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This Week

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.
NOTES HERE AND THERE—E. H. H.
THE LAND AND THE SKY—Dr. McCorkle.
HIGHER EDUCATION AND RELIGION—President Boatwright.
THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL—Dr. Purves.
THE DEATH OF MOSES.
DOUBTFUL DIPLOMACY.
LIMITATIONS OF SUFFRAGE.
HUGH MILLER—A REMINISCENCE.

THE mountain and the valley are old friends. They have lived long side by side, and have been good neighbors, each lending freely and gladly to the other. The valley looks up to the mountain with wonder and admiration. Far up in the light of the sun, the mountain, so strong and so splendid, so full of the bright glory of the morning and the softer glory of the evening, the mountain is a great hero to the valley. Its shadows fall dark and heavy across the valley, but its far and radiant peaks shine in gold and purple for the joy of the shaded vale and the stretching plain.

And the mountain has all its strength and glory that it may give to the valley. It lives in the cold and far-away blue that it may have the riches of heaven to give to the humble valley at its feet. It catches the clouds on its breast, that it may send the rains to refresh and fructify the plains below. It opens its own side to give that which will make and renew the soil. And the valley grows green and fruitful, enriched by the mountain, and side by side they dwell in peace.

All human lives are not mountain peaks, and all are not shaded valleys. Some are raised up into great prominence, by natural gifts, by providential endowments, by public office, by heroic deeds. They dwell in the glare of the world's gaze. But they pay well for their elevation. They live very much apart. They have vast responsibilities, and are the objects of widest criticism and censure. They bare their breasts to fierce storms and are scathed and scarred by the angry lightnings. They stand apart and lofty like the peaks that they may gather and give the largest blessings to those on the plain below.

In the valley dwell peace and contentment. There is not much of the gay sunlight. The shadows come soon and stay long. The nights are long and the winters are weary. But the lowly valley has the quiet and the patience, and the green meadow and the fruitful orchard and the happy home. Surely this is the happiest human life, and the most abundant in the good it gives to the world. We would rather be a valley than a mountain.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

WITHOUT a college education a few men have risen to positions of success and influence, but the evidence is strongly in favor of the college graduate. The difference in the men may not be very great for the first years, but after ten years the college man is the one who goes ahead. His rounded education is the broad foundation on which he builds longer and higher. It gives strength and stability and resource. The graduate continues to grow. Of the nine members of the Supreme Court of the United States seven are college graduates. Of the editors of eight great New York dailies, seven are college men.

WE are getting a great deal of pleasure out of our friends' vacations. There is Dr. Moore with his "heart in the highlands," and Dr. Kerr climbing the icy slopes of Mont Blanc, and Dr. Calvin Stewart passing another honeymoon in Nova Scotia, and Dr. Hersman in the crooked lanes of Boston, and Dr. Witherspoon building a library in New York, and Dr. English amid the temptations of Saratoga, and even Dr. Hopkins gone to sea, nobody knows where, and his people remembering him in their prayers. One element of our pleasure is that we can speak of these distinguished travellers as our friends, and shine by reflected glory, and another part of the pleasure is that while they travel, we can stay at home. And most of all we are happy in everything that pleases them and will send them back to us refreshed and vigorous.

THE eighty-eighth annual report of the Bible Society of Virginia gives the annual report of the efficient secretary, the Rev. W. S. Campbell, and the very striking sermon of the Rev. Dr. F. D. Power, of Washington, delivered at the annual meeting May 11, 1902. The treasurer's report shows the total amount received and disbursed to be \$5,007.13, from sales of Bibles and contributions. The Society is doing a valuable work for the State in furnishing Bibles to the people at low rate, about one-half the ordinary retail prices, in donations to Sunday-schools and missions, and to the penitentiary, prisons and almshouses. Seventy-one colporteurs and agents are at work, for more or less of their time, in supplying destitute sections with the Word of God.

Two Presbyteries of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois, Decatur and Lincoln, have adopted resolutions "declaring that the creed of the Presbyterian church, as revised, removed all the doctrinal differences over which the churches split, and there was no reason why they should not reunite." One of them has gone so far as to overture the Cumberland General Assembly that it take up the matter of union and open negotiations with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, the church North. As the Cumberland Presbyterians are not at all Calvinistic distinctly, it is a very sharp

criticism of the "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith" adopted in New York that it is found so acceptable to them. But that "Brief Statement," it must be remembered, was only the action of that Assembly, and does not amend or modify the Confession of Faith.

THE very imminent peril of life, in which the President of the United States was placed by the accident at Pittsfield, Mass., was a shock to the country. The man at his side was killed instantly, and the President was thrown under the carriage and bruised about the head. Yet all that human foresight could do in precaution was thought to have been done. Guards rode in front and beside his carriage. The man killed was at the President's side for his protection. How powerless is all human precaution! Not one in a thousand can ever have such protection. Yet the peril came so near. All human life is in God's hands, and they are safe and blessed who are hidden under the shelter of his wings.

Too much insistence upon a mode of baptism is as ritualistic as any other formality. We do not understand how it can be vindicated by those who are indifferent to the modes observed in the communion. If exactness is necessary in one sacrament, it is necessary in both. Why admit Christians to fellowship who believe in kneeling, which was not primitive, if others are excluded because they believe in sprinkling? If form is essential to validity in one case, it ought to be so in the other. The argument is obviously sound against close communion, no matter how much we believe in primitive forms.

THE daily papers have gotten hold of the fact that a committee is to report at the meeting in Norfolk on the advisability of the division of the Synod of Virginia, and are announcing with the usual precocity of reporters that it will certainly be effected at once. But the plans of the committee will be heard with full consideration, and, we doubt not, be acted on with care. A Synod of twelve Presbyteries, covering large parts of three States may well expect a proposition to divide. Whatever of practical value to the Church there may be in division, there will be much of very serious sentiment in the background. There will be regret at the separation on both sides of any line that may be selected. Can we wisely give up the solid weight of conservatism in the undivided body? Can either side of the line do well without the other its full work on its own field? If the brethren on the west of the Blue Ridge concur in the judgment that they can work for the kingdom to better advantage when set off to themselves, then we suppose the brethren on the eastern side will reluctantly join them in asking the Assembly for the division. But what a change it will be!

educated thousands who were too poor to pay their expenses anywhere else.

Another function of the denominational college is to emphasize the value of religion in education and in life. Other colleges may not be godless, and we of the South have cause for rejoicing that all our higher schools are pervaded with the spirit of Christianity, but the denominational college is free beyond all others in matters of religion. It is offensive to some good souls who profess to esteem religion very highly that Christian colleges insist on having a particular brand on their religion. Surely an intelligent public now understands that so long as we do not find aggressive, enduring Christianity apart from denominations, we may not expect to find Christian seats of learning out of touch with the vitalizing influences of the churches. In the millenium there will probably be no denominations and no denominational colleges.

ARE NOT SECTARIAN.

A considerable number of respectable citizens believe that denominational colleges are sectarian, and some few others maintain that, if they are not, they ought to be. For my part, I do not believe that any of the better class of colleges are sectarian. They believe in an open Bible and they instantly proclaim man's need of salvation, God's merciful love, and Christ the propitiation for sin. They teach that youth should "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"; but, so far as I know, they do not insist that students shall accept the particular faith of their professors. This would be contrary to the principles of our common Protestant faith, and it is a form of propagandism unworthy of institutions which cultivate independent seeking after truth.

Summing up the preceding paragraph in a sentence, I would say that the business of the denominational college is to associate religion and culture in education, to safeguard youth's adolescent steps among the pitfalls of human speculation, to make the graduate's thinking on religious topics of similar grade with his thinking on questions of science, government, or finance.

CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.

It is assumed as a matter of course that the denominational college will employ Christian teachers. A man may be a great investigator, a specialist of international repute, but unless he is an active, warm-hearted Christian, he has no place in a denominational college. This expectation of the public, which the denominational colleges generally live up to, gives such schools a great advantage. Every one knows that the boy or girl of eighteen needs above all things sympathy, personal touch, the stimulation of loving encouragement. These things cost the giver something. They mean that he must be willing to leave his cozy study and his alluring investigations to advise Tom Jones, and a lot of other fellows who need his help, and that he must do this to-morrow and the days after that. This is Christian service. Only the love of God in a man's heart will enable him to render such service year after year. Other institutions may have more or fewer of such men, but the denominational college must have a faculty made up of them.

More and more the denominational colleges broaden their conception of service. Once the aim was simply to train a certain restricted class in a certain denomination. Now the best denominational colleges train for the noblest citizenship. The denominational college has not been sufficiently recognized as a State institution. It is chartered by the State, is subject to State laws, reports to the State, helps to bear the burdens of the State, furnishes many teachers and public officers to the State, and in every way promotes the prosperity and guards the honor of the civic organization which represents all the people. Surely the State, which receives this noble contribution without expenditure of money, should protect the denominational college and rejoice in its splendid achievements.—*Richmond Times*.

The Dutch Reformed and Southern Presbyterian Churches are considering the possibilities of organic union. We certainly wish them success. It might pave the way for a more complete consolidation of the great Presbyterian Church. The century is young, and who knows what surprises may lie further on? This one, perhaps, and then perhaps not.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems.

I once wrote to the poet Longfellow, asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—"I stood on the bridge at midnight"—a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet, in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me, it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I rang, and was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which was a broad table, antique furniture, and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me, and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind. I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I well recall the time. It was a bright day and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote the poem, and put it into my pocket. I wrote it for myself. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterwards I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it, and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings, and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen!"

He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul: "When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the Queen. As I was leaving the palace yard, my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English workingman. 'Are you Professor Longfellow?' he said. I bowed. 'May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life?'' I answered that I did. 'Would you be willing, sir, to take a workingman by the hand?' I extended my hand to him. He clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction."

"I wrote 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner, at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words, 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas."

"The clock in the corner of the room," he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stair.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills."

The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say:

"Toujours—jamais!

Jamais—toujours!"

It was these words by a French author that had suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"Forever—never!

Never—forever!"

"Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons, when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music Hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send to you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stair." One of the family set the words to music.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said, in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to

Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills, whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."—*Hesekiah Butterworth, in Christian Advocate*.

The Life Beautiful.

BY GEORGE T. PURVES, D. D.

Let me point out, in a word, the beauty of a true Christian life. To my mind, it consists in the right proportion in which every element of a complete manhood exists in it. This certainly is one of the prime elements of beauty of form, whether in man or other things; and a beautiful mind or character is, I think, one marked by this same quality. A beautiful life is one which fulfils the relations in which it is placed, and estimates each one of them at the right value. It can perform the sterner duties and not neglect the gentler ones. It knows when to work and when to play. It renders the tribute due to superiors, inferiors, and equals. In each period of its existence it realizes the idea of that period. Most lives are obviously incomplete. The material side crushes the spiritual; the near obscures the distant; the little truth hides a greater one. Most lives are also obviously ill balanced. The hurry to be rich strangles the duty to be just. The desire to be great prevents the possibility of being kind. The love of pleasure mortgages the pleasure of the future for the apparent pleasure of the present. Do I not declare something to which your consciences assent when I say that the ordinary life of a worldly man is consciously incomplete and ill balanced, and that even if it be successful, and even if it have the elements of strength, it is not beautiful? It is a distorted life. It is a deformed life. It is a misshapen life. It neglects as much as it attempts to perform.

I point you, therefore, to the beauty of a Christian life. I do not say the life of all Christians, for the best of us are far from perfect; but I point you to the life which has had one perfect exemplification and to which we all aspire. The Christian idea of life is beautiful as well as strong. It considers its duties to God as well as those to men. It praises the passive virtues as much as the active. It does not allow the material to smother the spiritual, nor the spiritual to despise the material. It stoops to little things, and aspires to great things. It teaches man's responsibility for motives as well as his accountability for acts and words. It lives in the world and yet above the world. It combines faith in the transitory character of all earthly things, with energy in the performance of present duty. It reconciles sorrow and joy in human existence. It puts man in his proper sphere, directs his eye toward eternity, enables him to walk and live happily on earth, makes him useful, and teaches him to die with peace and hope.

This is the life of a soul which is the temple of the living God. Do you not feel that, as a whole, it is complete, and that in its parts it is rightly proportioned? Aye, strength and beauty are in his sanctuary. I have seen such characters; doubtless you have, too. I have seen them suffer without fainting, work without murmuring, believe against hope. I have seen them live with God as truly and as manifestly as they lived in their own homes. This model I hold up to you. If you want to be a character of this type, the secret of it lies before you. Not by making your souls the abode of envy and selfishness and passion can your character become strong and beautiful. Not, if you merely fill your mind with knowledge, though it be useful knowledge, can you rise to a complete manhood. You must admit God into your hearts. He will make your souls strong and beautiful.

The tadpole which breathes only water becomes a frog which breathes air. In the same way, as Drummond says, a human soul which is used to the lower life of the world learns, through prayer, to breathe the atmosphere of the higher life."

St. Bernard said once, "We must retire inward if we would ascend upward." The kingdom of heaven within us is the road to the kingdom of heaven above us.