advisable or profitable to do so.

MANY PERSONS are great disputants. They cry up doctrine and ignore practice. They are well-versed in dogmas. Theological controversy is their delight. Polemics best suit their taste and habit. Visit their homes and ere the hour's conversation ends, their zeal is at fever heat and you are pressed to abide the conclusion of the argument. Now at the right season, when one's faith is assailed, or when the honor of Christ demands it, or when our position upon a given subject must be declared and maintained, we are to contend earnestly for our creed. Nor can we safely and honorably dispense with scriptural doctrines. All truth is important in its place and measure. Even minor points are not to be treated with indifference. But we must avoid extremes. Excessive attachment to formulations of truth must not cause us to exalt theory above practice. Contention even in a good cause will not save the soul. The Pharisees were zealous sticklers for what they believed, but neglected what pertained to inward purification, and accordingly received our Lord's severe anathemas. Hence, those who strive merely for "the mint, anise and cumin," but pass by "the weightier matters of the law," judgment, faith and love, indulge in a suspicious type of religion. Far better it is to have the purest doctrine in alliance with the purest life.

Communications.

The Life of Dr. McCosh—II.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. LEDWITH, D.D.

McCosh early gave himself to serious thought, and while a student at Glasgow cherished the hope of becoming an author. But after his entrance into the ministry, the cares of a parish to a large degree hindered for some time the full realization of this cherished desire. But while so engaged he had opportunities for earnest thinking, and it was a good school for the perfecting of a style in composition that has made his works, aside from their philosophic merit, noted for their clear and beautiful English.

The question of the divine government early took a deep hold upon him, and in the course of his studies along this line he made the discovery that he was trained in a system of philosophy which took no notice of the fact of sin. This led to careful study in the tracing of the relations between moral law and sin, bringing him to the conclusion that God's moral nature made man both moral and responsible. The rich fruit of this careful and devout investigation he gave to the world in his work on "The Method of the Divine Government," which was published in 1850. It was received with the highest praise. Sir William Hamilton found it refreshing to read a work so distinguished for originality and soundness of thinking. And Hugh Miller called it a book of the "compact and thought eliciting complexion which men do not willingly let die." It was a work written for thoughtful men and women who were not well versed in philosophy, and yet in it are to be found the elements of the philosophical works he afterwards wrote.

Just at this time the Queen's College, Belfast, was established, and the professors were being selected. A friend of McCosh's gave a copy of his book to Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He took up the book to look over it one Sunday morning, and became so interested in the reading that he forgot to go to church. This led to further inquiry, and ended in the appointment of McCosh as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's College. Although there was a little feeling over the appointment of a Scotchman, he entered heartily upon his work, and manifested such a kind friendly interest in the students that they were soon warmly attached to him. He soon won the confidence and the esteem of all classes. Into the religious work of the land he entered heartily, and visited from house to house in the neglected portions of the city, and gathered together a goodly company for stated worship. And in order to counteract the influence of the saloon he had a place provided which men could frequent without the temptation to drink. He also earnestly advocated disestablishment and disendowment, and though at the time bitterly opposed by some, after events fully justified the wisdom of his course. National education found in him an earnest advocate, and he was a zealous defender of that system which has done so much for the "steady elevation of the Irish masses."

He early proved himself to be a writer for the times, and presented his thought in such a charming style that it was a delight to read his books. They have had a

large circulation in all English-speaking countries and in India and China. And his books have often proved a strong tonic against some of the forms of false philosophy which were captivating the minds of thinkers and confusing the minds of readers. It was while in Belfast that Dr. McCosh's book on "The Intuitions of the Mind," and "Defense of Fundamental Truth," by some competent judges considered his greatest work, were published. He ever stood firmly by the reality of things, as these are known in experience, and was ever ready against the greatest foe to defend the doctrine of the immediate knowledge of reality.

In 1768, John Witherspoon, of Scotland, was called to Princeton. He there found a school and left it a college. James McCosh came in 1868. He found a college and left it a university. Both noble men, nurtured and trained in old Scotland, the land of many moral heroes; the one a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the other during our civil war a staunch supporter of the Union. The one a statesman, the other a philosopher, and both intensely loyal Americans. Those who have sat at his feet as students rejoice that the "Saxon McCosh" was called to Princeton. In the light of events no one could use the words which Thackeray put in the mouth of Master Molony, because of the appointment of McCosh to Belfast:

"As I think of the insult that's done to this nation
Red tears of riving from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation
The sleeves that appointed Professor M'Cosh."

He proved to be the right man at the right time. It was a critical time in the history of the College, and for the cause of higher education generally. The attractions of the European universities were great, and there was danger of many of the more promising young men being educated away from the sentiments and principles which should influence and control every truly intelligent American citizen. But a happy change was at hand, and such men as Barnard, of Columbia; Eliot, of Harvard; Woolsey, of Yale, and McCosh, of Princeton, did much to make our colleges equal to any in the world, and secured in the successive generations of young men they trained a noble company of educated and practical American citizens, who are making their influence felt in all directions.

When McCosh came to Princeton he became heir to a rich inheritance, but he had a great task before him. Fully recognizing the peculiar character of an American college, he faced it like a hero, and wrought marvellous changes as he jealously built upon the old foundations. He gave his whole heart to the work. As he expressed it in his acceptance of the call: "I devote myself and my remaining life under God to old Princeton and the religious and literary interests with which it is identified, and, I fancy, will leave my bones in your graveyard beside the great and good men who are buried there, hoping that my spirit may mount to communion with them in heaven."

In one of his early lectures to the students he was greeted with an applause which seemed to him disorderly, and straightening that noble form of his, and with that familiar gesture of the uplifted open hand, said: "I am not come to you gentlemen, it is you who will come to me." How literally was this fulfilled. Coming from a strange land and with the training of foreign universities,

he strengthened the traditional feeling for dear old Nassau, rallied all its old friends about him, won many new ones and pressed forward to a higher development and greater triumphs. "In those days," he says, "I was like a hound in the leash ready to start, and they encouraged me with their shouts as I sprang forth into the hunt." Money flowed by the million, and buildings sprang up, as it were, in a night. He found nine buildings when he came, and at the end of his twenty years the number had increased to twenty three. He began with sixteen professors and ended with forty, and the number of students increased three-fold.

But he considered these buildings as a mere means to an end, the symbol, as it were, of an internal life. It was his purpose to make his College equal to any in America or Europe, and he lived to see his hopes realized. He was a loyal defender of Greek and Latin as obligatory studies in a College, ever holding to the view, and ready to defend it, that these languages were all essential to a true liberal education. He always laid special stress upon what he called the trinity of studies, science, philosophy and the languages. In a discussion concerning a prescribed course, or the giving to the student the right to choose what he pleased out of two hundred courses, he said what most Princeton graduates will heartily approve: "I should prefer a young man who had been trained in an old-fashioned College, in rhetoric, philosophy, mathematics, Latin and Greek, to one who had frittered away four years in studying the French drama of the eighteenth century, a little music, and similar branches.

Would there might have been a fuller picture of him as seen in the class room for the general reader, that he might know more fully of that inner manhood and power of that noble teacher, so admired and beloved by his pupils. The old student can read between the lines. How pleasant and inspiring are the memories of that lecture room in Dickinson Hall, where in that wonderfully fascinating way of his he delivered his lectures on philosophy, so "concise, consecutive and convincing." It was the whole man he sought to educate. The student who truly profited by his instruction went out to the duties of active life deeply rooted and grounded in the principles of a sound philosophy. They went out from his presence clearly persuaded that philosophy and religion are not contrary the one to the other, but were as "chapters of the same book." He had on an average each year two hundred young men studying philosophy, and he was profoundly impressed with the fact that he must give account for this to God. There was a sense in which he felt that he was a teacher sent from God. To the sensitive, high minded students there was a subtle influence playing about them which led to serious thought, and the possibilities of mental and moral living as a priceless privilege. The statement of one of McCosh's pupils, now a noted professor, voices the experience of many who had the high privilege of receiving his instruction, when he said: "My life divided into two when I entered Dr. McCosh's class; I felt that I had entered a new sphere, and the impulse of the man, even more than his teaching, has never died out."

He never lost sight of the moral and spiritual welfare of his students and sought, as far as he could, to come into personal relations with them, for he fully realized that the character of the College depended upon the character of the students. It was a sore disappointment

if any class graduated without coming under special religious influence. It was his desire and aim that no student should pass from College without the way of salvation being plainly presented to him, and there is many a one that can recall the time when, alone with him in his study, he gave them fatherly advice and prayed for them. An old pupil dare not write all he feels, for the ordinary reader would wonder why all this sentiment. But it is in our hearts and will abide, for he was as a father in his love for his boys, inspiring and great as a teacher, and a master among philosophers. As one of his talented pupils said at his funeral: "We loved him because he loved Princeton, because he loved the truth, and because he loved us. His character was an impressive sermon. His life was filled with lessons of sacred eloquence. His old age was genial, patient, happy, trustful, like the benediction that follows after prayer." Would that Dr. McCosh might have lived until this coming October, when the tribes will go up, to behold the crowning glory of his work, as his College becomes, in deed and truth, Princeton University.

Should Old Churches be Abandoned

BY REV. A. L. LATHERM.

The present attitude of our Church in its methods of propagation is one that demands serious consideration. The policy seems to be to abandon old locations and to take up new and more favorable ones. In new fields the work is encouraging. They very soon yield large returns and with much less labor. This is pleasing to the laborers, and as a consequence many of the best workers rush to these fields neglecting the old ones.

We find in the farming industry—North, East and South—a parallel to the Church in this respect; fields once tilled with profit are becoming thickets of brush and small trees. Improvident owners or careless tenantry have farmed them regardless of their continued fertility.

A house of God should not be built with a view of being removed in the future. Permanence ought to be a rule with the Church. Many false reasons for a change of site are urged. It is often said that the principal supporters of the Church have left the neighborhood, and that therefore a change of location is necessary.

At first mention this seems a valid argument, but in reality it is not. As long as there are people of any class whatever who are not Christian in a community, the Church at large should sustain the work. It is a serious matter to the Church to permit one of these lights to go out, while many, many churches are much more than able to sustain their own work. The sunlight is not shed abroad in spots upon the earth, neither did the Son of Righteousness intend that his light should be either. Let the well-to-do in prosperous churches remember this

It is also said that the incomers in old communities are mostly of such a character—ignorant Jews and Catholics—that they cannot be reached by the Presbyterian Church. Pray, why not?

Does the Presbyterian Church hold a diluted Gospel? Surely the Gospel has not lost its power. Its giver intended it for just such lost peoples as these. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."