

terian form of government found in the books? Are we Presbyterians or Congregationalists?"

We answer We are Presbyterians. But it remains to be seen whether we shall prove true to our Presbyterian principles or not. If this six months limit be comes law, then we are neither Presbyterians nor Congregationalists. I presume the reverse is the opinion of "Knoxonian" as implied in the above interrogation. He seems to me to imply that until the measure becomes law, Presbyterianism is in danger is lost. Surely his training in the department of ecclesiology must have been neglected; else he would not be labouring under the impression that such a measure, as is proposed, is an essential element in Presbyterianism. Then "congregational rights" come in for a heavy share of "Knoxonian" logic.

What of Presbyterian rights? Where do they end? Has the Presbytery the right to do what it pleases? To impose what regulations it sees proper? Has the Presbytery the right to elect a committee of men who will be lords over God's heritage?

In "Knoxonian's" article in the issue of June 20, he makes the statement: "Indeed, some men who profess to be Christians are often far more difficult to deal with than many who make no profession."

But, of course, these are among the laity—not at all the case among the clergy? Suppose this power, provided in the six months limit, were granted, what warrant have we that it would not be abused? Is this not rather the thin edge of the wedge of patronage, though possibly under a more decidedly religious, but possibly as dangerous form? We do not want to go back to Egypt. We are in Canada now. It is one thing to have the right to advise and even urge congregations. It is quite another thing to dictate and impose. Congregations know their right in this matter; and if the Presbytery infringes by appointing a man to labour amongst a congregation without consulting the wishes of that congregation, they (the Presbytery) better be prepared at the same time with that man's stipend.

But a little further down, and we read the startling definition of law, which is to reduce the divine argument for the rights of the congregation "into something like thin air"—whatever that is:

"All law is a curtailment of individual rights."

Characteristic! Isn't it? Here is one of "Knoxonian's" many law illustrations of this definition. He speaks of some persons who would "like very well to exercise the right of overloading steamers with cracked boilers. . . . That (the prohibition of such conduct) is a direct, but very wholesome interference with individual rights." Is it indeed? Who gave them that right? Has any creature, or any number of creatures the right to endanger life? Has even a Presbytery this right? When the law interferes, whether does it curtail the rights of the one, or protect the rights of the other party? The same, or similar reasoning applies to all the other cases proposed. Suppose another case. A husband raises his hand, armed with a weapon ready to plunge it into the heart of his wife. The servant of the law interferes just in time to withhold the blow, and to tie both the hands of the murderer behind his back and lead him away to custody. His rights are curtailed? "Knoxonian" answers in the affirmative. "Vox Populi" says. They are curtailed if he does not swing. And "Vox Populi" is not always to be disregarded even by advocates of "the six months' limit."

Individual rights are of Divine origin. The law that interferes with their free exercise is wrong wicked cannot stand. The right of suffrage—together with the right of its free, unlimited exercise is of Divine origin. The law, or measure, that interferes, or proposes to interfere with it, is wrong and such as Christians are bound to ignore, and, if it should ever be passed to become law, to regard as a dead letter.

MONTREALER.

#### PRINCETON COMMENCEMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—As an invited guest I started early for Princeton. The weather was superb. It was refreshing to get sight of green fields and shady trees as we were whirled away from the hot and dusty city. Old Princeton we found at her best. The tall elms with trembling leaves looked like lofty pillars of some cathedral. The number of fine new residences, with grassy lawns and beautiful shrubbery evinces that the

college seat has both eyes open. What changes mark the progress which Princeton has made during the presidency of Dr. McCosh. When we say that upwards of \$3,000,000 has flowed into the college treasury during the past twenty years, we will understand how from being poor brick, the buildings on the campus are now of solid stone. The designs of these structures being antique, lead us to think of ourselves as walking amid baronial residences. The grounds are well laid out, and as the buildings are many and well removed from each other, it is a pleasant surprise to have the eye ever and anon arrested by some artistic structure.

Although still early, we find the First Church crowded. The venerable form of President McCosh is seen enshrined on the platform amid umbrageous plants and lovely flowers. One of the honour-men is delivering his "salutatory." But for the unusual services connected with the retirement of one president in favour of his successor, we would have heard a large number of honorary orations. As it was, these were reduced to a few, chief among which was the "valedictory" by W. M. Daniels, of Ohio, a young man of great oratorical promise. Then followed the announcement of prizes and the conferring of degrees. It pleased me much to see the well-beloved President Daniel Wilson, of Toronto University, on the platform, and to hear his name called as one of the newly elected Doctors of Laws. Speaking of Canada we could also see the shaggy head of Dr. Ormiston, and, besides others, the writer who prides himself on his connection with the land of the maple. Apropos of this the new President Dr. Francis L. Patton, though born in Bermuda, may be claimed as a Canadian, he being a graduate of the University of Toronto, and having also studied theology in Knox College, before coming to Princeton for a special course.

After conferring the degrees, the retiring President rose to deliver his farewell. The immense audience was hushed to the stillness of a summer-day without a breath of wind. Then as if seized by one impulse they rose *en masse* and cheered the grand old man, while the students concluded with a "tiger," delivered in their strongest style. As a Scot, I never felt prouder of a Scot than I did of Dr. McCosh at the conclusion of his touching and powerful address. It was interesting in the extreme, showing how God had blessed his servant beyond measure in his work as President. There were many quaint touches peculiar to a learned Scotsman. One of the best occurred in his reference to the steps taken to put down "hazing," when he said: "I sent a message to the professors, asking them to be in their place next morning at prayers, and the students were prepared for something to come when they saw all assembled." One felt, as the Doctor proceeded, what a grand tribute to Christian education was presented in his long professional life, not to speak of his "twenty years in Princeton." His efforts on behalf of higher culture and his ambition to see his college becoming a university worthy the name were deeply impressive. But what a thrill passed over the audience when in closing the speaker gave welcome to his young successor, saying, "With unrivalled dialectic skill Dr. Patton will be ever ready to defend the truth. I am not sure that we have in this country at this moment a more powerful defender of the faith." It was as a father blessing his son. It was as though the setting sun gave greeting to the rising sun. Again, what pathos in the words, "I may feel a momentary pang in leaving the fine mansion, which a friend gave to the college and to me—it is as when Adam was driven out of Eden. I am reminded keenly that my days of active work are over. But I take the step firmly and decidedly. . . . My age, seven years above the three score and ten, compels it, providence points to it, conscience enjoins it, the good of the college demands it. I take the step as one of duty. I feel relieved as I take it."

About two o'clock, an immense throng gathered on the campus, comprising the trustees, the faculty, alumni arranged as to their years, invited guests, and foremost the Governor of the State and the President-elect, and the President of the college and the Chancellor of the State. Like these, the procession formed in pairs, so that as it was a thousand deep, it was immensely long. It was preceded by a brass band. The gallery of the church was appropriated to ladies who with the waving of handkerchiefs greeted the procession as it came up the aisles till it had filled

every nook and corner. After the organ prelude and a chorale—"Veni Creator Spiritus" an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Cuyler. The Rev. Dr. Murray, dean of the college, gave a brief narrative of the twelve presidents of Princeton. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, jun., representing the alumni, who delivered a pointed and witty address, bidding farewell to the retiring president and welcoming the new. Referring to Dr. Patton being British by birth, he said he had the misfortune to be born out of his native country, but that was no fault of his own. Like the Irishman, who, on being asked whether his wife belonged to Derry or Cork. "Faix," he said, "to Cork." "How is that when she was born in Derry?" asked the judge. "That's just it," said Pat, "when she left Derry she was just seven stones, and now she's eleven stones more, so that she's mostly Cork!"

The oath of office to the President elect having been administered by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, and the charter and keys of the college having been delivered to him by Dr. McCosh, the inaugural address was then delivered by Dr. Patton who, while speaking one hour and thirty-four minutes, kept up the keenest attention to the last word. It was a remarkable address, for clearness and force, and almost terrific emphasis. It was a master-piece. The pale face of the scholar lit up when he came upon some nice expression. His eyes gleamed when referring to the extraordinary liberality which had marked Dr. McCosh's presidency, he dryly said: "He could not expect such munificence in his time, though it might prove true in this as in other cases that history repeats itself." The marked feature of the lecture was the discussion as to the meaning of a university. The learning shown was overwhelming. He clearly proved that a university was not one and the same idea in all ages and nations—that it was one thing in one country and another in another—and that barring the fact of Princeton having too many professors for a mere school or too few for a university, it was to all intents and purposes a university. He called the academic imagination into play when he tried to conceive what Princeton might become a hundred years from now by following certain well-ascertained principles. One could see the eye flash as the speaker emphasized the importance of classical, mathematical and philosophical attainment. When President Patton reached the climax by saying that, during his time the college would be upheld for the honour of Christ and for the extension of His cause, there was a suppressed feeling of gratitude on the part of the audience, which, as the lecturer at length concluded by invoking the divine blessing upon the institution, burst forth in rapturous applause.

It was altogether a day of unbounded pleasure. It was seeing the United States on their best side, to witness such an assemblage and to listen to such discourses. The elevation of Dr. Patton is a fine illustration of "How to get on in the world." When I first knew him he was pastor of a small Home Mission Church in East Eighty Fourth Street, New York. Thence removed to Nyack, he began to write for the religious press a number of philosophico theological articles which brought him fame as an author. He was then called to Dr. Spear's Church, Brooklyn. Here he only remained nine months when he accepted a professorship in the North-Western Seminary, Chicago. Here he edited the *Interior* and supplied one of the leading churches for years, along with professorial duties. After a time a place was found for him in Princeton, where he has filled two chairs at the same time. He has been Moderator of the great General Assembly. He is well known as a member of the Pan-Presbyterian Council. Having already made his mark as a preacher and writer, works of great value may be looked for from his hand. He is now President of Old Princeton, and he is young at that, being only forty-five years of age. While endowed with power as a thinker, it is application that has made him. He is the student *per se*. But he is the man of action too. And so I conclude by wishing for our friend the Divine blessing, so that his future may correspond to his past, and that thus in his day he may prove an instrument in God's hand for defence of the truth, and for the extension of the kingdom and glory of his Master.

DAVID MITCHELL.

Scotch Church Manse, Jersey City, N. J.