

THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW

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I.

THE ANTISTES OF ZURICH.

THE office of antistes is peculiar to some of the Swiss cantons. He is not a bishop (for the Swiss, with their republican sympathies, are opposed to aristocracy, whether in State or Church), but only the head minister. When Zwingli first came to Zurich, he was called the leut-priester, or chief-priest. This title was dropped in the Reformation for the less objectionable Latin title of antistes (literally, "one who stands before," a master-workman). The antistes is, therefore, the first among equals. He is the preacher at the cathedral, the leading church in the city of Zurich, and also superintendent of the whole cantonal Church. The cantons of Zurich, Basle, Schaffhausen, and we believe also St. Gall and the Grisons have this office. Zurich, the mother Church of the Reformed and the Presbyterian Churches throughout the world, is of peculiar interest to all their adherents. From her as a source and centre the Reformed doctrines radiated through all parts of Europe. But although she once occupied so prominent a position in the days of the Reformation, her history, especially since the Reformation, is unknown to most English readers. This is, perhaps, owing to the fact that very little of it has been published in English. Our space does not permit us to do more than refer to the first two antistes, Zwingli and Bullinger. Nor, as they are well known, is it necessary to describe the genius, eloquence, scholarship, patriotism and bravery of Zwingli, or to dwell at length on the splendid services, the careful thinking and the executive ability that made Henry Bullinger the fit successor of Zwingli. But after Bullinger and Zwingli what? We propose briefly to state the main facts

III.

JAMES McCOSH: A BACCALAUREATE SERMON.*

2 Cor. xiii. 8: For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.

VERY soon after the death of Dr. McCosh my colleagues in the Faculty did me the honor of requesting that at some time convenient to me I should preach a sermon in this chapel commemorative of the distinguished services of the late ex-President in the realms of philosophy, education and religion. I have purposely deferred until now the discharge of the duty so kindly entrusted to me. For I felt that a more appropriate time for doing honor to Dr. McCosh's memory could not be chosen than this commencement season, which usually brings back so many of our graduates on a visit to their Alma Mater; and this Baccalaureate Sunday, when, as our minds turn towards those who are about to go out into the world, it would be so natural to find in the record of the great life that has so recently terminated, the appropriate lessons to impress upon those whose lives are yet before them. It is, I think, a very fitting recognition of Dr. McCosh's services as a life-long teacher of youth that makes the story of his career the substance of a sermon addressed particularly to young men. And though it is seven years since he was President of this College, and the class about to graduate never had the privilege of sitting at his feet, yet such was the reverence they had for him, that I feel assured they will be pleased to hear from me this morning the story of the life of Princeton's great President, and that they will recognize the propriety of my making it the basis of my parting counsels. For Dr. McCosh had a large place in his heart for the young men of Princeton College. He was a philosopher it is true, and we think of him with Mill and Mansel, with Spencer and Hamilton. He was a theologian also, and we pass by a very easy transition from his name to the names of Hodge and Shedd, of Cunningham and Candlish who were his great contemporaries. But he was above all things a teacher,—a master; and

* Delivered in the Marquand Chapel, of the College of New Jersey, June 9, 1895.

Princeton men will always think of him as having a high place in that class of men of which Arnold and Jowett are such conspicuous representatives.

There are many elements in the life of Dr. McCosh that tend to make it impressive and didactic. There are lives that give promise of great possibilities, that charm and disappoint us at the same time, and that fill us with the sadness caused by unfulfilled expectations. But in the case of Dr. McCosh it was a long career in which purpose had time to ripen and plans laid with deliberation were as deliberately accomplished. It was not a life of narrow routine and slavish devotion to a specialty, but of constant, ever-varied activity. Other men have excelled him of whom we speak in the specialties which formed part of his chosen department, but they have often lost in breadth what they gained in depth. I suppose that in order to secure the very best results in scholarship or thought one must be a mere scholar or thinker, and nothing else. But Dr. McCosh was a greater man by reason of his breadth than he ever would have been had he sacrificed this cubic development for growth in the terms of one dimension. And, after all, it is the man we must look at and not simply the work he did, great as it was, or the volumes that he wrote, however numerous. In that manhood of which I speak to-day there were marked features: great energy, public spirit, singleness of purpose, varied activity, indomitable will, devotion to sound learning, passionate love of philosophy, passionate dread lest a false philosophy lead men astray, deep theological convictions, tender and simple-hearted trust in Christ. In the true sense of the word success, and also as men count success, his was a successful life. I dare say he had his annoyances; and if the truth were known, it might possibly appear that even when to the world his distinction seemed most enviable he was vexed and irritated, and, it may be, discouraged. That is very apt to be the case with men in public life. He taught his philosophy in Princeton to eager listeners, and he was accustomed to speak with justifiable pride of the men in academic places in this and other lands who had been his pupils. In this land and in the far East his works were used, and are used to-day, as text-books. This gratified him. Yet I think he would have been glad if his voice had been better heeded in his native land. I have heard him speak of Scotland as though in pathetic regret that his words seemed to his countrymen as idle tales. It gave him no pleasure to see Hegelianism installed in Reid's chair in Glasgow; and Berkeley the favorite metaphysician with the successor of Hamilton in Edinburgh. He would have shown them a more excellent way. His realism was a better thing for Scotland than what Scotland was getting. He realized the inseparable relation of philosophy and

theology, and he never forgot that God made him a minister of the Gospel before he made himself a philosopher. I sympathize with him in this; and I am sure that he rejoiced in the signs of a reaction towards the old Scottish philosophy in the more recent utterances of Prof. Seth. This, however, by the way. I was saying that as men count success, Dr. McCosh may be considered as having had a great career. Born in a Scottish farmer's home; rising to fame as a leading thinker in Britain; crossing the Atlantic after he was fifty years of age to take the Presidency of an American College, crippled in resources and already distanced by its old competitors; and after twenty years of patient toil—of earnest, affectionate, heart-enlisted devotion—leaving it a University in its actual equipment, and with an impetus that gives the largest promise for the future:—it would be hard to find a better instance of success than this.

I am addressing those to-day who are at the age when the Gospel of "getting on" appeals to them with special force. You may get some suggestions that will be of great use to you, if you will be at pains to consider the career of the great man whose handsome face we loved to look upon while it was our privilege to have him as a fellow-worshiper in this house of God. You are all already familiar with the leading events in the life of the venerable ex-President, but let me relate them again.

James McCosh was born April 1, 1811, in Ayrshire, Scotland. He received his early education at the parochial school, and went up when he was thirteen years of age to attend the University of Glasgow. We must not suppose that matriculation at that early age implies unusual precocity, for the entrance requirements were not then, and are not now, what we are accustomed to. Nor must we on the other hand allow ourselves to overlook the fact that, in all probability, James McCosh at thirteen years of age knew more Latin, Greek and mathematics than the average boy of thirteen knows to-day. Our boys are not gaining in attainment in any such ratio as our splendid school equipments would lead us to expect. We are prolonging the period of infancy, and allowing adolescence to encroach upon the period heretofore assigned to mature manhood at a rate that will require a much greater lengthening of the average human life than the actuaries are likely to assure us of, if the graduate of the preparatory school, the university, and the professional school is to have any time left for a career. The old method of education looks crude when studied from the standpoint of nice pedagogical criticism. But the Scotch school-master, as I know very well, went to work early and in a very business-like way in his endeavor to pour instruction into the youthful mind. The school day was longer, and the long vacation was shorter than it now is. The

boy that would not learn his irregular verbs had a chance of storing his mind with choice morsels of English verse. This—to use a word with which some of you are familiar—was by way of *pensum*. It was not exactly moral suasion, but it was more like moral suasion than other methods to which the Scotch school-master, as I knew him, would now and then resort. The ways of wisdom did not seem always to be ways of pleasantness, but they led to a very definite goal. There may not have been so many things learned, but they were well learned: and the young man who entered upon his profession with good health had the pleasure of knowing that he was yet in the morning of life, and was not annoyed by the feeling that the solid day of professional work had been shortened by an undue prolongation of the period of tutelage. Dr. McCosh was five years at Glasgow University. In 1829, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where Chalmers was lecturing on theology and Hamilton on metaphysics. Tait, who was afterwards Archbishop, was a fellow-student,—a better classical scholar than McCosh; but the latter got even with him, so I have heard Dr. McCosh say, by beating him at mathematics. It was while attending the university that Mr. McCosh wrote the essay on the Stoic philosophy on account of which the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh, on motion of Sir William Hamilton.

Mr. McCosh was licensed to preach in 1835, and soon became minister of the Abbey Church of Arbroath, in Forfarshire, not far from Dundee. It was there that he became acquainted with Rev. Thomas Guthrie, who was afterwards to become the famous preacher, founder of Ragged Schools, and Disruption leader, and with whose family he was afterwards brought, 1845, into such close relationship by marriage. In 1838, Dr. McCosh was appointed to the first charge of the church at Brechin, and in this delightful parish he remained until the Disruption. No one who passed through the scenes or took part in the events that led to the Disruption could ever forget it. To us an ecclesiastical controversy or a division in the Church to which we belong is serious enough: for it implies great bitterness of feeling, the separation of families, the severing of old ties, and often the parting of old friends. But the Disruption of the Scottish Church was a far more serious matter than such an event could possibly be with us. The agitation was both political and religious. The Church was part of the State. The minister of the Church was in a certain sense an officer of the State. His *status* and his stipend were assured him by the Government. It was no light matter when in 1843 a majority of the ministers of the Establishment gave up their manse, their churches,

and their means of support. The agitation had been going on ten years. The causes of the Disruption so far as they were religious were of long standing, and went back of the ten years' conflict to Moderatism. There had been an old struggle between Moderatism and Evangelical Christianity. The Evangelical party had been gaining ground, and when the Disruption came it was Moderatism that staid in the kirk, and conscience, love of truth and faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ that went out. The bitterness of controversy is over. There is a leaven of Broad Churchism in the Free Church to-day, and the Established Church has its strong evangelical side. So that those who do not feed on the memories of the past and have no prejudices, often wonder at the strong Free Church party spirit which leading Free Churchmen show to-day. But no one doubts that the Established Church was drained of its best blood by the Disruption, and that the brain and heart and conscience of Scotland went with Welsh and Chalmers when they led the way to the forming of the Free Church of Scotland on the 18th of May, 1843.

Moderatism, I say, had been in the ascendant in days long preceding the Disruption—in the days of Robertson the historian, and of Blair the rhetorician and preacher of amiable moralities. Moderatism meant the Gospel without Christ—meant otiose indifference to spiritual things—meant luxurious self-complacency which disregarded the Sabbath and tried to make the best of both worlds. Put morals in place of religion; make Sunday a holiday; deny the need of salvation; speak in a slighting way of piety and pious people—and you have Moderatism. We have plenty of it to-day, and it seems to be making rapid strides.

Moderatism led to the Disruption. People who have little or no religion are not necessarily concerned about the kind of preaching they get. But when they are in earnest about religion they wish to have something to say about the men who are to be put over them.

The little church in the Auchterarder Presbytery had a mind of its own and did not like Mr. Young. They refused to accept him. They were within their rights according to the Veto Law of the Church. But the case went to the civil courts. The Scotch judges decided adversely, Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*, Moncreiff and Cockburn being notable exceptions and siding with the church. The case dragged itself slowly through the courts. Other cases came up, and by the time that Lord Brougham made his speech adverse to religious liberty in the House of Lords, Scotland was ripe for revolution. It might have been prevented, just as the separation of the American Colonies might have been prevented. But the letter-of-the-law party, and the fight-to-the-bitter-end party

and the logical-consequence party never see but one way to the solution of a question. The Scotch greys refused to be marched to preaching they did not approve, and they got a concession the like of which might have saved the Disruption. The Act of more recent date abolishing Patronage would have prevented the Disruption; but it came too late: revolutions never move backwards.

Orthodox Free Churchmanship means, or at all events used to mean, the principle of Establishment without Patronage: 'We are not voluntaries,' they said; 'we believe in an Established Church, but we do not believe in the right of the State to meddle with our religious affairs.' I believe, however, that the Establishment principle is pretty well abandoned; and the Free Church leaders cry for disestablishment of the National Church. Dr. McCosh went through that Disruption movement. He was thirty-two years of age in 1843. He might have excused himself as a student of philosophy, and quieted his conscience by saying that he could do more good in the undisturbed leisure of a religious thinker than in sharing the responsibilities and toil incident to the setting up of a new Church. Sir William Hamilton, in a famous pamphlet, entreated men not to be martyrs by mistake. But Sir William found for once his match in controversy, and it was Principal Cunningham who laid him low. It was a shining host of worthies that came to the front in the Disruption times. Scotland has not seen the like of them since. There was Chalmers, the *magnus Apollo*; there was Cunningham, the man of merciless dialectic, of overwhelming erudition in the Reformed theology; and there were Candlish, and Guthrie, and Buchanan: and among the laymen there were Murray Dunlop, and Sir David Brewster, and Lord Moncreiff, and the Earl of Dalhousie, and Sir James Simpson, and Hugh Miller, the Cromarty mason, geologist, editor of the *Witness*, and author of the *Old Red Sandstone*.

Dr. McCosh was not a leader in the movement though he was, I believe, a member of the Disruption Assembly. But he cast in his lot with the Free Church, and in the spirit of resolute, conscientious, heroic self-sacrifice addressed himself to the hard work of ministering to the Free Church flock that went with him out of the parish church of Brechin. He would doubtless have had a large place in Free Church history if he had remained in Scotland. But separation severs ties and slackens interest. His interest in Scottish ecclesiastical life was mainly one of memory. But it was a sweet and tender memory. When the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance met in Belfast in 1884, Dr. McCosh went over to attend it. It gave him the opportunity of renewing his old friendships in Ireland and also of revisiting the scenes of his early ministry in Scotland. He regarded

it as his last visit as it proved to be: and yet when the Free Church of Scotland celebrated its Jubilee in 1893, it was a great disappointment to him that he could not be there. I do not wonder at it. He loved Scotland. He loved her history. He had passed through the stormy scenes of Disruption times. He was one of that band of men whose conspicuous glory it was to give the grandest vindication in modern times of the rights of conscience and the spiritual independence of the Church. Dr. McCosh, as we know, did not remain in Scotland many years after the Disruption. While he remained, however, he threw himself heart and soul into the Disruption movement. He was a man of conscience and went where duty called him. When he inculcated self-sacrifice and the duty of being public-spirited, it was no mere theory that he taught. He had practiced self-denial. He knew what it was to spend and be spent in the cause of right and truth. Those troublous times, one would think, were not favorable to meditation and the study of religious philosophy. He was busy, in the years immediately following 1843, in organizing new congregations, getting sites for churches, and money with which to build them. Like the apostle, he was in journeyings often and in labors more abundant. And yet, in 1850, his book entitled *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*, made its appearance. This book changed the current of Dr. McCosh's life. Two years after its publication Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, offered him the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the newly established Queen's College, Belfast. Dr. McCosh was thus forty-one years of age when he entered upon his professorial career. He remained in Belfast until he came to Princeton. Dr. McCosh was a brilliant lecturer, and made a deep impression upon his students. He took great interest in the problem of education in Ireland and particularly in the question concerning the proper relation of secular and religious instruction in schools and colleges. He was an examiner for the Queen's University of Ireland, and a member of the Board of Examiners which organized the first competitive examinations for the civil service in India. He was also examiner for the Fergusson scholarship, open to graduates of the Scottish universities. His duties as a college professor did not prevent him from being active also in ecclesiastical and philanthropic work. He took great interest in the cause of ministerial support, and was one of the founders of the Bible and Colportage Society for Ireland.

It was during the period of his professorship in Belfast that Dr. McCosh gave definite shape to his leading metaphysical opinions, and published his most important contributions to controversial

philosophy. These works are probably not so familiar to the present generation of philosophical students as are those which came from his pen in later years. There is the more reason therefore that I should speak of them here.

The *Divine Government* appeared in 1850. It is said that the Earl of Clarendon sat down to read it one Sunday afternoon and never stopped till he had finished it. I do not know how true the story is, but there is no doubt that the book made an immediate impression and was recognized as an important contribution to religious philosophy. It has served to stimulate the intellects and strengthen the faith of ministers and laymen of all Christian denominations throughout the English-speaking world. To judge it properly, we must know something of the time in which it was written. There was no such philosophic activity in Great Britain and America as we witness to-day. Those who inclined to metaphysical studies had Hamilton's edition of Reid, with the celebrated note A to read—the most amorphous book, Prof. Masson says, that was ever issued by the British press; and also the sumptuous edition of Dugald Stewart, prepared under the same editorial supervision. There were Isaac Taylor's *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*. Comte's *Positive Philosophy* was beginning to attract notice, but most people got their knowledge of it, I fancy, from Morell's *History of Philosophy*. Cousin was lecturing in Paris and it was the fashion to quote him. German philosophy was not much studied, and Carlyle and Coleridge acted as licensed purveyors of German thought to the British public. Combe's *Constitution of Man* and Morell's *Philosophy of Religion* are the two books which Dr. McCosh singled out for special notice in the *Divine Government*. Indeed, his book is a protest against the two tendencies represented respectively by these works: the one that deifies natural law and dispenses with God, and the one which resolves Christianity into the possession of and subsequent reflection upon a few religious intuitions.

Dr. McCosh did not aim to write a treatise on theism, nor did he undertake to write such an account of man in his relation to the world as would involve the construction of a theodicy or a theory of the universe. Hence we must not expect to find in the *Divine Government* such a work as Ulrici's *Gott und die Natur*, or Lotze's *Microcosmus*, although these books very naturally come into our mind when we think of Dr. McCosh's first work. The author of this treatise starts with the hypothesis of the divine government of the world; and his object is to present the facts of nature as he finds them in the world and in the human mind, as illustrating this government, and as exhibiting its method and principles. There is but

little reference to Scripture, but the theological implications of the volume are manifestly borrowed from the Bible. In the course of his discussion, he presents in outline what he subsequently elaborates with greater attention to detail. Indeed, I may say that all the salient features of Dr. McCosh's philosophy are to be found in some form or other in the *Divine Government*. He repudiated the extravagant claims that Morell was making for intuition while making intuition the cornerstone of his own philosophic edifice. He was not writing a book on theism, or ethics, or psychology, yet in an elementary way, at least, he was dealing with all of these subjects, and so far as I know he took no position in this work which he felt called upon by subsequent study and reflection to reconsider. A work on such a subject as the one implied in the title of this book, written at the present day, would involve a large controversy in psychology, in ethics, in the philosophy of religion; and it serves to show to what dimensions discussion has grown since 1850, to reflect that the new questions raised by Green, and Spencer, and Sidgwick and Caird, and Pfeiderer, and Sully, and James, and Bradley are not mentioned in this work. It was didactic and not controversial in its aim. It is written in an elevated, popular style, free from technical terminology, with great wealth of illustration and a more liberal use of pulpit rhetoric than the taste of these days would demand even in the pulpit. It was not a new philosophy; nor did it give the world a new philosophical idea. The writer was not debating a metaphysical question with his peers. But he was trying to show thinking men who had been trained in religion, that a true construction of the facts of mind and nature was a vindication of their Christian faith; and that true philosophy strengthened faith in the divine government. It was a book well calculated to stiffen weak backs and strengthen feeble knees. It rendered a most important service; and it was a book the like of which, written under the conditions of current thought and with reference to living issues, is most urgently needed to-day.

In 1860, Dr. McCosh's first constructive work in philosophy made its appearance. It was entitled *The Intuitions of the Mind, Inductively Investigated*. He had said in the *Divine Government* (p. 535): "We admit that the mind, in all its actions, proceeds on intuitive and fundamental principles, but we maintain that it employs these spontaneously and unconsciously, without directly knowing what the principles are. In order to know what the principles are we need to observe and classify the cognitions springing up, or the judgments pronounced, and these are all individual." The volume on the "Intuitions" was the unfolding of this idea. There are certain ultimate facts—this is the doctrine of the treatise

—in the content of knowledge which we cannot gainsay and which we cannot reduce to lower terms. There are primitive cognitions—as of body and mind; primitive beliefs—as of time, space and the infinite; and primitive judgments—involving the relations of identity and difference, whole and part, resemblance, active property, cause and effect. The great point of Dr. McCosh's contention was that these intuitions are necessary beliefs; that they have not been manufactured out of experience as associational psychologists like James Mill, John Stuart Mill and Bain believed; yet that they appear only in experience as involved in concrete individual cases; and that the primitive beliefs and judgments are generalized statements of what is involved in every concrete case of actual experience. It was by no *à priori* method that we are to set up a list of categories as conditioning the possibility of experience. It was by an actual interrogation of experience that we are to determine whether this or that belief is or is not ultimate. Dr. McCosh did not set up intuitionism in opposition to experientialism. He defended intuitionism by appealing to experience. He undertook an *à posteriori* defense of the *à priori* elements of knowledge. The book on the Intuitions is the basis of all Dr. McCosh's philosophical thinking. As a piece of metaphysic it embraced both the science of knowing and the science of being: epistemology and ontology. This book was the author's philosophic confession of faith. It was the platform on which he stood for thirty years,—debating, with ever-increasing earnestness and force of conviction, the same old question regarding immediate knowledge. Immediate knowledge of reality was the thesis which he was ever defending and with which he challenged every knight of a contrary opinion. Whether it was Hamilton, or Mill, or Mansel, or Spencer, or Mahaffy with whom he was debating, the point of his contention always was, in opposition to phenomenalism and the doctrine of relativity, that we have an immediate knowledge of reality; that this is the only basis of a sound philosophy, and the only refuge from agnosticism. I am not here to criticise his philosophy or to defend it. I have no doubt that in some respects he was mistaken: but, in the main points of his contention, I not only believe that he was right, but that the great issues of life and immortality are involved in that contention.

I do not undervalue Dr. McCosh's constructive work; but I cannot help thinking that he was greatest in controversy, and that his power as a polemic writer was seen at its best in his discussion with John Stuart Mill. The younger generation of philosophic students who read Caird, and Bradley, and Royce, if they mean to be metaphysicians: and who measure reaction-time, or try to repro-

duce in imagination a picture of the breakfast-table, or make diagrams of the back of their hands to show temperature-spots, if they mean to be psychologists,—do not read Hamilton and Mill; and perhaps do not care much about a well-nigh forgotten controversy. That controversy, however, has an important place in the history of British philosophy. Sir William Hamilton's lectures on metaphysics had been published. His doctrine of the conditioned had been applied to theology in Mansel's Bampton Lectures on the limits of religious thought; and the theologians—notably Dr. Charles Hodge—had been criticising this doctrine with unmeasured severity. Not long after Hamilton's death—many regrets were expressed that Mill waited so long, and more than once the wonder was expressed in print how Mill would have fared at the hands of Hamilton if Hamilton had been alive—Mill came out with two volumes attacking Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, and apparently finding it vulnerable at every point. Everybody expected Cairns, of Berwick-on-Tweed, to take up the cudgels in behalf of Hamilton, but he did not come forward. I remember very well the day that the first number of the *Contemporary Review* appeared, with its large page, broad margin, and smooth, orange cover; and how eagerly I read the first of the two trenchant articles which Mansel wrote—I believe he wrote them—in defense of his master. There were a number of points in the controversy: the doctrine of the conditioned, relativity of knowledge, causation, immediate perception. The last was the great point in debate: Scotch philosophy from first to last has been mainly a discussion of perception. Mill announced the astonishing doctrine that matter is a permanent possibility of sensation, and mind a permanent possibility of feeling. The fallacies of Mill's philosophy are well understood now—how he starts with the world of naïve consciousness to derive all our knowledge through sensation; and then loses that world in the process of explaining the genesis of knowledge, and ends in Idealism: how he makes matter the parent of mind, and mind the parent of matter, and each both the parent and the child of the other, and so ends in Nihilism. There was no lack of controversial writing in those days. Dr. Henry B. Smith, the American Presbyterian theologian, and Dr. Ward, the Irish Roman Catholic theologian, and Prof. Masson, of Edinburgh, all wrote powerful replies to Mill. But the most elaborate reply came from the pen of Dr. McCosh, in a volume entitled *An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy, being a Defence of Fundamental Truth*. My copy of this work, with the red pencil marks made in 1866, has been very interesting reading to me during the past month. I wondered whether a reading of the book to-day would justify the impression I formed of it when it

first appeared. Dr. McCosh has written a great deal since; but I still believe that he never wrote a better book than the *Defence of Fundamental Truth*. He appears in it, I think, at his very best: his subtlety, his grip upon the point in question, his power of statement, his wit, and his clear, straightforward style:—all this, with the manner of one who is not giving an exhibition of sword-play, but of one who fights for life and with a foeman worthy of his steel—is apparent in the *Defence of Fundamental Truth*, I cannot but believe, as in nothing else that ever came from Dr. McCosh's pen.

Dr. McCosh did not confine himself to a reply to Mill's criticism of Hamilton. His book was an examination of Mill's entire philosophical system. Indeed, Dr. McCosh was far from being an unqualified defender of Sir William Hamilton. On some points he sided with Mill in his criticism of the Edinburgh philosopher. He had before protested against Hamilton's doctrine of the relativity of knowledge; and always held Hamilton responsible for introducing into British philosophy this agnostic element of which Spencer was so quick to take advantage. He protested against Sir William's doctrine of the conditioned, especially when applied to theology. He differed from both Hamilton and Mill in regard to the doctrine of causation, though giving Mill credit for calling attention to what before was an unrecognized element in every case of cause and effect. I think indeed that he gives Mill more credit than he need have done for his doctrine of con-causes. It is surely a very obvious thing—and one need not be a philosopher to see it—that in the case of a man taking cold from exposure after taking mercury the cause is not simply the taking mercury, but the subsequent exposure. But, as Mr. Shute has shown, in his *Discourse on Truth*, this only means that it is only in a very imperfect way that any thing can be called a cause, or that we can know a cause at all. A great plexus of events impossible of calculation enters into the production of every occurrence. But it was in the discussion of the doctrine of immediate knowledge that Dr. McCosh met Mill with overwhelming logic and pressed home upon him the inevitable consequences of his own admissions. We can never get ideas of relation out of sensations: we cannot have sensations without implying them. We can take no more out than we start with or else put in. All schools of philosophy, Kantians and Hegelians, as well as the Natural Realists, agree in making a common assault upon the Associationists. Dr. McCosh defended *à priori*sm in his examination of Mill's philosophy, and Green did it in his *Introduction to Hume*.

In 1868, after a period of long and faithful service, Dr. John Maclean resigned the Presidency of the College of New Jersey. It was

natural that, in looking for his successor, the Trustees should turn to Dr. McCosh, who was at that time the most conspicuous man as a thinker and writer on religious philosophy in the Presbyterian family of churches. Princeton College is not sectarian and is under the control of no denomination. It can no more be narrowed to the dimensions of a single Church than it can confine itself to the geographical area of a single State. But it was founded by Presbyterians; it has been endowed by Presbyterians; it is governed by Presbyterians; its Presidents have been Presbyterian ministers; and the Presbyterian Church looks to it as it does to no other institution as representative of what is best in thought and culture. There was no imperative reason, of course, for putting a clergyman at the head of the college. There were many things that might have been said in favor of having a layman in such a place. This is more generally realized to-day among our colleges than it was thirty years ago. A business man, with the habits of a business man,—a man of the world, with a more varied contact with life,—might possibly be able to touch springs of influence which are not accessible to the clergyman. Still it is not the college with largest endowments, or most brilliant Faculty, or most varied curriculum that most fulfills the end of its existence: it is the college which, in connection with all this, stands most conspicuously for the great ideas of truth and duty, and faith in God and the religion of Christ which best deserves the support of liberal men. The minister gets less credit often than he deserves for his knowledge of finance, and is often not quite so simple-minded and ignorant on the subject as his rich friends among the laity suppose. But be this as it may, religion is the brightest flower of culture: and to have as the head of the college a man who by his position could give weight to his preaching, and by his preaching could increase the power and influence of his office;—a man who, besides being abreast of the times in matters of educational policy, was a representative thinker in regard to the matters that underlie even his religion,—seemed to be more in accord with the designs of those who founded this college in order that it might be “a seminary of true religion and good literature.”

The Trustees therefore made wise choice when they fixed on Dr. McCosh as the successor of Dr. Maclean; and the material prosperity which followed his coming was abundant vindication of their act. Some of the money—Mr. John C. Green’s especially—would have come, undoubtedly, no matter who had been President; but a great deal of it came because of the confidence that men had in Dr. McCosh’s ability and wisdom. You need no reminder from me of the results of Dr. McCosh’s administration. You have but to

stand on the college grounds and look around you. The names of Mr. Marquand, and the Messrs. Stuart, and Mr. Bonner, and Mr. Green, and Mrs. Stuart will readily occur to you as the great benefactors of the college during the period of Dr. McCosh's administration.

There were able men in the Faculty when Dr. McCosh became a member of it. To speak only of the dead, there were Dr. Atwater and Dr. Guyot. Dr. McCosh enlarged the Faculty and showed his rare sagacity, his knowledge of human nature, in the wisdom with which he selected men to coöperate with him in enlarging the area of instruction in the college. New chairs were created, dividing the work of a single department among different men, and creating new departments. Fellowships were endowed; advanced and specialized scholarship was encouraged. There were sixteen names on the roll of instructors when he came; there were forty-three when he resigned his office. With the development of the curriculum came an increase of students; and the increase of students called for a further development of the curriculum. He found a college of about three hundred students; he left it with over six hundred on its catalogue. Dr. McCosh was not an expert in pedagogics, and did not trouble himself much with the theories of Herbart, or Pestalozzi, or Paulsen: but he had the strong common sense that led him to see that there must be a new adjustment of the old studies if new courses of instruction were to come in; and he had the moral courage and the force of will which made him immovable in his determination to keep Greek in the curriculum as the prerequisite of the Bachelor of Arts degree. At the same time he forecast the growing demands of modern education. Accordingly, the John C. Green School of Science was founded and organized under his direction. It was small at first, but has been steadily growing from the beginning, and in spite of the fact that its jealous neighbor, the Academic Department, insists on our putting a new weight on its head every year to keep it down, it continues to grow.

In matters of administration Dr. McCosh, without being in any sense autocratic, managed to exercise a good deal of authority. For there is no nice provision of checks and balances in the government of a college. The three estates indeed of Trustees, Faculty and Undergraduates constitute an organism that furnishes a fine opportunity for experiments in political theories. The government may be monarchical or republican or patriarchal. It may do its work after the fashion of the American Congress or the English Parliament. It may be uni-cameral or bi-cameral, as the Trustees choose or do not choose to put all power in the hands of the Faculty. But by the charter of the college the President is invested with a power that belongs to no one else. He ought to be very discreet,

very wise, very open to suggestion, and very good-natured: but, when he is sure that he is right, very resolute. I imagine that Dr. McCosh was as good a man as one could find anywhere to have so much power in his hands. He had the insight to know when the Trustees were more important than the Faculty, and when the Faculty were wiser than the Trustees: and he belonged to both bodies. He was shrewd, sagacious, penetrating and masterful. If there had been a weatherwise man among us he would sometimes have hoisted the storm-signals over the college offices: for the Doctor was a man of like passions with us all. He carried the *in loco parentis* theory of government further than some are disposed to have it carried to-day. The students loved him and he loved them. He was faithful with them; spoke plainly to them; as a father with his sons he was severe; and also as a father he was tender and kind. As a college grows larger it tends to become machine-like, and we devise labor-saving laws that act, as we say, automatically. The problem of college government is to keep a high standard of moral and intellectual requirement and leave room for judicious, kindly dealing with the individual. For if there is an occasion when the office of a College President is filled with its highest dignity and takes on most the spirit of Christ, it is when, in the exercise of the large discretion that belongs to it, the head of the institution feels that it is his duty to leave the ninety-and-nine that go not astray, to seek and if possible to save the one who in his extremity needs the faithful word and the kind consideration which is so often the open door to a better life.

Dr. McCosh was preëminently a teacher. His place with Wayland, and Mark Hopkins, and Woolsey among the great College Presidents of America is due in no small degree to the fact that like them he was a teacher. I know that I speak the sentiments of some who hold a position similar to mine in other institutions when I say that the increase of executive duties that draws the President from the classroom is a misfortune. It would have been an irreparable loss, to be made up by no amount of efficiency and success in other directions, for Dr. McCosh to have withdrawn from the position of a teacher while he was able to teach. For he was a superb teacher. He knew what he believed and why he believed it, and he taught it with a moral earnestness that enforced attention. He was so honest, so unselfish, so anxious to see the truth and have others see it, that men had to listen. There are teachers and teachers. There are teachers who see that lessons are said, and make mechanical records of failures; teachers who give you a chance to learn if you feel disposed; teachers who handle great themes in a small way; teachers who are able and efficient when they can spare time from

other occupations to do what is expected of them; teachers who are large in their own eyes and succeed in making themselves small in your eyes; teachers who make the work hard and who by their unquestioned ability and comprehensive grasp of the subject make you admire them most when you love them least; and lastly there are teachers who handle a great subject in a great way, with no lack of sympathy or humor, and a large knowledge of human nature;—who win your confidence, and stimulate your ambition;—who make you eager to read;—and who send you out of the lecture room with your heart divided between your admiration of the man and your interest in his theme. Dr. McCosh was a teacher of this kind. No mere closet-philosopher was he; no cold-blooded overseer: but a teaching member of the Faculty in which he sat; a man of heart as well as brain; who could feel as well as think; and who could be both hot and tender.

But it was not in the college alone that he labored. He was unwearyed in his activity. He was writing articles for the Reviews, attending religious conventions, and educational congresses, making addresses, preaching, publishing volumes, and taking an interest in great public questions, social and religious, through all these years. x Darwinism was a matter of controversy when he came to this country. He was a defender of the faith, but he knew that Truth has often more to fear from its friends than its foes. He undertook to show that evolution can do some things and that there are some things it cannot do: and that so far as it claimed to be a theory explanatory of the origin of species it was a mistake to regard it as atheistic or in irreconcilable hostility to the Bible. The Kantian centenary was observed and there was a revival of interest in Kant's philosophy. He was again in controversy with the neo-Kantian thinkers in opposition to what he regarded as the agnostic implications of that philosophy; and perhaps without doing full justice to the real service Kant had rendered intuitional philosophy.

Dr. McCosh was also interested in the question of ministerial support, and the federation of the Presbyterian Churches. He was one of the founders of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, and attended its first meeting in Edinburgh, 1876. For he realized what his position at the head of the college implied. He knew that a great Church with strong intellectual tendencies in the direction of religious thought turned with pride to Princeton, believed in it, loved its memories: and that evangelical sentiment in all the churches looked to Princeton to lead in all that was wisely progressive and all that was needfully conservative in religious philosophy. The position of Princeton was not to be estimated by its endowments, its buildings, its Faculty, its alumni, its curriculum, its stu-

dents. In addition to it all there was the question, What is Princeton doing for the advance of thought, for the defense of the faith? He had been put here as a watchman on the walls. It was his business to read the signs of the times. He stood on a high vantage ground and knew what was expected of him. His place was a throne of power—a chair of authority which gave peculiar significance to all he said. And he lived in the recognition of his responsibility for the wise use of that influence through all the years of his official life. He chose his own time to retire from active service. His mind was as vigorous as ever, but he was beginning to feel the burden of increasing years, and in 1888, he turned over the keys of the college to his successor. He had ruled Princeton for twenty years; and yet, when once relieved of the obligations of his office, there was no one among us all who realized more fully than he did, that the burdens and the responsibilities of that office had been laid upon other shoulders.

What a figure he has been in Princeton's history! I need not describe him. You can never forget him. You see him—tall, majestic;—his fine head resting on stooping shoulders;—his classic face: with a voice like a trumpet;—magisterial;—with no mock humility;—expecting the full deference that was due his office, his years, and his work. Here is the fruit of his life: the books he has written;—the college that he has built;—the alumni all over the land who are his grateful pupils.

Through a quarter of a century and more he lived among us—a stalwart man, with an iron will: no mimosa he, sensitive, shrinking and shriveling at the touch of criticism; but a sturdy oak that storms might wrestle with but only heaven's lightning could hurt—loyal to conscience—deep in conviction—tender of heart—living in communion with God, and loving the Word of God as he loved no other book—he was the President who woke the admiration, and touched the hearts, and kindled the enthusiasm of Princeton men. No wonder they were proud of him!

Dr. McCosh, as we all know, was a voluminous writer on philosophy. He published a treatise on logic and wrote the history of the Scottish philosophy, besides numerous pamphlets of an historico-critical character, dealing with questions in recent philosophical controversy. He incorporated in his later works much that had appeared in his *Intuitions* and the *Defence of Fundamental Truth*, and it is by his books on psychology and metaphysics that we should judge him if we are to undertake an estimate of him as a philosopher. He was a psychologist, a metaphysician, and a writer on religious philosophy. He has well-merited eminence in each of these departments of thought. His psychology is that of intro-

spection. He was acquainted with the results arrived at in physiological psychology, and though he was not an original worker in that field he was one of the first to recognize its importance and to give it a place in academic instruction. As an interpreter of the adult consciousness he holds high rank; and on general psychology there is no better text-book than his for the use of students. Mill was right in saying that it was one thing to know what consciousness said and quite another thing to inquire how it came to say it; but nobody knew better than Dr. McCosh how completely Mill, and Bain, and the other associationists fail to resolve the contents of consciousness into simpler elements. But the philosophy of evolution has opened a new chapter in psychology. The question is whether ideas which seem unanalyzable, so far as the life of the individual is concerned, may not have gradually emerged in the development of the race. This is the question of genetic psychology. This is the phase of it which men like James, and Ladd, and Baldwin, and Höffding are dealing with. And for these questions Dr. McCosh was not prepared. But genetic psychology raises the inquiry not only how the mind gets its ideas but how mind itself got its genesis. Nobody appreciates this more fully than Prof. James, who, however, steers clear (or tries to) of metaphysics. But I think the psychologist is bound to be a metaphysician, and tell us what ground there is for believing in the soul. It is easy to see, therefore, what serious matters men take hold of when they fit up laboratories and become recognized as professional psychologists. And yet I believe that the metaphysician of this day must be a psychologist and know what is going on. He cannot afford, as he once could, to construct epistemologies, and shoot theories of the universe out of a pistol, without regard to the facts which the psychologists are handling. Dr. McCosh holds a very definite place as a metaphysician. He maintained that we have immediate knowledge of the not-self; and was a pronounced believer in mind and matter. He rejected all relativity of knowledge, no matter how disguised, as being the prolific mother of agnosticism. His place is a conspicuous one in the great succession of Scotch philosophers: I should have said—next to Hamilton; but I notice that Prof. Seth regards him, and Flint, and Calderwood as more truly representing the philosophy of Reid than either Stewart or Hamilton. I am pleased to find in Seth a sentence which Dr. McCosh himself might have written and that sums up the whole of his contention against the Kantian metaphysic: "We must get rid once for all of the notion that the mind *adds* anything to things. To add is to disfigure, to distort, to betray. But the function of mind is to know things and to know them as they are." I believe that Dr. McCosh's services to philosophy will be even

more appreciated by and by than they are to-day. I am glad to see in the last number of *Mind* that Mr. Sidgwick has a kind word for Reid. I notice he doesn't speak contemptuously of him, either, as "old Reid," as Mahaffy once did; but intimates that one may "even now find profit in communing with the earnest, patient, lucid and discerning intellect of the thinker, who, in the history of modern speculation, has connected the name of Scotland with the philosophy of common sense."

But the metaphysician of to-day must be prepared to cope with those who use the new psychology in support of a metaphysic which dethrones God and kills the soul. I think that Dr. McCosh underestimated the influence of Hegel and the Idealistic thinkers. I do not think that our young men are in any danger of being materialists. The writers who charm them are Green, and Caird, and Royce, and the danger they are exposed to is not that they will deny spirit but that they will have no place in their system for the separate perdurable existence of the human soul as distinct from a living, personal God. Dr. McCosh rendered a great service in defense of fundamental truth concerning God and the soul. A great service is yet to be rendered: I hope Princeton will never lack a man who can speak out of the largest knowledge in antagonizing those who leave in doubt the doctrine of a perdurable personality. It is not enough that our philosophic positions are not incompatible with faith in the soul and God. We must be ready to buckle on the armor and defend those great verities that underlie religion. Our leader in this great fight is dead. But his pupils are in his place; and we can trust them to see to it that the glory of defending the citadel of self does not depart from Princeton.

I need not linger to speak of the closing months of Dr. McCosh's life. It was evident to all of us who saw him in the early autumn that he would not be with us long. His mind was clear, but his physical strength was giving way. He grew weaker day by day until the night of the 18th of November, 1894, when peacefully and without pain he entered into rest.

He was a great man: and he was a good man. Eager as he was for the material and intellectual advancement of the college, he thought even more of its moral and religious tone. He was an earnest and able preacher: and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Alike in speculative philosophy and in practical morals he was always on the Christian side. He never stood in a doubtful attitude towards the Gospel and never spoke a word that would compromise its truths. So that when I think of his long career and what he did and how he lived, I am reminded of the apostle who was so consciously devoted to the service of the Gospel that he

could not conceive himself as under any circumstances doing anything that would hinder it; and who said in the words that I have placed at the beginning of this discourse: "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—I have been speaking to you of one who enjoyed the privilege of addressing twenty successive classes in this college on Baccalaureate Sunday. I know what he would say to you to-day. I know how kindly and how affectionately he would entreat you to live the Christian life. Last night I read a volume of his baccalaureate sermons, and I was touched by the fatherly tenderness and solicitude which characterizes the closing words of all these sermons which he addressed to those who stood before him as you are standing now. I would have you feel at this moment that though dead he yet speaketh; and I would have you find in the long life that has so recently terminated an inspiration and a guiding influence for the years that are before you.

I know how you feel to-day. These four years have been great years in your life. You have lived in a new world. You have come in contact with a new range of ideas. You have formed close friendships. In later life you will form no friendships like these. And now you are about to separate and go out into the world. But before the separation comes, and while you linger at the gate of college life, I wish to say for myself and for my colleagues in the Faculty that we wish you well; that what success you have will give us joy, and that what comes to you of sorrow will make us sad.

I wish you all reasonable success as that is expressed in material prosperity. Do not think too much of wealth, or power, or fame. Your education ought to save you from the vulgarizing influence of mere material things; but it can do this only by a studious effort on your part to put a proper estimate upon things of the mind. I hope that a considerable number of you will regard it as a privilege to devote themselves to the search for truth or to its maintenance, even though they know that the emoluments connected with such service are very meagre. Remember, my friends, the words of Sir William Hamilton: On earth there is nothing great but man; and in man there is nothing great but mind. Think of the life of Dr. McCosh; and then ask yourselves whether the acquisition of a fortune, no matter what its bulk may have been, would have been any equivalent for the career which he had in the service of Truth.

If your education has accomplished anything for you, it has

taught you that no man liveth to himself. Learn to be unselfish. There are professions which find their nobility in the unselfish spirit which they inculcate: it is your patient, your client, your congregation, you must think of; not yourself. You may be selfish; but then you lose love: and let me tell you that there is nothing the soul hungers for as it does for love. No wealth, and no success can make up for lack or loss of love.

It may never fall to your lot, as it did to Dr. McCosh, to engage in a great struggle for the rights of conscience, for the times that try men's souls and that take their place as such in history do not come in every generation. But you will have frequent opportunities of settling the question between what you would like to do and what you ought to do. It will be so easy for you to make arguments that will seem to justify the conduct that is on the side of your own advantage; and the temptation will be all the stronger when your yielding to it need not be known to the world.

I hope that like brave Princeton men you will have the courage always to do right, even though it be or seem to be to your own hurt.

You enter now upon the race of life. You are young. You have good health and a good education. It will be very hard to say who will be known as the prize winners twenty years from now. Every man has his own limitations that are beyond his control; and men sometimes unnecessarily limit themselves. By and by there will come to one and another of you the question: Ye did run well; who did hinder you? You have failed to fulfill the promise of your youth. Why? You lost ambition. You grew old before your time. Think again of Dr. McCosh. There was nothing about him that impressed me more than his indomitable energy; his perennial youthfulness; his never-failing enthusiasm for new books and new ideas. To be sure you will not need the lesson I am giving you for twenty years or more, but I give it to you now because it is useless to teach or try to teach it to men upon whom the habit of indolent living on past accumulations has once been fastened.

And once more: I would have you carry out of college a definite, practical Christian faith. In this active, busy, money-seeking, pleasure-loving world there will be a great deal to hinder your Christian life: but believe me, your life will be brighter and happier, and you will do more good if you live under the direction of Christian principle and in fellowship with God. Some of you are inclined to the intellectual life: one of the early temptations of that life is the feeling that one has risen to a level which enables him to transcend ordinary every-day Christianity. I hope that you will be Christians; but whether you are or not, I trust that you will

refrain from attempting to patronize Christianity. Once more let me remind you of the venerable man who so lately walked among us. He was a strong man, and not given to sentimentality. But his religion was of the simple, trustful, child-like sort.

Go then, my brothers, and live the life that God appoints you. Make good use of your time, your talents, your opportunities. And when it is all over may it be said of you that you loved Truth, that you served your generation, that you obeyed conscience, that you believed in God, that you trusted Christ and followed in His footsteps.

PRINCETON.

FRANCIS L. PATTON.